

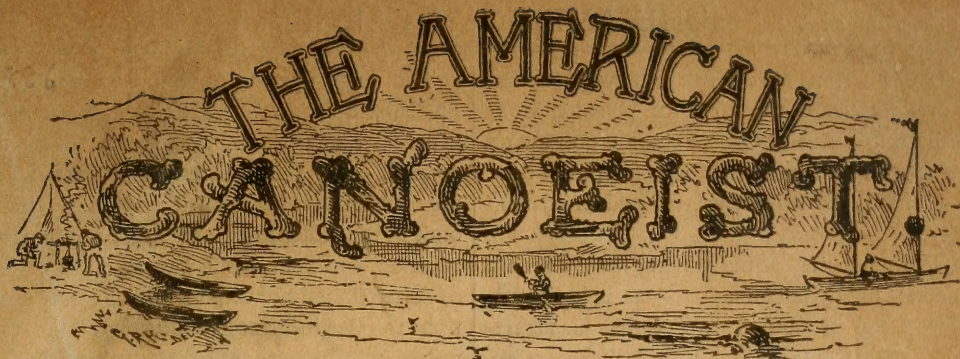


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THE COMING SEASON.

No one who saw the canoe fleet run up Lake George to Crosbyside, on the 11th of last August,—the first day of the regatta,—will entertain a doubt as to the future of canoeing in America. Something like seventy sail were sprinkled over the dark blue waters, nearly all of them coming within the somewhat unsatisfactory definition of a canoe, as laid down in the existing rules, and all of them manned by hearty believers in the canoeist's creed, namely, capacity to handle one's own boat, sail her, paddle her, land her, launch her, upset her, right her, bail her out, sleep in her, cook on board, and, in short, develop to its maximum all that can be done with a light, stanch, and seaworthy boat, under all circumstances of wind and weather. The run would, perhaps, have been incomplete, had it not been punctuated by a "spill," and, accordingly, the big "balance-lug" that led the fleet by a good quarter of a mile gracefully subsided to the water-level when at a convenient distance from the shore, and offered all lookers-on an opportunity to witness the process, dear to the canoeist's heart, of taking a ducking without loss of temper.

There were in this fleet representatives from all over the Northern States and Canada. There were lapstreak "Nautili," and "shadows," smooth-finished Peterboros and Ricelakers, canvas-covered frame-boats, aboriginal birches, and, in short, every type of craft save the dug-out. They carried lugs, lateens, leg-o'-muttons, spritsails, the old-fashioned gaffs and

booms, jibs and flying-jibs, topsails and spinakers, not to mention sundry rigs not classified by any recognized authority. They were manned by clergymen, lawyers, doctors, journalists, manufacturers, farmers, merchants, clerks, and men with no calling at all save that of pleasure-seeking; and, for the time, all were boys together, and forgot the cares of work-day life in the bracing air and the healthful excitement of the week's program.

To the canoeist who frequently meets others of his kind, it seems strange that a large proportion of his fellow mortals are in a state of benighted ignorance as to the object and end to or for which the American Canoe Association exists; but he is only too often reminded of the fact by meeting some individual whose questions show that he or she has no conception whatsoever of the nature of a canoe, as distinguished from a rowboat, or of the fundamental principles which govern the canoeist's life.

Be it known to these, then, that a canoe is a boat, sharp at both ends, and capable of being efficiently propelled by one man, wielding a double-bladed paddle. These conditions necessarily limit her length, breadth, and weight. She may carry sails of any shape or size, and may be built of any material; but she must be, above all, a single-handed craft, managed by her crew of one under any and all reasonable circumstances.

Some canoeists are racers, others are cruisers, some are paddlers, others sailers, and still others

occupy intermediate classes; but every one has a firm conviction that his own personal views respecting canoe-navigation are the only sound ones, while all unite in a love for out-of-door life, and in health-giving, rational enjoyment thereof.

The prospects for the coming season are, in general, highly encouraging,—as is indicated, indeed, by the appearance of this magazine, which assuredly would not have been undertaken if its projectors did not believe that the time had come when canoeists are numerically strong enough to justify its existence.

In point of fact, there are at the present time some hundreds of men and boys, of all ages and conditions, who spend a portion, at least, of their leisure time in working about their respective boats, and planning improvements for the canoeable months of the year. Some few of the fraternity are even now cruising in Southern waters, and stealing a march on those of us who must perforce remain inactive until the spring sun unlocks the icy waters of the North.

Two things may, perhaps, be settled by last year's experience at Lake George: first, a lug-sail will send a canoe ahead faster than any rig thus far invented; and second, the Ross lateen is the handiest for general purposes. New York may be credited with having demonstrated the first proposition, whilst to Cincinnati belongs the credit of having popularized the virtues of the lateen.

We shall see, then, a notable increase in the number of "standing," "balance," and "Chinese" lugs, among the flyers, and of the graceful triangular lateens among the cruisers. Centerboards, too, or their equivalent in the shape of false keels, must be used by those who wish to compete in sailing with the fastest craft. In regard to paddling there is less room for speculation and improvement than in the more complicated department of sails and rig. It is believed, however, that even the Canadian canoeists went home with their faith in the traditional single-bladed paddle considerably shaken by contact with the double-blades from the States.

The range open to canoe-owners in model, rig, ballast, &c., renders it imperative that in general regattas several classes shall be strictly defined. To this end, an elaborate yet simple classification has been attempted in the first draft of the American Canoe Association Constitution,—which, by the way, should be freely criticised by any canoeist who has any suggestions to offer in regard to its provisions. It is noteworthy, in this connection, that the spirit of exploration and adventure is on the increase, and that cruising is recognized as the true mission of the canoeist. To this end, it has been provided that boats not exceeding two tons displacement should be admitted to the Association,—not, of course, as canoes, but as craft whose owners are likely to be inspired with the canoeist's self-reliance and general love for independent navigation, and who will thus find themselves in congenial company.

It is understood that the builders are all busy with new boats, most of which are on the favorite models, following more or less the "Nautilus" or the "Rob Roy" lines. One, at least, in this vicinity, is following the "Pearl" model, with modifications, and a similar venture is reported from Canada.

That western canoeists will be on hand with new boats, new men, and new devices, is not to be doubted, after their notable triumphs at Lake George last summer; and judging from the interest which manifests itself during the "off" season of winter, a great increase of activity may be looked for during the summer of 1882.

In conclusion, it may be said for the benefit of those who are uninformed, that the pastime of canoeing has more to recommend it than any of its kindred sports. It is by far the best school for seamanship outside of the Naval Academy. It fosters, in a rational way, the manly and adventurous spirit that dwells in every boy who has the right sort of stuff in him, and keeps young the hearts, brains, and muscles of those who have passed the days of their youthful vigor.

The Association is not without its bald-headed and gray-haired members,—though, of

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course, a great majority are still on the sunny side of forty. Thus far, at least, the "sporting" element, using the phrase in its objectionable sense, has not gained an appreciable foothold in its membership; and the A. C. A. has good reason to boast that the recreation in whose interest it exists will never cease to be what it is—a rational recreation for gentlemen who own their own canoes, and delight only in the freedom and good-fellowship which belong to a vigorous amateur organization.

There are signs of activity in various parts of the country where canoeable waters exist; and new clubs are forming with a view to combining local interests to the best advantage. It is probable that before the close of the year the list of active organizations will receive several accessions, and that the little red and white burgee of the A. C. A. will flutter over many a lake and river, whose waters have never before been parted by the keel of a modern canoe.

Canoes and their Management.

BY WILLIAM WHITLOCK.

That canoeing is many-sided will not, I am sure, be an objection to the mass of its devotees; and a few words on almost—if not *the* most—exciting aspect of it, do not, therefore, seem out of place.

The prominence given to racing at the convention in New York waters last summer, and the number of entries at Lake George, while indicating the popularity of races, were by some construed as a menace to what I, in common with all ardent canoeists, willingly acknowledge to be the chief aim of the sport, namely, cruising.

I hope to show that a racing-rig is perfectly compatible with easy, safe cruising,—while the emulation and excitement tend to increase those qualities of coolness and self-reliance so often needed in other phases of the sport.

Most men can secure but one short fortnight and the legal holidays (but two days in the summer season) for any cruises they may chance to make. These should undoubtedly be spent in exploring the beauties of new waters, run-

ning rapids, and restoring wasted forces by the mingled delights of camping and canoeing; but there are many hours of a summer afternoon which may be enlivened by the practice of a sport which brings us into the open air, gives mild exercise, and is healthfully exciting.

A knowledge of sailing is an accomplishment of no small value to any one. This can be acquired more rapidly, with greater safety, and with infinitely more pleasure, in a small boat than in a large one. A canoe made as at present, with life-compartments, very soon inspires the necessary confidence: the rest is easy. Natural emulation soon provokes a contest. The defeated man practices and alters rig, learning from every trial. Such training as this soon makes in a club a nucleus of sailors, who will be found cool, ready, daring, and fertile in expedient, in any emergency; and who carry the knowledge thus acquired to the management of boats of any size, should they in later years become identified with yachting in its higher form. Canoe-sailing is, indeed, a true Corinthian school; and racing is its highest class. Who will not essay the course? Skill and honor are prizes. Much pleasure is the constant accompaniment.

Choosing a boat, is, of course, the first and principal step; and here many make a fatal mistake. A *new* boat is nearly always decided on and built from a dealer's catalogue. Such a boat is almost certain not to answer expectations; and the young sailor spends and spends on alterations, sails, &c., till his pocket cries, "Hold! enough!" And, perhaps, when he at last knows what he *does* require, he is unable to spare the necessary expense of building again. An old boat can nearly always be found at reasonable figures, perfectly good. I strongly advise practical knowledge gained at the minimum of expense; and then build the ideal canoe from your own plans and experience.

A first requisite should be the buoyancy or floating-power of your boat. This should be ample, as assurance of your safety under any circumstances is a great inspirer of confidence and courage in executing any manœuver under sail. The rig should not be too large, and

should be as simple as possible. All ropes, sheets, and gear of any kind, should be of the simplest possible construction. Simplicity, indeed, should be studied in everything. An extra supply of necessities—rope, blocks, rings, &c., should be stowed within reach, as one can never tell when something will part when under sail. The length of boat will, of course, vary. In this country, so far, 14 ft. 6 in. to 15 ft. has proven to give the best speed, taken all round. For a 14 ft. 6 in. boat the beam would be 32½ in.; for a 15 ft. one, 31½ in., under the rules as they now stand here and in England. As to shape—the lines in general—a long, flat floor, with rather fine entrance, and easy well-drawn-out lines aft, *under water*. Sheer forward to suit the water you sail on,—higher for rough bays, and lower for smooth rivers; full lines forward above the water-line, and less so aft. For racing, a smooth outside skin is unquestionably desirable, and should be polished like a billiard-ball. In all weathers, notably light winds, the advantage will be felt. The rudder should be set on a vertical stern-post for speed. A slanting rudder piles water up, and holds perceptibly. Great care should be used in getting straight-grained wood in this, as a heavy strain is always on the head, and a cross-grained piece is sure to go in a race, while equally sure to last forever if it don't matter. Some good foot steering-gear should be attached, and separate lines led to a yoke on deck forward. A tiller may be rigged aft the well; and is of great use in racing, when sitting on deck. For getting to windward, a wooden keel of 4½ in. depth, slightly rockered, has proved equal to the best centerboard, and gives more room. The board has, however, some advantages. It should go well forward, and drop or curve under and aft. Two square feet of surface is enough, and it can be of iron, if desired. The well should be protected in front from water coming on board; or a model apron, easily detached, should be put on. A smaller well than now generally made is advisable for dryness, if racing be the main use for the boat. Ballast should always be had: shot makes the best. Special bags, with rope han-

dles, to hold 25 lbs., are the most serviceable. This ballast will lie almost anywhere, even at a steep angle, and can be very easily handled. Amount will depend on boat, rig, and load carried on board. For most rigs 50 to 75 lbs. are ample; and if well stowed at lowest point need seldom be shifted. Shifting the body is almost always quite enough to keep the boat upright; but ballast steadies the boat on its course as well as on its keel.

The favorite rigs now are the lateens and lugs, either balance or standing. The simplest of all is the lateens, unless for racing, when an increase of sail brings a disproportionate increase of yard and boom, and attending disadvantages. The sharpie is safe, pretty, and easily handled; but necessitates very high masts. The boom and gaff requires an extra halyard, and seldom sets well in small sails; but can be made effective with care. The sliding Gunter is generally used with this rig, as it leaves no high sail or mast aloft when reefed. A word in favor of this much-abused contrivance will not be out of place. That the rig is apt to jam when lowering is often urged against it by sufferers, when a little care in the house before starting would insure everything working well; and any one who has ever been out in a hard blow can appreciate the benefit of a housed topmast in a lumpy sea. Proper attention is all that is required.

The standing lug is handy, and easily detached and stowed; but should be dipped every time you come about. This involves delay, and delays are not compatible with speed. The balance-lug remains, and is open to none of the objections to the others, making it so far the greater favorite with all who have tried it. Requiring but one halyard, easily detached from the mast, running freely up or down, flat as a board when battens are used, and equally so on either side of the mast, readily reefed and loosed, it seems hard to imagine where it can be improved. Its high mast is sometimes a trouble; but, if set in a "tabernacle," as in England, this can be lowered without unshipping. I do not mention

the sprit-rig, as the impossibility of shortening sail is enough to condemn it for any canoeist.

Spars should be as light as possible. Pine, spruce, and bamboo are the only woods which will answer this requirement. Ash and hickory are stronger; but, if light enough, bend and destroy all set to your sail.

This point—the set of your sails—has more, much more, to do with speed than is generally known or imagined. A big baggy sail is often as great a hindrance as a help, while a smaller suit, fitting like your skin, will be driving you ahead all the time. Better spend the money twice over, and be fitted, than drag through a season with a makeshift, which is all the time annoying you, and ruining the chances of the best boat ever built.

Another point in rig is the balance of sails. This can not be too strongly insisted on. Your boat should have the sail-area so distributed that in light or ordinary winds she will have the wind-force so equalized as against the resistance as to almost steer herself,—always preserving the tendency to luff, or weather helm. With the power so distributed, there is no retarding mass of water piled up against the rudder, and speed is sensibly increased.

The position of masts is necessarily the chief element in this calculation. For a 14 ft. 4 in. boat, experience has shown that the best place for the mainmast, is from 16 to 20 inches from the bow,—the dandy-mast about 2 feet from the stern. Accuracy in this latter case is not important, the sail being small. Dandy should spread about one third as much area as the mainsail. For racing this may be increased to half. Most canoes carry in their main and dandy not more than 60 feet altogether. Racers here have had as much as 75 feet, and a spinnaker also, with 60 feet more. In England they have got to 100 feet mainsails, 50 feet dandys, and enormous spinakers.

The difference between the sizes in this country is not, as is easily seen, very great, and a man desirous of cruising can readily tie down a reef, and cruise with the best of them, his stores taking the place of ballast, and

with greater feeling of confidence in his boat's safety than a man with shorter sail, that he can not increase should he desire it, can possibly have,—while he has the satisfaction of being able to take advantage of a light wind, get early to camp, or have a brush with any unsuspecting craft that jeeringly holds out invitations to “take a letter for you,” or asks “can she go?”

Suppose, then, you are entered for the N. Y. challenge cup;—your boat one carefully selected from the many modifications of the shadow model offered by builders;—your rig well tried, and the qualities of your boat learned by constant practice;—a few points may be of use to you and other contestants who are perhaps making their maiden effort in a race.

First: Be on hand early. Almost surely there will be some last touches, which, if hurried, may be badly done, and fail in an emergency. Avoid leaving anything to the last, if it can possibly be done before. Look well to your bottom. See that nothing sticks to the keel, rudder, or stempiece. Everything should be perfectly clear and smooth. Get your boat in the water and rigged, with your ballast carefully and handily stowed. Have your sails dry, and colors and number up. Nothing looks more slouchy than colors in the wrong place, or not flying, in a race, or a number dangling from one pin.

Be sure you know the course and the sailing regulations. These may vary in different clubs. In tideways, note the time of the tide; and, if in summer, calculate the usual winds. From all these calculate your probable course *before you start*; and, except in case of accidents, such as change of wind, &c., *stick to your pre-arranged plan*. Nine times out of ten you will find it to your advantage. Following a leader is the worst thing for your independence; and, should you get the lead, you are all at sea, and, when too late, regret that “you did not know the tide,” or “thought the wind would hold,” or some of the thousand and one *excuses* which never palliate defeat from want of prevision. Preparation should con-

sist in *being ready*,—ready for *anything*, and at *all times*. As most races are long, and always exciting, an extra wrap, or Jersey, should be worn, that you may be comfortable. A shivering captain can not do his boat or himself justice. A sailor's knife should also be carried, to clear away wreck in a hurry, if necessary, as well as having a life-belt within reach if it should be needed.

CANOE-PHOTOGRAPHY.

PAPER I.

BY CLARENCE E. WOODMAN.

One of the time-honored questions proposed for discussion in juvenile debating societies, is, "Resolved, that the Pleasures of Anticipation are greater than those of Realization." However this may be, it is quite certain to the mind of the average canoeist that the pleasures of recollection are by no means inferior to either; and anything calculated to sharpen that recollection and give permanence to the memories of the past, is to be hailed with joy by every true "Knight of the Paddle." If every canoeist were an artist as well,—if he were as expert with the pencil as with the paddle,—then, as he "fought his battles o'er again," he could turn to his sketch-book and really take his listener along with him over the cruising course; and supplement the diagnosis of his words by the mute, though no less persuasive, eloquence of the pictured scenes. How many treasured reminiscences of "moving accidents by flood and field" are tinged with a regretful sense of incompleteness,—that they are *only* reminiscences,—that there is nothing tangible remaining as evidence of their actual existence, and to lend vividness and reality to their narration to others. That lovely inlet, where, with fleet drawn up on the shelving shore, the *personnel* of the expedition lay, and smoked, and talked, and breathed benignity to all mankind, through the long, dreamy Sunday afternoon,—those exciting rapids, where, in the keen struggle with the rush and whirl of the mad current one devoted craft so nearly came to grief,—that long reach of willow-fringed

river below, fair and peaceful, over which the leafy branches twisted and interlaced themselves in picturesque confusion, allowing only a few stray sunbeams to sift through the infrequent openings, and fall in bright mosaic upon the somber surface of the stream. If these, and scenes innumerable like these, could have been caught and fixed upon paper as clearly as they are in the memory of the voyager, then his enthusiastic soul would be happy indeed.

But, unfortunately, the average canoeist is *not* an artist. Must he, therefore, give up all hope of possessing visible reminders of his vacation cruises? By no means. The art discovered by the immortal DAGUERRE comes to his aid; and in this day of cheap outfits and rapid processes, no canoeist need despair, for it is now, as never before, "Every Man his own Photographer." What was a sublime impossibility five years ago is the simplest of all things now. Who does not remember the peripatetic photographer of the last decade, with his heavy, unwieldy camera, his baths, and bottles, and water-cans, his portable dark-room of the size and general appearance of a punch-and-judy show-box, and his small apothecary-shop of queer smells and assorted chemicals? A horse and wagon (generally more or less dilapidated), were indispensably necessary to transport this clumsy establishment; and when the ingenuity of an English photographic firm devised the extraordinary combination of heavy infantry and old-clothes man, as here shown, and made it possible for one person to "tote" the entire load,



the very acme of condensation and convenience was supposed to have been reached. There is not a canoe built that could give storage-room to such a bulk as this, to say nothing of its weight; and if this were the only method of obtaining pictures, they would certainly be an unobtainable luxury for canoe-travelers. But the advent of dry plates, and light compact "kits," has revolutionized the whole art of outdoor photography; and the amateur may

now start off for a month's cruise with no more *impedimenta* than can easily be carried in one hand, and packed safely away in a relatively small portion of his water-tight compartment. The "new departure" is shown in the accompanying cut; and it needs but a glance to prove its immense superiority over the old method. The only articles needful for the trip are camera, lens, tripod-stand, plate-holders, and plates *ad libitum*. The plates, after exposure, are returned to their boxes, and all subsequent manipulation is left until the return home.



What sort of outfit is best? will be a natural question. If compactness and lightness be a *desideratum*, a camera can be furnished taking pictures 4x5 inches, which is only 1½ inches thick when closed; and, together with its stand, tripod, plate-holder, and plate, weighs less than *four pounds*. If a little more room can be spared, the writer would earnestly recommend a camera taking 5x8-inch pictures, constructed so as to make either a cabinet-picture, the full size of the plate, or by substituting an extra front and using a pair of lenses of shorter focus, admirably adapted for taking microscopic negatives, or two dissimilar pictures on the same plate. This camera, with extra plate-holders (of which, with any camera, there should be at least three), will, when packed, take up a space of 7x10x6 inches, and weigh between eight and ten pounds.

What will it cost? That is, after all, the prime question with most paddlers. The cost need not be large. Of course, if one wishes a brass-mounted, finely-polished mahogany camera, with a lens made by Dallmeyer or Morrison, he must pay for it. But thoroughly satisfactory results may be obtained by means of a very small outlay of money. For instance, the Scoville Company furnish a good serviceable camera for 4x5 pictures, with rubber bellows, a patent double plate-holder, a tripod-stand, a single achromatic view-lens, and a case to carry the whole, for only \$10.

The prepared plates of this size cost \$1.15 per dozen.

The 5x8 camera, referred to above, furnished exactly like the 4x5-inch, with the addition of an *extra front*, carrying a pair of matched stereoscopic lenses, is furnished for the surprisingly low figure of \$18.50. The price of this camera and outfit, without the extra front and lenses, is \$12, and the 5x8 plates cost \$2.25 per dozen. Surely no arrangement for the amateur photographer could be more satisfactory than this; and no one can object to the price as extravagant, when the results obtained are so immensely disproportionate to the amount expended.

In a future article, or articles, the writer hopes to give a few practical suggestions as to the best method of actual work while on the cruise.

CANOE SONG.

BY "SENECA."

Where purling streams a pathway find,
I float my boat, and in and out
By vine-clad rocks and woods I wind,
And a song to the summer breeze I shout:
Ho, ho! I go! Ho, ho! yo, ho!
A good, safe trip, to my fairy ship;
While the waves keep time, in a babbling chime,
To the "clip, clip, clip," of the paddle's dip.

My beauty boat no billow fears;
But breasts the waves of the lake's broad blue:
It leaps, white-sailed, where the helmsman steers,
And it laughs at the storm,—my stanch canoe.

When the day-god dons his sable coat,
The place on earth most dear to me
Is the polished shell of my cosy boat,
With the starry sky for a canopy.

All health to the knight of the double blade,
And his stanch canoe, so fleet and strong!
May the light of his life have not a shade!
And his heart be light as he sings his song:
Ho, ho! I go! Ho, ho! yo, ho!
A good, safe trip, to my fairy ship!
While the waves keep time, in a babbling chime,
To the "clip, clip, clip," of the paddle's dip.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

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CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON, Editor.
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No. 5 Union Square, New York.
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all canoeists.
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THE AMERICAN CANOEIST, whose first number herewith makes its modest appeal for the favor of the fraternity, is not published for the sake of making money. A moment's consideration will prove to any one that unless a degree of success wholly unlooked for attends the venture, it can not pay. All the publishing and literary work will be done gratuitously; but the paper-dealer must be paid, and so must the printer. The Post-Office Department does not furnish postage-stamps gratis; nor can wrappers be addressed, nor an edition mailed, without a cash outlay. We therefore urge upon every one to send his dollar without delay; and we can confidently promise a full return in the course of the year in the way of correspondence, suggestions, and notes.

Every canoeist will please consider himself a special correspondent, and send us promptly all items of interest that may come to his knowledge. Secretaries of clubs are particularly requested to forward lists of officers and members, announcements of elections, lists of canoes, &c.

Only the instinct of self-preservation leads us to mention, at this stage of affairs, an overshadowing dread which oppresses us in regard to club subscriptions. These may easily be the death of *The American Canoeist*. Individual subscriptions alone can assure the success of our enterprise. Just as surely as *The Canoeist* is kept on file in the club-houses, so certain is it that sundry members will neglect to forward their subscriptions. If we expected to make money out of this journal we could hardly have the face to point out such a condition of success; but as we modestly make our bow in the character of philanthropists, we may perhaps be excused.

OUR FIRST CRUISE.

It is with very great pleasure that we salute the readers of the initial number of *The American Canoeist*. We are confident that its appearance, both in matter and typography, will meet with the earnest approval, as well as hearty encouragement, of every canoeist and lover of the pastime in our broad land. A few words will suffice for us to explain our intentions, as well as expectations and hopes in starting our publication.

In the first place, its price—one dollar per annum—brings it within the reach of all who have any desire or inclination to sustain such a journal; and we, therefore, rely with confidence upon receiving at an early day subscriptions from a large majority of those who are in any manner identified with canoeing, either as members of clubs or as devotees and lovers of the sport.

Our constituency, although a small one in comparison with that of other prominent pastimes, is yet large enough, we think, to sustain handsomely our modest undertaking; and all we ask is for those interested in the rise and progress of canoeing in this country, to lend us that helping hand which we confidently believe they will promptly and gladly extend. In return, we promise to supply them with a journal which will not only meet their just expectations, but prove itself an able advocate and promoter of canoeing in American waters.

Although there has not been very much publicity and *furor* respecting canoeing, it has accomplished a great deal for itself, in a quiet way; and has given a creditable addition to the literature of our country, as the pens of Messrs. Bishop, Alden, Chase, Siegfried, Habberton, Whitlock, Cooke, Norton, Dr. Neide, Stevens, and others, fully attest. Contributions from several of these gentlemen appear in the present issue of our journal.

In addition to a full, impartial, and trustworthy record of all canoeing events in our own waters, we will each month give a careful review of transatlantic affairs. We hope also to group together a corps of contributors on the subject of canoeing, such as has never

heretofore been engaged in any similar publication. We are warranted in making this promise, as nearly all of the best-known writers, both at home and abroad, have already promised contributions at an early date.

The proceedings and movements of the National Association of American Canoeists will always be given *in extenso*; and our journal will aim to be, as far as possible, the official organ and chronicle of its doings.

Canoeing is one of the few sports whose bright escutcheon is untarnished with the slightest taint of professionalism; and it still retains its purely amateur elements and characteristics. May it ever—no matter what prominence it wins in the future—retain inviolate this enviable and proud distinction.

Having thus, in brief outline, given the reader an idea of what we intend making *The American Canoeist*, we launch our little craft upon the waters of public favor without a shadow of fear or doubt as to its destiny.

DRIFTINGS.

Ex-Com. W. L. Alden was lately elected a member of the Royal Canoe Club, England.

The Royal Canoe Club (England) has been fifteen years in existence, and has a membership of 565.

Mr. C. A. Cressy is writing a series of very interesting letters on canoeing in the Methuen (Mass.) *Transcript*.

Mr. C. G. S. King, of the Mersey and Clyde Canoe Clubs, is in New York at present, and will probably remain here for some time.

Mr. C. K. Munroe, of the N. Y. C. C., is now cruising in Florida waters. We hope to have something from him in our next issue.

Mr. Edwin Lewis, of Toronto, Ca., wishes to meet several canoeists to join him in a cruise from St. Louis down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

Mr. Robert Tyson, of Toronto, is building a double-centerboard canoe, of the Pearl model, 14 ft. by 33 in., which will be at Lake George next summer. Mr. Tyson has fitted up the larger centerboard in such a way that either all

or a portion of it may be readily removed from the boat when desired; and he is also experimenting with several new appliances.

The first number of the "American Canoe Association Book has made its appearance, containing the official lists of officers and members. Secretary Neide has mailed a copy to each member of the Association; and extra copies can be had, at 15 cts. each, by addressing Dr. C. A. Neide, Slingersland, N. Y.

Why does not some canoeist follow Arnold's route through the wilderness to Quebec? The route is up the Kennebec and Dead Rivers to the head waters of the Chaudiere, where there is found to be a carry of two or three miles. If Arnold and his men could follow this route in midwinter, the canoeist, in a light Rob Roy, ought to be able to do so in summer.

An account of a cruise on the Housatonic, by W. L. Alden and G. L. Morse, will be found in *Forest and Stream* for July 25th and Aug. 1st, 1878. It will be of use to any one intending to cruise on this part of the river when there is plenty of water in the Housatonic. The cruise from Pittsfield down is wonderfully picturesque and delightful; but it must be done strictly with the paddle.

Messrs. Charles D. Gammon and G. T. Farmer, members of the Cumberland Gun Club, of Chicago, lately made a run in their canoes from their house at Cumberland Lodge to Momence, Ill., by the way of Eighteen Foot Ditch, South Creek, and the Kanakee River, a distance of thirty-five miles, in four hours and forty minutes. Mr. Gammon used a Green Bay hunting canoe, and Mr. Farmer a Wolf River trapping canoe, seventeen feet long by twenty-two inches wide.

Mr. E. B. Tredwen, Royal Canoe-Club, who has successfully competed, in his No. 5 Pearl, against the Thames sailing boats during the past season, is building a new Pearl designed to compete in races in which fixed ballast only is allowed. The new boat will be 14 ft. long, 32 in. beam; depth amidships, at gunwale, 14 in.; sheer at bow 6 in., at stern 2 in.; round of deck 2 in. A craft on the same lines is also being built by Stephens, for Mr. C. P. Oudin, New York Canoe Club.

THE CANOEIST.

BY WILLIAM M. COOKE.

"In the spring," an eminent authority upon such matters informs us, "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Now, the laureate undoubtedly wrote according to his lights; but his assertion was, to say the least, a trifle too sweeping, for it is indisputable that the vernal fancies of nine out of every ten of the large class of waterside-dwelling youths are nautical rather than amorous. And among these young men it happens, now and then, that one has taken a winter course of Macgregor and Baden Powell, topped off, perhaps, with *Canoeing in Kanuckia*, and finds that thoughts of the familiar catboat or the agile single shell no longer cheer him as of yore.

He longs for something higher and better. He has visions, sleeping and waking, of foaming, boulder-studded rapids, rushing down between walls of the living rock; of clear, deep pools, overshadowed by forest trees; of quiet, sunny stretches of river, bordered by grassy banks,—and of these scenes he is always the central figure,—but not in a shell, hardly. He sees himself careering over ocean billows, outpointing and outsailing the coasters, and holding his own with the cracks of the yacht fleet; but no catboat bears him. Perish the thought! In fancy he stretches himself at ease in his boat, the campfire burns continuously and unattended, and the song of the mosquito lulls him to rest. He prances gayly over long portages, bearing his boat on his shoulder. He—enough! The canoe is ordered. The die is cast.

Of course she is to be of the newest model, which nobody has yet had a chance to abuse; and, consequently, is sure to be lighter and stronger and roomier and dryer, to draw less water, and paddle and sail faster, than any other canoe afloat. In fittings, too, she is to be complete, and immense possibilities lurk in that word,—so vast, indeed, that when at last she is finished, a layman might well be pardoned for mistaking her for a new and im-

proved variety of Saratoga trunk, designed for the use of some fashionable mermaid.

While awaiting her completion, it must not be supposed that her future captain remains idle. By no means. He devotes his leisure hours to the task of selecting a stock of beautiful and appropriate raiment, including, among other necessities, a sun-helmet of imposing proportions, a blue shirt elaborately frescoed with stars and fowl-anchors, wide-legged navy trousers, and spotless canvas slippers; and at length, all being ready, and wind and weather favoring, he makes his trial-trip.

He has proclaimed himself a sailing canoeist,—no lowly paddler he. Will not his windjammer eat the eye out of the fiercest nor'wester, and skim along before the gentlest zephyr? Why, then, should he paddle, while a breath of air stirs? Why, indeed? For a few weeks, while his cruises are confined to a radius of five miles or so from the boathouse, that youth is beamingly and overflowingly happy. Shade of Washington! with what tales of dangers escaped—with what blood-warming narratives of adventure—are his womenfolk regaled! Never before was there such a boat,—never such a crew!

But time passes; one or two longer cruises have been made; and then, over his hitherto placid countenance there steals a look of care, which deepens day by day. He is frequently low in his mind, and all the efforts of his loved ones to enliven him prove unavailing. His mother reads to him choice extracts from her favorite Tupper; but the merry conceits of that mad wag, which were wont to throw him into convulsions of laughter, now fail to bring a smile to his face. His sister repeats softly, at the keyhole of his chamber-door, Walt Whitman's latest and most touching ballads; but even those rhythmical measures and melodious rhymes are powerless to chase the gloom from his brow. He becomes strangely silent concerning the delights of surfboat practice and of outsailing sloops and catboats, but mentions capsizes, portages, and mosquitos, with subdued emotion.

In a studiously careless manner he plies his

canoeing friends with questions. "Why," he asks, "is it that some boats—not mine, you know, but some other fellows' boats—are so confoundedly hard to paddle against the wind?" And, "How deep a false keel ought a man to put on his canoe when she *won't* sail to windward?" "Why is it that some boats, with a following sea, buck so, and make believe to pitch you heels over head, and frighten you out of your seven senses?" With many other queries of a like nature, full of meaning to the initiated.

The endearing diminutives and loving words which he once lavished upon his dainty craft, and the gleeful ditties with which he erstwhile filled the evening air, are no longer heard; but the belated oarsmen pulling swiftly homeward along the shore, and the yachtsmen drifting idly up to the anchorage on the incoming tide, are sometimes startled by the sound of wild execrations issuing from the darkness ahead, or hear a voice, charged with the bitterness of disappointment, railing at some unknown female, "in good set terms."

Then, too, in his corner of the boathouse appears a gradually increasing pile of discarded clothing, together with hatches, bilge-pumps, aprons, lifebelts, cushions, and miscellaneous fittings, once dear to him as the apple of his eye; and the rig of his boat undergoes frequent and radical changes. Finally, toward the close of the season, he may occasionally be seen taking a leisurely pull in some working boat, or handling the tiller of a friend's yacht. Now, all of these signs point to but one conclusion. Our friend's bookbred illusions have vanished into thin air, and the crisis has come.

He has felt all of the discomforts and vexations of the canoeist's first season; and if in his obtuseness he has failed to recognize the many offsetting charms of canoeing, he simply sells his boat, retires from the field, and spends the rest of his days in reviling the sport and its followers.

If, on the other hand, he has felt, be it ever so slightly, the power of those subtle spells which so firmly bind the devotees of the paddle and lugsail, he ascribes all the annoy-

ances from which he has suffered to some fault in his boat, which time will teach him to rectify. During the ensuing winter he regains his customary good spirits; and, with the next spring, is again afloat, joyful and sanguine.

Well, he has profited somewhat by experience, and now meets with fewer mishaps; but, somehow, matters do not run smoothly with him, even yet. He has still much to learn.

Let us say that he has retained his early love for sailing, and esteems the paddle lightly. It vexes him that he can not safely carry more sail, that he must of necessity paddle so much of the time, and that he must use a troublesome leeboard or an inconvenient false keel for working to windward. Or he has cultivated a fondness for the paddle, and sails but little; and his spirit rebels because he can not make better time, and because of the spars and sails and rigging, which claim such constant care and attention. Or again, he may cruise exclusively on open water, and finds that his deck is continually awash, and his cockpit often half full of water; or he may devote himself to river work, and then he will discover that a deep keel, and heavy sheer, and wide beam, and many other things, interfere greatly with his enjoyment.

Perchance, too, he is a restless sleeper, and some night quits his boat in disgust and lies down upon the sand, only to see another man creep into his deserted shell and drop peacefully off to sleep. Then, at last, the truth dawns upon him; and he realizes that his canoe is not a bad boat in her own way, and that the fault lies in a great measure with himself. He has demanded impossibilities of her, and hurt her feelings. He has developed tastes to which she can not minister. He has peculiarities of mind and body which are distasteful to her.

These facts once thoroughly understood, his way is clear. An interval of calm reflection enables him to decide for the first time just what it is he wants to do. Further deliberation shows him pretty clearly the limits of the possible, and, as a result, the opening of his third season finds him in a new boat, carefully

planned, well built, sensibly equipped, suited alike to his tastes, his personal peculiarities, and his chosen cruising-grounds.

In his dress, too, a marked change has been made. He no longer exhibits himself arrayed like an escaped lunatic, or the tenor of a *Pinafore* troupe, but wears decorous and suitable clothing. Exposure to the weather and constant exercise have made him hardy and strong, enabling him to treat with indifference the unavoidable annoyances of open-air life. He has become thoroughly at home in his boat, and seldom finds himself in any of those disagreeable and mortifying situations which fall to the daily lot of the novice; and the nooks and corners of his brain are crammed with scraps of labor-saving and comfort-giving knowledge.

No more does he tightly hug a lee shore for safety in case of a possible upset, nor vain-gloriously crack on sail in a blow, nor flee wildly from the single sidelight of a passing steamer. He is no longer seen to stow all his heavy cargo forward, take in his jib, and set his dandy for a run before a fresh breeze; nor does he now habitually trim his boat by the stern when paddling against wind and tide.

He has become weatherwise, too,—knows when he may venture safely afloat, and when it will be best to stay ashore,—when he can camp out with comfort, and when he must look for the shelter of a roof, regardless of the gibes and jeers of the ignorant. Oh, he has grown very learned, has this young man.

And now, at last, whether with alert eye and ready hand he is driving his boat over the salt waves of sound or bay, or paddling briskly over the bosom of an inland lake,—whether following the windings of some river from its mountain-source to the sea—running rapids, battling against head winds, or floating lazily down on the quiet current,—whether munching his cold luncheon afloat, or dining sumptuously in some shady nook on shore,—sheltering himself under his rubber blanket from a driving rainstorm, or smoking meditatively beneath the everlasting stars, he enjoys to the utmost those delights, which, though shared in

part by the yachtsman, the oarsman, and the angler, are in their fullness granted only to the earnest and conscientious canoeist.

For the time being he is absolutely free. His companions may come or go, as they please; the wind may blow or not, as it listeth. He has his little boat, his sails and paddle, and money in his purse, and asks nought of any man.

That some of his earlier dreams can never be realized he now cares not a whit, for he has found that which he had neither dreamed of nor sought. A film has fallen from his eyes, his ears have been opened, and his understanding enlarged.

The sun and moon and stars shine for him with a new light; the colors of sea and sky and land seem to have acquired fresh brilliancy and beauty; the forms of the clouds and trees and rocks appear to him as never before.

He watches the gulls wheel above him,—the little, shining fishes leap from the water, and the porpoises at their gymnastic revels,—and greets them as familiar friends. He hears the swishing of the current through the tall grass, the dashing of the waves on the rocks, the lapping of the ripples on the beach, and the thousand voices of the night, with a quickened apprehension of their meaning. He has fallen quietly but deeply in love with Nature.

True, he has upon him none of the lover's marks. Neither sunken eye, nor neglected beard, nor ungartered hose, betray the intensity of his passion; but it is a genuine passion, nevertheless, and it is useless to rally him upon it.

You remind him of the number of his fellow-worshippers. He answers, cheerily, "The more the merrier: I'll cut them out." You delicately hint that his sweetheart is, perhaps, a trifle mature. He replies, "I never did like schoolgirls. What matter four or five thousand years more or less. And he turns the conversation.

He rises with the lark—or its American equivalent—to greet his mistress among the morning mists; and often, no doubt, she wishes that he'd first give her time to do her back

hair. He steals away o' nights, that he may watch her resting, with the moonlight on her face. Day after day he goes out to woo her, paddle in hand and with his club-colors flying, and never returns but with a fuller knowledge of her perfections.

Verily, he finds her a right soul-satisfying sweetheart. Cleopatra-like, "Age can not wither, nor custom stale, her infinite variety." She charms him, terrifies him, soothes him, puzzles him, but she never, never bores him; and as that flavor—all-pervading, delicate, yet distinct—which burnt brandy imparts to *café noir*, tomato and cheese to macaroni, the drop of lemon-oil to the cocktail, raises those commonplace necessities of life from the obscure rank of ordinary assuagers of hunger and thirst to the proud position of ministers to the enjoyment of the trained and discriminating palate,—so the youth finds that the joy of her companionship, permeating and crowning the grosser pleasures of his sports, lifts it from the level of a mere recreation—a counter-irritant to brain-weariness, or a safety-valve for superabundant vitality—to the elevation of a pursuit, capable of satisfying the demands of the strongest muscles, the liveliest imagination, and the most highly cultivated mind.

How I Came to be a Canoe-builder.

Many years ago I paddled my first canoe. It was a dugout, water-soaked and heavy. I was a boy,—a small boy. Didn't we have a time of it. Round and round that canoe would go, but never straight ahead. In order to get ashore we had to steer for the middle of the pond.

Just how or when I mastered the art of using the single blade I can not tell; but certainly before I had arrived at manhood I would vacate the stern seat for no one. Many a time, both by day and night, I have occupied it when the least ripple or noise of boat or paddle would send the wary deer flying through the forest with a shrill whistle that said very plainly, "Good-bye, old man! Salt pork for breakfast at your camp to-morrow! Ha! ha!"

Well, dugouts are heavy. They can't be carried from stream to stream,—from lake to pond; and often, just when and where you wanted one, there it was not. Sometimes Pard and I (mostly Pard) would cut down a pine tree and make one. Sometimes we would cut a spruce, and, peeling off a bark long enough for the purpose, would form *that* into a canoe, with the aid of balsam pieces for keelson, stems, and gunwales, and birch limbs for ribs. Rather a ticklish craft to venture out in, when the night was so dark you could not see a hand before you, and the skipper could not swim. The joints of such a boat are apt to be rather loose, even after a liberal application of spruce gum, melted in the frying-pan.

Necessity is said to be the mother of invention. After a time I said to myself, "Why not build a cedar boat, so light that I can carry it from place to place?" Well, why not? I tried it. It was light; but part your hair in the middle, and, you fellow in the bow, mind that you shoot straight ahead, else over you go.

Well, try again! I did. Result, a better model; but far from satisfactory. Again and again, and I have a pretty fair boat, weighing thirty-nine pounds, that will carry four men, and is steady.

Some one wants to buy it,—must have it. Well, take it, then. Thirty dollars pays for it. And I build another for myself. Oh, no! Another man wants that; and another; and yet one more.

Then the skipper scratched his head; and this was the idea he dug out.

Why not build boats? You have got to earn your bread and butter some way. So at it I went.

But pretty soon a man says "I want a *decked* canoe, one to sail as well as paddle; and when you *do* paddle, you must use the double blade."

"All right, sir. Tell us what you want."

"We want two canoes, just alike,—thirteen feet long, twenty-eight inches wide on deck, and thirty at bottom of top streak. You make

the hull; and we will deck them with canvas."

That was in '76, before the day of "shadows." These canoes cruised from Louisville, Ky. *via* Hornellsville and Port Jervis, N. Y., safely running the rapids at the latter place, and bearing their skippers—Messrs. A. H. Siegfried and J. M. Barnes—to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. Subsequently we built a modification of the English Rob Roy, upon suggestions—not plans—of Mr. Siegfried. From one of them—the Kleine Fritz—the Racine Boat Company obtained the model for their so-called "St. Paul."

Our latest model is the "Stella Maris" (Star of the Sea), a beautiful canoe, with the beam and water-lines of the "A. T.," and nearly the sheer of the "shadow."

We might add that the weight of our lightest open canoe kicks the beam at just *sixteen pounds*, and will float two hundred and fifty pounds,—quite a contrast to the old dug-out of boyhood's days. RUSHTON.

THE RICHELIEU RIVER.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

The Richelieu River—also called the St. John, the Sorel, and two or three other names—extends from Lake Champlain at Rouse's Point to the St. Lawrence, at Sorel. It is about 90 miles long, and runs almost due north.

Canoes can be sent to Rouse's Point by canal-boat or railway. If sent by rail they must be carted about one quarter of a mile from the station to the shore. A Frenchman, who can be heard of at the Massachusetts House, has carted many canoes, and is intelligent and careful. His charge is 25 cents. Canoes should be launched just south of the steamboat dock; but the masts must not be stepped till the railway bridge is passed. Stores and supplies can be bought at Rouse's Point, but are cheaper at St. John.

The prevailing wind on the Richelieu is southerly or southwesterly. Six miles below Rouse's Point is a good camping-ground, on the southern end of an island. There is a

fine sandy beach; but just at the water's edge a villainous clay bottom. Milk and eggs can be had at a farmhouse near by, on the east shore of the river.

The next good camping-ground is six miles lower down, on Ile Noir, a large island with a strong fort on the northern end. Land on the east side of the island, below the fort. The garrison, consisting of one goodhearted Irishman, will furnish eggs, milk, and bread. It should be remarked, that, below St. John, practicable bread can be had only in the villages, or at the occasional houses of English farmers. The black bread of the French *habitants* is unpalatable.

St. John is twelve miles below Ile Noir. Camp on the west bank, above the bridge, where there are the remains of old earthworks and several large buildings formerly used as barracks, and situated among some beautiful oak trees. The Canadian revenue-officer must be seen here. He lives in the largest of the barrack buildings, and is one of the best of good fellows. Every canoeist who has visited St. John has cause to remember with pleasure and gratitude this genial gentleman.

At St. John the rapids begin, and extend with frequent quiet stretches to Chamblay, nine miles further north. The first rapids are a little below the bridge; and when passing the bridge the canoeist must keep a sharp lookout, or he will run on a collection of half-burnt piles that are just under the surface. These rapids can be run at any season; but ordinarily the water is so low by the first of July that the other rapids can not be run. The state of the water can be ascertained from the revenue-officer. If the canoeist attempts the rapids,—which are not in the least dangerous, the only trouble with them being the shallowness of the water,—he must remember to land just before reaching the Chamblay bridge. There is a fall at this place, which may possibly be jumped, but which must first be carefully surveyed.

There is a canal around the rapids from St. John to Chamblay, with nine locks, six of which are close together, near Chamblay. A pass must be procured (price 25 cents) at the canal

office, which is not far from the railway-bridge. At Chamblay bread, milk, and other supplies, can be got at the grocery on the left bank of the canal, close by the entrances of the three last locks, which open one into the other. After leaving the canal, steer for a ruined fort at the foot of the rapids, where there is a fine camping-ground and good fishing.

There is a good camping-spot at Beloeil, about six miles below Chamblay, on the east bank. The next camping-ground is on the Ile aux Cerfs, ten miles farther down. Land on the east side of the island. A fine country-seat belonging to Major De Montenac is on the island; and the man in charge of the place will furnish milk. Chamblay mountain, an extinct volcano, a few miles this side of Ile aux Cerfs, is well worth visiting. If the canoeist does not care to walk up the mountains he can get a carriage at St. Hilaire.

At St. Charles and St. Denis, two towns below Ile aux Cerfs, a very fine dinner can be had at the little French inns, for 25 cents. At St. Ours lock, about fifteen miles below Ile aux Cerfs, is a dam which the unwary canoeist may possibly sail over unintentionally, and to his great surprise. Keep to the east side of the river, in order to avoid the dam. There is a lock between the east shore and an island, which enables boats to pass the dam. The island is a good place to camp.

Two miles below the lock is the town of St. Ours, where there is a nice little inn, at which the tourist should make a point of dining. Below this place and Sorel, at the mouth of the river, there is no good camping-ground.

From Sorel there are steamboats to Montreal. On Tuesday and Friday nights a steamer leaves for Chamblay, making this place at four o'clock a. m. From Chamblay it is three quarters of an hour by rail to Montreal. A carriage can be hired to take the canoeist to St. John, from where he can return to Rouse's Point by rail. Canoes can be sent by canal from Sorel to any point on Lake Champlain, or to Albany or New York. If the canoeist intends to send his canoe home through Rouse's Point, either by rail or canal, he must first see the American revenue-officer at Rouse's Point, or he may have trouble with the custom-house. If the canoe is a "shadow," with hatches that lock, a combination-lock which locks without a key on some particular ward will be found useful. The combination can be left with the revenue-officer before entering Canada, so that

he can unlock the canoe and search it, on the way back.

There is plenty of firewood along the river; the scenery is pleasant; and the little French towns below Chamblay are so out of the way of travel that they are as foreign as towns in France. I have made three cruises on the Richelieu, and like it so much that I am always ready to try it again.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

The officers of the American Canoe Association for the year 1882, are as follows:—

Commodore, N. LONGWORTH.
Vice-Commodore, E. B. EDWARDS.
Rear-Commodore, ARTHUR BRENTANO.
Secretary and Treasurer, C. A. NEIDE.

NEW YORK CANOE-CLUB.

Commodore, C. BOWYER VAUX.
Vice-Commodore, C. P. OUDIN.
Secretary and Treasurer, W. P. STEPHENS.

Executive Committee.
(Officers ex-officio.)

WILLIAM WHITLOCK. C. L. NORTON.

Regatta Committee.

C. R. MUNROE. W. M. COOK.
F. E. WARD. FRED. READ.

W. P. STEPHENS.
House Committee.

Dr. E. B. BRONSON. WILLIAM WHITLOCK.

KNICKERBOCKER CANOE-CLUB.

(New York City.)

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Secretary, R. W. WILKIN.
Treasurer, AD. LOWENTHAL.
Measurer, S. LOWENTHAL.

Regatta Committee not yet appointed.

THE ROYAL CANOE-CLUB.

The officers of the Royal Canoe Club (of England) for the year 1882, are as follows:—

Com. H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
Captain, J. MACGREGOR.
Mates, F. W. LEWIS FARRER, J. W. CLAYTON.
Purser, C. J. WRIGHT. Cook, F. F. TUCKETT.
Secretary, T. G. F. WINNER.

The Committee.

The officers, (*ex-officio*) and the nine following members:—

The Right Hon. THE EARL OF CAITHNESS.
Hon. G. F. KINNAIRD. T. F. KNOWLES.
HERBERT EVANS. G. LATHAM.
G. HERBERT. J. B. TREDWIN.
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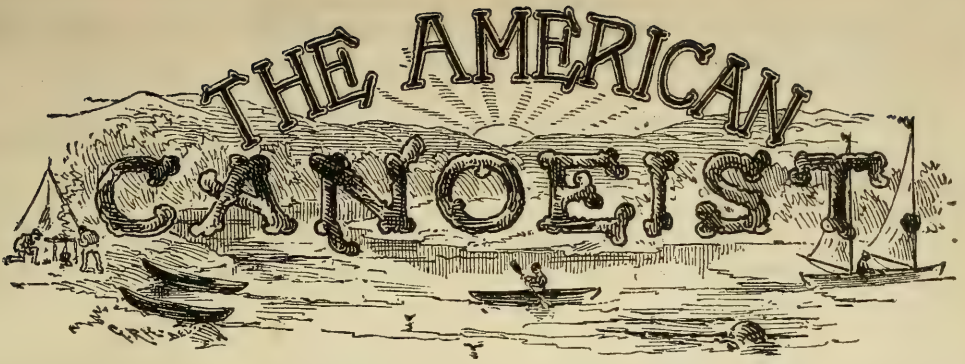
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The Race for the Challenge Cup.

BY WM. WHITLOCK.

One bright September afternoon—the summer heat just pleasantly tempered by the first of the autumn breezes—there might have been seen off the club-house of one of our best known canoe clubs, a sight to attract the most indifferent. The occasion was the final race for the challenge cup and championship of the season, and the honors were to be contested, not alone by the veterans of the club, but by distinguished visitors from other associations and places. Some fifteen tiny sails were gracefully cruising to and fro within easy hail of the float—several of them strangers—exciting much interest and lively discussion among the initiated. Great diversity was shown in rig, all approved varieties being well represented, the graceful lateens, the delight of the ladies and artists, the ponderous-looking but well setting batten-lugs, the favorite leg of mutton or sharpie rig and others too numerous to specify, but all having their advocates on the dock and steamer. The strangers on this occasion were widely different in almost all points. Two from the west favored the lateen, but were unlike in model; one being a modification of the Rob Roy, untried before this season, the other a new model known as the “Damosel,” carrying a single enormous sail, with the full limit of beam and ballast; an iron centerboard shaped like a curved knife-blade added to the interest or (apprehension) she excited among the home

“knights of the paddle.” Somewhat similar in rig, but favoring the high mast of the sharpie, appeared a resolute looking craft from the Hudson’s breezy stream, with a reputation from ocean waters calculated to unnerve and deter most would-be contestants. England too, sent a delegate, or begging her pardon—Bonnie Scotland rather. The Clyde representative was somewhat longer than most, and while appearing a little hampered with rigging, looked as if meaning to give a good account, if not of the cup, at least of the two Pearls which representing English models, presumed to question with her this day the superiority. All these favored alike the battne-lugs, but their hulls looked larger than most of the others, owing to the extreme width being the same along the deck and their higher sides. A certain stumpiness and want of symmetry was noticable, but many a hard fought race had reconciled their captains to any disparaging remarks. This imposing fleet did not, however, deter many of the home club, who in Shadows, Jersey Blues, Nautilus, Racines, and home made craft, were all afloat to-day, eagerly scanning the new comers and on the *qui vive* to snatch at the last moment, any adaptable improvement or kink likely to prove advantageous.

But this pretty sight can not be long enjoyed; there is work to do to-day and only just time to do it in. The course, a five mile one, with conflicting tides and triangular in general shape, will give the full equivalent of ten miles still water sailing to those complet-

ing it; the wind is fair and all are anxious to be off.

To the practised canoe-sailor, who has tested the worth of the hints and suggestions given in a preceding article, this is a most intensely exciting moment. The champion has taken the windward position, and the others having been placed by lot, are backing against the light tide, waiting for the inevitable late boat to come up in line. Everything at last is right and at a gun off they go. What wind there is, is ahead, but light from the southward, promising all we shall want later. The boats have some narrow shaves from fouling each other, and one actually does clash, but with no damage except to temper, in such exciting moments it is no matter if high words do spring out, no one remembers them—there is too much else to do. Most of the little craft have started on the port tack, and are fighting for position, and well bunched, are working with the tide, in short tacks to round the neighboring point, which, a quarter of a mile off, shuts out the open bay. Two or three are acting queerly. What on earth are the New York men doing, standing out to leeward this way against all reasons. See how Damosel is leaving them and the fleet, in her quick tacks in smooth water inshore, she will be round and half a mile off, if they don't look out. As if mentally agreeing, they are now seen to come about and *in the full strength of the tide* bear up rapidly for the point. They have lost much ground however, will the strangers finish the race at the start? The Damosel and the Hudson River boat are pushing each other close and bid fair to round this tack, aided as they are by the tide, while the heavier Clyde and Pearls are coming up. No! they are going slower now, the wind seems dropping. Ah! I am afraid they forgot the high bluff over which the southwest breeze is so apt to come in puffs, or to drop dead for a time. Now the New Yorkers are again jubilant. See how steadily that little squadron holds the wind. The champion is leading still but only by a length, and is not in quite the best position. The three are rounding now a good 200 yards

ahead of the rest of the fleet, which has drifted into all sorts of order under the point. They soon work around and are seen from the shore to be well strung out, the champion and two other N. Y. boats leading, the Pearls close together next, their high masts having enabled them to hold the wind and drift ahead. Damosel's huge lateen is gaining fast on them, closely pursued as before, by the Hudson boat; the rest of the fleet together, not far off.

The yacht club buoy is the next goal. Bunting is flying and the house is black with friends critically watching the pretty sight. The tide is running fearfully here, and the leaders too late, find they have to make a tack to round. This brings the Pearl dangerously close up, as going better to windward and favored by the wind, she rounds but five seconds behind the leader, and simultaneously with the other two. The four now settle down for the long run free, across; spinakers and topsails are fished out and by practised hands soon run up. Positions change here again. A greater spread in one sail and flatter bottom with good steering bring the Damosel to the front, and for a while disgusted light sail men bemoan time lost in setting extra canvass. The rest have now turned the buoy and seem to be bringing up the promised wind.

This breeze reaches the van before long; and soon, the Pearl, minding the rougher water less, creeps up and challenges for second place. Alas for N. Y. models, the champion is now third, while Damosel is still increasing her lead and the Hudson [River boat is fast closing. This is too much—a neck and neck race ensues, slow work [in a rough tideway; here every yard counts and steering is everything. The buoy is just ahead—the champion has the right of way but is lapped, indeed, almost passed by his competitors. It cannot be that fellow is foolish enough to attempt to cut in yet; the tide is sweeping down like a mill-race, and if he should foul the buoy, his chance will be gone. In this wind and rolling tideway, if he jams the buoy he *must* upset. Foolhardy indeed, to try it! But he does, and we hope the bath has taught him better for the future.

No time to stop for him—the paddle home will prevent his catching cold, and secret satisfaction that there is one less to look out for creeps over the champion, who now lays all the energies of his mind to the task of catching the Pearl or Damosel. He is in company with an old rival too, who wants that cup *almost* as much as he does, and confound it, this is his best point on the wind. Under the freshening breeze the water now fairly boils past. Shouts in the distance seem to indicate another calamity, which indeed is the case, for one youngster, too ambitious and going well, has suddenly found it necessary to gybe. Losing his head for an instant, he never knew what happened till he found voice to sing out and get picked up minus his ballast, which he had carefully piled *on deck* behind him.

In the freshening breeze Damosel now has all she can do, close-hauled and with but one lateen, the puffs compel her to luff and she is soon only on even terms with the Pearl, which, while doing better, yet carries too much. The latter's captain will not give in, and resolves before reefing to go to windward of the Yankee—a term which a Britisher applies to all American boats whether from New York or the great lakes. This, however, was too much for Damosel, and her gallant captain at all risks used his long boom with aggravating results.

Again and again, Pearl tried it, but the long boom of Damosel shoved her to the wind, and involving a corresponding luff from Pearl or a fatal foul. Disgusted at last she gave it up and passing to leeward, was still more so to find some distance in front the two New York boats racing each other for the buoy; they having had the sense to act on the example set by the rifle-team in their celebrated match and look out for club honors before individual places.

Reefs had now become an absolute necessity; the last buoy was nearly reached and the roughest water of the trip remained yet to be gone through. The Rip is in fact a great bugbear to most who have had experience of it. Two confluent tides—both exceptionally rapid—

here meet, and in comparatively shallow water. A very short ugly sea, lumpy beyond description, is the result. The strong wind which had been steadily rising had by this time lashed it into foam, and cup or no cup, an upset there was imminent unless sail were shortened immediately. Who shall get sail in first is now the excitement on board the leaders. The "batten" arrangement makes short work of the first reef, but in a wind and especially a race, all agree that everything must be made doubly secure. Sitting on deck shows well here, the practised men moving all over their boats with a freedom and good result in keeping some way on, which excites the admiration of all witnessing it from the shore and steamer. The champion does well and so does his comrade, there is not twenty feet between these two now, and after the rapidly nearing buoy is rounded a straight reach home of less than a mile, will soon decide the momentous championship. Damosel, unable to reef has been obliged to lower and withdraw. Pearl with one reef only is fast regaining lost ground, and the little traveling canoe under all sail now shows what mettle she is made of and seems to fairly fly. We have all heard of her performances in a blow, and began to fear that she may yet carry away the honors to the western "cabin," so well represented thus far by the Damosel. The leaders now approach the buoy, and some preparatory shifting of the ballast by the feet is seen to be going on, as the wind will permit of no liberties that care can avoid. This is ticklish work, holding on with might and main to the mainsheet with one hand, steering with the other, with eyes in the back of your head to watch the other boats and the puffs, which from time to time, seem to require your own body to be all out of the boat to windward, if you are to live through them and keep your course. Nothing more nearly approaches the feeling of this moment than that of a mad ride with only just control of your horse. You don't know how soon he may get the best of you, but still you love the excitement so that nothing would induce you to stop him. The sensation is not unlike that of standing in your stirrups.

In the Rip the boat jumps and tears and plunges like a live thing, and sitting braced up on this frail gunwale, more than half hanging out over the moving water, not six inches from you and boiling past, is a sensation than which I know nothing is more enlivening, or, for the first time, more frightening.

To round this buoy requires the most careful allowance for tide; care also is required to see that good way is kept on the boat, as in such a lump, very light boats are hard to put about and should be sailed like a ship to accomplish the maneuver. It was, however, safely accomplished and the boats were soon jumping in every direction. The weight of Pearl's ballast now told, and "creeping up" no longer described her gains. Smooth water and the lee of the land were ahead, and every inch was contested.

Oh! to be able to shake out a reef now and take every chance. "Anything for the club," reasoned one of the New York men. Luckily his knife is at hand. Seizing a smother moment, two cuts freed the reef points and with a quick haul, a heavy lurch and some water aboard, proclaimed the success of the plan, for the moment at least. No improvement was at once apparent, but before long between puffs, the increased area surely told, and while Pearl was still obstinately third, the champion was gradually losing second. Can he pass? Not if they fight. If the champion keeps cool he must win, it may only be by inches, but there is no time to pass now.

What is he doing! He moves in his boat, shifts a ballast bag, and is manifestly anxious. His friend, cool, steady, gains with each error, and running through his lee is ahead almost in a flash. Ahead, but only just clear. Can Pearl repeat this move? The momentary fault perceived is instantly repented and the champion strains every nerve to hold his place. But the distance is now too short, and in the order named, the three, not a hundred feet apart, finish, what will long be remembered as the *ideal* race for the cup.

That the coming season will see races equally exciting in New York Harbor, is not doubted by members the local clubs.

"ROB ROY."

BY ONE WHO HAS MET HIM.

There can, surely be few canoeists who have not heard of "Rob Roy," the accredited originator of modern canoeing, an amusement which in the course of time has come to be ranked as a British and American sport, a sport which is akin to yachting, and, in which centres all that is fearless of wind and water.



"ROB ROY" MACGREGOR.

Few there are among canoeists who know what might be called the history of Rob Roy. To American canoeists he is not personally known, and in England only a very few outside of the Royal Canoe Club; that is, can tell who he is, and what is remarkable about him. To canoeists he is known as "Rob Roy." To non-canoeists as a son of General Sir Duncan MacGregor, a Cambridge graduate, a barrister, and one of the mainstays of training ships for boys.

In his residence at Blackheath, London, above the chimney piece in his writing-room, is a wood-cut of a ship on fire, and partly flung on her beam ends by the violence of the storm. Beneath this picture is a good old-fashioned ballad describing the loss by fire of the "Kent," East Indiaman, in the Bay of Biscay, in 1825.

The first person saved from the burning "Kent" was the future canoeist, lecturer, preacher, rifleman, and organizer of successful charities, Mr. John MacGregor, whose voyages

in the Rob Roy have spread his name over the civilized world. Being only a few weeks old, he was held to have the first claim to a place in the first boat, and was saved together with his mother, his father following many hours later, after a difficult journey along the spanker boom, the descent of a rope, and a perilous drop into a boat.

The baby came home to England in the brig Cambria, and grew up to go to Cambridge, and prove one of the best oars in the Trinity Boat; to study law under Chitty and other instructors, only to finally hang up his wig in his parlor; to win prizes with his rifle, and to see the world as it appears from a canoe.

Almost every pursuit he has taken up he has conducted successfully. Over the door of one of his rooms, rests among other weapons the rifle won at the first officers' contest at Hythe, in a field of 110 competitors, and against the wall hang photographs of the Echo Challenge Cup, one of which he won two years in succession, but was beaten in the third contest, in which victory would have given him the cup.

Among curiosities from the Red Sea, Sea of Galilee, Nile, and other places of Eastern interest, including the scanty costumes of the Nubian and Samoan belles, hangs, spread out on the wall, the dark blue sail hoisted by the Rob Roy on the Jordan, the Nile, and the Red Sea; the strange color of which is explained by the desire of the canoeist to escape observation from Arabs and other Orientals whose curiosity is wearisome and honesty doubtful.

MacGregor stands firm on the canoe question, declaring that the seated attitude, with a rest for the back to lean against, is *le dernier mot* of independent boating. "What is there restful in the attitude of the oarsman cowering over his oar? About as comfortless a kind of repose as you can imagine. In the canoe, on the contrary, one is at ease all the while, and the low position in the boat gives perfect comfort and power."

The speaker—(Rob Roy) than whom no man living is better qualified to give an opinion on the comparative merits of an oar and pad-

dle—is a bald-headed man, with iron gray hair and mustache, and a hard wear-and-tear look about him, as of bone and muscle unencumbered by superfluous weight. His brogue has just that slight tinge of bonnie Scotland and the "peat reek," which, like a glimpse of purple heather, recalls the memory of the land of mountain and flood, is, to judge, not by past deeds, but by present aspect, a strong, sinewy man, ready at any time, despite his fifty-five years, either to breast a hill-side or to guide the Rob Roy through the seething rapids of an unknown stream.

Happily married some few years ago to a lady, who, like the Duchess of Sutherland, is an energetic canoeist. John MacGregor is an extraordinary instance of a late conversion to the married theory of existence.

During his earlier manhood he apparently exulted in solitude, and esteemed the sensation called "lonesomeness," in the United States above everything else.

In the parlor, beneath the reception rooms of his Blackheath residence, the veteran navigator has—laid up in ordinary—the two Rob Roys—the original oak-built canoe with which he visited France, Germany and Switzerland, and its cedar covered successor in which he paddled on the Red Sea, the Nile, the Jordan, the Sea of Galilee, the Abana, and the Kishon.

The second is the famous sleeping canoe cunningly devised to make a dwelling place by night, perfectly dry, snug, and comfortable, with every cooking convenience. Ranged above these boats and the paddles, which, without damage, went through all their adventures with them, are some dozens of hats, caps, and helmets, tried by turns by the indefatigable canoeist, who has finally settled down to the conviction that a pith helmet, with unequal peaks, to be worn either way, as the sun may be, is the perfect head gear for the water, as it protects the head perfectly; is light and comfortable, and if knocked off by accident floats perfectly well.

Up stairs again is encountered a trophy of a melancholy kind. It is made of dog collars—the

relics of the faithful companions of the voyages of a quarter of a century. Directly opposite this mournful object is a frame containing several square yards of photographs of sailor-boys. These are the portraits of the winners of the "Rob Roy" prizes, presented annually, by Mr. MacGregor, to the boys of the various training ships, in whom he takes the greatest interest. Photographs, however, are not the only pictorial adornments of his house; for he is a good draughtsman, and manages water colors with a fair amount of skill; witness a picture of Nishni Novogrod, a place of which he entertains the liveliest recollections, with its Chinese quarter, its enormous transient "fair" population, its 10,000 ton-boats, and other wonders, all of which he saw on one of his trips, and pronounces marvelous almost beyond belief.

There is, in his opinion, nothing for a young man like traveling alone, and no exercise better and safer than canoeing.

What to Eat and Drink on a Cruise.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

A few days of out-door life, with canoeing as the excuse, should make a man more than usually interesting to himself and his friends, but frequently it does neither. The air cannot be blamed and neither can the exercise, so diet falls under suspicion that is almost always well founded. Dry, rich, concentrated food is the canoeists' usual fare, and there is too much of it, while the consumption of coffee is always inordinate.

Every canoeists' stores should include hard bread and fat pork, the latter to be used as an assistant to other dishes and the former in case of necessity, but it is always possible to live on the country. Most cruisers buy only milk and eggs of the natives, and for an inducer of billiousness the egg, cooked in camp style, can give odds to boiled leather. Whenever the egg is the *piece de resistance* of a meal, there should be liberal accession in the way of fruit or vegetables, which can always be found where eggs can be bought. Throughout the cruising season berries of some kind can be had by giv-

ing an hour's notice to the local small boy; potatoes are to be found everywhere, and if nothing else is available the few light leaves at the heart of a young cabbage will make a very passable salad, particularly if the boat contains a flask of olive oil.

New potatoes and onions, peeled, sliced, and boiled together until they form a pulp as thick as hasty pudding, the seasoning being added a few minutes before the mess is taken from the fire, makes a dish at which no one turns up his nose after tasting; in bulk the potatoes should exceed the onions about two to one.

Eggs—we still cling to the canoeists' stomachic sheet anchor—imply the existence of chickens, and in any country where either exist the chicken is the cheapest and most wholesome meat that the cruiser can eat; any man who can cook at all can make a chicken fricasee, for there is nothing to do but dismember the fowl and simmer slowly, seasoning toward the finish, which period indicates itself by the smell that arises from the pot or pan.

Fresh meat in the country, during the canoeing season, consists principally of veal; this, if quite young, as it usually is, is deliciously tender, and will "lay up" a whole party within three hours after eating. Mutton and lamb escape this objection, and stew into toothsome dishes, if simmered slowly over coal. Good beef is hard to find except in large towns, and is good to be let alone by the man who does not know in advance how to select a steak and to broil it. Beef heart makes a capital stew.

Fish may be found in any water fit to cruise upon, and is easily cooked by frying; it is impossible to eat too much of it.

Canned corned beef contains some nutriment, so does sawdust. Canned ham is good, but should not be eaten at successive meals without vegetables. Devilled ham makes a good handy seasoning for all sorts of meat stews, a tablespoonful being enough for a portion for four men.

Canned fruits are good to carry against rainy days, or such times as find every one too tired to look for provisions, but each can adds two or three pounds to a boat's load.

A tin pail, a frying-pan, and a deep oblong pan—say ten inches long, with cover—form sufficient cooking outfit for a cruise; a good grid-iron may be extemporized by bending a piece of thick wire into shape, crumpling it into small space when not in use, and stretching it again to proper dimensions when wanted. The oblong pan is good for all sorts of boiling and stewing; when self-raising flour can be had, (as it can at most country stores) good biscuit can be baked in such a pan. In Canada, where trout are plenty (so the natives say) and good claret is cheap, and on sale everywhere, a large trout thoroughly cleaned and divested of head, tail, and fins, may be put in such a pan and gently boiled for three quarters of an hour in cheap sound claret; it will make a dinner that no caterer in New York can equal.

All cruisers like strong coffee; the proper ration is about a gill at each meal, but the usual consumption is about two quarts per man; hence many unnecessary headaches. Tea is equally stimulating and even when taken in large quantities does not produce billiousness. Whiskey and brandy are utterly useless except in cases of extreme exhaustion. Warm river water can be made palatable by a dash of raspberry juice, ginger cordial, or some other of the many fruit juices that are put up in bottles. Cocoa makes an acceptable evening substitute for coffee, and agrees wonderfully with the evening pipe.

By general consent the proper time for smoking, during a cruise, is every hour of the day, but veteran smokers who have confined themselves to a single pipe or cigar, taken after supper, declare they have not suffered by the privation, but, on the contrary, have found health, spirits, and enjoyment of the weed, improve under the change.

The above hints may be improved upon, but if followed even as they are, no cruise will be brought to an untimely end by a billious fit, succeeding several days of apparent rude health.

WHAT ARE TRUE LINES?

In spite of all the time and money that has been spent in experiment and calculation, the question of models for vessels has not as yet

been reduced to an exact science. Suppose for instance, that the two most accomplished and scientific builders in the world—whoever they may be—should each be commissioned to design a ship for some special purpose, tonnage being given. Does any one suppose that the completed hulls, or “skins” in technical phrase, would be cast in the same mold? Every one knows that they would differ in many particulars. Indeed it is an axiom among builders that it is impracticable to make two ships exactly alike, or, for that matter, so nearly alike that neither can be regarded as the better ship. Before now attempts to copy famous sailers have failed most signally, therefore I hold, that in spite of the most scientific intentions builders work more or less in the dark, not to say by guess.

Now it has occurred to me, that some approximately accurate ideas might be gained by the following plan which I suggest for what it is worth:—

Take a piece of gelatine or clear sugar candy, or some substance that is slowly soluble in water, suspend it on floats so that it will be partly submerged, and anchor it where it will be steadily acted upon by the current. Why should not the resultant shape be that which will offer the least resistance to passage through the water? Naturally the points which offer the greatest resistance will be most rapidly washed away, and the curving surfaces which will remain may well represent the curves of least possible resistance. The protection of the extreme bow or cutwater by means of a strip or shield is obviously necessary, and doubtless practical experiment would suggest devices and conclusions which have not occurred to me as a mere theorizer.

If the plan proved to be of any merit, it might be tried on a larger scale, so as to note the action of the waves in affecting the shape above the water line. Nature is a safe guide in such matters where we can get her to indicate decidedly what she means, and this seems to me a not unlikely plan for inducing her to tell what she really thinks about models.

Yours truly,

KEELSON.

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Time Allowance for Paddlers.

The question of time allowance is one of the most perplexing of the many that confront much suffering regatta-committees. It is doubtful if it will ever be definitely settled, what is perfectly fair for sailing craft of all sizes, and under all conditions.

In paddling races, however, it can be determined with an approach to scientific accuracy, since the men are usually supposed to be equal, until one of them proves himself to be the best paddler. In the case of a Rob Roy and a Shadow, why is it not possible to ascertain exactly what time per mile should be allowed by actual experiment? Take, for instance, a line, 2-100 of a mile in length, that is 105.6 feet. Attach one end of this to the bow of a Rob Roy and the other end to a weight, say of 100 pounds. Anchor a boat in water so deep that the weight cannot reach bottom, rig a pulley on the stern of the boat and reeve the line through it. An assistant will now seat himself in the canoe to be tested and will keep the line taut by holding fast to some fixed object. The man in the anchored boat will hold the weight suspended just below the surface of the water, until everything is ready, when, at a signal from the time-keeper, he will let go and at the same instant the canoeist will lose his hold. The weight will sink plumb down, pulling the canoe steadily forward until the hundredth part of a mile has been passed over. Repeating the experiment with a Shadow under the same conditions will, of course, develop more or less difference in time, and a simple sum in multiplication will demonstrate what should be the time allow-

ance. The experiment should be repeated several times with each canoe, in order to obtain an average and allow for what scientific "sharps" are wont to call the "personal equation."

It would not be impracticable under this system to ascertain for each canoe its own proper standard of speed per mile, and credit or debit it accordingly, but probably most paddlers will be contented at the outset, if some approximate data can be obtained as between the different types of canoes.

It may fairly be objected, that an increased rate of speed through the water involves increased resistance, but the laws which govern it are well known and easily estimated, when there are fixed rates to start from. This difficulty indeed, might be mechanically overcome by using a coiled spring of known power as a motor, instead of the weight as described.

Let us hope, that this summer at Lake George, it will be possible to try some experiments of this kind and settle on a positive basis matters which have heretofore gone by guesswork.

"A Canoe Trip" is the title of a sprightly little pamphlet written and illustrated by Mr. F. H. Seymour, who is doubtless known personally to many of our readers. The voyage extended from Lake Huron to Lake Erie *via* the St. Clair and Detroit Rivers, crossing Lake St. Clair. The region is picturesque and the trip full of incident. Mr. Seymour has a keen sense of humor and seems disposed to make the best of everything. No doubt mishaps and unpleasant weather will occur on such trips, but if met with in a cheerful spirit, they merely add a zest to the charms of canoeing. The concluding chapters are devoted to the suggestion for the outfit of a canoe and the preparations necessary for a journey of this kind, in fact, throughout the book will be found many hints of considerable value to intending cruisers. The papers were originally written for the "Detroit Free Press," and are now offered in book form and will be found on sale at Brentano's, 5 Union Square, N. Y.

DRIFTINGS.

—New clubs are now forming in Bayonne and Newark, N. J.

—Twelve new members have been added to the A. C. A. since our last issue.

—The Hartford Canoe Club has now a membership of sixteen. At a late meeting of the club quarters were decided upon for the coming season, also a pin to be a fac-simile of the club colors.

—At a meeting of the K. C. C., held on Feb. 28, Mr. R. J. Wilkin was compelled to resign the secretaryship of the club in consequence of other calls upon his time. Mr. R. P. Martin was then elected to fill his place.

—Bamboos, suitable for canoe spars, and just arrived from Japan, may be found in any quantity at John P. Moore's Sons, 302 Broadway. This house deals largely in sporting goods generally, and, if it listens to our advice, it will add canoes and fixtures to its stock in trade.

—Lake Minnetonka is admirably adapted for canoeing. Will not Commodore Moulton oblige us by detailing some scribe of his command, whose duty it shall be to send to the "Canoeist" all items of interest connected with Minneapolis and Minnetonkan canoeing. A description of this lake and boat-house, with cuts—if any exist—would be acceptable to begin with.

—Last fall, Mr. Ben. C. Wilkens, of Clifton, Iowa, cruised down the Mississippi, from Minnehaha Falls, above St. Paul, to Clinton, Iowa, a distance of 425 miles. He is now at work on a book containing an account of his experiences. During the coming spring he intends to follow the river to New Orleans in his new canoe "Little Nan." Probably, we may count in due time, upon the publication of his log.

—Newark, Ohio, counts some eight or ten canoeists in its population of seven thousand—a very fair proportion too! Enough at all events, to form the basis for a thriving club. Newark is at the confluence of the three forks of the Licking River, and has the Ohio Canal

at its doors. These waters are all more or less canoeable. How much so a future number of the "American Canoeist" may possibly describe.

—Few articles make a more acceptable addition to the cruising outfit than the wooden plates of the Smith & Stevens Manufacturing Company. If bought by the crate of 250 they cost only half cent a piece, and 50 plates can be carried in a very small space. They do not have to be washed after using, as they are simply thrown into the fire, and we have even found them exceedingly handy as kindling wood, when everything else was so wet that it would not burn. The principle offices are No. 9 N. Charles Street, Baltimore (for the south and west), and 176 Fulton Street, N. Y., (for the north and east).

—We have received the New Catalogue of the Racine Boats and Canoes, a neat pamphlet of 40 pages, with a new cover illustration, showing a "No. 1 St. Paul" Canoe, with a full lateen rig, and a marginal border of paddles, oars, and "fixtures." Several additions have been made to the contents of last year's catalogue, the most noteworthy of which is perhaps the lateen rig. As shown in the illustrations, the sails differ from those most commonly in use by having the "tack" cut away in a semi-circle, so that the yard and boom do not come together forward of the mast. Several new styles of boats are described, and the publishers, Thomas Kane & Co., 248 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, seem disposed to push their business with all the vigor characteristic of the Western Metropolis.

—"The most important item is to know what size of sail to order; therefore, it is useful to have a rule to determine such sizes. A formula for this purpose is open to great criticism should others than canoeists use it,—as for instance yachts, for whose use it is not intended, and it was 'got up' for the private use of some canoeists on the 'other side of the water.' To calculate what sail area is required when no ballast except the owner is on board, let B equal beam of canoe, L, equal length of canoe: the square of $B \times \frac{1}{2} L$, equal area. Example: length

16ft. ; beam 2ft. 8in., or 2.66x8, equal 48 square feet said area when only owner is on board. Then, to calculate what ballast can be carried for racing purposes : B sq.xL, equal weight in pounds. Example : for a canoe 16ft. by 32in., 96 pounds lead. Again, to calculate what sail area can be carried when 96 pounds lead are on board. Square of Bx $\frac{3}{4}$ L, equal sail area in ballast. Example : for a canoe 16ft. by 32in., equal 72 square feet of sail. Now, these figures are within the bounds of safety. A canoe of size above given can carry very much more sail and ballast ; but when an abnormal spread is hoisted, and a capsize takes place, it is the skipper's own fault. The writer has carried on a canoe 15ft. 6in. long by 32in. wide, as much as 150 feet while racing, and has come in to win, (ballast about 200 pounds lead) ; and had this canoe filled she would have gone down and left owner to contemplate a waste of water."—*"Wren" in Forest and Stream.*

The Discoverer of the Future..

BY A. S. WILLIAMS.

The value of the canoe as an aid to exploration can scarcely be exaggerated. The secrets of unknown lands are betrayed to the hardy explorer through their rivers ; or, as in the case of North America and Central Africa, their lake chains.

Stanley pierced the heart of the "Dark Continent," after infinite labor, pains, and perils. Had Stanley's sagacity equaled his perseverance, he would have traveled comfortably in a "shadow."

Over the cable has but lately flashed to us the last chapter in the record of Arctic exploration. It was saddened by the loss and sufferings which the "Jeannette's" crew had sustained and endured,—suffering that was almost as certain a prospect for travelers in that rigorous clime as are wounds for an army marching into battle.

Commander Cheyne has but just written the initial of what may prove another gloomy

chapter, in his appeal for pecuniary aid to equip another Polar expedition. He proposes the last stage of the contemplated voyage to be *via* an airline route, and balloons to be the chosen conveyances.

The Aleuts' unlettered—but not, therefore, unwise reasoning—led him to adopt the frail, *Kayak* as the one vehicle of travel capable of surmounting the difficulties to be encountered in a sea of ice. The huge floes that met to crush the iron-bound ships of the explorers of the past, or to crowd them out and up, to remain desolate monuments to the memory of failure on an icy dry-dock, would have been only an ordinary incident of travel in those latitudes, to the imperturbable and philosophical canoeist. He would simply have stepped out on the ice, and drawn his stanch craft up after him.

Your modern canoeist will be the explorer and discoverer of the future.

THE CANOE PILOT.

Lake Memphremagog and the Magog River.

BY CHAS. LEDYARD NORTON.

This lake lies partly in Vermont and partly in Canada, and is accessible by rail from Canada and the north by the Stansted, Shefford and Chambly Railroad, from Vermont and the south by the Connecticut and Passumpsic, and from the west by the Missisquoi River railway.

The Barton River, navigable for canoes some miles from its mouth, but with several carries, falls into the lake at its southern end near Newport. There is a good hotel adjoining the railway station.

A hundred yards or so east of the freight-house is the place to launch canoes ; a sheltered cove separated from the lake by the railway bridge. Supplies can be purchased at Newport, but canoeists going into Canada may always cut down expenses by waiting until they are across the line.

The best camping place within an easy distance, is on the first island to the north, some six miles from Newport. A good landing with easy beach, sheltered moorings, and a

more or less dilapidated "lean-to" will be found at the westerly point of the island.

Another good camping place, amidst the the finest scenery on the lake and near the best fishing ground, is at the "Narrows," about four miles further north. There is choice here of several islands, and on the mainland one can hardly go amiss for a camp. About ten miles north of the Narrows is an island in the middle of the lake. A good landing and a "lean-to" will be found at the north-eastern point. All along the east shore of the lake there are houses where supplies can be obtained. The lake is about 30 miles long.

The Magog River is the outlet of Lake Memphremagog. It leaves the lake at its northern end, where is the town of Magog, P. Q. Good supply store on main street, a little east of the bridge. Post-office a short distance west of the bridge.

Dam immediately below the bridge. Canoes may be passed over by hand without unloading at south end of dam. Mill-race with runway for logs along northern bank. Runway probably practicable at times for canoes, but at other times choked with drift-wood. Fine rapids, locally known as "Horse Race," begin below dam. Hotel-keeper will represent them as impracticable, but unless the water is very low, he lies. The general principles of navigation and a sharp lookout will suffice for this and for all the rapids of the Magog.

The writer hereof was overtaken by night not far from Magog, and had to camp on a sawdust bank, which is undesirable in view of its tendency to catch fire and make things lively. Good camping places can only be found on this densely wooded, rapid and beautiful stream by watching for them.

Some eight miles from Magog is Little Magog Lake, about three miles long. Its slack water affects the stream for a considerable distance above the lake proper. Turn to port on reaching open water. Excellent camping-ground near a farm-house opposite the point.

About half a mile from the outlet is a heavily wooded point with shelving beach, where

the writer camped satisfactorily. Several houses along eastern shore of lake.

Stream breaks into rapids again immediately on leaving the lake, and keeps it up with the interruption of a single mill-pond and dam about five miles from Little Magog. Canoes can at average water be passed over at right of dam. A bridge crosses the river directly over the dam. By no means approach the central opening before taking observations from the bridge. The current is very strong and dangerous. Land on right bank just above dam.

Ugly cross currents and rocks below dam. The swift current in mid channel is safe enough, if you can keep in it, but very lumpy.

Dam at Sherbrooke sets back the water some two miles. Rapids below the dam utterly impracticable. Cartage, about a quarter of a mile, to the St. Francis River, into which the Magog falls, or to railway station, 25 cents. Good shops of all kinds in Sherbrooke.

The main objection to the Magog is that there is not enough of it—only about 15 miles; but then it has 15 satisfactory rapids, none of them dangerous, but all sufficiently exciting.

CLASSIFICATION.

In the present rather chaotic state of A. C. A. canoe classification, the following from the London "Field" is of interest:—

"CRUISING AND RACING CANOES.—The class of cruising canoes mentioned by 'Exe' in last week's 'Field' only exists in the rules of the R. C. C., or at least is not recognized, as there are no races for them in special, or any in which they receive time allowance from the racing canoes. This state of things can hardly be taken to further the best interests of canoeing, or the R. C. C. at large, however well it may suit the few who have time and inclination to build canoes solely for racing purposes. Against these few must be set the far greater number of men who own canoes built for cruising only, and by whom the original ends of the club are best carried out. The present racing regulations, instead of tending to improve and bring out the most useful form

of boat, have only resulted in the production of canoes deficient in every practical quality save that of sailing; and that even in this respect they are not entirely invincible, has been proved on two occasions during the past season, on the Clyde. Anyone who has seen the club races at Hendon or Kingston must have felt that the present racing canoe is far too heavy and cumbrous for racing purposes. Even in navigable rivers or seas, it is frequently necessary to paddle long distances, to carry the boat ashore, over a beach, or to a boat house; while occasional cruising in narrow waters, or where portages are required, is almost an impossibility for the present heavy canoe. Interested in canoeing as I am, and a frequent spectator of the club races, though never as a competitor, I am sure that the club, with its almost national position, should do something to encourage the class of canoes which is most largely used and most practically useful. If prizes were given for the sailing of cruising canoes, canoeing in England would certainly receive a great stimulus, and we should soon see a greater number and a greater variety of names in the racing entries of the club. For want of this encouragement, the class of cruising canoes has remained without much improvement, and with their best sailing qualities undeveloped. Competition is the only means of removing this state of affairs, and it is to be hoped that before long some steps may be made in this direction.—STOUT.

"In reply to 'Exe's' questions, his canoe of 30in. beam, if not exceeding 16ft. length, is a first-class sailing canoe under the R. C. C. classification. There have never been any races for second-class canoes, simply because such canoes have never appeared in sufficient number; but if three or four good second-class canoes should be built, the R. C. C. committee would willingly encourage them by offering prizes. A lightly ballasted canoe 16ft. by 30in. would have no chance against the prize-winners of last season, except with very large sails on a very light wind, and over a racing course such as that for the last challenge cup at Hendon. On the Thames her length would debar her winning in such narrow waters. There have never been any handicap races in which time is allowed in proportion to size among our canoes, and in the event of such races 16ft. by 2ft. 6in. would probably be calculated as equal to 14ft. by 2ft. 9in. The challenge cup was won in 1879 by a canoe 15ft. by 2ft. 7in. against several others of shorter broader type. 'Exe's'

canoe would have a very good chance in the running race (one mile before the wind), and in the paddling and sailing race, one round of each, as in both races length is the element most conducive to success. I differ from 'Exe' when he suggests that 16ft. by 2ft. 6in. will make a better sea boat than 14ft. by 2ft. 9in. I would much rather be 'caught out' in the latter.—E. B. TREDWEN."

Rowing and Canoeing.—A Physiological Comparison.

BY E. B. BRONSON.

In comparing rowing with canoeing it would be manifestly unfair to the latter, to limit the terms of comparison to the relative muscular exercise afforded by the oar and the paddle. Paddling is but one phase of the practice of canoeing. The canoeist can well afford to concede to the oarsman certain advantages in the way of developing mere muscular power, in lieu of which he is enabled to give play to a far wider range of faculties. It is the "infinite variety" of canoeing which gives it its superiority and its chief charm.

But let us for a moment confine the comparison to rowing and paddling. How great are the advantages sacrificed in the latter? Unquestionably, if speed is the oarsman's sole object, if it is only to cover a given distance in the shortest time possible, his method offers the best means for accomplishing the end. The art of rowing has been brought to such a degree of a perfection, that no other method of propelling a boat through the water by muscular power can at present compete with it. But the very perfection of the art has robbed it of some of its most essential requisites as a means of physical exercise. The tendency has been, to make rowing too much on an end unto itself, while that which should be the paramount object—physical culture—has fallen into a subordinate rank. The exercise has become too restrictive. A particular set of muscles is developed almost exclusively. The anterior muscles of the trunk, especially those of the thorax, have but little to do, and the same is true of the "flexors" of the legs and the "extensors" of the arms. These muscles come into play only in the comparatively effortless act of the "recover"; while all the telling work is done by the muscles of the back (particularly those that erect the spine), the "extensors" of the legs and the "flexors" of the arms. Perfection in rowing is directly dependent upon the development and training of these special

muscles. The more uniform and machine-like they act, the more finished and successful the oarsman. But to what end should these special muscles be brought to such a high state of development, to the comparative neglect of all the others, except to that of becoming an expert oarsman? Unless we assume that it is man's chief end to row, we must regard this partial, muscular hypertrophy as superfluous. Furthermore, we find that even the oarsman recognizes the fact, that to attain to the best condition as to "staying power" and "wind," he must supplement his work at the oar with some other form of exercise. The main defect in rowing seems to be, that it does not adequately develop the muscles of respiration; while running tends to expand the chest and bringing these muscles fully into play, hence the generally recognized importance of running exercise in training for a race.

In paddling, the muscles that are chiefly employed are those of the arm (flexors and extensors alike), those of the shoulder and shoulder-blade; the great pectoral muscles of the chest and most of the other muscles attached to the ribs; and all of those which serve to rotate the spine (more particularly the oblique muscles of the abdomen). Though the "erector spinae" muscles of the back are comparatively inactive, the great broad muscles of this region, which serve to carry the arm backward and downward (*latissimi dorsi*), are powerfully engaged. It will be seen at a glance that the mechanism of paddling involves a very wide range of muscular activity. And not only is this true with respect to the number of muscles engaged, but with regard to the action of the muscles individually. The complex articular movements required in wielding the paddle—the free sweep of the arms, the alternate twisting of the body from side to side, the frequent changes in the direction of the force required in the guiding the source of the canoe—cause a constantly varying play in the action of the muscular fibres, very different from that required by the much more direct and uniform motion of rowing.

But of especial importance is the exercise which paddling gives to the muscles of the chest. The effect is to give greater expansion to the thoracic walls and to increase respiratory power. Instinctively, as the canoeist takes a stroke, he inflates the chest to give a better purchase and so more effect to the muscles employed, which have their attachment to ribs, and all the inspiratory muscles are thus brought into play. In this way the exercise

reaches something far more vital than mere muscular activity.

There is too, generally among those engaged in athletic sports, a tendency to overrate the importance of muscular development. The young athlete in gauging his bodily condition by the curve of his biceps, ignores a multitude of organic factors, all of which must act co-ordinately to produce the health and vigor, the evidence of which he recognizes, only in the size of his muscles. It is not hypertrophied muscles that make a perfect *physique*. A big brawny arm is a worthy enough object of admiration, but of how much practical use is it in the ordinary services of business life. Its possessor is a blacksmith, its value is obvious. To him it is capital. The preparation needed for the avocations of the man of intellectual pursuits, the merchant, the financier, the professional man, are sound health, endurance pluck, and energy. These all athletic sports tend to develop, but in very unequal degree. The benighted mortal who would call it "sport" to put up a dumbbell day after day, always in one and the same fashion, is perhaps, working in the right direction, according to his lights and tastes, but he has but a dim appreciation of the uses of exercise. Between his method and that of the man who takes a "spin" up and down the river in his "shell" there is a very long step; the principle, though, is faulty in both cases and for the same reason. It is circumscribed exercise, limited always to one set of muscles and to muscles only. In the latter case the rate of speed, the rivalry, the exhilarating influences of out-door surroundings afford a healthful stimulus, which make the oarsman vastly the superior of our dumbbell-man. Still the methods have much in common. The oarsman's object is to get all the exercise of a particular set of muscles possible within a given time; or, else to see how rapidly he can cover the ground between two given points. To accomplish either of these ends he converts himself as nearly into a machine as possible; reserving the small medicum of intellectual activity necessary to guide his craft in a straight line or to steer clear of obstacles. How different is this from the practice of canoeing!

When the oarsman starts out it is to traverse a familiar course which he does by means of drilled and educated muscles,—much as one goes up stairs in the dark. When the canoeist starts it is almost invariably to go somewhere where he has not been before; to see new scenes; to meet new conditions, encounter new difficulties. The intellectual factor, which

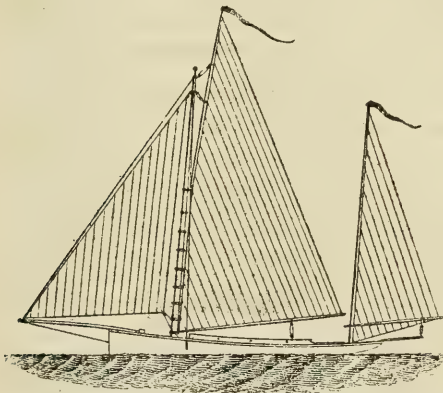
in rowing is almost entirely in abeyance, is in canoeing as constantly in requisition. There is an element of uncertainty in the experience of the canoeist that keeps his wits continually on the alert. All his physical powers are in demand, and require to be constantly readjusted to meet the ever varying conditions. Thus the exercise becomes universal. In a word, may we not say, that while rowing exercises a group of muscles, canoeing exercises the balance of the man!

CORRESPONDENCE.

ROSLYN, L. I., N. Y., Feb. 20, 1882.

Editor American Canoeist :

With your kind permission, I send for publication the cut of a rig which I have lately designed for single handed cruiser. It has, during the past season, been thoroughly tested by myself on a Nonpareil boat of 25 ft. length, by 6 ft. beam, and having found it to be handier, safer, speedier, and simpler in regard to gear, than any rig I have yet experimented with, I now turn it over to my brothers of the canoe, hoping they may glean one or two useful suggestions from it.



This rig may be readily adapted to canoes, and can be used, on a small scale, without bowsprit, for the jib, or outrigger, for the driver—all the sails will be found to sit perfectly flat, if properly set, and there is never any necessity for reefing, as the sail area is so balanced with reference to hull displacement that the boat will steer perfectly either under all sail, under jib-driver, or as a "cat," with mainsail alone.

THOMAS CLAPHAM.

CHICAGO, Feb. 15, 1882.

We far Westerners welcome your new little

journal with open arms, and wish it success and prosperity on its cruise among the canoeists of America. Our captains here are already agitating the subject of sails and rigs for the coming season, which we expect to begin much earlier than usual as our winter has been very mild. The writer launched his new Everson Shadow the 8th of May, last year, on Lake Michigan, and could see great fields of ice off to the S. E., coming in slowly with a wind that was by no means balmy zephyr. As we look back over the two or three years since canoeing was introduced here, we see the "leg o' mutton" or "sharp" rig has been the principal one used, with a few sprit mainsails last season. The skippers resolved to sacrifice speed for safety, consequently "duckings" were few and far between.

Last year the monotony was varied by nearly every canoeist along the shore taking a spill. This season will see the Balance Lug used almost universally here, with what success remains to be seen. Probably the two hand-somest canoes in the city are the ones built by Everson for D. & H. W. Jones, and F. K. Root—we speak of the workmanship and finish. They were built with false keels, but are now having centre boards put in, and their captains expect to make a better showing in the "coming bye and bye." We are talking up a club, but as the number of canoeists here hardly reaches twelve, it is somewhat uphill work; we will push it through if possible and join the A. C. A.

ALLEGRO.

[It is not necessary to form a club to join the A. C. A. You can join as individuals.

ED. A. C.]

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 16, 1882.

Editor American Canoeist :

DEAR SIR:—I have a Racine Canoe and wish to inquire how it can be fitted so as to sail better to windward. Would you recommend a lee-board or a false keel? How should they be fitted to the boat? Would not the keel make the canoe stiffer and steadier in a strong breeze than the board?

D. B. E.

The answer depends, as do most matters regarding canoeing, on what you want to do with your boat. If you wish to cruise in waters where you are likely to encounter shoals and rapids, where you may want to land at any time, a lee-board is the thing. If you go in for racing and deep water-sailing a false keel is best.

The writer has used a lee-board with much satisfaction and excellent results, but never on a Racine Canoe. The board should have about two feet of submerged area. Its corners should

be curved, and its fore and aft edges sharpened. It may be hung to the cleats by means of grommets or loops. As soon as the boat gets way on her, the pressure will be such that the board will be held in place, and will pull tremendously on its fastenings. The after end has, more or less, a tendency to "kick up" when sailing on a light wind, but this can be obviated by various devices which will readily suggest themselves to an ingenious mind. The board should be hung somewhat forward of the centre of lateral resistance.

A false keel may be screwed to the true keel. The Racine Company advertise adjustable keels in their catalogue for 1882, price \$2.

A keel would undoubtedly have a greater influence for steadiness than a lee-board, because the latter can at best only resist a tendency to roll to windward. This however, is a matter of very small moment in a canoe under most circumstances, for with a sea on she will be pretty lively anyhow. With the wind astern the tendency to roll is always great, and sometimes dangerous. Then a false keel has a preceptable steadying power.

A centre-board is better than either lee-board or keel, but its casing is sadly in the way when you want to go below. [ED. A. C.]

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Feb. 21 1882.

Editor American Canoeist.

SIR: I read the initial number of the "American Canoeist" with a great deal of pleasure. I hope that all lovers of the pastime will give it their warmest aid and support, for it will do more to encourage and foster our gentle hobby, than any other agency. Such articles as that of Mr. Alden about the Richelieu River, would be worth five years subscription to any canoeist intending to navigate that stream. I hope future numbers will give us equally interesting and useful information about the Susquehanna, the Ohio, the French, Broad, the Connecticut, and other rivers.

I would like to see the average time made by other canoeists on their cruises. The only trip I have taken as yet, was from Pine City on the Snake River, into the St. Croix and then down that river to Stillwater. My time was about 40 miles a day. I do not know whether to brag of it or not.

I wish some canoe builder would invent a skeleton frame that would screw together and take to pieces and be packed into a small compass for shipment to some point to meet your canoe on a cruise, and while it would not weigh much would effectually protect a canoe during railroad and wagon transportation.

Our club here claims the largest membership in the Union, 66 members, although there are only 25 or 30 canoe owners.

Very truly, E. H. MOULTON

BOOK OF THE BLACK BASS. By Dr. J. A. Henshall. R. Clarke, Publisher. \$3.00.

Dr. Jas. A. Henshall's "Book on Black Bass" is a valuable addition to sporting literature, and by far the best of any recent publication on fishing. It is a handsome volume of 460 pages, fully illustrated, and gives practical and trustworthy information on the haunts and habits of one of the finest of American freshwater fish. It also includes a very full treatise on Angling and Fly Fishing. A great part of the book is made up of chapters descriptive of different kinds of tackle and implements used in fishing.

CANOEING IN EUROPE.

In our next number we will give an interesting article on a thousand miles of canoeing, performed on rivers and lakes of Europe. This article will relate in brief the exploits and adventures of Mr. J. MacGregor, on his "cruise" in the "Rob Roy," a craft now celebrated, thanks to the lively pen of this sportsman-author.

American Canoe Association.

The officers of the American Canoe Association for the year 1882, are as follows:—

Commodore, N. LONGWORTH.
Vice-Commodore, E. B. EDWARDS.
Rear-Commodore, ARTHUR BRENTANO.
Secretary and Treasurer, C. A. NEIDE.

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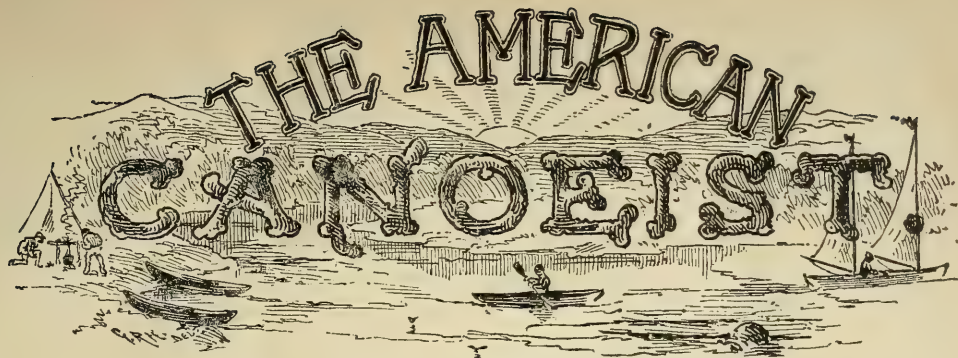
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WHAT CANOEISTS SHOULD READ.

How to Camp Out. J. M. Gould	- - - - \$1.00	The Canoe and the Flying Proa. W. L. Alden	- - - 25
Practical Boat Sailing. D. Frazer	- - - 1.00	The Sailing Boat. Folkard	- - - 1.00
Voyage of the Paper Canoe. N. H. Bishop	- - - 2.50	Canoeing in Kanukia. C. L. Norton & John Habberton	- - - 1.25
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Rob Roy on the Jordan. John MacGregor	- - - 2.50	A Canoe Trip, or "A Lark on the Water." By F. A. Seymour of the "Detroit Free Press"	- - - 30
Rob Roy on the Baltic. John MacGregor	- - - 1.25	Canoe and Camp Life in British Guiana. By C. Barrington Brown, with maps and 10 illustrations	- - - 10.50
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A BAPTISMAL EPISODE.

BY WM. M. COOKE.

Of all the mishaps—and, in truth, they are many—which befall the wielder of the double paddle, that which leaves the most lasting impression upon his mind is, undoubtedly, his first upset. At the time of this mischance he may be a novice, knowing naught of boats and their ways; fearful and cautious, as befits his state; or, on the other hand he may be an expert propeller of a single shell, capable of balancing himself upon a plank edge; or, a hardened and scornful catboatman; or, he may, perhaps, already be a veteran canoeist of a season, who has passed unharmed through squalls which have laid low the proudest of his fellows. No matter. Be he ignorant or knowing, timid or bold, there comes to him at the moment when, for the first time, he “bobs up serenely from below,” to find his canoe upon her beam-ends beside him, and his most cherished belongings bestrewing the face of the waters, an overwhelming feeling of surprise, which, for the time being, swallows up all other emotions.

By the self-confident man, naturally, the after effects of the shock are most keenly felt. The very foundations of his belief in his own powers, and in the virtues of his boat have been swept away, and he falls into a state of profound gloom, from which he only emerges, when, in the fulness of time, is granted to him

that serene humility of spirit for which canoeists, as a class, are so justly famed.

On an afternoon in early Spring, a few years ago, a young member of the New York Canoe Club, launched his boat from the wharf at Unionville, L. I. That morning against wind and tide he had paddled down from Brooklyn, eight miles away, had since feasted sumptuously on shore, and now was about to return. His bosom filled with gladness as he felt the fresh, southerly breeze upon his face, and, as he hoisted a large and new balance-lug mainsail—as he put up the helm and eased off the sheet, and the boat, with a heel and a start, darted away homeward, he sank back in his place with a sigh of content. No thought of danger entered his head. Why should there, indeed? He was a canoeist of a year's standing, who had paddled or sailed his boat in calm or wind, by night and day, on salt and fresh water, and had never yet come to grief. He had often expressed his belief that the man who would upset a canoe was unfit to be trusted in a mud scow, and he still thought so. Others might dress as if for a bath, and tie down a reef in their mainsails before starting out in a breeze of wind; but it was not for him to take any such childish precautions.

He wore his trousers and shore-going shoes, a blue shirt and heavy pea-jacket, for the air was chill; and a red worsted cap bedecked his head. And in his pockets he carried a roll of greenbacks, a bunch of keys, and his best Sunday-go-to-meeting watch, with sundry other

articles of minor importance. For a time all went well. With a musical rush of water along her sides, and a subdued gurgle astern, the boat picked her way through the fleet of smacks anchored off Bath; dodged three or four hundred thousand shad poles, and then headed straight for the Narrows. Still sheltered under the lee of Coney Island, the water about her was reasonably smooth. With her big sail full of the salt wind she rushed on, and her captain, rousing himself from fond recollections of clam fritters, smiled with joy as his eye ranged along the gleaming yellow line of the Staten Island beach, stretching far away toward distant Perth Amboy, and the Raritan; and, returning, fell upon the grassy slopes and batteries of Fort Hamilton, nearing him so fast.

But, bye and bye, a white cap appeared to windward. Another, and another, and soon he was out in the tideway, where the ebb, running out through the Narrows, was at odds with the south wind, and the two were making a disturbance. The canoe no longer skimmed smoothly along, but jumped and plunged and yawed like a skittish colt. The young man became interested in her antics. Anon the boom would leap convulsively upward, and she would roll heavily to windward. Then a sea would strike her lee quarter, the rudder would wave helplessly in air, and her head go off the wind, until a jibe seemed unavoidable; when another sea upon the weather quarter would bring her sharply to; and still another, a little one, leap the side and pour itself into the captain's lap.

Now, however exciting and agreeable this sort of play may seem at first, when too long continued it grows tiresome. The young man grew very wet. It dawned upon him that, under reefed mainsail, he might be far more comfortable, and make just as good time. But to tie down a reef now would involve lying in the trough of the sea, and a consequent thorough soaking. So he kept her away and soothed her, and humored her as best he might; and rolling and jumping she tore along.

Soon the black muzzles of the guns at Fort Hamilton grinned him in the face; the wharves poked themselves into view, and Fort Lafayette, dark, ruined and lonely, lay upon his port bow. Between the two forts, where the greatest force of the tide met the wind, the water was in its maddest mood, and wave after wave, "giving its sum of more to that which had too much," tossed its cap into the boat. But what cared the youth now for a mere wetting? Did not the fishermen on the wharves, and the idlers lounging above the water battery shout at him as he drove by? and the crew of a sloop yacht beating down under double reefed mainsail and forestaysail, cheer him and wave their caps? On the brow of the bluff ahead, too, he could see, plainly outlined against the dark green of the cedars, a mass of feminine drapery, which presently, as he passed broke out into an eruption of pocket-handkerchiefs. Was there not even a chance that from a certain window beyond, a particular pair of dark eyes might, even now, be gazing upon him? The thought was rapture! He sat in three inches of water, but his soul was in elysium.

But a trying time approached. Ahead, on the right, lay a point which he must round if he would keep on his homeward course. He was carrying his boom broad off to starboard, and it must be shifted to port. There was little time left for thought. Already the peak of the sail was forward of the mast and the boat rolling wildly. Should he jibe? The truth must out, he dared not. Should he then come about? He tried it; promptly missed stays; a big wave over the side of the boat, and all but swamped her. He grasped the paddle and attempted to force her head to the wind. But a heavy puff struck the boat, the big sail was slatting madly about, and he failed. An idea struck him. He quickly let go the main-halyard, paddled the boat's head around till she pointed dead to leeward; lifted the boom over to port, and ran up sail, paying out sheet as he did so. Then something happened; he knew not what. He felt himself plunging head downward; all was cold and green for a

moment, and then he found himself striking out mechanically with his arms, and staring in blank amazement at his canoe rising and falling, wallowing and rolling, beside him. Something was wound tightly about his legs, and he could not use them, so he let himself sink, found that it was the bight of the mainsheet, and managed to cast it loose. Then he laid hold of the canoe, cast off all running rigging, and rid her of masts and sails. A hatch and the paddle were floating gaily away seaward. He swam after the paddle and regained it; the hatch he let go. Then from the after locker he fished out a stiff hat, and, holding on to the gunwale with one hand, tried to bale the boat out. It was a hard task, for she lay low, and every now and then, a wave broke over her and nearly blinded him; but he managed it in a fashion. But now came the tug of war.

To climb into a canoe in still water, when the man is in bathing dress—or without it—is one thing. To perform the same feat heavily clothed and amid breaking waves is another. The youth had done the first more than once. Now he laid a hand upon each gunwale, and raised himself with a mighty effort. Then a wave rolled in behind him, the boat gave a lurch, he fell across her and slid head first over the other side.

Again he tried it with a like result; but this time he fell backward. Then he swam undauntedly around and unshipped the rudder. He would mount over the stern, as good canoeists do in the picture books. A white-cap filled ears and nose and mouth with water, and made him sputter and cough; but he clung to the boat, pulled the stern down, and mounted astride the deck. In an instant she rolled over, and he sank, sideways, with arms and legs outstretched.

But he was not to be beaten. He swam to the bows, and tried the same experiment there. In vain. The spirit of evil seemed to have entered the canoe. As her master's head now emerged from the water, he dimly saw her hovering on a wave above him; when she suddenly made a fierce, downward swoop, which he only evaded by a quick dive; and this on-

slaught she repeated, again and again. It grew plain to him at last, that whatever else he might do, regain his proper place in that canoe he certainly could not; so he finally swam alongside, embraced her with one arm, and reflected. He could not swim to shore—it was too far away; his water-soaked pea-jacket and shoes were already dragging, and he was tired out. He looked about him. Not another boat was to be seen. He turned his eyes toward shore. To his surprise he could now discern there no living being. Even the little houses of the fishermen, below the bluff, seemed tenantless, and looked at him with blank, expressionless windows. Clearly there was nothing he could do but hold fast and wait. Before long the tide would carry him past Fort Hamilton, and he would surely be seen, either from land or from the fishing boats anchored off Fort Lafayette.

But the water was very cold—benumbingly cold; and the spray, dashing in his face, confused him. He was very uncomfortable, but he kept his eyes fixed on the land and waited patiently.

At last, from Fort Hamilton he saw a boat put out. Then, as he rose again on a wave, he could make out the forms of the oarsmen. They were pulling hard and heading toward him; but they seemed very far away still, and he was growing colder every moment. The boat came nearer and nearer. He could now see that it was a big shad-boat, could see the oars rise and fall, and the rower's backs bend and straighten to their quick strokes.

He had never known, till now, how attractive the rear view of a fisherman could be.

He gave a lusty hail, which was answered by a cheery "All right! Hold on a little."

And he did hold on, trying hard, the while, to ignore the cramps, which were beginning to make themselves felt in his legs; until, at last, a pair of big, brown hands grasped his collar and the seat of his trousers, and he was dragged over the side of the shad-boat, and tumbled all in a heap upon the floor boards.

Well, he picked himself up, and sat on a thwart, and shivered, while the kindly boatmen

drew up the canoe across their beamy craft, and emptied her of water, and put her to rights as best they might. And it was in a very sober frame of mind that he thanked them all, and shook hands with them, and, at length, paddled away toward home. His self-esteem had received a great blow. He realized that he, even he, had at last been capsized, and he was sad.

Dame Nature did her best to cheer him. The favoring wind still blew and the white-caps glittered in the sunlight. On shore, the varied shades of color in grass and poplars, willows and cedars, formed a harmony in green, upon which at another time his eye would have dwelt with delight; but—he had been capsized and he would not be comforted.

The distance home was five miles, the tide was against him, and for nearly two hours he chewed the cud of bitter reflection, almost forgetting, at times, to shiver, though every stitch on his weary back was soaked with brine.

Amid a solemn stillness he landed at the boat house. The boys understood and respected his feelings. In truth, "a fellow-feeling made them wondrous kind." Twice only, once when he drew out his ruined watch, and gravely inspected its insides; and again when he pulled from his pocket a mass of greenish pulp, which had once represented money, did a ripple of mirth run around the circle; and even these mild demonstrations of glee were quickly suppressed. But such consideration could hardly be expected from strangers.

Of dry clothes his locker at the boat house had afforded him a suit; but of shoes no other pair could be found than those upon his feet; and before long, some scores of impish school girls were regaled with the sight of the young man, sauntering leisurely up Clinton street, on his way home; with head held high and a studied look of indifference upon his face; but leaving at each step a mark upon the pavement, which, with the looks of his hat, told

more plainly than words could tell, the tale of his mishap.

It would be a bold man who could venture to describe the storm of conflicting emotions, which raged within the youth, as he underwent this ordeal. Enough that the sun of that May day went down upon a changed man.

—::—

—A full blown "Nautilus" sailing canoe, made in England, has been sent to Mr. Hugh Neilson, of the Toronto Canoe Club, for sale. She is thirteen feet long by 34 ½ inches beam, and built of mahogany throughout. (English builders must be pardoned for this lavish use of mahogany, to them white cedar is comparatively unknown). She carries a heavy center-board, and is beautifully fitted up in every way, including Baden Powell's reefing gear. She follows the description which appeared in the "Field" some time ago. Her performances will doubtless be heard of later in the season.

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—The Toronto Canoe Club will open the coming season with three or four new canoes, in addition to the dozen already on the Secretary's list. Some good new men will also join at the next annual meeting. The T. C. C. are the proud possessors of Dixon Kemp's "Yacht and Boat Sailing," and it wasn't given to them neither—they bought it themselves, like a man.

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—Rushton is out with his new circular pamphlet of 36 pages with illustrations. The fourth cover page bears an illustration of the "Stella Maris," under way, close hauled on the port tack, with her crew aboard. The new features which we especially notice are the descriptions of "Stella" and "Princess," this last being on the lines of Commodore Longworth's flag ship; also the wonderful "Nessemuck" canoes, which weigh only sixteen pounds, and are strong enough for actual use. Mr. Rushton's list now embraces 290 models, all of which are catalogued and priced in the present edition.

A THOUSAND MILES IN A CANOE.

It may be said that canoeing on a scientific and extensive basis is fairly beginning to be appreciated in this country. This is as it should be, for in truth the canoe is indigenous to America, the oldest canoeists having been unquestionably true American, namely, those of a reddish complexion and prominent cheek-bones. There have doubtless been long trips made in canoes in America, but unfortunately no record of them has been preserved. Thus it is that for the earliest authenticated description of such a performance undertaken for pleasure we must turn to Europe.

The earliest trip recorded was made by Mr. J. MacGregor, who, during a summer vacation, went over the distance of one thousand miles in his own canoe, built expressly for the trip, and named by him the "Rob Roy," a name now famous from his account published in book form. The book, very lively and suggestive, has already passed through a dozen editions.

Certainly a thousand miles made in a canoe through regions the most picturesque and celebrated, is "something to read about." The great advantage of doing Europe by canoe is that it can go wherever there is "a little dew on the ground," and neither a row-boat or your first-class Cunarder can do that! The things which bother the "pair oar" become cheery excitements to the voyager in a canoe. Sitting in his little bark he looks all the time forward, never backward. He sees all his course, and the scenery besides. With one sweep of his paddle he can turn when a foot from destruction. He can steer within an inch in a narrow place, and can easily pass through reeds and weeds, or branches and grass; can work his sail without changing his seat, can shove with his paddle when aground, and can jump out in good time to prevent a bad smash. He can wade and haul his craft over shallows, or drag it on dry ground, through fields and hedges, over dykes, barriers and walls; can carry it by hand up ladders and stairs, and can transport it over high mount-

ains and broad plains in a cart drawn by a man, a horse or a cow. Besides all this, the covered canoe is far stronger than an open boat, and may be fearlessly dropped into a deep pool, a lock, or a millrace, and when the breakers are high in the open sea or in river rapids, they can only wash over the deck, while it is always dry within.

The canoe is safer also than a rowing boat, and more comfortable, because you lean all the time against a swinging backboard, and when the paddle rests in your lap, you are at ease as in an arm chair, so that, while drifting along with the current or wind, you can gaze around, and eat or read, or sketch, or chat with the stagers on the bank, and yet, in a moment of sudden alarm, the hands are at once on the faithful paddle ready for action.

Let us see now how the Rob Roy was built, and what was its captain's outfit, before we center upon the incidents of his trip.

The Rob Roy canoe was built of oak, with a deck of Spanish cedar. She was made just short enough to go into the German railway wagons, viz.: fifteen feet in length, twenty-eight inches broad, nine inches deep, and weighed eighty pounds. The baggage carried for three months was placed in a black bag, one foot square and six inches deep. A paddle seven feet long, with a blade at each end, and a lug sail and jib were the means of propulsion, and a pretty blue silk Union Jack was the only ornament. The English flag covered the merchandize, as it were.

The useful stores were paddle, painter, sponge, waterproof cover five feet by two feet three inches, blue silk union jack, eight inches on a staff two feet long, mast, boom and yard, lug sail, jib, and spare jib (used as a sun shawl), stretcher, two back boards, floor boards, basket holding a mackintosh coat. For repairs—iron and brass screws, sheet copper and copper nails, putty and whitelead, a gimlet, cord, string and thread, one spare button, needle, pins, canvas wading shoes; all the above invariably left with the boat. In the black baggage bag—one flannel jacket, wide flannel trousers, gathered by a broad

buckle belt, and second trousers for shore, one flannel shirt on and another for shore, one straw hat, two pair of cotton socks, easily gotten off for sudden wading, and drying quickly on deck ; brush, comb and toothbrush ; blue spectacles, book for journals and sketches, with pencils, knife and pen ; maps, pipe, tobacco and match-box. No needless weight should be carried hundreds of miles—even a fly settling on the boat must be refused a free passage.

Thus equipped, the canoeist launched on the rivers and streams of the continent, which are scarcely known to the modern steam tourists, and all the beauty and life upon them no one has ever thoroughly seen. The Rob Roy started from London, on the Thames, on a bright July morning. The little craft bounded away joyously on the top of the tide through Westminster Bridge, and swiftly shooting the narrow piles at Blackfriars, danced along the waves of the Pool, which though looking all golden in the sunlight, were in fact of pea soup hue. The Thames is always a lively scene with steamers, and sea-bound ships, buff little tugs and big looming barges. The canoeist chatted with the bargees and found them full of good humor. Often they began with, "Holloah you two !" or "Any room inside ?" or "Got your life insured, Gov'nor?" but the canoeist had the good sense to smile and nod to every one, and so every one on every river and lake was friendly to him. The Scotch are shrewd diplomatists on land and water. As soon as the Rob Roy was fairly under way her captain began to enjoy a charming freedom and novelty which lasted unbroken to the end of the cruise. His temper was such that he was always ready for any emergency or drawback. After reaching the neighborhood of the mouth of the river, the canoe was transferred to the railway and expressed to Dover, on the way to Ostend, Belgium, at which point the cruise was to begin on the Continent. But before crossing the channel the canoeist decided to try his craft a day in the waters around Dover. So he bought some stuff and had a jib made for the

Rob Roy, and paddled her on the green waves which toss about off the pier-head in a way anything but pleasing to channel-steamer passengers. The same performance was repeated on the top of the swell, tumbling and breaking on the "digue" at Ostend, being ended with a quieter run under sail on their wide and straight canal.

From Ostend the Rob Roy was expressed to Namur, where it was housed for the first night in the landlord's private parlor, resting gracefully upon two chairs. Two porters carried her through the streets next morning, and she was launched on the Sambre, soon turning down stream and smoothly gliding upon the river Meuse. Glancing water, brilliant sun, a pretty canoe, and a light heart, all your baggage on board, and on a fast current—what man would have exchanged all this for stage, railway, steamboat or horse? It was good policy that a quiet river like the Meuse should have been taken in the earlier stage of the tour, when there was novelty enough in being on a river at all. The river banks, appearing tame if seen from shore, are altogether new when the vista as opened up from the middle of the stream. At the very first shallow the canoeist was exceedingly careful, getting out and wading to lighten the boat. A month later he was dashing over such places, with a shove here and a stroke there in answer to a hoarse croak of the stones at the bottom grinding against the keel. Sailing was easy, too, in a fine, wide river, strong and deep, and with a favoring breeze ; and when the little steamer passed the canoeist drew alongside and got his penny roll and penny glass of beer through the porthole, while the wondering passengers smiled, chattered, and then looked grave—for was it not indecorous to laugh at an Englishman evidently mad, poor fellow ?

The pleasure of meandering with a new river was found very fascinating. Every few yards brought a variety of entertainment—a crane, a duck, splashing leaps of gleaming trout, warring roar of falls ! All these, in addition to the scenery and the people and the weather, and the idea that one *must* get on

over, through, or under every difficulty, and cannot leave one's boat in a desolate wood, and ought to arrive at a house before dark, and that one's luncheon bag is long since empty—all these keep the mind awake when it would doze and snore for a hundred miles in a railway carriage.

Some vigorous work was done in paddling on the Meuse, down past Liege, many small towns, past Marstricht, in Holland, with its fortified high walls. The canoe was bodily hauled up over these walls and carried into the sleepy town. In a cart next day, the canoe made a decided impression (as indeed along the whole route traversed) at the railway station; though for some time the paries refused to ship such freight. All at once, however, they rushed for that neglected canoe, ran with it to the baggage-van, pushed it in, banged the door, piped the whistle, and as the train went off—"Do you know why they have yielded so suddenly?" said a Dutchman, who could speak English. "Not at all," was the answer. "Because I told them you were the son of the Prime Minister."

—Vice-Commodore Oudin of the N. Y. C. C. is constructing a center-board for his new boat on a new and improved plan the invention of which we have heard ascribed to at least three different persons. Described in fewest words, the device is as follows; A heavy iron frame is cast corresponding in outline to the shape of the proposed center-board. To the sides of this sheets of iron are riveted or soldered, thus leaving a hollow space inside the center-board. After being put together the whole affair is tinned or galvanized. This space is open at the upper edge of the board, and a heavy piece of lead is made so that it will fit into and nearly fill that part which will project below the keel when the board is lowered. The advantage gained is that the greatest weight can be readily removed when it is desired to carry the boat ashore, without going to the trouble of unshipping the entire affair with its attachments, as is necessary with most of the "Pearls" that have thus far been built. One

feature of this board is the knife-like edge which it will present as a cut-water when lowered into position.

—:—

A letter from some presumably ambitious navigator asks for the plan and dimensions of the latest "batten lug." It is pleasant to be able to give him the very latest which the editor inspected only twenty-four hours ago at this writing, and which he is free to confess haunted his dreams last night. It is intended for a center-board canoe, 14 feet long by 32 inches beam:

MAIN SAIL.

Luff, 8 ft.	}	Area 100 sq. ft.
Leach, 17 ft.		
Foot 11 ft. 6 in.		
Head 10 ft. 3 in.		
1st reef batten, 10 ft. 8 in.		
2d " " 10 ft. 6 in.		
3d " " 10 ft.		

DANDY.

Luff, 4 ft.	}	Area 27 sq. ft.
Leach, 8 ft.		
Foot 6 ft.		
Head 5 ft. 9 in.		
1st reef batten, 5 ft. 6 in.		
2d " " 4 ft. 9 in.		

SPINNAKER.

Probably 60.7 ft. area.

The spars and batten are of bamboo, the mast of spruce 15 feet high, and the reefing gear is the simplest form of that which was originally devised we believe by Mr. Baden Powell; lines leading from three points on the battens down to, and along the boom to its heel, thence passing through a fair-leader or a block on the mast or on the deck near the mast step. The sail, whose dimensions are given, is cut with its luff and leach curved outward or "roached" so that its outline bears a striking resemblance to that of a bat's wing or to the erected dorsal fin of a roach or sunfish, the ends of the battens helping the likeness. The largest lugs in use last year, Mr. Whitlock's for instance, were some 52 square feet in area, and the largest latteens, Commodore Longworth's and Mr. Ellard's, were, we believe, 69 and 70 square feet.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

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CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON, Editor.
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FROM CHICAGO TO LAKE GEORGE.

"Allegro" writes to say that the canoeing fever is fast reaching the boiling point among the faithful in Chicago, and will probably result in the sending of a delegation to Lake George. He says, "We want some charitable brother to tell us how to get there and at the same time accomplish a cruise on the way." Of course it is perfectly obvious to the average school boy that a magnificent cruise opens at our correspondent's very door. What could be finer than to follow the Great Lakes, running Niagara and the St. Lawrence rapids, ascending the Richelieu and Lake Champlain, and so on to the Canoe Islands? The only trouble is that it would take time. Of course no true canoeist would for a moment hesitate at Niagara, or the "Long Sault," but the two or three months involved in the trip would prove in most cases an insurmountable obstacle. Seriously, however, there is a section of this route which is perfectly practicable and full of attractions; namely, that stretch of lake and river, which lies between the foot of Ontario and the mouth of the Richelieu. This might be accomplished easily in two weeks, and would take the cruiser through all the beauties of the Thousand Isles, permit him to run the runnable rapids of the St. Lawrence, and afford him opportunities of taking steam almost anywhere to expedite matters in case of need. To reach Kingston, Ontario, from Chicago is an easy matter either by boat or rail. Perhaps some reader can speak of the cost of the trip from actual experience.

Again the cruise up the Richelieu and up

Lake Champlain is a delightful one so far as scenery and other essentials are concerned, but there are two strong objections. The course is up stream on the river, and in the teeth of the prevailing winds on the lakes—two elements which may be overcome, but which detract very essentially from the true enjoyment of a cruise.

Some twenty-five miles might be conveniently added to the length of the St. Lawrence cruise by taking to the water at Belleville, Ontario, a station on the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, on or near the Straits separating Prince Edward from the main land. Roughly stated it is about 150 miles from Belleville to the mouth of the Richelieu. Thence to Lake Champlain or Lake George transportation is direct and easy. We will endeavor to publish some more particular account of the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain routes in "The Canoe Pilot."

A LUCID DEFINITION.

To the knowing readers of the AMERICAN CANOEIST the following definition will perhaps afford amusement, if not a great deal of instruction. It is from W. H. De Puys' "People's Cyclopedia of Universal Knowledge."

"CANOE, is a boat made of a hollow trunk of a tree, or of the bark shaped and strengthened. Canoes have been made large enough to carry 20 or 30 hogsheads of sugar. Some have decks, and carry sails of rush or silk grass; but they are generally open boats, rowed by paddles, and steered by an oar. They are seldom wide enough for two men to sit abreast, but vary greatly in length. Near sea coasts canoes are often made of light wooden frames, covered with seal skins, which are also drawn across as a deck, with only a hole left for one man to sit in."

The compiler of this valuable (?) reference has kindly accompanied the explanation with an illustrative cut depicting an angular and ungraceful savage "rowing" his canoe with a conventional double bladed paddle. This cannibal canoeist—for such his facial expression indicates him to be—is "rowing" with

great energy; but the untutored savage has evidently never instinctively concluded that

"The power and weight are in the inverse ratio of their distances from the fulcrum of a lever."

The canoeist seems to have a vision of baked missionary in the dim distance, but he will be a very tired and a tardy guest at the feast unless he adopts a better "form" than the one exhibited.

The definition as a whole is not creditable to a cyclopedia published A. D. 1881.

ALL real canoeists must have viewed with sorrow the manner in which the Zuni delegation carried out the mystic rites of their ancestors the other day, on the seashore. Surely enough canoes could have been borrowed for the occasion from local brethren of the paddle in Boston and Cambridge, to spare these mysterious redmen the humiliation of entering the presence of the sunrise god on board the common shrieking steamboat of civilization; not to mention the extortionate hackmen and irreverent spectators who took part in the proceeding. Next time the Zuni's wish to commemorate their ancient ceremony, let them come to this city. We take the responsibility, without asking leave, of pledging the hospitalities of the Knickerbocker and the New York Clubs, and will lend every man of them a canoe, wherewith to pay their tributes to Neptune in true ancestral fashion.

THE sphere of the Canoeist has unexpectedly widened, and in an unlooked for direction. A few days since the editor received a communication bearing the imprint of a leading Home Missionary Society. Naturally his first impulse would have been to reach for his check-book, but deeming it well to see first for what specific branch of the field he was about to be taxed, he read the letter through. It ran thus: "A canoe is wanted for our missionary on the Chitkat River, Alaska. What would be the price here of a strong plain one suitable for the purpose? * * *" Here now is an opportu-

nity for some liberal minded canoeist to contribute a craft. Alaska, far away as it seems, is in the Home Missionary field, and its natives are in a disgraceful state of cannibalistic barbarism. An open hunting canoe would, of course, be the thing for that region, and as the water courses are almost the sole avenues of communication, a canoe is indispensable to a missionary who does his duty.

MEAT AND FRUIT FOR BALLAST.—Mr. Hicks, of the Toronto Canoe Club, suggests the following: "Get a number of flat square tin cans made like oyster cans, of a handy size to lie under your floor boards. Then cook a turkey, some chickens, a sirloin of beef, etc. Cut the hot meat up into large dice-shaped pieces, and put it in the tins hot, then pour melted fat in till the tins are full, and then solder them tight. Get as much meat in as you can before putting in the fat. Put up fruit in square flat cans in the same way. There is is your ballast, and heavy stuff it is. When the provisions run short let the crew feed on the ballast. The preparation described is far more nutritious than canned corned beef, is more palatable, and will keep indefinitely, that is, throughout a very long cruise. MEMO.—Don't leave the can-opener at home.

Commodore Moulton's call for distances brings us the following: "In reply to Mr. Moulton's request for the average time of canoeists, I would respectfully state that in my cruise last July from the mouth of the Minnehaha River, down the Mississippi to Clinton, my average time was 61 miles a day. But a more moderate rate of speed, say 40, or even 20 miles a day, is preferable, especially if one wishes to fully appreciate the scenery, which, like that of the Upper Mississippi, is well worthy the admiration of all lovers of nature. I would like to hear from some of the A. C. A. in regard to the greatest distance paddled in one day. I have made 82 miles in a day of '12 hours' down the Mississippi.

"BEN C. WILKINS."

DRIFTINGS.

—In communications intended for the "Canoe Pilot" as represented in *THE CANOEIST* it is desirable that the general location of cruising grounds be given, especially such as begin and end at places whose geographical location is not well known. Some idea too of distances is acceptable, as large scale maps may not always be convenient for reference.

—The following note explains itself, and may perhaps somewhat reduce the needless consumption of postage stamps:

SLINGERLANDS, N. Y.

Editor American Canoeist:

SIR: As I am in almost daily receipt of applications for copies of the "Canoe Pilot," I will state that at the last regular meeting of the A. C. A., held in the Wigwam on Lorna Island, Lake George, Aug. 12, 1881, it was decided, by vote, not to publish the "Canoe Pilot," it being deemed best to let such publication be undertaken by private individuals, it being too costly a work for an association of limited income to undertake.

CHAS. A. NEIDE, Sec. A. C. A.

—A Chicago correspondent asks which is the best photographic outfit for canoeing purposes. This is very much like asking which is the best canoe in existence. A positive answer is hardly possible. Every man thinks or thinks that he thinks, or thinks that he makes other people think that his own canoe is the best. So with cameras. There are half a dozen different makes, each of which is held to be the best by those who have used it. We may say, however, that the most compact and cheapest outfit that we have seen is Walker's pocket camera. Of course the "pocket" must be a rather large one, still there are pockets, those of shooting coats, for instance, which would receive the whole affair, except the necessarily long legs of the camera.

—I am the owner of a lap streak canoe which has become somewhat leaky by use. Will you please inform me in your next number what to do to stop it, and oblige,

Yours, L. N.

Canoeing should be popular along the lower Mississippi—good facilities during the season of high water and crevasses! For the leaky lap-streak we should recommend careful, that is, *gentle* calking with cotton rolled in white lead, a thin bladed knife like a painter's spatula to be used as a caulking iron. Some extra rivets along the seams might be desirable if they can be inserted without splitting the wood.

—Secretary Neide, A. C. A., sends the following list of members enrolled since the Association book was published:

J. F. Newman, 92 William Street, N. Y.

Arnold G. Dana, care Prof. J. D. Dana, New Haven, Conn.

A. I. Flint, U. S. Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C.

Braham J. Lewis, 317 Marlboro St. Boston.

Chas. W. Jacobs, 62 William St., N. Y.

R. P. Martin, 107 Fulton St., N. Y.

E. A. Hoffman, Jr., Box 2090, P.O. N. Y.

J. T. McGowan 62 Wall Street, N. Y.

A. E. Thompson, 186 West Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Joseph W. Parker, 748 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

John Rich, Fort Madison, Iowa.

C. Murphy, Salem, Mass.

C. M. Shedd, Springfield, Mass.

Fred. A. Nickerson, Springfield, Mass.

Geo. H. Kunater, Springfield, Mass.

M. B. S. Bradford, Springfield, Mass.

C. H. Newell Springfield, Mass.

C. M. Emmons, Springfield, Mass.

Chas. H. Wilson, Glens Falls, N. Y.

Frank M. Glover, Pasadena, Los Angeles Co., California.

John Clendon, Glens Falls, N. Y.

—"AmateurWork" is the title of a new English monthly magazine, which ought to have a counterpart on this side of the water. It professes to cover every branch of amateur mechanics, and the last number has an appropriate illustrated article by M. LeB. Kennedy, entitled, "Boat Building Made Easy." For sale at Brentano's, 5 Union Square, N. Y. Price 25 cents.

—Salt water sailors must look to their laurals—to their sails and running rigging rather—or Canadians may lead them a pretty race next summer. Mr. Robert Tyson, of Toronto, writes us that he is hard at work on his new canoe of the double center-board “Pearl” model, doing much of the work himself. He is paying especial attention to the stowage arrangements with a view to convenience in cruising. No one who saw his ingenious contrivances for rendering canoe life comfortable at Lake George last summer can doubt that he will have everything perfect in its way. This canoe of which he writes is the third double center-board boat that has been built at Toronto this winter.

—We are in receipt of a letter from Middletown, N. Y., whose author is building a 14 foot canoe of 30 inches beam. He asks first what should be the area of a center-board for such a craft; second, how far it should be from the bow, and third, how far from the bow the main mast should be stepped. In reply it may be said in general terms, first, that two square feet of center-board is enough for a boat of that size. By this is meant of course the area of that part of the board which is dropped below the garboards; second, the center-board should be a little forward of amidships. It is impossible without more data to say exactly how much, as the center of effort of the sails, and the center of lateral resistance of the the boat itself, are elements which must be taken into the account. The main thing is to place it where with “good full” on, the boat will carry a fairly strong weather helm. Third, the mast should be pretty well forward, especially if a “dandy” is carried, say 18 or 20 inches from the bow. In this letter a request is preferred for a description of the lanteen rig. We have written to Cincinnati, where this beautiful and convenient rig has been most thoroughly tried, and we hope to have a full description with drawings, in time for our May number. To describe the rig so that one who has never seen it would understand is impossible without illustrations.

THE CANOE PILOT.

THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER.

Start at Binghamton. Freight on canoe from New York via Erie, about \$1.50, if sent by weight and not by measurement. Take canoe right to freight office in Jersey City, and be sure not to make any contract at the general office in New York; if you do the measurement will be taken and a charge of \$5.00 or more made. Fare out, \$6.15. Send boat two days ahead, and write to freight agent to look out for her, he will do it. Cartage for three canoes from depot to river, 50 cents. Go early in the season as the river is too low after June. We went about the middle of May. Get word from Postmasters of a few towns as to height of water. Current much stronger when there is plenty of water. Good food and excellent camping places can be found the entire length of the river.

From Binghamton, past Owego, and on to the Penn. line, the river runs through a lovely farming country, with rapids now and then, and a good current all the way. At Towanda the mountain region begins and the river winds about a hundred miles or more through them, without increasing in size to any great extent. It is usually quite narrow, and there is no trouble in keeping in the deep water. The people are utterly lacking in curiosity—a blessing—and when camping one is seldom visited by a native. Rafts are floated down during the freshets. A railroad runs along the east bank most of the way, but does not mar the wildness of the region.

At Pittston—the coal depot—the river runs into a broad valley and leaves the mountains behind. There are several broken down dams and a number of jolly rapids and low falls at different points, but they can all be run without trouble or danger, in fact, some of them we sailed through. At Wilkesbarre there is a small steamboat that runs on the still water of a large dam nine miles below. At Nanticoke, where the dam is, the river enters the mountain region again with a fall of some twelve or fifteen feet. There is a shute

at the side of the dam however for rafts, and the excitement of running this is worth the whole trip.

From here to Sunbury the river is very interesting, and no two miles of it are alike. The queer scow ferries and the pretty towns all along, with an island now and then, and the constant widening or narrowing of the stream, give a never ending variety to the cruise.

At Sunbury the west branch comes in, and there is another large dam with ten miles or more of still water behind it. The shute here is a good one to run, but not being as steep as that at Nanticoke, is rather tame.

There is another dam where the Juniata comes in, with a shute too. But the dam itself can be jumped, as it is only about five feet or so high, and plenty of water running over it. From here to Harrisburg the river is very wide and full of rocks, with no well marked channel, but can be easily run except during the dry time.

A canoe, therefore, can go from Binghamton to Harrisburg, a distance of nearly three hundred miles, without being taken from the water, except during the dry season. The river is a beautiful one, the people living on it as a rule, being very pleasant and accommodating. Plenty of good food to be had very reasonably at all points, and the canoeist can leave the river at almost any point and come home by rail if he wishes to.

Three of us took the trip in the Spring of 1880, and went from Binghamton to Harrisburg in nine and a half days. Not a drop of rain fell during that time. We camped out every night, and barring two upsets, had the jolliest kind of a time.

The freight on the three boats from Harrisburg to New York was \$5 00; fare, \$5.50 each. We had the boats taken from the river to the station, over one-half mile through the town, it taking two trips to do it, for 50 cents; and the driver thought he had made a good thing when the cigar was added. In the civilized canoe region a cigar goes further than anything else I know of to make things really pleasant for the traveler.

Dor.

ROUND LAKE AND JORDAN RIVER.

For the "Pilot Department" let me give you the "points" of a delightful trip in Northern Michigan, from Charlevoix south to Elk Rapids, including water about eighty miles, and a portage of five miles by wagon.

One reaches Charlevoix from the East by the steamers Idaho and Fountain City, Western Transportation Company, Buffalo, N. Y., sail twice a week, and from Chicago, going East, same. Fare from latter, six dollars, and a trifle for canoe. Wagons always on dock to carry boat over sand hills to Round Lake, or canoeist may launch from dock with slings, and paddle up the river one mile. Supplies abundant and cheap.

Wind almost always aft for a fifteen mile sail over Round Lake, and down the South Arm of Pine Lake to the mouth of the Jordan River, one of the best trout streams in the country.

Here James Holben will meet any one by appointment, and carry boats across five miles of hill and dale to the "Ox-bow," or "Upper Intermediates;" cost, three dollars. Leaving South Aven at 8 A. M., one reaches "Intermediates" at noon, lunches, and begins a fifteen miles paddle down stream and lake, with chances for fishing.

If a camping place is wanted, a fine cold spring may be found at right of the first bridge passed three miles after leaving portage.

The stream runs through a most picturesque landscape, with many a view for a "Touograph." Central Lake P. O. may be easily reached about supper time.

James Smith, or Mr. Thurston, of Central Lake, will welcome any canoeist. Fine bass and pickerel abound here.

From this point sailing is likely to be good for eleven miles to the two islands that guard the approach to Intermediate River. Just as they come in sight one can find excellent camping grounds to the left, and a fine stream of cold water, just north of which are the best black bass grounds now known in Michigan.

Good camp, too, on Island, but no spring. The river is rapid, though recently damned at Bellaire, five miles below, where you must seek help to carry canoe around falls. Cedar River, here entering Intermediate, is full of trout, with some grayling, affording hard work but fine sport to an enthusiastic fisherman.

Leaving Bellaire at early morning, the canoe runs easily two miles down stream to Grass Lake, and may, after a two mile paddle or sail, easily miss the hidden entrance to Grass River. Best to keep well to the left along shore of the lake, and just at edge of reeds till the weather-worn stakes show the way.

Grass River is about six miles long and enters Claire Lake four or five miles from its outlet into Torch Lake. Just at the left, and a half mile from the latter is "Mrs. Thayer's," where good meals and white cool sheets in a good bed, afford excellent rest to the weary.

Leaving this place, one strikes diagonally across and south on Torch Lake to its outlet in Torch River. Camps are easily made here and supplies plentiful. Down the river to Round Lake and due west to a sandy point between Round and Elk Lakes, where camping ground is excellent.

From Thayer's to this point is a good day's work. On Elk Lake the course is N. W. by N., six miles in length, with Elk Rapids town in sight the last few miles.

A Elk Rapids, one finds excellent care at the "Lakeside," Dyer, proprietor. Messrs. Dexter & Noble furnish excellent maps of this whole trip on application. Communication from Elk Rapids to Traverse City is by daily boat, whence rail or weekly steamer (Wednesday) to Chicago.

I have "done" this trip twice for less than fifty dollars.

Yours always,

"NEPENTHE." A. C. A.

—::—

—A new Canoe Club has been formed at Grand Fork, Dakota Territory, T. S. Lawson, Commodore. This is the first territorial club of which we have heard. Dakota should be admitted as a state forthwith.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE A. C. A. CONSTITUTION.

A CRITICISM.

It was hoped that the wide circulation given to the first draft of the new constitution would call out numerous comments and enable the committee to take their revisory action on some definite opinions, but the following letter is the first that has been received from an outsider—that is from one who is not a member of the committee, and it is published without comment, in the hope that it will call out other communications in time for the May number :

Editor American Canoeist:

SIR—I appreciate the difficulty of the work which the committee appointed to revise the constitution of the A. C. A. had to do, and in calling attention to two or three of the features of the proposed new constitution, I do not wish to be thought captious.

The Association was formed principally by the efforts of canoe clubs in existence at the time. Its constitution provided that these and other clubs joining the A. C. A. were to be branches of it; that the members of the A. C. A. were to be entitled to the reasonable use of the boat houses of the branch clubs, and that the members and honorary members of these branch clubs were to be respectively members and honorary members of the A.C.A.

The proposed new constitution has not a word to say concerning branch clubs. It makes the A.C.A. a wholly independent body having no connection whatever with any canoe clubs.

This is a complete change of the original organization. It may be a desirable change, but in any event members of the A. C. A. will no longer have any right to the use of club boat houses, and membership in a club will no longer carry with it membership in the Association. What will become of the honorary members of the former branch clubs? Will they continue to be honorary members of

the Association? or will they be dropped? And if they are not so dropped may they not reasonably ask what offence they have committed?

I understand that the old system of branch clubs is to be abolished because one or two large canoe clubs have declined to affiliate, as clubs, with the A. C. A. That is to say, because the A. C. A. cannot enroll every club as a branch it will have no branch clubs whatever. If this is a good reason for such a radical change I must confess that I do not see it.

The proposed new constitution provides for the admission of row-boats and sail-boats to the fleet of the Association, although they are not to take part in the regattas. It thus appears that what was organized as a Canoe Association is to become a sort of yacht club, for all sorts of small craft. This is another radical change. It is as unnecessary as it is wonderful. If a 'canoe' can be defined with strictness. If we are to continue to be a Canoe Association let us admit no craft except canoes to our list. If we are to admit row-boats and cat-boats, let us admit bicycles and goat carts, and roller skates, and every machine for locomotion that does not displace more than two tons in the water. For my part I shall feel that when the Association burgee is hoisted on a cat-boat or displayed on a row-boat, it has lost a large share of the dignity which attaches to it as the burgee of a Canoe Association.

One more growl and I am done. It is not a matter of great importance where the signals of a canoe are carried, so long as a uniform system is adopted; but the committee, in providing that all signals shall be carried at the peak, seem to think that every canoe is henceforth to be latteen rigged. While the private signals should be carried at the peak, the Association burgee should certainly be carried at the mainmast head, provided the canoe has a mainmast head, as all canoes have except those with the latteen rig.

As a whole the proposed new constitution

is an excellent one, but if it is to be voted upon, article by article, I trust that the proposed changes, to which I have called attention, will be duly considered before they are finally adopted.

W. L. ALDEN.

THE TORONTO CANOE CLUB.

List of canoeists, principally members of the Club: John W. Bridgman, Frank M. Nicholson, A. McT. Campbell, John T. R. Stinson, Education Department of Normal School; John M. Might, Edward Leigh, Crown Lands Department; George Edwards, Spencer D. Hague, Sam. L. Hicks, boat builder, Esplanade; Hiram Piper, Yonge St; Wm. F. Smith, Smith & Son; Wm. R. Burrage, and J. L. Kerr, all of Toronto, Canada. His Honor Judge Scott, County Judge of Victoria, Brampton, Province of Ontario, Canada.

Particulars *in re* Toronto Canoe Club: Commodore, J. W. Bridgman, now at Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Vice Commodore, Edward Leigh.

Secretary, Robert Tyson.

Librarian, Hugh Neilson.

Membership, 22.

Next meeting, third Tuesday in May.

Canoes—Two double centerboarders of the Pearl type, two Racine Shadows, one Racine Rob Roy, one lapstreak Rob Roy, one lapstreak Jersey Blue with heavy centerboard, two lapstreak nondescripts decked, one with jointed centerboard, the other for two light weights, and five open canoes. Total—12. One about to be purchased makes the baker's dozen for the T. C. C.

Club Signal—A pointed burgee, red, with T. C. C. in white letters.

Library—Pretty good, including Dixon Kemp's Yacht and Boat Sailing, copies of Field, Scientific American, Forest and Stream, Macgregor, Powell, &c.

Enthusiasm—huge!

Age—one year.

T. C. C.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

The officers of the American Canoe Association for the year 1882, are as follows :

Commodore, N. LONGWORTH.

Vice-Commodore, E. B. EDWARDS.

Rear-Commodore, ARTHUR BRENTANO.

Secretary and Treasurer, C. A. NEIDE.

NEW YORK CANOE CLUB.

Commodore, C. BOWYER VAUX.

Vice-Commodore, C. P. OUDIN.

Secretary and Treasurer, W. P. STEPHENS.

KNICKERBOCKER CANOE CLUB.

(New York City.)

Commodore, HENRY T. KEYSER.

Vice-Commodore, C. S. H. BUCHANAN.

Secretary, R. P. MARTIN.

Treasurer, AD. LOEWENTHAL.

Measurer, S. LOEWENTHAL.

HARTFORD CANOE CLUB.

Commodore, D. J. GLAZIER.

Vice-Com. H. TRUMBULL STANCLIFF, JR.

Secretary, R. F. WAY.

Treasurer, W. B. DAVIDSON.

THE MINNEAPOLIS CANOE CLUB.

Commodore, E. H. MOULTON.

Vice-Commodore, F. V. HAYDEN.

Secretary, A. B. TAYLOR.

Treasurer, C. F. WHEELER.

THE ROYAL CANOE CLUB.

The officers of the Royal Canoe Club (of England) for the year 1882, are as follows :

Com. A. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Captain, J. MacGregor.

Mates, F. W. LEWIS FARRAR, J. W. CLAYTON.

Purser, C. J. WRIGHT. Cook, F. F. TUCKER.

Secretary, T. G. F. WINSER.

CRESCENT CANOE CLUB.

Lake George, N. Y.

Commodore—Chas. E. Warren.

Vice-Commodore—Frank C. Warren.

Secretary and Treasurer—Eugene A. Hoffman, Jr.

—The Spring Regatta of the Knickerbocker C. C., will take place May 27, 1882, off their club house, 86th Street and North river, New York. Several prizes will be offered and all canoeists are invited to participate.

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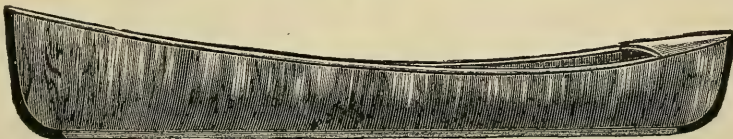
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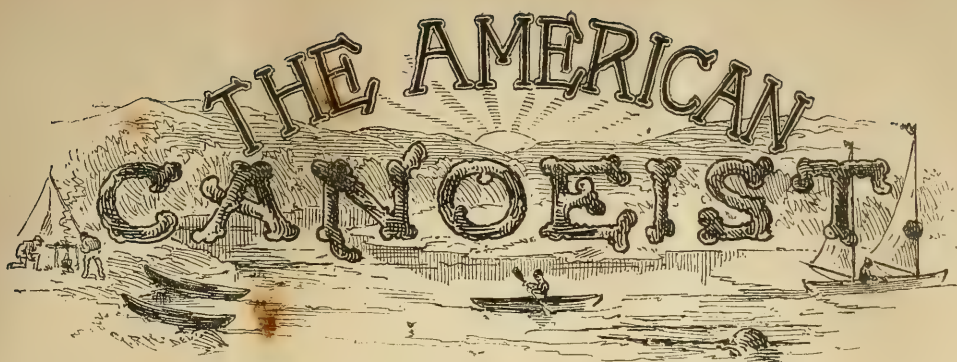
5 Union Square.

WHAT CANOEISTS SHOULD READ:

How to Camp out. J. M. Gould	1.00
Practical Boat Sailing. D. Frazer	1.00
Voyage of the Paper Canoe. N. H. Bishop	2.50
Four Months in a Sneak Box. N. H. Bishop	2.50
Rob Roy on the Jordan. John MacGregor	2.50
Rob Roy on the Baltic. John MacGregor	1.25
A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy. John MacGregor	1.25
Cruise Alone in the Yawl Rob Roy. John MacGregor	1.25
The Canoe and the Flying Proa. W. L. Alden	25
The Sailing Boat. Folkard	1.00

Canoeing in Kanukia. C. L. Norton & John Habberton	1.25
Canoe Traveling. W. Baden Powell	1.25
A Canoe Trip, or "A Lark on the Water. By F. A. Seymour, of the "Detroit Free Press."	30
Practical Boat Sailing for Amateurs. Davies	2.00
Practical Boat Building for Amateurs. Neison	1.25
Camp Cookery. Mrs. Parloa	50
Hallock's Sportsman's Gazetteer	3.00
Stoddard's Maps of the Adirondack Mountains and Lake George, each	1.00

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Entered at the New York Post Office as second-class mail-matter.

VOL. I.—No. 4.

MAY, 1882.

{ \$1 per annum.
 { 10 cts. per copy.

A LOST "PSYCHE."

Through the courtesy of Commodore Vaux, we are permitted to publish the following :

MANDARIN, FLORIDA.

Secretary of the N. Y. Canoe Club :

DEAR SIR :—I have the honor to report to you the safe arrival in this port, after an eventful voyage of 1,600 miles on Floridian waters of the canoe, *Psyche*, N. Y. Club, and to forward the following extracts from her log.

* * * * *

Ascended Caloosahatchee river 75 miles, touching at Punta Rassa, Fort Meyers and Fort Thompson, to Lake Flirt where found dredge of Okeechobee Drainage Company at work 28 miles from Lake. Spent four days on board dredge, then followed up stream 15 miles to Lake Hickfochee and found entrance to Okeechobee impassible on account of saw-grass. Returned to Fort Thompson and took ship railway, viz. : ox cart across prairie 18 miles to Fish Eating creek. Found Seminole Indian village—Tom Tiger, chief of ten lodges. Camped with Indians one week trying in vain to hire one of their number to act as Okeechobee pilot. Finally, last day of January started alone, descended Fish Eating creek to Okeechobee. Found tremendous sea running, effect of gale from south. Put in

two reefs, battened hatches, and laid course by compass north-east by east—which I had been told would bring me to mouth Kissimmee river. Made the distance, 30 miles, by noon but failed to discover river, nor could I discover any land, the lake being surrounded by cypress swamps and big saw-grass from one to 12 miles wide. Anchored and spent night in canoe, provisions and clothing water-soaked in spite of battened hatches.

Next day decided to return to Fish Eating creek ; did so, but failed to discover mouth of creek on account of saw-grass, which hid it. Spent another night in boat. Provisions getting mouldy.

Next day started in calm to make further search for mouth of Kissimmee. Had made only half distance when night overtook me and I was forced to spend third night in boat. On fourth day cruised to eastern shore of lake and became involved in the mazes of a dark cypress swamp, so horrible in all its features that as a model for an "inferno" it would be a success ; was still lost in its mazes when darkness overtook me and was forced to spend a night of horror within its noisome recesses—was greatly alarmed during this night by the aggressive presence of innumerable alligators and venomous water moccasins.

Succeeded by sunrise in escaping from swamp and regaining open lake. By this

time was becoming very weak from inability to eat my provisions all of which were rapidly spoiling and nauseated me. That morning had the rare good fortune to discover a narrow strip of sand beach on which I landed, stepping from my canoe for the first time in four days.

After making coffee, cooking a hearty meal, and drying my clothes by a fire of drift wood, I lay down to sleep. When I awoke it was dark, and water was dashing over me. A gale had sprung up from the southward, while I slept, and the sea, so quickly raised in that shallow lake, was already breaking over my sand bar. The gale continued all that night and as I could not launch my canoe in face of it, I was in great fear lest she should be torn from me and dashed in pieces among the trees of the cypress swamp behind me. By sunrise the gale subsided and the waters receding left me once more on dry land with my boat still uninjured; but with much of her cargo swept away.

That day I continued my search for an outlet to the lake, returning at night to the sand bar to sleep. This I did for three days, until having nearly circumnavigated the lake and finding no chance of escape, my provisions spoiled as they were, being nearly exhausted, I decided to abandon the *Psyche* and attempt to force my way through the saw grass to the mainland.

This, after a desperate effort, I finally succeeded in doing and reached the mainland where I lay for some time in a state of unconsciousness from weakness and exhaustion. The big "saw-grass" is twelve feet high, closely matted, and its edges cut like those of razors. In it the water stands from two to four feet deep, and the bottom is soft mud.

Upon regaining consciousness and refreshing myself with a cup of brandy and water, and two of my mouldy biscuit, I started across the prairie in search of settlements. From the effects of my struggle with the saw-grass, my clothing hung in

rags and I was covered with blood from cuts on every portion of my body.

Knowing that there was, on the Kissimmee river, a settlement called Fort Bassinger, and that a trail must lead eastward from it to the settlements on the Indian river, and being fully convinced also that I was east of the Kissimmee, I laid a course by compass north-west which I knew must lead me to the trail or the river.

After walking 15 miles, I struck the east and west trail just at sunset, and shortly after found a log cabin, in which lived a cow hunter by name of Edward Whitten. Here I was treated with the greatest kindness and next day I followed the trail west for 17 miles through an uninhabited country to Shake Rag, a settlement on the Kissimmee, opposite Fourt Bassinger.

At Bassinger, I found an alligator hunter, and engaged him to go with me in his skiff down the Kissimmee to Okeechobee and recover my canoe. We went, and in three days returned with the *Psyche*, having found her uninjured where I left her.

By this time my wounds from the saw grass had become "water poisoned," and I was so unfit for work that I took passage for myself and canoe on a small trading steamer that makes a semi-monthly trip down the Kissimmee as far as Fort Bassinger. On this steamer, the *Gertrude*, I reached Lake Tahopkeligatt, the head of the Kissimmee, and from Kissimmee City, a frontier settlement founded since Christmas, I was carried via ox-cart and rail to Sanford, 40 miles across country, and there launched my canoe on the waters of the St. Johns.

A leisurely trip of two weeks duration brought me to this place where the *Psyche* is now on the ways for general repairs and overhauling.

All of which I have the honor to submit, and am, Mr. Secretary,

Most respectfully yours,

C. K. MUNROE,

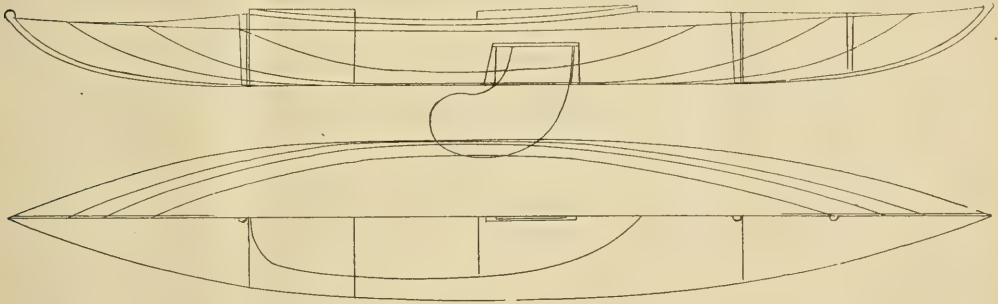
Capt. Canoe *Psyche*, N. Y. C. C.

THE AMERICAN RIVER CANOE.

For the benefit of those who may be interested we give dimensions, etc., of river canoe "Raritanian," designed by W. P. Stephens, 1882. Length, 14 ft; beam, 27 in.; depth at bow, 13 in.; middle, $9\frac{1}{2}$ in.; aft, 12 in.; draft, 5 in.; freeboard, $9\frac{1}{2}$ in.; wheel, 5 ft. 6 in. x 19 in.; between bulkheads, 7 feet.

While the original "Rob Roy" of 14 ft. x 26 in. is all that can be desired for a light crew, with little baggage, and cruising on narrow rivers, it has failed to meet the wants of many canoeists who, while wanting a small canoe, wish also to carry a greater weight of stores and outfit, and also to sail more, and in rougher water than is comfortable in the "Rob Roy." For

The displacement has been made as great as possible, since the fault of most boats of this size is that there is space inside for a greater weight than the boat can properly float, so that they are usually overloaded and the freeboard cut down to three inches or less. The full lines of this model while not the best for speed in racing, allow a comparatively heavy load to be carried without burying her below the correct line of floatation. As simplicity and absence of complicated gear is important in a boat that is often carried and dragged, the rudder and foot-gear have been omitted, while the rocker of keel and the cutting away of the ends place her under complete control of the paddle. If properly rigged she should require little more to steer her than raising or lowering the board and



THE "AMERICAN RIVER CANOE."

such cruises this boat has been designed, keeping in view 1st, ease in paddling; 2d, stowage room with corresponding buoyancy; 3d, perfect control under paddle, necessary in running rapids; 4th, sailing qualities. To obtain the first the boat is built on the ribbon carvel plan, the skin being perfectly smooth, the frictional surface as small as possible, and no projections on the bottom, unless if desired small bilge keels. The absence of a projecting keel decreases the draft 1 inch, while the smooth oak keel flush with the garboards and 3 inches wide renders it possible to drag the boat on rough surfaces without injury. It is also a great advantage in rapids or dams where an upset may result from the keel's hanging on a rock or other obstacle.

tending the sheets. For sailing the floor is kept perfectly flat, also an advantage when sleeping on board, while the centreboard taking up but little room in the boat more than compensates for the absence of a keel. When not in use it is withdrawn and laid flat on the floor. For a *tall* man the centreboard trunk would require to be placed nearer the bow to give sleeping room. The well shown is $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet long with a flaring coaming throwing off the water. The floor is raised $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches from garboards keeping the crew dry in case of spray or rain in the well. An entirely new feature is the arrangement of the floorboards, a part of which are detachable and may be used as a "lock-up hatch" for shipping, avoiding the necessity of carrying

several hatches piled on deck. The rig used is the lug or lateen, the latter having a mainsail of about 28 feet and dandy of 12 to 15 feet. If desired, the former only may be used in the second mast tube, or, for racing, a single sail of 60 feet is substituted.

CRUISE OF THE POLLY ANN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF A "CANOE TRIP."

PART I.

ALL was not lovely with the Captain of the Polly Ann. He was mad, no doubt of it. His classic *phiz*, instead of wearing its usual placid look, had that anomolous appearance the "Boy Pirate" is described as having when, with a cutlass in his teeth and a whole arsenal in each hand he rushes over the taffrail of the "doomed prize," incontinently wipes out a whole platoon of mariners, knocks the false teeth of the captain down his throat, thereby condemning him to everlasting dyspepsia, and rescues a "beautiful maiden," often driving the rest of the crew into the rigging or hysterics, or something else.

The fact was the captain had just opened a bad egg. He sat on a rock gently sloped toward the water while his trusty canoe, Polly Ann, lay idly rubbing her nose as the ripples chased each other under her counter. In the foreground lay two wooded islets, and between them the broad bosom of the lake, shimmering in the sunshine, lay spread out into the distance until the blue sky came down to meet it. The bad egg was not the only trouble with the captain, however. He was lost. He had been paddling a week among the hundred thousand islands in Georgian bay, and didn't know where he was. He had just landed for his noonday meal and had prefaced his operations by taking possession of the island in the name of his prospective mother-in-law and had jumped up and down gnashing his teeth in rage. The "too too" egg was con-

signed to oblivion and clambering into the Polly Ann, the Captain paddled out into the sunshine too vexed to appreciate the beauties of nature around him. On and on, the ceaseless rise and fall of the paddle now broke the deep shadows in the channels narrowing between two islands, and again shook out diamond drops in the sunshine of the open water. The sportive fish leaped out of the water near him without effect, and steady work at the paddle sent the Polly Ann along until the broadening shadows betokened late afternoon. The discovery of a roof and a smoking chimney lent him new strength to paddle, and shortly the captain had landed at the foot of a tall pile of rocks, and had clambered to the top. A gentle hen took alarm with the characteristic nervousness of her sex and ran squawking into the open door of a little cottage that lay snuggled against a tall light-house. The squawk of the hen, even, was pleasurable. Tho captain had not seen a human face for a month. Going forward he inhaled the savory odor of a stew simmering on the stove. The faithful hen by this time had given the alarm, and and there appeared on the scene a fat woman and a herd of children, assorted sizes, the expressions of whose faces were varied forms of terror, grief, curiosity, and amazement.

"Law sakes!" said the fat woman.

The captain responded with a smile that has been known to make a hotel clerk feel faint.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"Bless me, you're here," replies the fat woman.

"Thank heaven!" solemnly ejaculated the mariner, "But where's here?"

"Well, this here place is called Rocky Island Light; ten miles from mainland, four miles from Hunk Island, three from Shuck Island, six from Pike Island, fourteen from Blicket's Cove, eleven from Misery Pint; besides bein' an all thunderin' ways from ev'rywhar's else."

Here the fat woman sank breathless into a chair, and picked up the youngest young un, which had not failed from the first to keep up a horrible yelling, and smote it where it would do the most good. The light-keeper, a tall man with iron grey hair, now appeared, and upon mutual explanations the captain joined the family in discussing the stew, listening patiently the while to the fat woman, who explained to him what "a time John Bunyan the youngest, had had in cutting his stomach teeth."

After the humble repast, the captain strolled out upon the rocks which boldly jutted out of the lake, glad to escape from further domestic confidences from the garrulous light-keeper's wife, who, however, in her way, was an original specimen of the *genus homo*. The sun was dipping down in rosy splendor beyond the wide horizon, lighting up the vast expanse of waters, and beside the chirp of the swallows as they circled around the tall light-house, and the gentle murmuring of the waves as they washed the base of the cliffs below, it was a grandly silent scene.

Twilight darkness come on betimes, and after accompanying the light-keeper to the top of the tower and witnessing the lighting of the lamp, the captain hauled the Polly Ann up on a ledge of rocks out of reach of the waves, and spreading the little canvas tent, crawled in, lighting his lamp, wrote up his log, and was about to turn in when he heard a scrabbling on the rocks above him and voices. He was about to have a visit from the light-keeper's family.

"Ain't he a queer chick, Bill?" exclaimed the well-known voice of the light-keeper's wife.

"Umph!" said Bill, who was not a talkative man.

"Wall, now," continued the old lady, "you needn't tell me; he's either disappointed in love, is a poet, is got a sort of craving to get away by himself. Now you

needn't tell me, Bill, that a man who hasn't got a bee in his bonnet would go sprawlin' around in that 'ere gourd of a thing with a couple of puddin' sticks jined end to end to go with."

Here the old lady, out of breath, paused and came up blowing and snorting like a porpoise, and Bill did not venture to "tell her" anything. The captain welcomed them cordially, and showed them his outfit, eliciting many ejaculations from the old lady, and no end of grunts from the silent "Bill," and the captain could hear the former, as she toiled up the rock homeward, occasionally stop and vent her wonderment with a "Wall now!" that sounded like an echo, as distance subdued it.

A THOUSAND MILES IN A CANOE.

(Continued from April No.)

Having reached Cologne, on the beautiful green Rhine, the canoe was taken by steamer to a wide part of the river at Bingen. We imagine all the world has heard of "Bingen on the Rhine,"—indeed there is a national air to this effect. Here the scenery was found lovely, as in truth it is, and the canoeist spent an active day, sailing in a splendid breeze, landing on islands, scudding about in steamer's waves, and, in fact, enjoying a combination of yacht voyage, pic-nic and boat race. This was a fine, long day of pleasure, though in one of the sudden squalls, the canoe happened to ground on a bank quite at the most critical time, and the bamboo mast broke short. The ridiculous appearance of a sail falling overboard is like that of an umbrella turned inside out in a gust of wind. Nobody gets the slightest sympathy for this, or for having the gout or the mumps. Another stronger mast was procured from a gardener (everybody is a gardener on the Rhine), one of the long, green-painted sticks used for hollyhocks! This lasted all the voyage, and the broken mast was made into a boom.

From Bingen the canoe was shipped via Mayence to Aschaffenburg on the river Main. The passengers on the trains were very curious as to the tour, and took the "Canot" to mean a cannon, and straightway wondered how an Englishman could be taking about a cannon under his arm for pleasure. At Aschaffenburg, the guests at the German inn amused the canoeist by their respectful curiosity. His dress of grey flannel puzzled them exceedingly; but this sort of curiosity was soon an everyday occurrence for the paddler abroad. The Main is an easy river, but the scenery of course does not hold a candle to that on the Rhine. The wanderings and turnings only afforded a pleasant time, especially when passing a castle an English boat was observed. While the canoeist was examining the craft, a man told him it belonged to the Prince of Wales, "and he is looking at you now from the balcony." This announcement, as may well be supposed, made the canoeist's heart go pit-a-pat. Presently a four-in-hand crossed the ferry, and the Prince of Wales drove in it by the river side, whereupon, of course, the canoeist saluted with his Union Jack and plied a vigorous paddle until Frankfort was reached, to the great amazement of the Frankforters. What could an Englishman be paddling about the continent in such a strange attire for? They were left to answer the mystery with the words "for fun."

From Frankfort the canoeist, who had hitherto paddled in "parts frequented," decided to go into "parts unknown." Accordingly he took rail in the direction of the beautiful blue Danube—you may fancy with the strains of Straus' waltz echoing in his prophetic ears. He was bent on taking the Danube at its source,—as we would say the head of the Mississippi somewhere up north of Chicago. He passed through the wierd "Black Forest." filled—in anticipation—with Wagner's music, ghosts and such things, on the way thither. The entrance

to the aforesaid Black Forest is a woody, rocky, grim defile, with an excellent road and good inns. The villages are built of wood, and there is a saw-mill in every other house, giving a busy, wholesome sound, mellowed by the patter of the water-wheel. The canoe was conveyed among crags that bowed from each side across the narrow gorge, and were crested above by the grand old trees that will be felled and floated down the Rhine on one of those huge rafts one meets at Strasburg, necessitating 500 men to navigate it, and yielding a net price of \$150,000. At one of the inns, the canoeist's experience was sad in sleeping accommodations owing to the feather bags with which the usual German housewifery covered him up, but this was compensated for by the manners at table. There simple, but true courtesy was the rule. Everyone said "good day" just as in bigger German hotels, on getting up from breakfast, the guest who has not spoken a word will solemnly wish "Good Morning" as he departs, and perhaps "Good Appetite" to those whose hunger may still be unsatisfied. There was no double dealing at this inn's table. The driver sat down with canoeist, and the waiter along with him, smoking a cigar between while's as he waited on them both—verily a picture of the Commune reduced to practice. But then all this is pretty much as one sees in Norway, or wherever there are are mountains, woods and streams. A lake 3,000 feet above the sea was paddled on in the Black Forest—and a storm was enjoyed, to boot. Yes, there was a storm, just such a one as the stage painters accurately depict for Black Forest robber scenes. The canoeist had previously heard a thunder peal while standing on the crater of Vesuvius and seen bright lightning, in cold and grand beauty playing on the Falls of Niagara in a sombre night (probably the hackmen had gone to bed), but the vividness of the flashes during that storm in the Black Forest, and the crashing, rolling, and booming of

the terrible and magnetic battery of heaven seemed to him more astonishing still. Once a bolt fell so near and with such a blaze that the horse, at best tired, started off down hill and made the canoeist quite nervous lest he should overturn the cart and injure the precious boat, which naturally had grown dearer to him the longer she had been his sole companion. People stared out of their windows to see a cart and a boat in a storm—what! a boat up in such hills? Oh, yes, only an Englishman, nothing more!

At the close of the stormy day, the canoeist marched into Donaneschingen, and, on crossing the little bridge, saw at once that it was feasible to begin the blue Danube from its very source, for there were at least three inches of water in the middle of the stream. In five minutes a crowd assembled round the boat, even before it could be removed from the cart. (Of all the various modes of securing the canoe in a springless cart for long journeys, by the way, the best was found to fasten two ropes across the top of a long cart and let the boat lie on them, they acting as springs). The ordinary idlers came first, then the more shy townspeople, and then a number of strange folk, whose exact position could not be made out, until it was explained that the great singing meeting for that part of Germany was to be held next day in the town, and so there were 600 visitors, all men of some means and intellect, who were collected from a wide country roundabout. The town was hence in gala—but there is no American word for that, to the best of our belief, though there may be—the Great West is fruitful. Everything about the Rob Roy had to be told a dozen times over to the guests until some of them seemed even anxious to have it trepanned into their skulls by hand. If any American should ever canoe over the track here outlined, let him take things as this model canoeist did; be patient with the people and the surroundings, take all coolly, not “rush things,” and have no aim to “have it all

over and be doing something else.” This last mood really not enjoying oneself. A canoe trip is very much of a *flânerie*—or nothing.

As every window had its ornament or device, the canoeist made one for his own window at the inn by festooning his sails to support the little blue silk English Jack of the canoe. This complimentary display was speedily recognized by the Germans, who greeted it with cheers, and sang glees below, and improvised verses about England, and then sang round about the boat itself, laughing, shouting, and hurraing boisterously with the vigor of young lungs. As Germans they did not appear to him to be phlegmatic. They had a “banket” in the evening at the museum. It was “free for all,” and so 400 came on these terms, and all drank beer from long glass cylinders, at a penny a glass, all smoked cigars at a farthing apiece, and all talked and all sang, though the “little brass band” was braying blasts besides them, and whenever it stopped for drinks a glee or chorus commenced.

The actual source of the Danube is by no means agreed upon any more than the source of the Nile. The Brege and the Brigach are two little streams both claiming the honor of being the only genuine young Danube—and not even a Livingstone or a Stanley has as yet decided which is entitled to the honor. The two streams join near the village of Donaneschingen, but near the latter there bubbles up a clear spring of water in the garden of the Prince, near the church, and this, the infant Danube, runs into the other water already wide enough for a boat, but which then for the first time bears the name of Donau (Danube.) The name, it is said, is never given to the two large rivulets, because sometimes both have been known to fail in dry summers, while the bubbling spring has been perennial for ages. To avoid any mistake, however, the canoeist went up each stream until it would not float his canoe.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

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CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON, Editor.
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Address all correspondence to THE AMERICAN CANOEIST,
No. 5 Union Square, New York.
Communications and inquiries are respectfully solicited
from all canoeists.
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risk.
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—A very pleasant feature might be added to our pages if canoeists would send us memoranda of their intended cruises, including date, and place of departure, general route, etc. With such information it would often be possible for different parties to meet, or at least to look out for one another at certain points in their respective voyages.

Forest and Stream says, in its issue of April 20th: "According to the AMERICAN CANOEIST, the following are good dimensions for a batten lug for a 14-foot centre-board canoe."

We beg our esteemed contemporary's pardon. We did not say they were "good." We merely alleged that we had seen the sail, and that it haunted our dreams the following night. Contrarywise, we are of the opinion that the sail in question largely overpasses the limits of safety, not to say convenience. It is hoped that our esteemed contemporary will hereafter be more careful about giving credit where credit is due, and will not make the CANOEIST responsible for accidents which may happen in consequence of an excess of canvas which it never recommended.

The London *Field* has of late devoted much space to communications on the subject of cruising canoes, but the discussion, if such it may be called, seems somewhat inconclusive. The letters are mainly in favor of "cruising canoes," distinguished from "racing canoes," but the difficulty of defining the one so that it can be distinguished from the other has not, so far as

we have observed, been satisfactorily attempted, much less overcome.

Why is not the following a reasonably good definition?

"A cruising rig is one which can be conveniently stowed below."

It may be objected that "conveniently" is a very indefinite term, and that some cruisers prefer to carry masts and paddles without joints. Very well, the defects are admitted, and a better definition is in order.

THE LATEEN SAIL.

So many inquiries have reached us concerning this beautiful, simple, and convenient rig, that, although an expected descriptive article from a recognized expert has failed to reach us, we will do the best we can with the material at hand.

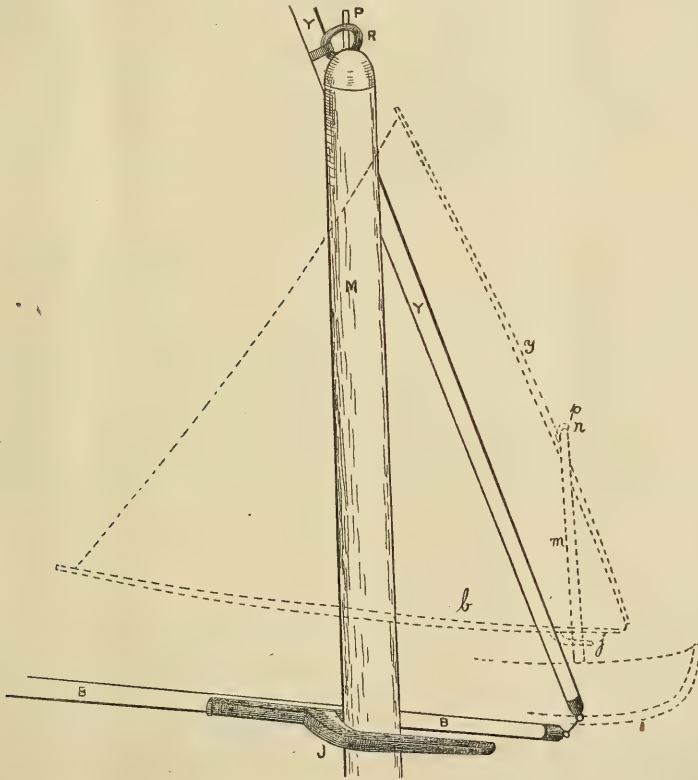
The lateen that has acquired such popularity with canoeists, is the invention of Lord Ross, a Scotch peer, also the author of sundry other nautical devices.

The dotted lines in the illustration show the sail set. The solid lines show its peculiar fixtures in detail. The sail shown is practically an equilateral triangle, but it can be cut longer on the head and shorter on the foot if desired. The main difficulty to be guarded against is a tendency to sag on the part of the after-leech, which impairs the set of the sail. To prevent this, have it made up so that the head and foot, which are naturally cut on the "bias" of the material, shall be slightly curved out-hemmed. This will give a slight inward ward and stretched a trifle before they are curve to the after-leech which is formed by the selvege edge of the material. When the sail is set and under a strain, the spars will bend, and if the making has been successful the result will be a flat set to the whole. The mast (M) is from two to five or more feet long, according to circumstances, and is fitted with a strong metal pin (P) in its head, which should be reinforced by a fer-

rule of some sort to prevent splitting. Upon the yard (Y) is a ring (R) which engages the pin aforesaid. Upon the boom (B) is a jaw (J) which "crotches" the foot of the mast, as shown in the detail drawing. While the ring and jaw are in position, the weight of sail and spars keep the canvas spread. The sail is bent to the spars in the usual manner, and the forward ends of the spars are joined together by any means that admits of free play, so that the two will open and shut like the legs of a pair of dividers.

vised, the great advantage being that the masts may be kept standing, as they are so short that they do not perceptibly interfere with paddling.

A lateen measuring ten feet on a side will spread 48 square feet, which is about the limit of size for convenience in cruising in an ordinary 14 foot canoe. The dandy is rigged in the same way, but made of course as much smaller as may be desired. As so much of the sail is necessarily cut on the bias of the material, it is necessary



To set the sail, raise the yard and drop the ring over the pin. Then pull the boom aft until the yard is nearly upright and the jaw can be placed so as to "crotch" the mast. To take in sail, pull the boom toward you (aft), and disengage the jaw. The weight of yard and sail will bring the whole affair down to your hand unless it goes overboard, which is, of course, your lookout. The rig is by far the simplest for general cruising purposes that has yet been de-

vised, the great advantage being that the masts may be kept standing, as they are so short that they do not perceptibly interfere with paddling.

The length of the mast must depend somewhat on the position of the step, and the general lines of the boat. The higher it is, the farther forward of the mast can the point be carried, and the more dangerous is it in view of being taken aback. For convenience of stowage the yard and boom are usually jointed in the middle

and the sails so bent that they can be loosened sufficiently to permit the ferrules to come apart. The jaw and the ring should be lashed, rather than bolted to the boom and yard, so as not unduly to weaken those important spars.

No reefing device which is altogether satisfactory has yet been invented for the lateen sail, but the coming season will see some experiments in this direction. Mr. Farnham, A. C. A., has conceived an ingenious plan, while Mr. Ellard of Cincinnati, and Messrs. Alden and Norton of New York have each their pet devices on the subject, which will no doubt be revealed in the course of time. We shall be glad to hear of any improvements in this direction.

CANOE NAMES.

The naming of canoes has become a matter of some consequence to their owners. As canoes are not registered, every owner has a legal right to any name he may choose or invent; but the courtesy which should distinguish the members of our fraternity will lead them to avoid certain obvious improprieties. Our refined, sensitive companion deserves a name of her own; she ought not to be insulted with bearing the name of another, unless it be that of her lord and master. In a well ordered community no man gives his wife the name of his neighbor. The confusion that may arise from duplicating private names is evident,—in the lists of boats in local clubs, in the A. C. A., and in records of travel and regattas. But injustice, as well as confusion is caused by adopting names known to the public. For authors or cruisers who first build up the reputation of such a name acquire a moral ownership of it—a copyright, as it were, that has real value. The compliment paid in naming new canoes after boats which are already famous is as flattering in intent, perhaps, as that given to royalty in christ-

ening babes Victoria; but in the latter case the singular and well known position of the queen prevents any trouble. Not so with canoes—every repetition of a name already adopted complicates matters. It would, perhaps, be well for the A. C. A. to adopt a rule in this regard—something like this, for instance:

When the same name is given to two or more canoes, the one first entered on the A. C. A. list shall be regarded as the original owner, and shall be entitled to the name without any distinguishing mark. Subsequent entries shall be distinguished in all matters whereof the A. C. A. takes cognizance by bracketed numbers, [1], [2], [3], &c. Cases of doubt as to priority shall be decided by lot.

DRIFTINGS.

It is pleasant to introduce to the fraternity the Springfield, (Mass.) Canoe Club, just organized. Commodore Shedd writes that the club has a fine floating boat-house and offers its hospitalities to any canoeist who may pass up or down the beautiful Connecticut. The official statistics of the club are as follows:

OFFICERS.

C. M. Shedd.....	Commodore.
F. A. Nickerson.....	Vice “
Geo. H. Kemater.....	Sec’y. and Treas.

List of Members.

Kind of Canoe.

C. M. Shedd.....	Racine, St. Paul No. 1, 1882.
F. A. Nickerson.....	“ Shadow “ “
Geo. H. Kunater.....	“ “ “ Rushton
M. B. L. Bradford.....	Racine Shadow No. 1, 1882.
W. F. Callender	“ St. Paul “ “
Myron Chapin.....	“ Rob Roy “ 1878.
Chas. Newell.....	“ St. Paul “ 1882.
Wm. A. Harris.....	“ “ “ “
Dr. S.W. Bowles.....	“ Shadow No. 2, “
C. M. Emmons.....	“ Double Cruiser, ‘81.

—And here is another from San Francisco.

To the Editor of the Canoeist:

SIR:—It will no doubt be of interest to some of the readers of your paper to learn

that we have at last a regularly organized Canoe Club in San Francisco. Our club was organized March 19, 1882, and as Secretary I have been instructed to send you a list of our membership and canoes, as follows:

Names.	Name of Canoes.
Mr. Wm. Brooks	Midge.
Mrs. Wm. Brooks	Folly.
Mr. Geo. F. Folsom, Nautilus canoe not yet named.	
Mr. H. W. Fraser }	Theta Zeta.
Mr. John Conrad }	
Miss Hattie Byrnes }	Hattie Belle.
Mr. Wm. H. Byrnes }	

Mr. Wm. Brooks, A. C. A., was elected Commodore and W. H. Byrnes Secretary and Treasurer for one year. The club is to be known as the San Francisco Canoe Club. We more than make up in enthusiasm what we lack in membership, which, however, we confidently expect will increase perceptibly during the coming year. Yours very truly,

WM. H. BYRNES.

—Stephenson, of Peterboro, Canada, is busy filling an order for fifty of his beautiful cedar rib canoes to be exported to England, where they are attaining great popularity. This does not look like the extinction of the Canadian model.

—Some miscreant broke into the A. C. A. Wigwam on Lorna Island, Lake George, during the winter and stole Secretary Neide's equipments which were stored there. If any other members of the association left anything in that edifice they may as well say good-bye to it.

—Mr. Frederick Reade, N. Y. C. C., (46 Barclay St., New York), intends to cruise down the Connecticut, starting from some point at or above Well's River, about June 18th and cruising until July 5th. He would be pleased to form a party for the trip and may be addressed as above.

—Commodore Longworth, Frank N. Beebe and Orange Frazer, of Columbus, Ohio, together with a number of members of the A. C. A., from Cincinnati and Cleve-

land are intending to form a fleet to cruise from Columbus down the Sciota and Ohio rivers to Cincinnati some time during the month of May. Distance about 300 miles.

As some American canoeists may be on the other side of the "herring pond" this summer, we give the following "fixtures," as published: "The following days have been selected by the Royal Canoe Club for their various races: April 8, sailing race at Hendon; 15, ditto; 29, ditto. May 6, ditto, for challenge cup. May 20 and June 3, sailing races at Teddington, with extra prizes for cruising canoes. June 17, long paddling race, from Teddington to Putney. July 1, annual regatta, Teddington; 20, handicap sailing race, from Greenwich to Erith; 21, sailing race at Erith; 22, ditto, with extra prizes for cruising canoes. In addition to the two races at Teddington on May 20 and June 3, there are the 'running only,' and the 'paddling and sailing' race at the regatta; a handicap from Greenwich to Erith, July 20; and a race at Erith, on July 22; thus making six events in which the cruisers have an opportunity of competing."

THE CANOE PILOT.

NEW YORK TO GREENPORT, L. I.

BY G. L. MORSE.

For a cheap and short cruise from New York City, the Great South Bay has special attractions for the canoeist. A short sail brings us to the "Narrows," whence by keeping the left-hand shore Coney Island creek may be reached in an hour and a half. Full tide, or not less than half tide, is required to make progress agreeable through the creek. The flats, when one does not know the channel, are very annoying at low water. Sheepshead Bay is connected with Jamaica Bay, and no carry troubles the canoeist till Far Rockaway is

reached. After passing the inlet to Jamaica Bay, to avoid getting lost among its numerous islands it is best to keep to the right hand shore. At high water the canoe can be floated almost up to the Pavillion Hotel. At low water it is impossible to get through without wading on very muddy bottom. The baggage truck with its broad wheels will be found very handy for taking the boats over the short distance between the two bays.

Another way to reach the same place from New York is to follow the East river to Flushing bay, thence by the creek to Jamaica. Keep the north shore of the bay to find the creek at its head after reaching College Point. The best time to start from the bridge at Flushing is about two hours before high water. Six or seven miles by water will bring the canoeist to the head of navigation. A wagon can easily be procured to carry the boat over to Jamaica bay, about a mile and a half. Thence down to the creek and the Pavillion.

The canoes having been launched on the waters of the Great South bay, two routes present themselves for the canoeists' consideration. By following the north shore, civilization, an occasional bed, meals, and deep water are the attractions presented. The south shore is comparatively deserted, and the water is shoal, but the ocean is near at hand and can be reached in a few minutes in the morning for a bath in the surf. After passing Fire Island light there is no access to the sea by inlet for more than fifty miles. Five miles before the end of the bay is attained the residence of the late Gov. Dix, at Ketchabonak, is the point to steer for as it is seen standing out against the sky. Here a creek connects with Quantuck bay. Keeping the right hand shore we quickly cross it and come to the second carry. I have recently learned that a canal is projected here to unite the bay with Shinnecock. The carry is a short half mile at high water over a level meadow, if the canal is

not finished. Wagons are not to be had here. Ponquogue or Shinnecock light is our next objective point. Turning our back to the sea after reaching it and following the bay to the end we come to the third Indian carry into little Peconic. A wagon can readily be obtained, which for about \$1.00 will transport you to this bay. The carry is too long and tiresome to attempt without assistance. Cow point is in sight about four miles away. Then we enter Peconic bay and steer for Jessups neck. Sag Harbor can be seen from here and a short carry across the point or a long sail around it will bring us there. The wind tide, &c., should determine which is to be preferred. Take heed, however, that you do not after rounding Jesups Point, lay a straight course for the warves of Sag Harbor. If you do you will find yourself obliged to make a short carry, whereas, by steering due west from Jesups Point you will soon be able to round another point and run into Sag Harbor. By crossing over to the north side Greenport can easily be reached, whence a steamboat will bring one home in ten hours or less. Leaving New York on Monday we may expect if the winds favor, which they usually do in summer, to get back on Saturday. If a longer cruise is desired the canoeist may return along the north shore of the island or cross over and follow the Connecticut shore.

THE MERRIMAC RIVER.

BY REV. H. E. HOVEY.

GLANCING at the State of Massachusetts on a map, it is observable that its otherwise straight northern boundary is broken near the eastern end by an irregular line which rises as if the State stretched out her arms to the Atlantic Ocean. This is occasioned by the fact that the boundary was arranged by treaty, to follow the windings of the Merrimac River at a distance of three miles therefrom; and this river, just above the city of Lowell, takes a great sweep from the southerly direction which

it has pursued from its source in the White Mountains to a northerly one, which it continues to its mouth, at Newburyport. For two centuries, at the least, the blue waters of this good river have at times been parted by the stem of the canoe. In earlier days it was the natural channel of communication between the Indian tribes of New Hampshire and their more southerly neighbors around Massachusetts Bay. Their names and traditions linger all along the river still. On an island at the junction of the Contoocook and the Merrimac, the granite monument of a female figure, of heroic size, commemorates the fact that there Hannah Dustan slew her Indian captors and achieved her freedom. She had been seized in Haverhill by a predatory band and taken in their birch canoes up the river toward the northern settlements. Camping on the island for the the night, she rose stealthily while her captors were asleep, killed several of them with a hatchet, sprang into a canoe, paddled off down the stream and escaped, soon reaching her lately bereaved family in Haverhill. Perhaps the present writer takes to canoeing naturally, and by birthright, because he is one of the descendants of this heroine who was so expert at it. But at all events he has taken to it most enthusiastically, and gladly complies with the editorial request for an article in the CANOEIST.

He can think of no better theme, just now than this, his native river, where all his canoe cruises have been made, and which he has explored from source to mouth. Apart from its historic associations, the Merrimac may seem to some to be not a desirable stream for voyages by canoe, and indeed if one goes in for startling adventure, grand scenery and wild life, with fishing, shooting, and hunting, this river has it not to offer (except, truly, some facilities for shooting rapids). But for a placid and comfortable cruise, paddling slowly and floating down the gentle current, with views on either side, now of broad fields, of waving grain; now of busy mills, picturesque, too, in their way; now of the white spire of a village church, and now of dark and solemn forests, where the water "hears no sound save its own plashings," commend the writer to the old Merrimac! The only hunting that he has ever been engaged in on its banks was one day at a place just above Lawrence where, he was hunt-

ed by half a dozen wild bulls, on whose domain he had unconsciously encroached. Although armed with his boat-hook, he preferred his heels, as the better part of valor, which speedily took him to the "Louise," from which, in the middle of the river, he bade defiance to the angry monsters. The "Louise" is that folding boat of white canvass which attracted some attention by its oddity at the Lake George Camp of the American Canoe Association last August. It required some defence and apology there, as not coming under the definition of a canoe, but it has proved good and convenient on the Merrimac, which knoweth it well, for many a mile, from Plymouth to the sea.

Plymouth, N. H., is a good place to start from on the trip down the river. It is on Penigewasset tributary of the Merrimac, and is reached by the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad. From there, being careful as you go down over the Bridge-water rapids, an easy day's paddling takes you to Bristol. Thence another day through the towns of Hill and Boscawen with their high bluffs fronting the river, and you come to Franklin, the birthplace of Daniel Webster. Is O. B. Davis still in the land of the living? And does he still keep the Webster House there? And is he still as fat and red and jolly all over as he used to be? And does he remember a dark summer's night in 1875 when he was applied to for supper and lodgings by two weary tramps, whom he looked at doubtfully at first, but finally concluded to take in? And does he recall what he gave them for supper? One of those tramps remembers it well, and solemnly records the fact here and now that in all his life, before or since, he never ate so good a meal. It was not only that good digestion waited on appetite and health on both, but that O. B. himself waited on the tramps, and imparted the influence of his rubicund countenance. It was also that after the long voyage they were hungry, not too hungry, but just hungry enough.

Below Franklin the banks of the Merrimac are thickly populated; factory villages, towns and cities follow one another in rapid succession. Turkey Falls, between Concord and Hookset, are safe to go over in a canoe at most stages of the water. But if the hotel keeper at Hookset tells you as he once told us, that Garvey's Falls, near that village, are practicable for passage, he is

lying under a mistake. Below Hookset, you begin to feel the slack water, caused by the dam at Manchester. As you paddle down you must look out for that dam, which you reach before you come to the city itself. If you should go over it you would fall some thirty feet, add (as a local newspaper pointedly expressed it in regard to us), you would "get your name in the papers." There are also dams at Lowell and Lawrence, situated in both cases *before* the city is reached, and therefore to be looked out for by the canoeist, to whom, as he approaches them from above, they are of course invisible until he is close upon them. Below Lawrence it is plain sailing to the sea. The Merrimac is said to furnish the water-power for more wheels and to turn more spindles than any river in the world, but the fact that it is so useful and does so much hard work in its course, does not interfere with its beauty, except in the immediate neighborhood of the manufacturing towns on its banks. And notwithstanding its utilitarian life it presents many attractions to the canoeist.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SINGLE BLADED CRUISING PADDLES.

[The editor cannot but infer from certain phrases used in the following communication from a canoeist, who has seen much single-blade work in Alaska and the northwest, that the writer is unfamiliar with the double-paddle in its best form. Its blades are certainly broad rather than narrow, and the proper stroke in using it is not a "sweep," but is delivered as near as possible to the gunwale. Again feathering or half-feathering renders the double blade easy of management in a gale, while in the case of overhanging boughs or other obstruction the half-paddle can be used alone as a single blade. It will be noticed, too, that he speaks of "broad" single blades, whereas those used here and in Canada are peculiarly long and slender in shape. The drip of a double paddle is unquestionably a disadvantage, but with good rubber rings above each blade it is hardly worth mentioning. This paddle question,

however, needs consideration, and the letter is willingly published.]

CRUISING PADDLES.

Which kind of a paddle, the single or double-bladed, is best for general cruising purposes has frequently been a topic of discussion in canoe circles on both sides of the Atlantic, but it has not yet been answered in a manner satisfactory to all concerned, for the simple reason, no doubt, that much can be said on both sides. That the double-bladed paddle is the better for ordinary cruising in fine weather and comparatively deep water is beyond question, but it is not, in my opinion, equal to the broad, single-bladed paddle in shallow, narrow, brawling streams, where the overhanging branches of trees sweep the river, and it is necessary to "catch" a large quantity of water to propel the craft. The power in this case comes from the breadth of the paddle and not from the depth of the water; hence it follows that long, narrow-bladed sweeps are not fitted for such cruising.

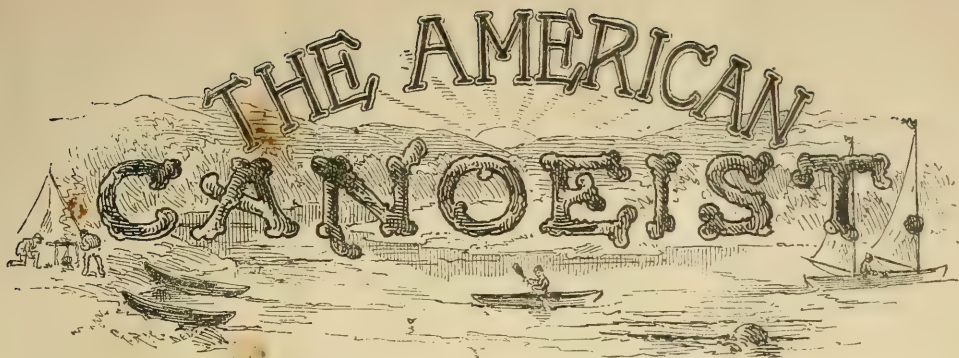
By using the single blade the canoeist can steal upon wild fowl on the water, or draw near wild animals on the shore, but such a feat would be impossible with the double-bladed specimen. The last mentioned also wets the knees when the wind is blowing, is difficult to handle in a gale, necessitates an upright position in the middle of the craft, and does not give the canoeist as good command over his boat when shooting rapids or traversing whirlpools as the single blade, as it cannot be handled so promptly.

As a racing tool the former is superior to the latter, but I doubt if it is equal to it for general purposes in all kinds of weather and for all kinds of work. It is useless in wild fowling, for which canoes are so eminently fitted, and is worse than useless in such rivers as the Missouri and its tributaries, which are haunted by Indians more or less addicted to lifting scalps.

Take away the racing advantages of the long, double bladed paddle, and it is doubtful if it can have any pretensions to an equality with the broad-bladed single-paddle for general work.

I should be pleased to hear the double-bladed gentlemen expound in your columns the advantages of their favorite cruising tool.

J. M. M.



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CANOE CLASSIFICATION.

BY KEELSON.

It may as well be admitted first, as last, that the time allowance in sailing races will never be perfectly satisfactory to the man who loses by it. To come in far ahead, cross the line, and "lay to" in the serene conviction that you are the winner, only to find that some fellow with a time allowance on board carries off the prize after all, is, to say the least, unpleasant, and provocative of unnecessary language. Moreover, time allowance is unpopular, and so far as sailing races are concerned does not at present command a large proportion of advocates.

For paddling races such allowance is practicable and necessary, but the present writer's object is to consider the possible means of simplifying classification. The A. C. A. Constitutional Committee have suggested the following rules :

Class 1.—Paddling canoes :

- Single. { *A.* Decked canoes. Length not over 18 feet, beam not under 24 inches.
B. Birch bark and similar canoes, no limit.

Double.—Birch bark and similar canoes, no limit.

Class 2. Sailable—Paddling canoes :

- Single. { *A.* Decked canoes. Length not over 15 feet, beam not over 28 inches, keels as in Class 3.
B. "Peterboro" canoes (Note 2), Length not over 16 feet, beam not less than 27 inches.

Double.—Peterboro', not over 16 feet fly 30 inches.

Class 3.—Sailing and paddling canoes :

Canoes in this class shall not exceed 18 feet in length, with a limit of beam for that length of 27 inches, which beam may be increased in the proportion of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches to every foot in length decreased. The greatest depth at fore end of well, from under side of deck amidships to inner side of garboard next the keel shall not exceed 16 inches. The keel outside of garboard shall not exceed 2 inches in depth, including a metal band of not over $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch depth. The total weight of all centreboards shall not exceed 60 lbs.; when hauled up they must not project below the keelband, and they must not drop more than 18 inches below keelband, or, if over one half the length of the canoe, more than 6 inches. Weight of canoe in racing trim, not over 150 lbs., including ballast.

Class 4.—Paddleable sailing canoes :

Limits of size, centreboards, etc., as in Class 3, but no limit of weight.

NOTE 1.—*Measurements.* The length shall be taken between perpendiculars at foreside of stem and afterside of sternpost at deck, the beam at the widest part, not including beading.

NOTE 2.—"Peterboro" canoes. This title includes the Canadian canoes built in the vicinity of Peterboro, Rice Lake, Herald, English, Stephenson, etc.

NOTE 3.—No limit has been fixed for double canoes in Classes 3 and 4; but they, as well as larger canoes, will be classed as soon as they are present in sufficient numbers to make additional races.

NOTE 4.—Canoes not conforming exactly to these limits may be admitted to a class on a time allowance to be fixed by the Regatta Committee; or, if sufficient of one kind are present, extra races may be added. (This rule is intended to give the Regatta Committee discretion in regard to boats not conforming exactly to the rules.)

That these rules indicate a patient and intelligent study of the subject goes without saying, but they are too complicated to be carried easily in the head, and leave the way open for further complication through the introduction of additional classes as new models and types come to the fore.

It is perhaps rather late in the day to suggest a constitutional change in classification, but it seems to some canoeists that the whole business might be made dependent upon a system of measurement.

There is a great difference, of course, between a light "Rob Roy" and a "Pearl." The former can give the latter as much time under paddle as the latter can give the former under sail. Obviously they cannot fairly race one another without time allowance.

Now, suppose all canoes were divided into three or even four classes, and that these were defined by some accepted rule of measurement. Perhaps, multiplying the greatest girth by the extreme length between perpendiculars is the fairest upon the whole.

Then group the canoes in a general way, as follows: [The dimensions here given are purely imaginary, and not suggested for adoption, the real figures should depend, of course, upon actual measurements.]

CLASS I.

To include all canoes under the association rules, the product of whose measurements is 95 or more.

CLASS II.

To include all canoes, etc., etc., the product of whose measurements is less than 95 and more than 75.

CLASS III.

To include all canoes, etc., etc., the product of whose measurements is less than 75.

Primarily the ease with which a boat will pass through the water depends upon the relation of her beam to her length. After that all the complex questions of

seamanship, ballast, trim, rig, etc., etc., come in, and cannot be estimated by exact rules.

The object of all classification is to group together boats, which, under the always varying conditions of wind, weather, judgment, seamanship, and so forth, stand a reasonably fair chance of beating one another.

If desired there might be inter-class time allowance, or should some canoe in a lower class develop an extraordinary rate of speed, or her crew extraordinary talent as a navigator, she might be admitted on equal terms with a higher class.

It is not claimed that this plan of classification is a new one. It has been tried by various yacht clubs, and has, as every system must have, its opponents as well as its advocates. The natural tendency in such matters is always towards elaboration of details, and any plan of classification, based upon tangible facts, such as measurement, cubic displacement, or the like, would seem to offer a simpler solution of the difficulty than does the one quoted from the constitution.

THE LUG SAIL.

It is only within a comparatively short time that the lug sail has come into use in this country, and it is still an unfamiliar sight to most Americans. It possesses, however, certain manifest advantages which commend it to canoeists, especially to those who make racing their main object. It presents a larger area in a more compact form than any other available shape thus far devised. Its exceptionally flat "set" gives it strength in forcing a boat to windward while its broad head holds a light wind far better than is possible with a pointed sail.

Standing lugs are practically inferior for the use of canoeists to the balance lug. This description therefore refers to the last named.

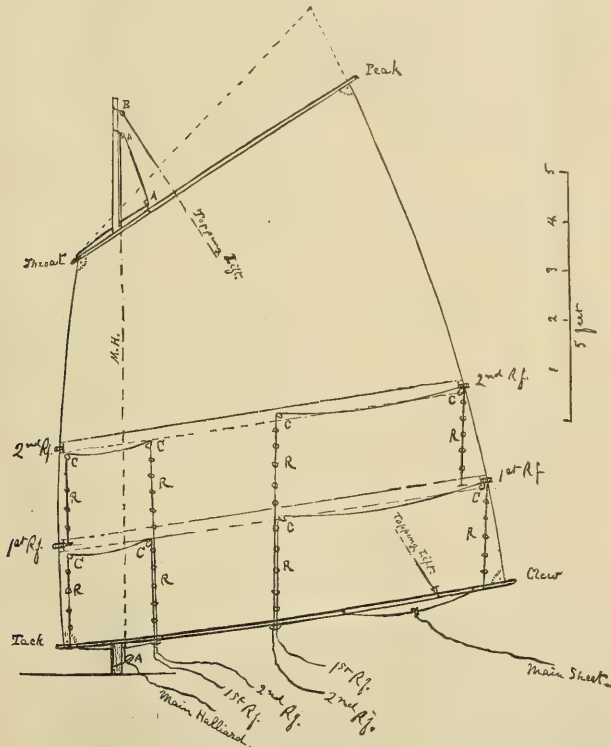
In the sail-plan given herewith the seams are supposed to run parallel to the foot of the sail. The curving luff and leach improve the set, but are more difficult to make and hem properly.

The main-halliard passes up on the other side of the sail through blocks marked A at foot and head of mast and on yard, and is made fast, usually with a toggle and loop, at the lower end of yard passing on the opposite side of the mast from the yard. It will be seen then, that when

shown in the cut as they are on the other side of the sail.

Reefing may, of course, be accomplished by means of ordinary reef-points, but the device shown in the cut is a great improvement and while it looks complicated is nevertheless practically useful.

Follow one of the lines marked 1st Rf. or 2nd Rf. round through the rings R. R., etc, and through the blocks C. C., etc., to the ends of the boom where they are made fast. It is evident, at a glance, that a pull



THE "LUG SAIL."

hauled taut it must at the same time raise the yard and hold it tightly against the mast.

The reef-battens, marked 1st Rf. and 2nd Rf., are light bamboo sticks thrust through pockets sewn across the sail. These are provided with parrels which hold them to the mast just as the halliard does, but at the same time permit them to slide freely up and down. These parrels cannot be

on the lower ends of these lines will raise the boom to the first or second batten, as the case may be. When everything is snug the lines are belayed on a cleat attached to the boom wherever convenient. The operation of reefing is thus reduced to an affair of a moment.

The sail may, of course, be cut with a higher peak, as indicated by the dotted lines.

It is an advantage to rig the main sheet as shown, letting it travel by means of a dead-eye on a parrel made fast to the boom. This distributes the strain and allows the sheet to adjust itself in the most advantageous manner.

The block B at the masthead is intended for a double topping lift; passing on each side of the sail. This is a convenience, not a necessity. From B it passes down the mast through a block (not shown) near the main halliard block, and to a cleat wherever convenient.

The scale as marked on the cut is given merely for convenience. No size is arbitrary. The sail shown has about 60 sq. feet area, not counting the curved lines.

CRUISE OF THE POLLY ANN.

(Continued from May No.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF A "CANOE TRIP."

PART II.

Everybody knows where Lake Huron is, and how it stands upright in the map in the northern part of the United States, like an immense bologna sausage, washing the shores of the State of Michigan on the west and bordered on the east by a comparatively wild and unsettled portion of Canada. A casual observer would hardly notice on the map an immense bay laying in Canada off the northern part of Lake Huron, appearing small in the company of its big neighbor. But Georgian Bay, as it is called, is no infant, and has nearly five hundred miles of shore washed by the waters of the Lake, and is the scene of many an episode between the Indians in days gone by. All along its shore is a fringe of islets, almost countless in numbers, lying in clusters, sometimes five miles deep, rarely less than three, and the scenery among them indescribably beautiful but more of this anon. What a place for a canoe cruise!

And this was the scene of the cruise of the *Polly Ann*.

We left our captain snoring in his canoe on a shelf of rocks at Rocky Island Light. The morning had hardly illumined his tent when the loud outcry of the gentlemen hen of the light-keeper aroused him. He had had hardly time to rub his eyes before he heard a crashing sound on the rocks above him, and a good sized boulder came bowling down on the top of his tent, smashing one of the supports, narrowly missing his head and nearly carrying his canoe and all into the water below. By the subdued snickering he heard above, he rightly surmised that the geological specimen had been contributed by one of the progeny of the light-keeper. He had hardly time to collect his thoughts when he heard yells of pain intermingled with resounding slaps, and the voice of the old lady.

"Now, you (slap), John Algeron, you (slap and yells), what do you want to (slap) heave rocks at that young man (slap) fur? Didn't you (slap) know, you pesky little critter, you might (slap) have hurt his boat and knocked (more slap) his brains out!"—(this latter was mentioned as if it was a minor consideration to injuring the boat)—and here the yells grew so very heartrending our Captain couldn't endure it any longer, he stood up in his canoe and shouted up at the old lady for her to desist, but she was too enthusiastically occupied to pay any attention, and the rest of the children had joined in the howling. In despair the Captain seized his bugle and blew lustily. The short, sharp crinkling notes, rung out clear over the water.

Tra-la-la-la-a-a-a !

The effect was magical.

The noise stopped like the closing of a clam shell, and the Captain looking up, saw the old lady and a row of smaller heads peering down at him curiously.

"My dear woman," said the Captain, "don't pound the child that way."

"Law sakes, he gets it half a dozen times a day. Oh, he don't mind it!"

The Captain needed no assurance of that as he caught sight of the face of John Algeron, which was nearly cut in two by a tremendous grin, and to make assurance doubly sure the terrible youth sung out:

"Say mister, blow that thing again!"

The light-keeper was a puzzle to our Captain; a tall, dark man, apparently in the prime of life, with regular features and an indefinable manner that seemed to indicate better times and a better fate than the keeper of a lonely light on a rock in Georgian Bay. But he had very little to say, and seemed to avoid conversation, but it was not until the Captain had been his guest for two days that he could gain much conversation, then the words of the light-keeper were few and well chosen and unmistakably indicated superior education. It ill became the Captain to pry, so he accepted what came as a matter of course, and without obtruding sought to cultivate a better acquaintance with the strange man. It was not until a soft moonlight night came, and the Captain had been a welcome guest of nearly a week, John Algeron, "John Bunyan," "Septimus Henry," "Polly Anything Ann," "Hector William," "Mary Jane," and the rest had been tucked out of sight, and the light-keeper and the Captain were seated on a bench at the foot of the tower, watching the water dance in the moonlight, while smoking that the Captain had any extended conversation with him.

"So you are a newspaper man?" said the lightkeeper.

"Yes, I am a reporter," replied the Captain, "but not an editor; I have not reached that dignity yet."

"Where is the distinction?" asked the light-keeper.

"Oh! there are various distinctions. Reporting is a more manly, more truthful sort of business." "Why you see," continued the Captain, "I am one of those fellows who chronicle daily events, attend

fires, inquests, police courts, church sociables, funerals, and, once in a while, we have to do the Jenkins at a wedding. Now look at a report of a fire, for instance, we write all that about the 'devouring element' and 'horrible firey tongues,' and 'the leaping flames encircled the doomed structure.' There may be a lot of poetry and waste rubbish and thrilling rhetoric about an account of the burning of three shanties and an ice house, put in by the reporter, but the shanties burned and the 'devouring element' *was* there, and the 'fire tongue' *did* lick around like blazes—so to speak, and the 'leaping flames' *did* 'encircle' and all that, its true."

"Now take the same paper, which may be a respectable Democratic journal, or Republican, for that matter, and turn to the 'editorial columns' where the editors do the 'grinding.' That isn't apt to be true, you can't swallow it all."

"Why?" asked the light-keeper.

"Well you see the editor-in chief will come in in the morning and say to one of the writers:

"Who do you think the Republicans nominated last night for Drain Commissioner?"

"Dunno."

"Why, old Blivens!"

"Is that so?"

"Yes. Now we'll have to give old Blivy fits."

"But we can't," replies the writer. "Why he's one of the nicest, most straightforward, honorable men in the city. I've known him for years. You couldn't find a thing against him. He's ten times superior than our nominee, O'Toole."

"Can't help it. We must support Toole, he's the nominee of our party. Its too bad they've nominated Blivens, but we must find something, and go for him."

"Look here!" says the writer, "this O'Toole isn't fit to be chief engineer of a swill cart. He's drunk half the time, and the rest is scratching around for the where-withal to go it again."

"Oh, I know," responds the chief editor, "O'Toole is a bad egg, but we must stomach him. So praise O'Toole and go for Blivens, d'ye hear," and editor-in-chief gives the poor writer a look, that is a twenty dollars a week look, and the writer crawls into his shell. Now Blivens may be his best friend, may have loaned him money when his doctors' bill was due, or something of that kind, but there's no help for it, and there comes out next morning in the Bungbury Democrat the following :

"As usual the Republicans have put their foot in it. Last evening they nominated Horatis Blivens as Drain Commissioner, an inexperienced business man, who, indeed, has attained fair success in his business, but has no public service to fit him for the place.

"In marked contrast to this weak, incapable nomination, is the Democratic nominee, *Hon. Felim O'Toole*, a gentleman who has had ripe experience in public affairs, who has been four times elected Alderman of the Eighth Ward, twice Drain Commissioner, and was the last nominee, only defeated at the election by a small majority, which was due to the fact that Mr. O'Toole was indisposed for a week (in truth he was drunk) and unable to look after his interests. Mr. Blivens will wish he had never been born on the day after election."

At this the light-keeper laughed.

"Do you suppose," inquired he, "that the public are deceived by such methods."

"Of course," said the Captain. "You would be surprised to find how many people there are who swallow bones, skin and all, everything they read in the papers. Why, if the Bungbury Democrat came out and said it had been discovered that a thimble worn on the end of the nose over night was a sure cure for bunions, if you could visit them you would find every old woman that had bunions, that had read the article and that could get the thimble to stick, would have one on; a good many that had no bunions would put it on on general principles.

This made the light-keeper laugh heartily.

"Are you writing an account of this trip?" inquired he.

"I am. Can't you give me some points as to this locality of interest to publish?"

"I will, gladly; but I must request that you leave all reference to me out of anything you write," said the light-keeper solemnly.

"May I ask why you make such a request?" said the Captain.

"Not now," replied the light-keeper, "but I may consent to tell you something of my history before you leave, under certain conditions of secrecy."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CANADIAN PROSPECTS.

In the *Peterborough Review* we find a report of the annual meeting of the "Peterborough Boating Club," which has, as its Captain, Vice-Commodore E. B. Edwards, A. C. A., and probably numbers more canoeists on its roll than any other club on the continent. In the course of his official report (readers will please note the nice sense of propriety indicated by giving him his captaincy while acting in that capacity,) Captain Edwards said :

In August, a party of seven representatives of the club visited the camp of the American Canoe Association at Lake George, and received a very cordial welcome from the American "Knights of the Paddle." I trust that members of our club, which numbers on its roll more active canoemen than any other club on the continent, will see to it that the visit is repeated during the present year, and that an effort will be made to bring the camp of the association to Canada in 1883. The party who went last year went solely for pleasure. It would be well this year if some of our good paddlers would endeavor to go, so as to give our American friends, who are addicted almost exclusively to the use of the double blade,

some idea what the single bladed paddle can do. To compete successfully at Lake George, both sailing and paddling should be practised beforehand, and I should strongly recommend that an effort be made to revive these sports which have been somewhat crowded out of our regatta programmes of late. The establishment of a suitable challenge cup, or other prize, such as that competed for half a dozen or more years ago, would furnish a powerful stimulus. As is well known the Americans differ from us both in build of canoe and in the paddle used. Their canoes are decked over, with the exception of a small well at the centre, and the eastern builders, such as Rushton and Stephens, prefer the clinker build. This is contrary to our ideas, accustomed as we are to use canoes as comfortable pleasure boats, capable of carrying at least from one to three besides the paddler, and furnishing the most desirable boat for the use of ladies. The question of the superiority of the double or single bladed paddle is yet to be decided.

A number of American canoeists, chiefly from New York, and including Commodore Alden, Colonel Norton, editor of the *American Canoeist* (a publication which I heartily recommend), Captain Kendall, and others, have announced their intention of visiting our Peterborough waters in their canoes next July. I need hardly bespeak for them a hearty welcome.

For the coming year the club will probably find it necessary to provide some more accommodation in the way of boats. In any event, to make the season a success, all the members must work heartily and vigorously together, and I call upon all, whether oarsmen or canoeists, to endeavour to make the year 1882 a memorable and successful one in the annals of the Club.

The latest numbers of the "Racine" Catalogue contains a new device for reefing lattens, which is said to work admirably. It is not easy to describe it without an illustration, so seekers after knowledge must be referred to the Catalogue itself.

DRIFTINGS.

A diagram of the water communication through the Huron and New Castle districts from Lake Huron to the Bay of Quinto, has been in the CANOEIST Office for a few days, *en route* from Vice-Commodore Edwards to Mr. N. H. Bishop. It presents great attractions for cruisers.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., May 30th, 1882.

Editor Canoeist :

Sir :—I have the pleasure to inform you that the Students of the Blakeley Divinity School in this place, formed a Canoe Club, named the Berkeley Canoe Club. Officers are as follows : Commodore, W. H. Larom, Vice-Commodore, W. E. Potwine, Treasurer, C. J. Mason, Secretary, J. W. Peck.

Yours truly,

J. M. PECK.

GLENS FALLS, April 28th.

Editor American Canoeist :

I write to send you a list of the Officers of the Lake George Canoe Club. This Club was organized last year by Mr. M. N. Bishop, and now numbers 36 members—all active, making it, I think, the largest Club whose members are all enrolled with the Association. The Officers for the year ending August, 1881, are as follows:

Commodore N. H. Bishop, Lake George, Vice Commodore, Rev C. A. Cressey, Liston, N. H., Rear-Commodore, C. A. Garner, New York, Secretary, E. W. West, Glens Falls, Treasurer, J. E. McDonald, Glens Falls, Consulting Builder, J. H. Rushton, Consulting Designer, W. P. Stephens, Consulting Rigger, Capt. S. D. Kendall, Consulting Geographer for U. S., F. Walley Perkins, Consulting Geographer for Dominion of Canada, R. W. Baldwin Surveyor, Walter E. Welsh, Lake George.

J. E. McDONALD,

Glens Falls, N. Y.

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LOWELL, MASS., AS A "CANOE CENTRE."

Mr. Frank H. Pullen is on the editorial staff of the Lowell Courier, and a canoeist as well. In a recent issue of the journal, he, or some one who writes appreciatively, thus speaks of the manifest destiny of this great industrial city :

Lowell is admirably situated for a canoe centre, and there is a growing interest in the sport hereabout. At no distant day we shall doubtless have sufficient material to form a flourishing canoe club. For some reason the Indian birch seems to have taken a strong hold upon the fancies of local canoeists, and a majority of the canoes owned here are of that description. But the birch has little to recommend it as a cruising canoe, having neither deck nor sail, and being withal a leaky craft, requiring frequent applications of pitch. In addition to the birches there are in the city at least one canvas canoe, one or two of Rush-ton's light lapstreaks, weighing in the vicinity of eighteen pounds, and three Racine shadows. The latest Racine canoe put on the river has a removable canvas deck, fitting it for one or two persons, and carries one large lateen sail. The latter is a rig somewhat new to this vicinity, but popular at the west and endorsed by leading canoeists elsewhere. It is the simplest rig known, requiring no ropes except the sheet, and easily set without leaving the seat. Heretofore lateen sails have been difficult to

reef, but those manufactured by the Racine Company can be reefed, and satisfactorily too.

The Lowell canoeist need never be at a loss for an enjoyable cruise. Numerous channels open from his very door. He may go down the Merrimack to its mouth at Newburyport, or up the river to Lake Winnepesaukee. The Concord is navigable to Saxonville, and by pursuing that as far as Bedford, one may cross to the Shawsheen and follow that winding stream to Lawrence. A more extended cruise—and a very satisfactory one—may be made from Lowell to Newburyport by the river, thence by rail to Portsmouth, up the Piscataqua and Cocheco rivers to Dover, by rail to Alton Bay, across Lake Winnepesaukee to Weirs or Lake Village, thence to Franklin or Concord, and down the river to the starting point. Last summer a local canoeist even made the outside passage by sea from Newburyport to Portsmouth in a full decked Racine Shadow.

Thus far, canoeing has been confined strictly to amateurs. No professionals have obtained a foothold in the fraternity. It is needless to say that none are wanted, and every canoeist will join in the effort to keep them out, together with their twin companions, betting and gambling.

In conclusion it may be said that canoeing is a manly, invigorating pastime, not by any means monopolized by boys or young men, for the A. C. A. embraces among its members men of all ages, and even ladies. And if he who reads this article, be he professional or business man, clerk or mechanic, will procure a craft and "paddle his own canoe" for a week or fortnight, on river or lake, the coming summer, he will secure more solid enjoyment and better health for less money than by any other means which he can devise. Try it, and prove the truth of Mr. Alden's assertion that "the man who can say 'I have lived and paddled!' has alone known perfect happiness."

CANOEIAL BLISS.

The inquiry recently reached the CANOEIST from no less than three different members of the guild, whether canoeing is or is not compatible with matrimony? The matter was referred to a distinguished local statistician, one indeed who is never at a loss for figures to prove his assertions, and the following answer was received :

"Canoeing is not, as some men have said, inconsistent with marriage. It is true that only in very rare instances can the canoeist take his wife cruising with him, but this does not always prevent him from cruising. If the unmarried canoeist marries, he is, of course, lost. His bride will not tolerate his canoe as her rival, and she always compels him to sell it or give it away within the first year after marriage. If, however, a man has been married before it occurs to him to get a canoe, the fact of his marriage is not an obstacle, especially if his wife's mother is living. In connection with this matter statistics are of value. Of thirty-one American canoeists who married while in possession of canoes, thirty sold their canoes or gave them away, and the thirty-first went out in his canoe and deliberately drowned himself. On the other hand three hundred and eight married men have bought or built canoes during the past two years, two hundred and thirty-four of whom intend to take cruises of from four to six months in length this summer, while the remainder expect to spend the greater part of every day while the weather is warm in sailing on waters in the neighborhood of their own residences."

Beautifully accurate in its statements and conclusions as is the above, it is evident that the learned statistician who is its author or compiler, is not a philosopher. If he had been he would have seen that natural selection will, in course of time, develop a type of young woman which will

recognize the canoe as essential to the happiness of every young couple. A prominent canoeist recently remarked somewhat dolefully in writer's hearing: "I would like to marry, but there is only one girl that I know of who cares for canoeing, and she won't have me." Another intimated that he should make it a condition of his contemplated engagement that the marriage vow should include a provisory clause looking to non-interference if not to active co-operation on the part of the bride in all matters relating to canoeing.

Our English brethren have already recognized the necessities of the situation by classifying "tandems" or "doubles" as the "married member's canoe." Evidently the tendency is in the right direction, and the average young woman of the period will in a short time be developed up to the plane of canoeing. It only requires a little firmness on the part of young men, and the battle will be won.

Already the A. C. A. numbers several ladies on its lists, and it is understood that more will be nominated for membership during the present season.

To the Editor of the Canoeist :

SIR :—What is the best means of preventing water from dripping in-board when using a double-bladed paddle? I have tried sections of rubber tubing, the halves of rubber balls, solid rubber rings, etc., but none of them quite fill the bill. What do you recommend? H.

In reply to above inquiry it may be unhesitatingly said that the best drip-rings for paddles are—that is to say, are called—in short, they can be got at any druggists. In order to fit them for use all that is necessary is to cut off the—well, the protuberant part and thrust the paddle through the hole thus made. The rest of the "shield" will then form a ring around the loom of the paddle, and shed water effectually. The discovery that these "shields"

could be adapted to paddles was made by a married canoeist. It is believed that their use will develop a love of home and children on the part of canoeists, and will thus increase the benefits flowing from canoeing. Ask your druggist for two—well, perhaps the best plan would be to look in the show-case until you see them, and thus avoid the embarrassment of asking for them.

The opening event of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club, which took place on the 10th inst., was very successful, notwithstanding the unpleasant weather, which prevented an attendance that otherwise would have been very large. This affair was the first public appearance of the Knickerbockers. The programme included a review of the fleet, a paddling race, and a sailing race, the order prescribing that at the review the members must appear in club fatigue uniform, and also fly their club and private signals on the canoes. The line of canoes was much admired in passing; it was well preserved, and the whole scene was very picturesque. After the review the Shadow Canoes had a paddling race, the Course being half a mile straight down the river, the tide at high water slack, and the wind light from east south-east. The contestants were: A. Lowenthal, "Horicon;" Eugene A. Hoffman, "Coquette;" R. T. Wilkin, "Saskatchewan;" H. T. Keyser, "Palisade;" S. S. Leo, "Wizard;" and C. L. Buchanan, "Strathroy." The start was from a stake half a mile above the club house, and the boats finished in the order given above, the "Horicon" being 10 seconds ahead of the "Coquette," and the "Saskatchewan" 25 seconds behind the latter. The last event was a sailing race, but the wind being light only two of the canoes entered. The course was half a mile down river against the young ebb, and return with fair tide. An earlier start and a trifle more wind would have made the last race much more attractive.

On Wednesday, May 10th, in dutiful obedience to the call of Commodore Vaux, and to gratify their own desire to meet again a member whose genial qualities have endeared him to all, and whose adventures in Florida waters have excited no little admiration and curiosity, there assembled a squadron of the N. Y. C. C. to welcome and escort Captain C. R. Munroe and his immortal "Psyche" on his return to the quarters of the N. Y. C. Club. There were present Messrs. Vaux, Jones, Newman, Read, Stephens, Van Rensselaer and Whitlock. In squadrons of threes the fleet weighed anchor about 3.30 P. M., and after a short sail discovered a familiar craft on the starboard bow, off the historic buoy No. 17. A satisfactory exchange of signals and hails proving that the craft belonged to the wandering member, she was duly saluted and escorted home in triumph. The traveler's advanced stage of brown excited much envious comment from the comparatively pale-faced New Yorkers, and the ingenious rig and strange looking outfit of the "Psyche," were duly wondered at. Captain Munroe brought home a cargo of Florida moss, which probably concealed an assortment of young alligators as souvenirs for his many friends. These, however, he forgot to distribute. His boat, though needing varnish, appeared none the worse for the 1,600 miles of paddling and sailing in Southern waters, and her captain seemed also fully recovered from the severe exposure which so nearly proved fatal in his Lake Okeechobee experience, related last month. Among minor incidents of the day may be mentioned the complete independence of the commodore in the matter of obeying his own orders, a failing which was, however, overlooked by the fleet in consideration of the newness of the dignity, with the secret hope that in time the heavy responsibilities attaching to the position will bring even his mercurial temperament to a proper degree of gravity, and a sense of

the official attitude proper to be maintained at all times. The meet was a great success, and the afternoon was much enjoyed by those who turned out, it chancing to be one of the very few fine days vouchsafed us so far this season.

THE CANOE PILOT.

CANOE CRUISE THROUGH RIDEAU AND ONEIDA LAKES.

BY R. W. B.

Having "canoeed" from St. Johns, on the Richelieu River, through Lake Champlain and Lake George, in the fall of 1880, and narrowly escaped a "*Sea Serpent*" (at least I was told so), I decided for prudential reasons, as well as for variety's sake, to choose a new route to the scene of the Canoe Convention of 1881, so, with my friend S—, left Ottawa, Canada, bright and early on the morning of the 28th July by the steamer Gypsy, which plies on the Rideau Canal and lakes between Ottawa and Kingston, a route remarkable for its picturesque scenery and well worth seeing, even should the trip be made otherwise than in a canoe.

About 11 o'clock P. M. we disembarked at the height of land—a place called the "Narrows"—where there is a lock connecting the Upper and Lower Rideau lakes. Having made acquaintance with the lock keeper, we were permitted to occupy a shed which contained a very heterogeneous collection of objects, animate and inanimate, and there being a strong suspicion of *rats*, I chose a sort of shelf for my bedstead, on which I slept tolerably well, being only troubled occasionally by dreaming I was falling over a precipice, and awaking with a start to find that either my legs or arms were hanging over the edge of the shelf, and in rather dangerous proximity to my friend, who was lying on the floor. When daylight broke we saw a lot of agricultural implements, some hens, and a quantity of dried eels, the smell of which was rather peculiar to say the least of it, and had we known of their presence before morning, they, not we, would have been "put out."

After arranging cargoes, and having had a good breakfast, we launched our canoes on

Upper Rideau Lake, a fine sheet of water abounding in fish, some of which we caught by trolling with a spoon bait, and cooked for dinner that day. As this is only intended to be a "plain, unvarnished tale" of our travels, interesting perhaps to other canoeists, if not worthy of perusal by the general public, and as we carried no weighing apparatus, the less said about the dimensions, &c., of the fish, the better, but I have heard from persons who ought to know that maskinonge attaining 40 pounds in weight have been captured in the Rideau Lakes.

A favorable breeze springing up, we hoisted sails and soon reached the village of Newboro, a good place for canoeists to lay in a stock of provisions, and had to portage or carry our Rob Roy's about fifty yards to a lake called Mud Lake, which contains several very pretty islands. Pursuing a southwesterly course, and having a good side-wind, we had some very enjoyable sailing till reaching the opposite shore, where we found a lovely spot to dine at, but we did not remain there long, being anxious to find the outlet of the lake before sunset.

After paddling into several "culs de sac," and apparently getting no nearer the place we were looking for, we were reduced to the *ignominious* plan of making inquiries at a farm house, in order to reach which one of us had to wade through a field of Canada thistles, so thick that summer clothing was a poor protection.

Having been put on the right track, we soon found the channel, a very narrow one, connecting with Clear Lake, which we crossed in a southerly direction and passed into Indian Lake, a not very extensive one, but difficult to get out of if one happens at starting to deviate from the proper course and then trusts to following a sailing barge which may be "en route" for Newboro by some back channel. Such was the experience of some particular friends of mine, but S— and I were more fortunate, and soon arrived at some locks, the keeper of which assisted us in portaging our canoes, that taking less time than if we had gone through the gates. We had then reached a very uninviting piece of water, which was only remarkable for the number of stumps of trees it contained, and were compelled to paddle very cautiously to avoid collision with snags, but the unpleasant prospect did not long remain within our field of view, for

soon we came to another and the most beautiful of all the lakes, named Opinicon Lake.

The sun having gone down we camped on a little peninsula, and having got a supply of milk and eggs at a convenient farm house, fared very well. This ended our first day's trip, and at the risk of tiring my friends, a detailed description of it has been given. The remainder of the cruise on the Rideau route was pleasant enough, although we lost our way several times, so did not arrive at Kingston till the afternoon of the third day's canoeing.

We had intended to take the steamer for Oswego, and then to paddle through the Oswego Canal and Oneida River to Oneida Lake, but being too late, were obliged to stay at Kingston that night.

Instead of sleeping indoors we wrapped our blankets around us and slept comfortably on the upper deck of the ferry steamer, which took us to Cape Vincent next morning. Getting on the cars at that place we traveled to Brewerton, situated on the Oneida River, and were helped by the station-master and a friend of his to carry our canoes across a field and launch them again.

I cannot say enough in praise of the civility we received on the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburgh Railway, and the charge for freightage of canoes was very moderate.

A quarter of an hour's paddling brought us to Oneida Lake, and when our canoes were fairly afloat on its blue waters our spirits rose to a high degree, but an unwelcome rain storm soon brought them down to the average point of exuberance, although it did not prevent us from enjoying a cold dinner under shelter of some fine trees on the north shore of the lake, and a couple of miles from Brewertown. As the sun was getting low we decided to camp on Frenchman's Island, some three or four miles beyond, and on arriving there were surprised to find a very handsome and comfortable hotel, where we took a most substantial meal, but having pitched our tent in a very sheltered nook, declined sleeping accommodation at the house.

Being introduced to the guests, we spent a very pleasant evening, enlivened by music and song, and about 7 o'clock next morning were agreeably surprised by a visit from our new acquaintances. With a little persuasion two of the ladies got into the

canoes, and having received directions as to the management of the double paddle, soon felt so comfortable that they paid little attention to the breakfast bell, and did not come back to the island till a special messenger was sent to call them. It should be mentioned that the water was very shallow near the island, so our fair friends would not have been in danger of drowning had the canoes upset.

With plenty of good wishes for our safety, we took our departure about 9 A. M., heading for Shackleton's Point, on the south shore of the lake, which is twenty-seven miles long and about seven miles wide, quite large enough to become pretty rough when a southwesterly wind blows, but was quite calm that morning, and we soon neared the Point.

Seeing a farm house which promised to be a good base for supplies we went ashore, and finding the lady of the house "at home," purchased a supply of eggs, potatoes, onions and bread, and were presented with some pickled cucumbers and a good home-made cake.

Beyond Shackleton's Point we found a little cove, but the water being shallow we were obliged to wade and haul our canoes ashore. While dinner was cooking we took a swim, and on getting near shore again were disagreeably surprised to find ourselves surrounded by leeches, so we quickly "made tracks" for *terra firma*, arriving in time to prevent the soup boiling over. The day being intensely hot we were in no hurry to get afloat till a favorable breeze sprang up and sent our canoes along very pleasantly, although when crossing South Bay, and at a distance of more than a mile from shore, we found the waves rather bigger than we liked. Some fishermen we met expressed great surprise at seeing us venture so far from shore in such small craft, "the like of which had never been seen before on that lake." A couple of hours' sailing brought us to a point of land not far from the head of the lake, where we intended going through a canal communicating with the Erie, but found there was no water in it, so hired a wagon to convey us and our canoes to Durhamville, a small place about six miles off, but though careful enough to arrange about the fare, we neglected stipulating the rate at which the horses were to go, so our canoes got a terrible knocking about. Mine, though built of oak, had a plank stove in-

and my sympathy for the little craft was so much aroused that I remonstrated with the driver in a manner more forcible than polite, but which was decidedly effective. We regretted not having gone up Wood Creek, which would have allowed us to get within a short distance of the Erie Canal, but having reached Durhamville, we gave all our attention to stowing the sadly disarranged canoe cargoes, an admiring crowd of the villagers looking on and asking questions. Here ended the first division of our cruise. Of the remainder I may give an account at some future time.

A THOUSAND MILES IN A CANOE.

(Continued from May No.)

From near the little bridge, while the singers *sol-faed* excessively, and shouted hurrahs and farewells to English "flagge," and the landlord bowed and the people stared, the Rob Roy danced away on a river delightfully new, and which was capable moreover of emptying him into the Black Sea. At first the Danube is a few feet broad, but it soon enlarges, and winds about in serpentine smoothness for hours in a level mead, with waving sedge on the banks, and the silken, sleepy weeds in the water. Here the long-neck, long-winged, long-legged heron, that seems to have forgotten to get a body, flocks by scores with various ducks, while pretty painted butterflies float on the sunbeans, and fierce looking dragon-flies simmer in the air. The haymakers are at work on the banks, and half their labor is hammering the soft edges of their miserable scythes and dipping them into the water. As the canoeist whizzed by a chatting group, there was a row of open mouths and wondering eyes, but an immediate return to courtesy with a touch of the hat and "Good Day!" when presence of mind was restored. Soon the hills on either side showed houses and old castles and then wood, and lastly rock; and with these, mingling the bold, the wild, the sylvan, the grand panorama of river beauties began to be unrolled, and lasted for days

and days. Few rivers surpass this upper Danube: the wood is so thick, the rocks so quaint and high, and varied, the water so clear, the grass so green. Winding here and turning there, and rushing fast down this reach and paddling slow along that, with each minute a fresh view, the mind is ever on the *qui vive*, or the boat will go bump on a bank, crash on a rock, or plunge into a tree full of gnats and spiders. This is veritable traveling, where skill and tact are needed to bear one along, and where the exertion of either is rewarded at once. The pleasure of paddling a down a rapid high-banked, unknown river, may certainly be called an exhilarating sport. The first few days of the Danube are upon very fast waters. Between its source and Ulm the descent of the river is about 1,500 feet, This would give about 300 feet of fall per day for a five day's journey, and therefore the prospect for the day's voyage is most cheering when one launches in the morning and knows that one will have to descend about as much as the height of St. Paul's Cathedral before reaching a halt for the night. Another part of the pleasure consists in the satisfaction of overcoming difficulties.

The coincidence of the singing match with the start of the canoe down the Danube, caused the news of its adventure to be rapidly carried to all the neighboring towns, so that the Rob Roy was welcomed at once, and the newspapers recorded its progress not only in Germany and France, but in England, Sweden and America.

The paddling was diversified by resting under shady trees, stopping at quaint houses, dingy mills, and almost everywhere crowds flocked to look at the queer stranger who was clad so oddly, and had come—in a canoe! Going down the Danube in a canoe—it seemed impudence almost on the part of a foreigner! Dams less than four feet high were "shouted," but this strain was too great, and at last the canoeist resorted to flanking them or

overlifting them. At other times the canoeist had to sit astride on the stern of his craft, with both legs in water, fending her off from big stones on either side, and cautiously steering.

If incidents like these, and the scenery, and the people ashore, were not enough to satisfy the adventurous mind, some louder splashing, with a deeper roar, would announce the rapids. This sound was sure to banish any sleepiness, and once in the middle of rough water, all had to be energy and life. There was no upset during the cruise of the *Rob Roy*, but of course the captain had to jump out frequently to save her, for the first care was the boat; the second, luggage; and the third to get on comfortably and fast. It was one of the privileges of this water tour that the canoeist could calmly survey all the approaches on his arrival at towns. Unlike other travelers, he found himself out of reach of the touters and porters who harass the wretched traveler delivered to their grasp from an omnibus or steamboat. As a matter of fact he gave many towns the go-by altogether, not liking their looks. The physical enjoyment of such a life to one in good health and spirits, with a good boat and good scenery, was fully appreciated by the canoeist from his own personal experience on the blue Danube. At times he grew weary after a day's pull, when the sun was low, and yearnings of the inner-man grumbled for dinner, especially when no one could tell how far it was to any house; but these were only trifling miseries, not capable of offsetting the many pleasures.

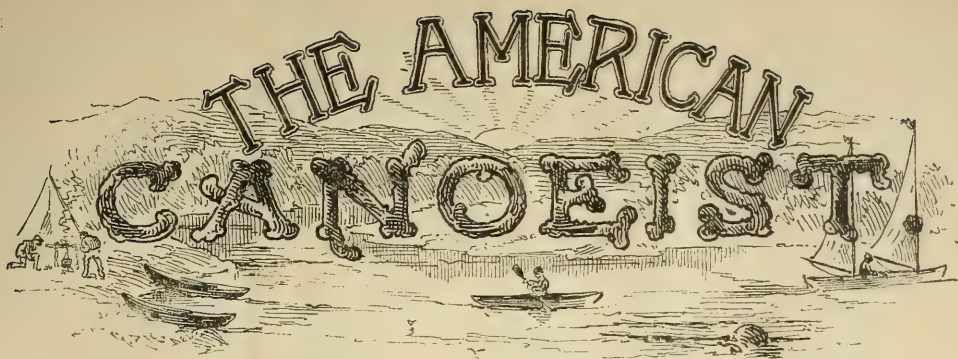
On the rivers where there was no navigation and no towing paths, it was impossible for the canoeist to estimate the distances he traveled each day except by the number of hours at work, the average speed, the strength of the wind and current, and the number of stoppages for food or rest, or mill-dams, waterfalls or barriers. Thirty miles was reckoned to be a good

day's work; but twenty miles was quite enough when the scenery and incidents on the way filled up every moment of time with varied sensations of pleasures. The boat gets to be individualized—and so does the river—till at last there is a pleasant rivalry set up, for it is man and boat against the river and all it can place in the way. The marked feature of the canoe tour of the continent over that of steam conveyances, is that quiet progress can be enjoyed all the time, because there is afforded personal exertion for every moment, and observation of the scenery around is thus most minute and interesting, because every bend and slope of it shows at once what has to be done. The pleasure of a day is certainly not to be measured by the number of miles gone over.

Within nine miles of Ulm the lofty tower of its cathedral came in view, but the canoeist noticed it without any pleasure, for arrival at Ulm was to end the cruise on the Danube, which had been begun from its infancy, nay, even from its birth in the Black Forest. It had been followed right and left, as it seemed to toddle in zig-zag turnings, like a child, and it had been wound with, hither and thither, as it roamed away further like free boyhood. Then it grew in size by feeding on the cozy plain, and was still a companion when it got the strength of youth, dashing over the rocks and bounding through the forest, and at last its powerful stream, stronger than man's strength, and compelling respect, had been fully felt. At Ulm it had spread into a noble river, steady and swift, as if in the flower of age, but its romance was gone. It had boats on it, and navigation, bridges and railways, like other great waters; and so the canoeist concluded to let it go on alone, tumbling, rushing, swelling, bearing whole fleets on its broad bosom, and finally as a great water-giant tushing down headlong into the Black Sea.

[To be Continued.]

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WHERE TO CRUISE FOR A DAY.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

A Canoe Cruise has recently come to be considered an affair of a fortnight, or a week at the very least; so some men who have boats and muscles *ad lib* but very little time, restrict themselves to short spurts in the neighborhood of home. This is a good thing to do if a man does not overdo it; but as one of the special charms of canoeing is the ability to sail on waters that are as good as hermetically sealed to the blundering yachtsman, and impracticable even to the lighter waisted fellow who insists that it is sport to row, face backward, into scenery that should be gazed at in anticipation instead of winked at under a setting sun, these should short cruises widen knowledge of the many delightful waterways of New York.

One pleasant trip may be made in a day under paddle by going down the New York Bay, hugging the Staten Island shore as long as it lasts, and then striking out for the Jersey shore and following this all the way to Sandy Hook, the canoe and her crew returning by last boat to the city. If the trip seems too long for strength or inclination, the Highlands is not a bad place to stop at over night, for the city can be reached at an early hour in the morning. If this trip is taken on Saturday afternoon the canoeist can go to church at Red

Bank, on the Shrewsbury, at 10.30 next morning by starting at 7.30 or even 8 o'clock, and if he will hug the land to port he will take in some rare views over the port bow, beside some cheerful chaffing from the nearest shore. He may even go to church at Long Branch, and have time to suitably prepare his soul for prayer by the way by running parallel to the ocean beach, passing Seabright, and crossing the lone waters of Shrewsbury Bay until he reaches Pleasure Bay, where a supplementary breakfast will prepare him for the duties peculiar to the day. By starting back in the early afternoon he can reach New York under sail soon after dark.

Another pleasant trip, for a day, is up the Hackensack. The starting point may be either some place on the north shore of Staten Island, or, better yet, from some good boat house near the Pennsylvania Railroad Bridge, to which canoes can be sent by express. The Hackensack above the railroad bridges that cross the Jersey marshes is almost unknown to New Yorkers, but a brisk southerly wind, such as may be depended upon almost any day in summer, will, within an hour or two, enable almost any canoeist to be ashamed of himself for having neglected his opportunities so long. There are some fine chances here for sketching; also for learning the art and patience of the pilot.

Canoes have frequently been seen on the

East River, but they seem to dry up and blow away before reaching Hell Gate. This fate may be avoided and much delight experienced by skirting either shore of the Sound. No where else in the United States has art covered so many consecutive shore miles in her endeavor to improve upon a natural shore, and extricate dangerous rocks from beneath alluring waters. There is a radical difference between Long Islanders and the inhabitants of the mainland as to which shore of the Sound is most beautiful, but as the canoeist can determine for himself by devoting a single day to each shore we modestly suppress our own opinion. To take full advantage of his privilege the canoeist going up the Sound should start from Hell Gate. If bound up the Sound shore, or from Harlem via Little Hell Gate for a cruise about the northern boundary. In either case he can depend with almost absolute certainty upon a favoring wind and a run of almost twenty-five miles in a day, and still have time to go ashore for a luncheon or a match whenever so inclined. One caution is necessary to Novices who follow the north shore of the Sound; to make a "carry" of the narrowest part of Throgg's Neck, as to go under the bridge that connects City Island with the world in general is to encourage the vicious habit of going somewhere as rapidly as possible. The proper method, and the only one in vogue among true canoeists is to follow the longest route if there is a sightly shore to skirt. No matter which shore of the Sound is followed the return trip may be made by rail at small expense, and generally by steamboat at an outlay, for canoe and crew, of one dollar.

Only five of at least fifty possible trips, any one of which may be made in a single twenty-four hours, are suggested above but they are enough to busy almost any busy man for a season, for no one will take either of them without wanting to repeat the experiment. Even if through peculiar-

ities of weather, rig, or temper the cruise itself should not be according to sample there will be people ashore to get even with, rocks to note for the help of other canoeists, or visits to be made to friends acquired unexpectedly *en route*.

CANOE PHOTOGRAPHY.*

(SECOND PAPER.)

(For First Paper see February Canoeist.)

BY CLARENCE E. WOODMAN.

It is taken for granted that by this time the canoeist who proposes to "go into photography" during his summer cruise, has made his choice among the multifarious styles of amateur outfits, and has perhaps attained some degree of proficiency by actual experiment. A few words, however, will not be out of place in reference to two very important auxiliaries to successful picture-making—the Plate-holder, and the Tripod.

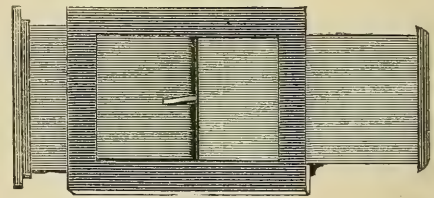


FIG. 1.

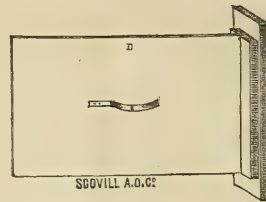


FIG. 2.

By all means get the *solid* plate-holder; any one of those cheap affairs whose sides are hinged together will be found to be a delusion and a snare. The catches are sure to work loose and allow them to open at the most critical moment, involving the

* The accompanying illustrations show a special make of equipments. That there are other houses which furnish equally good outfits, is evident from our advertising columns.—ED. AM. CANOEIST.

loss of at least two plates, and the expenditure of no end of unnecessary language. The shield represented in Fig. 1 is the shield to buy, and consists practically of a solid frame of wood with two slides fitting into one end and one into the other. The single slide, or *septum*, shown by itself in Fig. 2, is filled with a large head or "stopper" covering the whole end of the holder, and with two brass springs which press against the prepared plates and hold them in position. The two slides in the opposite end are the curtains which screen the

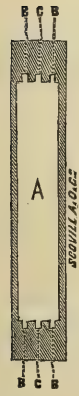


FIG. 3.

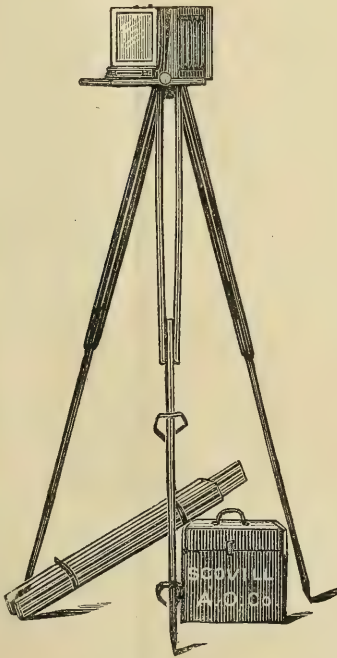


FIG. 4.

plates until the moment of exposure. In Fig. 1 the three slides are shown partly drawn out, the screens a little further than the middle *septum*, disclosing the end of the brass spring aforesaid. Fig. 3 is an end view of the holder with the *septum* removed. C C represents the groove in which it slides, and B B, B B, the grooves for the prepared plates.

A Tripod proper for canoe use should combine three qualities: it should be rigid, so as not to blur the image; compact, so

as to stow away handily; and light, so as to be easily carried. Those little spidery nuisances sold with some outfits are utterly worthless except during the most breathless of calms; a puff of wind throws them into a distressing and uncontrollable ague, giving to the resulting picture an appearance of being viewed across the top of the kitchen range. (And no one without experience has any idea of the perverse regularity with which the wind takes a notion to blow a gale just as you have everything in position and are about to expose your plate.) The *ne plus ultra* of tripods is shown in Fig. 4, and the level-headed paddler will take no other. The legs are in three pieces, the outer joints hinged to the inner, their lower ends fitting in projecting dowel-pins, and their upper ends springing on shoulders on a brass top-piece.

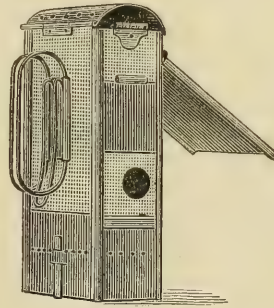


FIG. 5.

And now as to the number of shields, or plate-holders, to be carried,—that must depend entirely upon the stowage facilities, the pecuniary resources, and the personal taste of the individual tourist. Some (myself among the number) prefer to take only one; others, a small ship-load. The advantages and disadvantages on both sides are pretty evenly matched. "You takes your choice," in the language of the showman, and if you conclude to carry many, decidedly "you pays your money."

The drawbacks inseparable from employing a number of plate-holders are various: they are heavy, they take up valuable room, they are continually getting mixed so that

you cannot for the life of you tell whether the enclosed plates have been used or not, and they cost like the very mischief. On the other hand, the great convenience of them is that you can fill them all at one time at night, and have them ready for use next day without the bother of changing plates for every pair of views. If, however, any canoeist chooses to adopt a little contrivance of mine, which, as the knight said to Alice, is "my own invention," he can take with him but one plate-holder and go on his way rejoicing, changing his plates as often as he likes, even in the brightest sunlight, and seizing every treasure that comes in his way, while his fellow-voyager, who has recklessly used up all his shields for the day, is wild with grief because he has no means of taking that last beautiful bit of river or lake or woodland, seen after the last plate was exposed, and which was of course the very best of the whole trip.

It consists of a square sack or bag with a deep cover, made of stout india-rubber cloth lined with red flannel, shaped so as to contain and protect the whole "kit" *in transitu*, and when in the field used as a *quasi* dark-room in which to change plates from the box to the shield, and back again. The necessary amount of light (which is very little), is let in by a small opening covered by two thicknesses of Carbutt's ruby paper. Two sleeves project from one of the sides, closed with elastic bands which tightly clasp the wrists when changing plates. There is a peep-hole in the cover with a strong elastic band on each side which passes over the head and holds the whole affair close to the face. By this means exposed plates may be removed from the shield *ad libitum*, and new ones substituted in much less time than it has taken to describe it.

But, if our canoe photographer revels in boundless wealth, let him by all means buy plate-holders to his canoe's capacity and his heart's content. But let him make sure that he has means provided to distinguish

at once between holders exposed and holders unexposed, so as not to run the risk of making, months afterward, the mortifying discovery that he had "killed one bird with two stones" as it were, or has ruined half his plates by exposing them twice. And this is the best way to avoid it: Your shields will have heavy mill-board shutter-slides of a mottled brown color. Paint a big **X** on one side of every slide. Now when you fill your holders, place the slides with the plain side in view; after exposure, put the shutter back *painted side out*. *Verbum sap.*

Buy your plates—say five dozen—a week or so before you start. "Eastman's Instantaneous" are the best for general use. Then choose some fine sunshiny day, and test your plates and lenses as follows:—(This hint alone, the Editor says, is "worth the full price of subscription.") Place a plate in its holder, and directing the camera to some well-lighted object without strong contrasts of light and shade, draw the shutter-slide one-quarter out; uncap the lens and expose four seconds. Then cover the lens, and draw the slide one-half out; expose four more seconds. Cover, draw the slide three-quarters out and give four seconds more. Cover once again, remove the slide altogether, and expose for another four-second interval. Then close up, remove to the dark-room, and develop. You have in this way a picture with parts exposed respectively 4, 8, 12, and 16 seconds; by its behaviour during and appearance after development it is easy to see which period of exposure is the nearest approximation to the right one. Repeat this operation, with different intervals and different "stops," at various times during the day and on separate days; note the proper exposure for bright sunlight, heavy shadow, cloudy weather, water, etc., etc., as bases for future work. You have wasted plates, you say; yes, but you have gained an experience which will keep you from ever culpably wasting another;—you have

secured a means of making your exposures uniformly successful, and of bringing home with you an unbroken series of perfect negatives. *Le jeu ne vaut-il pas la chandelle?*

When you pack up for your cruise, wrap camera, shields, focussing-cloth and tripod-head together in a thick rubber cloth. Stow away in one of your "water-tights"—if you have them—otherwise wherever is most convenient. The tripod legs will ride best extended on each side of the cock-pit floor. Wrap your plates most carefully in another rubber cloth and stow away among your extra clothing; they won't get broken there. You must unwrap this cloth every day and give the *packages* of plates (not the plates themselves by any manner of means) a chance to air. Because why? Because the plates will mildew if kept too closely confined in a dark place. Provide yourself with a small lantern with a ruby glass like that shown in Fig. 5, and *never let the plates see any other light (even moonlight) on their way from the box to the shield and return.* In filling the shields take up the plates very gingerly, handling them only by the edges; dust them off on both sides with a small camel-hair brush, and place them *film side out* in the grooves for such cases made and provided. Cover the plate-box, putting in a little paper to take the place of the abstracted plates,—wrap it up again in its original wrapper and tie it snugly. This last caution is by no means superfluous. I have a vivid remembrance of an enthusiastic amateur—I am intimately acquainted with him, I may say—who once upon a time opened a fresh box of plates with every precaution against white light, filled his holder, and in his haste to secure an alluring view rushed away and left the box wide open for the rest of the day. He afterwards wondered why in the world those plates wouldn't work!

Number your plate-holders and keep an account of exposures in your note-book thus:

No. of Holder.	No. of Plate.	Lens.	Stop.	Exposure.	Time of Day.	Remarks.
I	I	6 in. focus	$\frac{1}{4}$ in.	16 secs.	10 A. M.	Bright Sunlight.

When the plates are exposed, return them to the original box, and, beginning at the bottom, place them face downward in the order in which they are recorded in the note-book. Put soft paper between

them, and invariably insert between the exposed and the unexposed plates a slip plainly marked EXPOSED.

You will find small pieces of tissue-paper furnished with the plates, but some further protection is desirable after exposure; and I know of nothing better for the purpose than that article, without which no well-regulated canoeist thinks of setting forth,—that humble but most useful variety of paper known (*sit venia verbo*) as the "Star" brand.

When the box is full of exposed plates, pack it with unusual care, and write on the outside, "EXPOSED PLATES. NOS. 1 TO 12," or "Nos. 13 TO 24," as the case may be. This will tell you where every plate is; and when you come to develop, your note-book will give you just the information you need. (If you are around country hotels much, it is well to write DYNAMITE, NITRO-GLYCERINE, or POISON, as an additional safeguard.) And when a package of plates has been tied up and marked, let no earthly consideration induce you to open it, or allow it to be opened—even in the depth of the blackest midnight—until you return home, and are safe in the retirement of your dark-room. In this connection let me fulfill a mournful but imperative duty by putting you on your guard against the utter hollowness of human promises, and the wholly untrustworthy character of fallen human nature. My dear brother canoeist, you cannot in this matter trust your bosom-est friend. He (or above all, *she*) who might be fearlessly trusted with untold gold, or with secrets involving the welfare of a nation, cannot be trusted with a box of photographic negatives.

Brethren, I speak as a man; and I speak with feeling—from sad experience. Only three short months ago I made a three weeks' cruise on the Indian River in Florida, and was returning to civilization laden with several dozens of undeveloped negatives, presumably excellent, obtained under the most favorable conditions, carefully packed and enclosed in a special box—with which I fondly hoped to gladden the eyes and fill with envy the hearts of my brother amateurs of the North. In an evil hour I decided to accept an invitation to stop over a few days on my way back, and "put up" at the house of an old friend—one of the best and least inquisitive fellows in the world, be it remarked—living on the banks of the St. Johns, in the small

town of — but no; the mere remembrance of that devoted town to this day gives me such acute mental anguish that I cannot bring myself to even write its name.

I would not trust my traps in the room assigned to me; I had forebodings concerning that ardent thirst for forbidden knowledge common to Mother Eve and chambermaids. No place would do but my friend's *sanctum*; where I was assured that nothing was *ever* meddled with—that the disarrangement of a single book or a stray leaf of paper was understood in the kitchen as involving the risk of instant annihilation. There I deposited my burden, and breathed freely. Why should I fear? My box of plates was folded in several dozens of old newspapers, wrapped up in a rubber focussing-cloth, and tied securely on all sides with about forty yards of linen fishing line. It lay undisturbed day after day; it escaped even the morning dusting; no curiosity was evinced by my host concerning it, even in the confidential *causeries* over the post-prandial cigar or the ante-cubicular "night-cap"; my mind was at rest; I was happy.

Vain delusion! Treacherous hope! Fatal self-confidence! Alas! it was the calm that precedes the hurricane! On the last day of my visit I went to my room for a half-hour to pack up, leaving my photographic apparatus to be disposed of last. I finished my packing, hugged myself figuratively in congratulation over the efficiency of my protection of my plates, and came down stairs two steps at a time, whistling an air from "Pinafore." (The crime was great, I admit; but O, my brothers, *did* it deserve so speedy and dreadful a punishment?) As I returned to my friend's room, I stood aghast on the threshold—in the language of the story-books, "rooted to the spot." There stood my precious negative-box on the table in the blessed sunshine, the strings untied, the cloth removed, the papers unfolded, the cover raised, and over it stood my friend calmly inspecting the contents. For one moment I paused—in what Mark Twain would call a "profound French calm." Then the vials of my wrath uncorked themselves, and I blush to say that I used some very naughty words indeed.

"Hullo, what's up?" chirped the culprit, with an air of injured innocence in his inquiry that nearly drove me wild. I could

only gasp in reply. Then I sat down, and in tones that would move the heart of a graven image, if it had one, I reasoned with my friend. I told him how the contents of that box represented the toil of weeks; that those contents, as I had told him something less than a thousand times, were of such a nature that exposure to light was fatal to them; that he had done the very thing I had striven for weeks to guard against; that my pictures were ruined and could never be replaced. And the only satisfaction I received was: "Don't say? my *dear* fellow, I'm very sorry; I thought it was a box of cigars"!!!

This was bad enough; but my cup was full when this friend of my youth thought proper to add insult to injury by presently remarking with exasperating deliberation, that it all seemed like a big fuss over nothing, for *he* didn't see any pictures in the box! * * * * *

I have been taught wisdom. I have been made perfect through suffering. That catastrophe shall never occur again. I now lock my box with a Yale lock and keep the key in my pocket.

CRUISE OF THE POLLY ANN.

(Continued from May No.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF A "CANOE TRIP."

PART III.

The subject of personal history was then and there dropped, and sitting in the moonlight with note-book out, our captain jotted down many interesting facts as they fell from the lips of the taciturn light-keeper.

The readers of the CANOEIST will be just as much interested in an extract from one of the Captain's letters to the *Bungbury Democrat* as if here written as original matter.

THE CAPTAIN'S LETTER.

"Heigh-ho! Down she goes and up she goes! We have been sawing the air with our paddle for fully a week since our last to the *Democrat*, and ever among the curious moss-covered islands of Georgian Bay, with their stunted growth of foliage and a diversity of forms, shapes and grouping sufficient to turn the head of a Philadel-

phia, lawyer and so far too much for the head of your reporter as to lose him completely. I would paddle entirely around two islands, imagining that I was going straight ahead all the time. One day we came across some curious Indian paintings on the face of the rocks. One fellow was drawn, lying on the ground, stuck full of arrows; but the expression was such as indicated he was having lots of fun out of it and really enjoyed the little joke. The fellow standing up, and who had apparently "his little business did for him," seemed to have taken the matter in a really heart-rending way, and was truly sorry he had done it, and then, too, there were lots of other Indians lying around with arrows stuck in them, and there were half-moons and canoes and spears and all sorts of things that would be of no significance except to an ethnologist, archaeologist, or some other ologist. One thing was clear; they evidently had been painted long long ago. In some instances, great roots had grown down and partially covered them; yet the paint looked as fresh and bright as if laid on last spring. The people who inaugurated the hideous custom of painting on rocks alongside of our railways. "S. T. 1860, X.," "Chew Globe," "Philo Pung's Patent Pimple Punisher" and the like, need not fool themselves with the idea that they originated the delightful custom. Here ages ago the festive Indian advertised his deeds; for this I find since is the significance of these pictures.

Long ago, down about Montreal, there used to dwell the warlike Irequois; along the shores of Lake Huron and Georgian Bay dwelt the Huron Indians, from whom the lake takes its name. It came to pass the Irequois navigated up the Ottawa River in canoes; crossed over through Lake Nipsing and Snake River to Georgian Bay and fell upon the Hurons with just as much innocence and simplicity as if they had not come four or five hundred miles to do it. Now, after these social little events

had occurred so many times as to be monotonous the peaceful Hurons formed an ambush and gave the Irequois a terrible thrashing, and so they wouldn't forget it, secured their best artist to placard the thing where the Irequois would see it if they came again. They did come, again and again, and were thrashed pretty often, and more rocks were painted. But sometimes the Irequois would drive the Hurons away up north of Georgian Bay. So they kept see-sawing and having real friendly times together, so to speak, when the white man came along with his "fire-water" and wiped both of them out. It is supposed that through these predatory excursions the good French priests who came over from France to Montreal, Pere Marguerite and others who became acquainted with this new country, and penetrated far up north early in the 17th century, all of which is duly chronicled in history.

TRANSPORTATION OF CANOES.

BY ORANGE FRAZER.

So many inquiries are made as to the best method of shipping a canoe, that I present my experience. *Ship by freight.* Your boat will be more carefully handled, and less liable to injury. Expressmen on our railroads are accustomed to handling all kinds of materials; and, in making rapid transfer, as necessity compels. They have not the time nor inclination to handle large packages with any delicacy. Freight-men being accustomed only to heavier goods take great care of anything unusual or out of their regular line of freight. A large margin of expense is saved, and the only drawback is the difference in the time required for transportation, which is not so great after all. *Do not wrap or cover with any material whatever.* If you do, heavy goods will be piled upon your canoe to the scratching of its surface or mayhap to the crushing in of its deck. If exposed in all

its beauty of line and polish, it will be placed on the top of the freight rather than at the bottom.

To make a cradle: Take an inch board, of hard wood, nine or ten inches broad, and saw off a section as long as the breadth of beam of your canoe. Hollow out its upper edge to the shape of the bottom of your boat, leaving a notch for the keel. Screw two hard-wood cleats, 1 inch by 1½ inches and 6 or 8 inches long, to the inner side one-half inch from the ends. Bore a hole at each end of the board near its upper edge, and two more half way toward the center, and you have one of the cradle ends.

Fashion another end similarly, and screw to the cleats flush with the edges of the cradle ends two boards, each one-half inch thick, 6 or 8 inches broad, and from 4 to 5 feet long, according to size of canoe, and your cradle is made.

Pad the upper edge of the ends by tying cloths or paper on by means of the holes; set your boat on the cradle and fasten firmly to its place by straps or cords passing through the outer holes and over the deck of the canoe. At the end of the route by rail, take apart, pack together and forward by express to the point where rail is to be taken again; or, throw away the side-boards and lay the ends in the bottom of your canoe. The plain side-boards can be replaced at any point on the journey without loss of time and at a trifling expense. The same cradle can be used for years. I once shipped my new canoe in this manner by freight train a distance of 342 miles at a charge of \$2.67; and at another time, 135 miles for 40 cents. On one occasion my cradle being defective in strength, broke down and allowed the side of the boat to rub against a bolt end to the injury of its good looks, but at no other time did it ever receive a scratch during its transportation. I believe that this method of shipment solves the question of how to avoid exorbitant express charges and the damaging of canoes in transit by rail.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

NEW YORK, JULY, 1882.

CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON, Editor.
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The April CANOEIST contained a criticism from ex-Com. Alden on the failure of the new Constitution to provide for branch clubs. Several letters have been received in reply, all of which favor the ground taken in the Constitution. That this meets the views of a considerable number of A. C. A. members we have received abundant evidence, of which the following may be taken as samples: Vice-Com. Edwards writes: "I have just come from a meeting of our Boating Club; at which the following resolution, moved by myself, seconded by Mr. N. D. Beck, was carried unanimously: "That the Club boat-house of the Peterborough Boating Club be free to all members of the American Canoe Association who may visit Peterborough. I need hardly add that a hearty welcome from the members will be ready to supplement the formal resolution. This resolution, which is not limited to this season only, will, I think, so far as our Club is concerned, meet the point suggested by Com. Alden in a recent letter to the CANOEIST."

Secretary Tyson, of the Toronto Club, writes: "As to the use of boat-houses of branch clubs, it seems to me that that must always be a matter of hospitality rather than of right. Surely any Canoe Club worthy of the name would always welcome a cruising canoeist from another club. From this side the line we have sundry communications which we have not space to quote, but which sustain the opinion of our Canadian brethren.

DRIFTINGS.

The dimensions of the last "Pearl" (built for Mr. Whitlock, N. Y. C. C. by W. P. Stephens) are : Length, 15 feet, beam $31\frac{1}{2}$ inches, depth amidships 14 inches, sheer at bow 6 inches, at stern 3 inches, crown of deck $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches, planking $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, decking $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, frames $\frac{3}{8} \times \frac{5}{8}$, spaced 8 inches, centerboard of $\frac{3}{8}$ inch plate iron, galvanized, about 46 lbs., built on the rib-bon carvel system.

Several different inquirers with regard the greatest possible beam practicable for a double-bladed paddle may be answered in one paragraph :—If you use a high seat or are very broad-shouldered, you can use a wider canoe than a narrow-shouldered man can, or one who sits on the floorboards of his canoe. Probably 36 inches is the extreme limit reconcilable with the convenient use of the double blade.

Tuesday of each week has been set apart for a general turn-out of canoes by the Peterborough (Ont.) Boating Club, and a Canoeing Committee has been appointed to aid the Captain in carrying out the season's programme. Stephenson, the famous Peterborough builder, has just sent to England a very pretty canoe with a removable deck.

Editor American Canoeist :

The following named gentlemen have been enrolled in the A. C. A. since my last report :

W. A. Atlee, Fort Madison, Iowa ; P. M. Wacuhagen and W. P. Wacuhagen, 756 Broadway, Albany, N. Y. ; H. L. Thomas (Case, Ogden & Wright), Albany, N. Y. ; John A. Flick, Bedford, Cuyhoga County Ohio ; Hugh Neilson, Manager Bell Telephone Co., Toronto, Canada ; L. L. Conderdt, Jr., 68 William St., N. Y. ; Henry B. Knight, Newburgh, N. Y. ; Chas. W. Heidenberg, Medford, Mass. ; E. H. Moore,

Hartford, Conn., P. O. Box 608 ; Frank H. Pullen, Lowell, Mass. ; Chas. F. Dodge (Case, Dodge, Gilbert & Co.), Boston, Mass. ; Clarence Hulsin, Cincinnati, Ohio.
C. A. NEIDE, *Sec'y A. C. A.*

Charles H. Farnham, Canoe "Allegro," and T. R. White, Jr., Canoe "Rosalie," are now cruising on the Lower St. Lawrence and the Gulf.

Mr. C. M. Shedd, of the Springfield Canoe Club, writes that in that Club drip-rings of leather are used, and give satisfaction. These are made with a half inch strip of russet leather soaked and wound upon itself around the loom of the paddle until it forms a ring or band an inch high. It is fastened at frequent intervals by brass tacks and finally trimmed and varnished. The objection that occurs to us in regard to this ring is its stiffness. The rubber rings described in the June number are lighter and yield readily to a chance blow against the gunwale, or in stowage. Moreover, the leather ring involves driving tacks into the loom of the paddle—a thing always to be avoided with paddles as well as with spars.

Last year two young gentlemen about seventeen years of age paddled from Middletown up the Connecticut River to Greenfield, Mass. (about eighty miles), in four days, and back to Middletown in three days. One of them wants to know what we think of the exploit. Candidly, we think they might have been better employed. Twenty miles a day for four days running against such a current as that of the Connecticut is too much for anyone who is "on pleasure bent and hath a frugal mind" regarding his physical powers. More leisurely work would have trained their muscles quite as well and would have given them a better time. Moreover, cruising up stream is in direct violation of the accepted canons of canoe-cruising.

The young men showed great strength and perseverance, but we cannot conscientiously compliment them on their performance excepting in so far as regards the three days of down stream. During these last days they must have taken it very easily, for we hear of a Springfield man who last May paddled from Springfield to Saybrook Point at the River's mouth (seventy miles) in two days. We are far more in sympathy with this last exploit than with the first. It is an awful grind to feel that if you stop to dip up a drink of water you are drifting backwards, and the moral effect cannot be in harmony with the highest type of intellectual canoeing.

To the Members of the American Canoe Association.

The following is an extract from a letter from Mr. Edmund Savage, Deputy Auditor of the Canal Board, S. N. Y. :

"If canoeists do not attempt to use the locks, but will carry their canoes around them, they will not be required to pay toll, nor is it likely that they will be molested in any manner, if they do not interrupt the legitimate business of the canal, and that they will doubtless receive courteous treatment from all employés of the State. Should they meet with any trouble, it would be well to communicate with this department."

Canoeists, in coming through the canals, will find the lock-tenders ever ready to lend a helping hand to carry canoes from one lock to another, where their duties will allow of it.

C. A. NEIDE, *Sec'y A. C. A.*

A THOUSAND MILES IN A CANOE.

From Ulm the canoeist and his craft took their flight to the charming lakes of Switzerland. The bustle at the railway station was only half about the little boat; the other half was for the king of Wurtemberg, who was getting on his special train to go to his palace at Friedrichshafen. This

lively port is on the north side of Lake Constance, and the canoeist visited it not as only a half hour's tour, to be seen while waiting for a steamer to take one away, but as a point from which he could secure some substantial pleasure by paddling on the placid waters. The lake itself is about forty-four miles long, and nine wide. The Rob Roy was duly launched on its rippleless surface, and was soon far from shore, in that middle distance where all shores seemed equally near, and where "the other side" appears never to get any nearer as one goes on. Here in the middle of the lake the canoeist rested for a while, enjoying the new sensation. Beauty was everywhere around, and of course there was full freedom to see it. There was a cut-and-dry route to be followed, no road, no track, no hours, no time-table to constrain; the paddler could go right or left by a stroke, and was utterly his own master of whether to steer and stop. The whirl of a steamer's wheel was the only sound, and that was very distant, and, when the boat came near, the passengers cheered the canoe, and smiles of envy told of how pleasant and pretty she looked. It was the first taste of Switzerland, the land of lakes, snow-clad peaks, mountains and extortionate inns.

It was a great change to cross a quiet lake after being hurried on a rapid stream like the Danube, and now it was found another change to paddle from the lake into a wide river like the Rhine, which speeds fast and steady among lively scenes. The Rhine—"Father Rhine"—was an old friend. Its water was deep and of a faint blue, but clear enough to show what was below. The pebbly bottom seemed to roll up from underneath, and village churches appeared to spin quietly round on the banks, for the land and its things seemed to move, not the water, so glassy was its surface steadily flowing. The river suddenly narrows after leaving the Bodan Sea, or Lake Constance, but the

banks again open out until it is a mile or two in breadth. Here and there are grassy islands, and the channel is very roundabout, though a canoe will skim over any part of it comfortably. Fishing boats are numerous, as also rudely-made barges, with their great square sails hoisted in a dead calm—perhaps for the picturesqueness of the thing; but the pointed lateen sail of Geneva has certainly a more graceful rig than these clumsy lugs, especially when there are two masts, and the white sails swell towards one, goose-winged before a pleasant breeze.

The river has a very uneven bottom in this part, for the water frequently rushes around in great whirlpools, as if it were gushing upwards, and then again it wheels about in a circle with a sweep far around, before it settles to go onward.

Frequent intercourse with natives of strange countries, where there is no common language between them and the tourist, will gradually teach him a "sign language" which suits all people alike. By this means, no matter what was the dialect of the place, it was always easy to induce one or two men to aid in carrying the canoe, and the formula for this was something in the following style: The boat was first got on shore, when a crowd, of course, soon collected to see the arranging of its interior, sponging out the splashed water, and fastening the apron down. Then, as the canoeist would tighten his belt, as if for a walk, he would look around with a smile, and, selecting a likely man, would address him in English deliberately as follows—suiting each action to the word, for sign language is made more natural when speaking one's own tongue all the time one is acting: "Well, now, I think as you have looked on enough, and have seen all you want, it's about time to go to an hotel, a *Gesthaus*. Here! you—yes, you!—just take that end of the boat up, so—gently, '*langsam!*' '*langsam!*'—all right, yes, under your arm, like this; now march

off to the best hotel, *Gesthaus!*" Then the procession naturally formed itself. The most humorous boys, of course, took precedence, because of services or mischief willing to be performed; and, meanwhile, they gratuitously danced about and under the canoe like fawns around Silermo. Women stared and waited modestly till the throng had passed. The seniors of the place kept on the safer confines of the movement, where dignity of gait might comport with close observation.

So, if you can work your paddle well, and learn the general sign language, and a little of the pencil tongue—stretching figures when necessary, that is—you can go very far in a canoe without being starved or homeless, wandering delighted over a very wide field for the study of character.

The canoeist pulled in for breakfast at the village of Steckborn, where an inn is built on the actual edge of the water, a state of things most convenient for the aquatic tourist, and which is found pretty often along this part of the Rhine. In a case of this sort one can tap at the door with the paddle and order a repast before debarking, so that it is boiling and fizzing, and the table is all ready while things are being put to rights on board, and then tying the boat to the window balcony, or at any rate so that it can be seen all the time while breakfasting, dining, resting, reading or sketching. Experience goes to prove that very few boys, even of the most mischievous species, will meddle with a boat which is floating, but that very few men, even of the most amiable order, will refrain from pulling it about when the little craft is left on shore. Under constant view, one will not be anxious about one's boat as if it were a valuable horse in a strange stable. It is to be expected that when one arrives late all will be found lonely by the water side of these river and lake inns; however, a slap or two on the water with the paddle and a loud verse of a song, Italian, Dutch, a pibroch, any noise, in fact, soon draws the idlers to one, and it is precisely the idlers one wants. From among them one can always pick help to carry the canoe and pilot towards an inn.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

THE CANOE PILOT.

AROUND GOTHAM.

BY SHORT.

On a lovely summer morning, not long years ago, two canoeists set sail from a boat-house in the upper part of the city, one, a tall fellow, in a "shadow" built specially deep to accommodate his length of foot and allow of a "turn over" without punching a hole through the deck; the other was a "small fry," also in a "shadow," but with room to spare all round. "Tall" had all the "grub" in his boat, also a valuable gold watch and other trifles. It was the last of the ebb—a Hudson ebb—and a smart breeze was blowing down stream. It was a holiday, and somebody was down on the menu for a patriotic lesson. It proved to be Tall. Not two hundred feet from the float, while stowing the hard-tack, "she jibed," the crew being mostly between decks. That the chops were about the only things in the way of lunch worth saving was discovered a half hour later, when canoe, crew, and so forth, were sponged, wrung, wiped, and somewhat sun-dried. The watch was left behind in a can of oil, when this voyage was a second time begun, as Tall was obliged to change everything he had on, and as all the other club members, except Short—whose things wouldn't fit—were absent on duty. Tall did look queer when ready to sail. One canvas slipper and one pump, a very long, full and threadbare pair of pants, a grey flannel shirt, with a blue one of Short's over it—which blue one did not reach to the aforesaid black affairs, and very much "gone"—a close-fitting worsted rowing turban, of a sickly, stale oil color, and a pair of rusted and cracked glasses, completed the picture.

After getting well out of the rafts of soaked hard-tack, bread, cake, etc., the canoes fairly flew before the wind down

stream (with the tide) past the iron foundry and Manhattanville, the great grain elevators and the market (it was not burned at that period of our country's history), and into the troubled waters between Jersey and the down-town piers, shifting the course now and then to avoid sinking a Coney Island excursion steamer or a simple ferryboat. As the wind was very fresh (as fresh as the remembrance of the spill), only dandy's were set, stepped in the forward mast holes. Off the Battery, where the river and bay tides meet and kick up a rumpus, it became necessary to jibe, or go about. Tall and Short individually and collectively decided on the latter course, and, after succeeding, ran into the little harbor where boats are let, just by the Staten Island Ferry. Here they rested their tired brains for a few moments after the very serious work accomplished, and preparatory to "doing" the East River, and also—must it be added—to make a stir among the quiet seekers after fresh air on old Battery.

Not having much of a lunch left, and finding that personal remarks were being made about appearances by the native boot-black, it was decided not to lunch till the quiet of the upper East River was reached.

After running out of the harbor or slip, and under the noses of several ferryboats, and through some "awful swells," the Bridge appeared, and the East River stretched before the canoes with a tide of five or six knots running up. Most of the ferryboats were laid up for the day in Brooklyn—at least very few were strolling around—so the canoes had it all their own way. After passing Grand street the north wind began to be felt, and a tough paddle was the order of that part of the day. The dock rats seemed to think it fun to "fire" stones and rubbish at the canoes. (Why is it that when anything appears the small boy always wants to "peg" at it?) Therefore the wise men in

boats betook themselves to the island shore of Blackwell, and had a quiet time of it—'tis in the air of the place.

The tide was so strong in the narrow part of the river that paddling seemed needless, and as the wind was kept off by the hills, the hungry fellows lashed their boats together and devoured the four chops and what little else had been spared them in short order, and then wanted more. The paddle was therefore taken up again, and the canoes crossed the river and were kept in well to the New York side, to run shy of the Hell Gate sweep. At last Harlem was reached, and as Tall had lost the food provided for a hearty meal or two, he was sent in all his glory to get something to bite on.

Third Avenue by the bridge is a busy place, especially on Sunday, and Tall created no little amusement and wonder while turning the handle of a peanut roaster during the boy's absence after a loaf for the hungry.

After dropping in at several of the boat-houses and answering a running fire of questions from all sides as to "Where 'yer been?" "Where going?" "Whose pants?" "What does she weigh?" "Want a tow?" etc., etc., the journey was again resumed, and the Harlem navigated even to the Bridge of Kings. It being after high water the bridges—Farmer's and King's—were run (so to speak), and the windings of Spuyten Duyvil threaded.

A landing was effected just by the railroad bridge at Spuyten Duyvil and supper devoured, and a quiet cigar enjoyed. Then the "shadows" were run well out into the tideway of the Hudson, and as there was a slight breeze blowing a small sail was hoisted, the two canoes were lashed together, and while half-sailing, half-drifting down—the two chaps talking the while—darkness stole on, the lights appeared from shore and on the sloops and schooners about, and on round-

ing the point at Fort Washington—in sight of the end of the trip—the great full moon put in an appearance above the trees on the hill, and gave the finishing touch to a most delightful experience.

SINGLE vs. DOUBLE BLADES.

As no one canoe is best for all purposes, neither is the same sort of paddle. Perhaps it would not be uninteresting to your readers to have one accustomed to using both, tell the advantages of each.

The writer learned to use the single blade at an early age, though in different form from our friends in Canada. He has spent many a happy day—yes, and night too—on the head waters of the streams that make into the St. Lawrence River, and have their source among the hills in the counties of St. Lawrence, Franklin, Hamilton, Herkimer and Lewis. This region also abounds in small lakes and ponds. Here in the days that are gone trout fishing and deer hunting was *the* sport. Our outfit consisted of a light open boat or canoe 11 to 13 feet long, 30 to 36 inches wide and weighing from 25 to 50 lbs. If we had much packing to do we took the lightest we could get, and reduced our "duffel" to the last possible pound. If we had but few carries to make, and these short, we took the larger size and more of the luxuries of life—such as an extra blanket, etc.

We always went two in a boat, each man using a single blade paddle. Our boats had seats, one in the stern and one about four feet from the bow. The paddle was used on opposite sides, the man in the stern steering the boat by a slight turn of the paddle at the end of the stroke. In fishing, the man in the stern paddled and held the boat in position, also helped land a fish if necessary. In hunting he did all the paddling, the man in the bow keeping always ready for a shot. Did any of

you ever paddle up to a deer? Some of you will say no, I am sure, so I will tell you how to do it. You are at the landing, on the shore of a beautiful little lake, you are on the watch for game, presently you look across the lake and see a deer on a sand or grass beach a quarter of a mile away. You push the boat gently into the water and silently take your places. You must make no noise and must watch the game, and when his head is up stand still. Now you are off; the paddler heads straight for the game, keeping himself hidden as much as possible behind the hunter who sits like a statue. Watch the game, when he lifts his head keep still. Now you are within a hundred yards, but that is a good distance to make sure work from a boat if you are not used to it. Up comes that head and now he is looking at you. No, he will not put it down again. He sees a strange object, but as it does not move, he watches it. Now comes the skill. The blade of your paddle and half the handle is beneath the surface of the water, you are well covered by the hunter, you do not move the arms, only the hands and wrists are in motion, the paddle is making short strokes, turning half way round at each one, and the boat is slowly drifting only, drifting towards the game. Now you are within sixty yards, you are near enough. So far the hunter has sat immovable. If unused to the work he has done well if he has not got the buck fever. Now the deer gives a quick flirt of the tail and the head is stretched higher, Look out! Slowly the rifle comes to the shoulder, very slowly, else he will see the motion and you will only get a running shot. Now there is another flirt of the short tail and pull. This kind of work can only be done with the single blade.

It would be next to impossible to approach game with a paddle flourishing in the air, and though you could unjoint the double-bladed one, you would find the regular single one much better for ordinary

crucising; where the canoeist sits in the centre of the canoe the double blades will be found the best. It is easiest to learn to use them and easier to use them afterwards. The position is an easier one, and except for hunting they will be much preferred by most canoeists. Let another one speak.

Yours,

J. H. RUSHTON.

THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1882.

The Third Annual Meeting and Regatta will take place at the Canoe Islands, Lake George, New York, August 8th to 12th inclusive.

Tuesday, August 8th, 10 A. M. Preliminary Meeting of Association at the Islands. 3 to 6 P. M., Ladies' Reception. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 9th, 10th and 11th. Regatta off Crosbyside, from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M. Saturday, August 12th. 10 A. M., Annual Meeting of the A. C. A. at the Cabin. The Regatta will be held under the new sailing regulations of the A. C. A. Races will be called promptly at the hours named, unless the weather makes it impossible. "Lorna," the large island will be open for encampment of the A. C. A. during the whole month of August.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9TH.

10 A. M., Review of entire fleet in divisions by class. 11 A. M., Junior Class 2, 1 Mile Paddling. 11:30 A. M., Regular Class 1, 1½ Mile Paddling. 12 M., Junior Class 2, 1½ Mile Sailing. 12:45 P. M., Capsize Race, — Paddling.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 10TH.

10 A. M., Regular Class 3 and 4, 1½ Mile Paddling. 10:30 A. M., Regular Class 2, 1½ Mile Sailing. 11:30 A. M., Junior Class 3, 1½ Mile Sailing. 12:30 P. M., All Canoes, ¼ Mile Paddling, ½ Mile Sail, Capsize and come in with all gear.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 11TH.

10 A. M., Regular Class 2, 1½ Mile Paddling. 10:30 A. M., Regular Class 3, 3 Miles Sailing. 11:30 A. M., Regular Class 4, 3 Miles Sailing. 12:30 P. M., All Canoes, 1½ Mile Paddling, 1¾ Mile Sail. The distance in sailing races may be reduced should the wind be light.

PRIZES.

For the regular regattas the prizes will be flags only. Special prizes of minor value may be offered for competition. Mr. J. H. Rushton offers three fine paddles.

GEO. B. ELLARD, }
W. P. STEPHENS, } Regatta Committee.
LUCIEN WULSIN, }

The NEW YORK CANOE CLUB held its annual regatta on the 24th ultimo, at the Club house, at Staten Island. The sailing race was especially interesting from the fact that for the first time in American waters two "Pearl" canoes were among the contestants. There were "Ripple," (Wm. Whitlock) and "Tramp," (C. P. Oudin). Of the second class were "Dot," (C. B. Vaux) "Whim," (J. F. Newman) "Esmerelda," (M. Van Rensselaer) "Therese," (Frederick Reed) "Freak," (C. V. R. Schuyler). There was a pretty race between "Ripple" and "Tramp"; the former winning by thirty seconds. "Dot" won as usual in her class. The paddling race for sailing canoes comprised nearly the same boats, omitting the Pearls and adding "Psyche," (C. K. Munroe) who won handsomely. Paddling for Rob Roys followed, the entries being "Wanderer," (F. A. Jones) and "Now and Then," (C. B. Vaux) the last named coming in to win. A tandem race closed the programme. Weeks and Whitlock in "Wraith," and Vaux and Wheeler nearly sinking little "Now and Then." The latter won, however, by several lengths.

The KNICKERBOCKER CANOE CLUB held its annual regatta on Wednesday, June 28th, off the Club house, at the foot of 86th Street, North River. For the paddling race for sailing canoes over half a mile course the following entries were made: "Saskatchewan," (R. J. Wilkin) "Coquette," (E. A. Hoffman p.) "Palisade," (H. T. Keyser). "Saskatchewan" won in eight minutes, with "Coquette" second. The next was a paddling race for the Rob Roy class, which included the new "Stella Maris" type. The entries were "Osceola," (A. Brentano) "Shatemuck," E. A. Hoffman). The last named won by a few seconds. A sailing race followed over a three-quarter mile course. The breeze was such that all sail could be carried, and "Coquette," (Chas. Elliot Warren) came in as winner. Next came a tandem or double canoe race, with Warren and Hoffman in "Coquette," and Keyser and Butler in "Palisade." "Coquette" won. The regatta closed with a sailing and paddling race open to all. The entries were "Osceola," (C. K. Monroe, N. Y. C. C.) "Saskatchewan," (R. J. Wilkin) "Mascote," (S. Lowenthal) and "Coquette" (J. C. Hoffman). The canoes came in in the order named.

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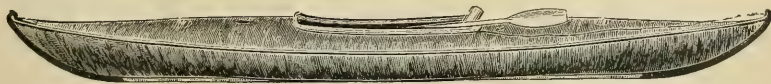
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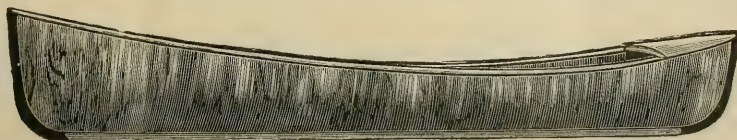
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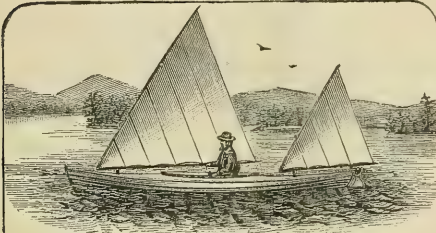
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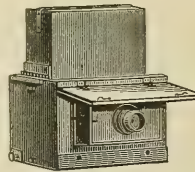
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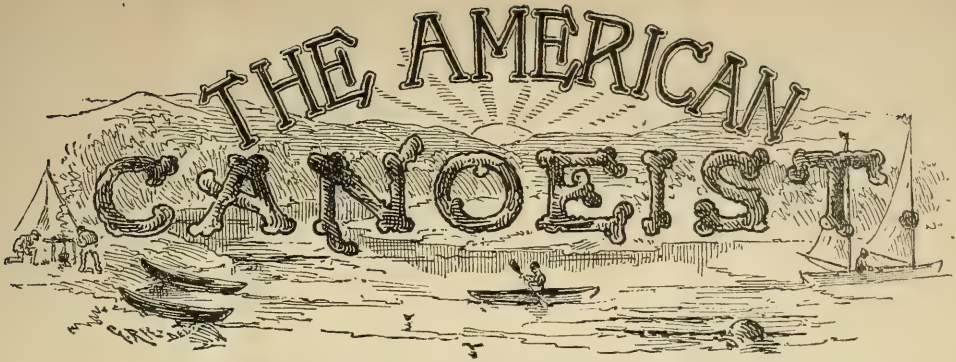
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"WIGWAGGING."

If the present generation of naval officers can do nothing else, it can "Wigwagg," and that is more than the great heroes of former wars could do. Whenever two or three naval vessels are gathered together you may see conversations carried on from deck to deck by means of a simple code easy to learn, and through whose use any message may be conveyed as far as a flag can be seen.

The rapid movement of this flag, from left to right, and *vice versa*, has given rise to the appropriate term which heads this paper.

The use of such a means of intercommunication to cruising canoeists is obvious at a glance, and herewith is submitted the simplest code that has, as yet, been devised. The General Code used by the Army and Navy admits of quicker transmission of words, but the Vowel Code, as here given, is so much simpler, and so much more easily learned, that for amateur purposes it is far superior.

The first requisite is something that can be *seen* and *waved*. The arm or a hat or a paddle will do for short distances, a mast and sail, or a pole with some kind of a flag rigged on it for long distances. For convenience, we will suppose that a flag is to be used :

Face squarely the point to which you are signaling, holding the staff upright.

To signal "A," describe a quarter-circle downward to the right, and recover to the perpendicular.

To signal "E," make two similar quarter-circles in succession. In like manner "I" is represented by three motions, "O" by four, and "U" by five.

The Consonants are represented by similar motions to the left, counting in each case from the preceding Vowel. Thus, "D" is transmitted by one motion to the right—meaning "A"—followed at once by three motions to the left, signifying respectively "B," "C" and "D." A pause, with the staff held upright, after the final motion, indicates that the desired letter is reached. A quarter-circle described directly to the front signifies the end of the word ; two such quarter-circles, the end of the sentence, and three, the end of message.

In the following alphabet "*r*" represents one quarter-circle to the right, "*l*" a like circle to the left, and "*f*" to the front:

THE VOWEL CODE.

Alphabet.

A= <i>r</i>	N= <i>r r r, l l l l</i>
B= <i>r, l</i>	O= <i>r r r r</i>
C= <i>r, l l</i>	P= <i>r r r r, l</i>
D= <i>r, l l l</i>	Q= <i>r r r r, l l</i>
E= <i>r r</i>	R= <i>r r r r, l l l</i>
F= <i>r r, l</i>	S= <i>r r r r, l l l l</i>
G= <i>r r, l l</i>	T= <i>r r r r, l l l l l</i>
H= <i>r r, l l l</i>	U= <i>r r r r r</i>
I= <i>r r r</i>	V= <i>r r r r r, l</i>
J= <i>r r r, l</i>	W= <i>r r r r r, l l</i>
K= <i>r r r, l l</i>	X= <i>r r r r r, l l l</i>
L= <i>r r r, l l l</i>	Y= <i>r r r r r, l l l l</i>
M= <i>r r r, l l l l</i>	Z= <i>r r r r r, l l l l l</i>

SPECIAL SIGNALS.

"Yes," or "I understand" = *r r-r r-r*
r r-f

"Repeat," or "I do not understand" =
r r r-r r r-f

"Error—[I have made a mistake]" = *l l-l*
l l-l l-f

The dashes indicate momentary pauses with the staff held upright.

The alphabet is in itself sufficient for all communications, but matters are greatly facilitated by the use of abbreviations, for which the following is suggested as a basis:

What canoe is that? . *l l*

Where are you bound? *l l l*

Wait for me. . . . *l l l l*

Come here. . . . *l l l l l*

I am in trouble. . . *l r*

Do you understand? . *l l r*

Go more to port. . . *l l l r*

Gomoretostarboard. . *l l l l r*

—— has upset. . *l l l l l r*

Let up camp here. . *l l r r*

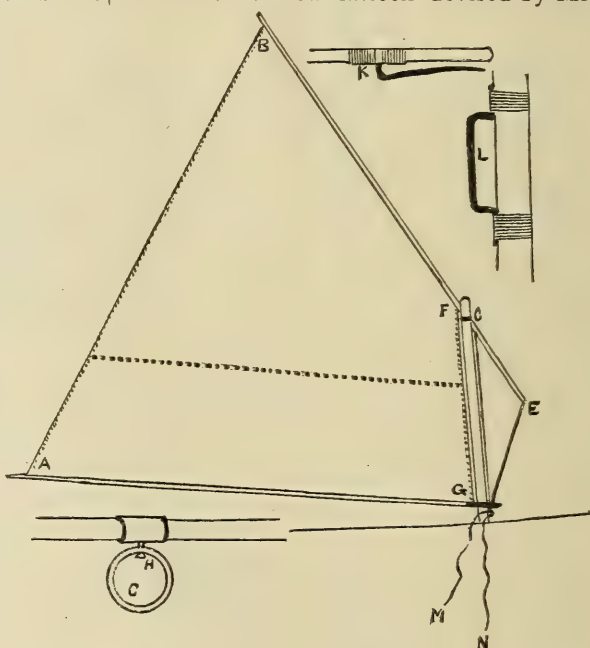
The obvious advantage of the Vowel Code over others is, that its alphabet does not contain arbitrary signals. Any one who knows his letters can use it at once, although practice will, of course, increase the rapidity with which messages may be transmitted. The same code may be used by means of a bugle or a whistle letting one long sound signify *r* and two short ones *l*.

HOISTING AND REEFING THE LATTEEN.

Mr. G. L. Morse, N. Y. C. C., has devised a rig which he has named "the gaff-latteen," and which seems to possess many of the good working qualities of the Ross latteen with the additional virtue of quick reefing. A B F G is the sail. The boom is fitted with the usual jaw. C is a pair of rings swivelled strongly together, the larger made to travel easily on the mast,

and the smaller fitting the gaff. Two halyards are necessary, one to hoist the gaff to the mast-head, and the other (E D) to hoist the peak of the sail. To reef, lower away on main halyard, and turn the boom over and over, winding the sail around it until the area is sufficiently reduced. Make fast with a simple turn around the sail and boom wherever wanted. The horizontal dotted line shows the size of sail when close-reefed.

In this connection it may be appropriate to mention a new latteen devised by Mr.



C. L. Norton. Instead of the usual somewhat clumsy boom jaw hook about four inches long is lashed to a boom (K). This engages a long staple (L) at the side of the mast, instead of clasping the mast as in the case of the jaw. On the yard is the usual ring. At the head of the mast is a block or sheave through which and through a block near the deck a halyard is rove, having a hook at its running end. This hook engages the ring on the yard. It is clear that the sail may be furled on deck until it is wanted, with the halyard hooked to the yard ring and the boom-hook en-

gaging the mast-staple. To make sail hoist away on the halyard. The yard at once rises to its place and the sail is set. To take in sail the peak may be as instantaneously dropped as in the ordinary latteen, and the yard unhooked or lowered by the halyard as may be most convenient. By this device those awkward and often vain attempts are avoided, whereby the latteener endeavors to hook his yard-ring over the mast-head when his boat is in a sea-way. This rig has been practically tested in New York waters this summer. Mr. Morse concedes to Mr. Norton priority of invention in the matter of hoisting, &c., his reefing gear as described above being an additional improvement.

THE HACKENSACK.

I was truly a novice in 1877, having but just heard of a canoe in March and having been an owner only for about three weeks. But I, like many others, after having read Alden's "Canoe and Flying Proa," and Norton's and Habberton's "Canoeing in Kanuckia" was in quite a white heat of excitement for a real genuine cruise.

After searching all the maps of the vicinity of New York I determined to navigate the Hackensack River which rises in the central part of Rockland County, New York State, and after flowing south for about twenty-eight miles (air line) empties itself into Newark Bay in New Jersey.

It was in the month of July that I left the boat-house of the Jersey City Canoe Club at Communipaw, N. J., and paddled in my canvas "Shadow" across the Bay to the Hudson River where I found both wind and tide favorable.

I had been boating for several years, so the management of my little "schooner" was not altogether new to me. After a six hours' sail I reached Yonkers and there partook of a hearty luncheon. An hours' delay and I was again on the waves; but a change had come o'er the spirit of my dreams, and I no longer had the tide with

me. By working bravely on, however, until I had reached a point a little beyond Hastings I fell in with a friendly tug boat which took me in tow as far as Piermont where I slept at the village hotel during the night, and on the morrow I paddled two miles further on to Nyack before breakfast. Here another night was spent.

About 8 A. M. on the third day from home I hired a wagon, and for fifty cents had my canoe portaged to the banks of the Hackensack at Clarksville, N. Y., about a mile from Nyack, due west.

The river here bore little resemblance to the stream over which the Erie Railroad trains pass daily on their journey to the West. During the dry season, which was the time when I made my trip, it was about ten feet wide; but I was informed that at periods, after long rains in the Fall, the water overflows the banks and then for days its width is hundreds of feet.

Leaving the bridge from which I had embarked I paddled slowly with the current for about two miles, when coming to a spot where the stream widened slightly, I effected a landing, divested myself of my clothing and took a bath in the clear, cool water. I had been enjoying the sensation but for a few moments when I was startled by seeing on the bank apparently lifeless the form of a large sized water-snake. It is needless to record that I was soon in my boat, and with clothes replaced I hurried to leave my unpleasant and unwelcome neighbor. But I had not proceeded far before the grating of my keel warned that I would have to "lighten her," and so with shoes and stockings off I waded down the river tugging the while at my painter.

At about 12 o'clock noon I stopped for lunch at a farm-house, and met with a royal reception from its proprietor, who bore the illustrious name of Oliver Cromwell. Unlike his renowned namesake, my Oliver was the disciple of geniality; and after an explanation from me of my canoe

and proposed trip he would not consent to my departure until the following day; and as the sky was clouded over and rain threatened, it did not take a great amount of persuasion to get me to consent. As Oliver and I tenderly carried the petite craft to his barn, and we laid her peacefully on a soft bed of hay.

"We're going to have some of the folks here to-night, it bein' 4th of July, and of course you'll jine in," said Oliver. I assented, and as he had promised, we had a "bully" time.

But to return to the cruise: The following day, July 5th, at 7 A. M., we launched again on the river, and I can see before me as I write the trio that waved the parting salute. There was Oliver, tall, brawny, bronzed; a man about fifty years old, but with a wonderfully jolly face. Then there was his wife, who appeared old enough to be his mother, so wizened up was she; and last in the list stood their boy Jim. They were all a jolly set. Good-bye, my new-made and new-lost friends.

Before describing this day's adventures I wish to inform and to warn all canoeists who are desirous of navigating comparatively unknown streams to depend very little on the information given by old residents. I was told that the river widened a little way down, and that it was plain and pleasant sailing. So to "astonish the natives" all my bunting was set, and I paddled off haughtily. I think I had gone about half a mile when I was compelled to pass under the boughs of many trees, and away went all my fine plumage by the board. My deck was cleared, and I, to escape severe scratching from thorns, was compelled to lie flat on the bottom of the boat and make what headway I could by taking hold of the branches and pulling at them for "dear life." After about an hour's work of this kind I emerged into a little more open water, and it was with true thankfulness that I saw the water deepening around me. I soon found an explana-

tion of this in the shape of a mill standing on the bank. A new sensation and at the same time a conundrum. How was I to pass to the other side of the mill-dam? Go over or go around? I decided upon the latter, and with the hearty aid of the miller I was soon below the falls. But below them I had worse conundrums, for a new trouble appeared in the shape of logs lying directly across the river too near the water to permit me to go under; so I had to get out on the log, pull over the canoe bodily, and get aboard on the other side. This, however, was not so easy to do, for the current here was stronger, and every time I would get the boat in position the tide would carry her from me. At last, exasperated, I gave a jump and luckily landed safely aboard.

I think now I can summarize the remainder of this day, for it was a repetition of all the unpleasantnesses above described. One minute passing under the trees so near the water that it appeared as if there was no opening; then, after fighting these, came more logs. And it is no exaggeration to say that as above described I passed over twenty of these prostrate trees. One I did not pass over, for when I reached it and leaned on it, the weight of my body broke it in two and nearly filled my cockpit with the rotten wood. At six o'clock P. M. I arrived at New Milford, N. J., just 18 miles from Clarksville crossing.

I slept that night in the canoe, and when I awoke the next morning I was painfully aware of the sensations often described by canoeists after having passed the night on the grid-iron floor of a canoe.

At the village store I procured a cup of coffee and a fine piece of fried bacon which, with my own provisions, were very palatable. New Milford is a station on the New Jersey and New York Railroad, about 19 miles from Jersey City, and is the head of navigation on the Hackensack River.

Leaving this place at 9 A. M. I paddled along, and at 11 o'clock passed the town of

Hackensack, arriving at noon at Ridgefield on the Northern Railroad of N. J. Here I met an old school-mate; and, after partaking of a lunch with him set sail, and with a head wind but favorable tide reached Snake Hill, 7 miles below at 4 P. M.

Here I again camped in my canoe, but with better success; having learned to place some dried leaves in the boat for a bed.

On the following morning, after hurriedly eating breakfast, I was again afloat at 8:30 A. M. The wind and tide were now exactly the reverse of yesterday, and at 10 o'clock the tide turned in my favor. An hour later I arrived at the Shore House on the kills at Bergen Point.

Here I staid till 3 o'clock, and then paddled to Communipaw, a distance of six miles, and ended my journey.

To conclude, I would say that the Hackensack from New Milford to the mouth is a pleasant short cruise; but to all canoeists who contemplate the navigation of that treacherous stream above that point my advice is contained in one word, Don't

"SASKATCHEWAN."

A FOREIGN VIEW.

(FROM THE LONDON TIMES.)

Canoeing is at best a solitary and contemplative pastime. Philosophers too humane to angle may cheerfully and safely canoe. The boast has been made that, until a recent melancholy accident, out of five hundred members of the Royal Canoe Club none has ever been drowned from his canoe. Accidents even to irresponsible people who belong to no club, and acknowledged no rules, are anything but common. Skiffs and pair oars, and even large "family" boats (which are often full of girls and children) much more frequently go down than do canoes. The craft that looks so light and fragile that a ripple might upset it is really not at all easy to

sink. If a beginner will paddle into water about three feet deep, put his hands on the ledges and shake his canoe, he will find that nothing but confidence is needed to enable him to keep his balance. Any spectator of water tournaments on a river between canoeists, where part of the fun is for the men to upset each other, will observe that the upsetting is not so very easily performed. There are, of course, canoes and canoes, fitted for different water and weather. The Americans used to say in allusion to the light draft of their gun-boats, that "Uncle Sam's web-feet could go wherever the ground was a little damp." Canoes are not made so light as that, but in this pleasant summer a voyager might sail down one of the old street kennels, if these still existed. A canoe can go up a ditch, where the adventurous crew paddles on dry land. It can shoot a lasher with graceful ease. It enables its master to deviate from the river highway and roam up pretty brooklets, where he scares the shy kingfisher from her nest, and gets within easy range of the more confident water ousel. In tracking these side streams you take Nature unawares, pushing on under fragrant branches of the May or many colored foliage of autumn, through retreats where the angler never comes and only the heron scares the trout. This is a safe, rather languid summer pastime, but a very pleasant one. Without going far from the haunts of men, the canoeist is absolutely alone, "with himself and the Goddess of Bathing." The stealthy manner of his approach, disturbing the waters with no sound, is convenient for him who wishes to study the river creatures, fishes, birds and insects, otters, or the less interesting but merry little water rat.

Members of the Royal Canoe Club probably despise this harmless amateur's work. Some of them may enjoy racing, like the members of the Sport Royal Aquatique, beheld by Mr. R. L. Stevenson, and described by him in the most charming of all

books of the canoe, "An Inland Voyage." The members of Le Sport Aquatique are so fond of swift and competitive paddling that modest tourists arise in the grey dawn and paddle secretly away to escape challenge and defeat. A canoeist tired of Isis and Cherwell, Thames and Kennet, may follow Mr. Stevenson's example, and traverse the rivers of Northern France. Once launched on a voyage down stream, the green banks flash past, the secret of the sweet country unveils itself; hamlets, churches, waterside inns appear new things in the new perspective. The canoeist, automatically guiding his vessel, becomes consciously part of the landscape and absorbed in its charm. His presence and rapid noiseless departure make something of the delight of the country view, in the eyes of men on dry land. This is a pleasanter experience than that of the Lucretian tag, *suave mari magno*, for the crew of the canoe, on the gliding water, likes being stared at as much as the rustic spectator likes wondering and staring. The advent of the canoe with its novelty and romance is a boon to the peasant spectator, who sees always the same field and stream. It disposes him in a Christian land to be polite and hospitable. In Palestine, on the other hand, an explorer of Jordan was fired at by a rustic, out of no ill-will, but simply in the spirit of sport. "You went by so fast," said the child of nature, "that I could not help potting at you." This is not a common peril, such as is run by persons who go down to the sea in canoes equipped with sails and hazard themselves on the face of the deep. To do that requires great experience, coolness and even strength, for let a squall come and the paddler be exhausted, and his vessel will promptly capsize. Not without danger is this "higher canoeing," but it is a picturesque and manly pastime. The crews camp out, sleeping in hammocks swung in trees or under some tiny canvas. They breathe the large air, rich

with the scent of the salt sea or of the bog myrtle by the shores of the Western lochs. They are their own masters, self-sufficing, remote from the world and from work, and gather strength from contact with the free forces of the universe, wind, rain, waves, and sunlight. There is something healthy in this brief return to the "state of nature" from which modern life is so remote. The advantage of canoeing is this, that at the slightest cost the sport enables busy people to paddle out of the artificial into the natural world, which was before us, and is to outlive and outlast our civilization.

A NAUTICAL GERM.

[The Peterboro canoe referred to in the following paragraph from "The Florida Daily Times" of Jacksonville, has before this writing reached its destination and perhaps has already pushed its pretty cut-water into the big saw grass which cost the "Psyche" so dear.]

Captain Haines, of the Waycross Line, sat on the string piece of the wharf for some minutes yesterday afternoon looking anxiously down into Mr. Munroe's little canoe "Psyche" as she danced in the water at his feet. He wanted to try her, and would have liked nothing better than to take a pull across the river in the dainty craft, but thoughts of the responsibilities of his position deterred him, and, with a sigh, he said: "No, I thank you; I guess not this evening." Nevertheless, Captain Haines has ordered a canoe, one of the style known as "Peterboro," from Canada, and will, in a few days, have become one of the widely spread band of American canoeists, or, as an irreverent wag has styled them, "canoezers." Nor is the newly awakened interest in this most manly and delightful of out-door recreations confined in this community to Captain Haines! A number of gentlemen stood with him yesterday afternoon on the wharf watching the "Psyche" as her Captain sailed her to

and fro, and took advantage of the brisk breeze to perform a number of nautical manoeuvres with his tight little ship, and each one speculated to himself or his neighbor, as to whether he too might not own a canoe, and whether Jacksonville was not in need of a canoe club, and if they were not the men to form and support such an organization. From the general drift of the conversation overheard by the reporter, it would seem as if such an organization were seriously contemplated, and as if Jacksonville were to be the home of the first Southern canoe club.

THE MINNEAPOLIS CLUB.

EDITOR AMERICAN CANOEIST.

The "Minneapolis Canoe Club" was organized during the spring of 1881, and now numbers nearly seventy, quite a number of these, however, are not active members. The canoe owners are about thirty in number. The club house is located in the village of Excelsior, on the shore of Lake Minnetonka. The village supervisors having donated the use of the ground to the club. Excelsior is accessible from the city, over either of the two railroads, the Minneapolis and St. Louis, and the Waterline at almost any hour in the day, there being eight trains daily each way. The club house proper is 24 x 30 feet, 16 feet posted, and standing over the water, some five feet below the level of the street. The first floor is occupied with stairs to the second floor and boxes for the canoes. The boxes 31 in number are placed in tiers one above the other; they are closed having tight sides bottom and top, and close door in front, making a secure place for the members to put in canoes and outfit. These boxes are of different sizes to accomodate the different sizes of canoes, but are all of the same length, (sixteen feet); they are placed back from the front of the house

leaving a space of eight feet between them and the doors. The doors are four in number and hung with weights so they slide up on the outside of the house, leaving the front entirely open. The second floor is one large room lighted by four large windows opening in, and protected from flies by screens. This is used as a dressing room and for sleeping room when any of the members stay over night, as they frequently do. In front of the house is a large roofed piazza, 30 feet square, where the members have a shady place to rest and get their boats in order for a sale or paddle. A float is connected to the front of the piazza by which we reach the water. The flag-staff stands at the peak of the piazza roof, from which the club burges floats on the breeze. Of the canoes owned by the members there are a variety both in model and make. There are canoes of Rushton's, Evereson's, Stephen's, and Racine build, with home made also in the list. Of models there are the Traveling, St. Paul, Shadaw, Jersey Blue, and various others. We have as yet had no regular regatta this year, but hope soon to have one. When we do you shall know the results. Of sails there are the Leg-of-Mutton, Lug, both standing and battan, and Latteen. Many are using wooden or iron keels; while one canoe boasts an "Atwood" board. We congratulate ourselves that we are in a flourishing condition, and although we can not be represented at Lake George this year, we may in the future try for first place in some of the contests. Lake Minnetonka should be seen to be appreciated. Should any canoeist visit us I can assure him a cordial welcome and some member of the club will, I am sure, be pleased to show him the highways and byways of the lake. And, if a disciple of Izaac, show him where the Pickeral, Black Bass and "Crappie" are to be found.

Truly Yours,

"KEEL."

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1882.

CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON, Editor.
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A FATAL ACCIDENT.

It has always been the boast of the fraternity that of all manly recreations canoeing is the least dangerous, because it necessitates ceaseless vigilance and activity of mind and body. The boast is justifiable, as is proven by the immunity from serious accidents which has heretofore been enjoyed during cruises covering many thousands of miles. It is therefore with especial sorrow that we are called upon to record a fatal accident to a member of the A. C. A. and of the Springfield Canoe Club, Mr. Chas. H. Newell. In company with Mr. Callender of the same club, Mr. Newell went out under sail on the Connecticut river opposite Springfield, on June 22d. Between 4 and 5 P. M. a squall came up and caught Mr. Newell unawares, with his mainsail standing, and upset him in the middle of the river. He came up and was seen to rest on his canoe, but for some unexplained reason soon left it and attempted to swim ashore. Boats put off at once but the swimmer sank before they could reach him and the body was not recovered for more than an hour.

The deceased was one of Springfield's best young men, a christian, a gentleman, and an honorable man of business. He was engaged with his father in the Newell Manufacturing Company, of Springfield, and was well known in the city as an active promoter of the best public interests.

His sad death should remind us all that

our favorite pastime is not without its serious dangers, and that the mishaps of which it is our pride to make light, may really become matters of the gravest concern.

It would be well if at the Canoe Congress this year some one who thoroughly understands the recognized means of resuscitating the drowned, would describe the operation, giving practical illustrations of the motions necessary for restoring respiration and the like. Printed instructions are very well in their way, but practical illustrations with a volunteer subject are much better.

TORONTO CANOE CLUB.

The challenge cup paddling race of this club came off on the 6th ultimo, with eight entries of canoes, whose differing models necessitated a general distribution of time allowance. The first to go was the sailing canoe N. H. Bishop, 34½ inches beam and considerable sheer (Mr. Thos. Bengough.) Thirty seconds later the Bores (Commodore Neilson.) She is a sailing canoe, 33 inches beam. Then came three, classed equally forty-five (45) seconds behind Bishop, namely, two Shadows (Mr. Frank M. Nicholson and Mr. J. L. Kerr), and the Fairy, paddled by Mr. Eugene Stern, owned by ex-Commodore Bridgman. Vice-Commodore Leigh, with open canoe and single paddle, started next—one minute. All the other canoes were propelled by double paddles. One minute and fifteen seconds after the leading boat, Mr. Herbert W. Kent started in the Racine Rob-Roy Mamie, 28 inches beam. The last to go was the Mamie's owner, Mr. Johnston, two minutes after the Bishop, in a light paddling canoe of 24 inches beam, belonging to Mr. S. L. Hicks. By the time he reached Yonge street wharf, Mr. Johnston had headed all the other boats; and he came in winner of the Vice-Commodore's Challenge Cup by one minute. Mr. Kent and Mr. Kerr were second and third re-

spectively, followed by Mr. Stern, Mr. Nicholson, and Mr. Leigh, in the order named. The Commodore and Mr. Bengough held a meeting in the rear of the fleet and passed a resolution that heavy sailing canoes were not the thing for a paddling race in the teeth of a westerly wind. Acting on this wise conclusion, they took it easy and waited for the starter, who was leisurely paddling along in the new pearl canoe Isabel.

On Saturday, July 10th, occurred the combined sailing and paddling race for the large challenge cup. The "Toronto Mail" says: The course was a triangle, with quarter-mile sides, and the competitors had to paddle twice around, then hoist canvas and sail twice around. It was thirteen minutes past four when the start was made, and for fear of the wind dropping the course was curtailed to one round by paddle and one under sail. The starters were the Mamie, M. Fisk Johnston; the Sadie N., Frank M. Nicholson; Badger, Fred. Mason; Nautilus, Andrew, B. Eadie; and Boreas, Hugh Neilson. Mr. Johnston paddled the first round in seven minutes, Mr. Mason came in two minutes later, Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Eadie in about half a minute more, and the Commodore last. The first stretch of the sailing was a "reach," then came a run before the wind, and last a beat to windward. Johnston kept his lead until the home stretch, when the heavy metal of the centreboard canoes began to tell, the Boreas took the lead, and came in the winner by seven seconds over the Nautilus and Sadie, who arrived together at the winning point. It is interesting to note that the canoes of Mr. Neilson and Mr. Eadie represent the two leading types of English sailing canoe, namely, the "Nautilus" of Mr. Baden Powell, and the "Pearl" of Mr. Tredwen. These two styles of canoe had for some years been engaged in friendly rivalry in England, and now they are trying conclusions in Canada. On this occasion neither the

Nautilus nor the Boreas was properly rigged for racing, the former being especially at a disadvantage on account of small canvas. They will rig up with big racing sails, and try conclusions again. They both carry heavy centreboards, and are of full model, which gives them great stability and sail-carrying power, though they cannot compete with the lighter Shadows and Rob Roys in paddling.

THREE IN NORWAY BY TWO OF THEM.

MAP AND FIFTY-NINE ILLUSTRATIONS BY
THE AUTHORS.

New York: Scribner, Welford & Co.
(\$4.00.)

The Same: H. B. Lippincott & Co.,
Phila. (\$2.00.)

This is rather a more extended and ambitious work than we are generally accustomed to associate with a trip of the character. Not but that there is sufficient material to be found in a canoeing trip through Norway if properly made use of to satisfy the most exacting public, but it is rarely, to our regret—that we find our Confereres willing to make notes and afterwards go through the labor of preparing them for publication.

This book is well and handsomely printed, the sketches have been reproduced with much life and spirit, and the story is told in such a readable way as to secure a welcome from every reader. In point of fact we have had nothing so entertaining, and at the same time so full of information since "Canoeing in Kanuckia" and Bishop's "Voyage in a paper canoe." The experiences of the crew were varied, their misadventures few, and all met in the most cheerful spirit, and the country being somewhat familiar to the *voyagers*, they were able to profit by experience and make the most of every opportunity. We recommend the book as being well worth a place in every Canoeist's library.

DRIFTINGS.

Secretary Neide reports a number of votes still wanting on the constitution. Send them in promptly, please, so that there may be a definite basis to begin business upon when the meeting is called to order.

The Halifax (N. S.) canoe fleet has received an addition in the shape of a handsome canoe built by Messrs. H. Embree & Son, Port Hawkesbury, C. B. She paddles fast, is very stiff, and weighs only fifty-seven pounds. With a view of meeting any demand, the Messrs. Embree have imported some of the white cedar which is used almost exclusively by the best American builders. An inspection of this canoe is all that is required to convince any one that so far as skill is concerned our provincial neighbors will be able to meet competition from outside.—*Halifax Morning Herald*.

A very pertinent criticism on the constitutional classification points out the absurdity of distinguishing between decked and open canoes. If you take off the deck of a shadow and put it on a hunting canoe, the two boats must change classes according to the constitution, while, in fact, their models and efficiency remain unchanged. The idea of distinguishing between the two on account of decks, originated in the so-called brains of certain ritualistic canoe-men who hold that with the decked canoe perfection was attained.

Canoeing does not vanish from the neighborhood of Lake George with the exodus of delegates to the A. C. A. Convention. The Whitehall club has a fleet of eight canoes, five of which are smooth skinned, two Racine's and one lap-streak. The smooth canoes are nearly all original models. At Glenn's Falls is another thriving club, which challenged the Whitehallers to a race on July 4th at Lake George. The

challenge was not received long enough in advance to render its acceptance possible.

Mr. Robert Schriver of Cumberland, Maryland, sends us a sketch of an ingenious attachment for the excellent moulded seat furnished by the Racine Co. The back is made same width as seat—outside measure—and as high as desired. In the lower end a hole is bored say $\frac{5}{16}$ inch, through which a rod of hard wood is passed to form the hinge. The rod should project at each side enough to pass through the side pieces and to receive a pin to hold the pieces in place. These pieces should be of such length as to allow the back when open to rest on the foot of the seat as far back as possible. The forward end is held in place by a screw set in loose enough to allow the pieces to turn on it. The cross-pieces for the back may be as numerous as necessary, and set just where they are wanted. The whole is kept from falling back by a stout cord as shown, passing from the back on one side under the seat and up to the back on the other side. This allows for equal stretching and for ready adjustment as to length. When closed the back rests on the seat, and you may sit down on it without fear of doing any damage. If perpendicular strips are preferred to cross-pieces there is no difficulty about using them, indeed any shape of back is easily adapted to this device.

[We do not see why stout cords would not do as well as the side pieces shown, the sides of the back projecting below the lowest cross-pieces so as to prevent its slipping sideways when in use.—*Editor A. C.*]

At a meeting of the Toronto Canoe Club, held May 30th, the following officers were elected: Hugh Neilson, *Commodore*; Edward Leigh, *Vice-Commodore*; Robert Tyson, *Secretary*; Frank M. Nicholson, *Librarian*; John Hogue, *Treasurer*. The A. C. A. Constitution was adopted, with some local amendments.

Secretary Neide, A. C. A., writes us that he has received more than one hundred votes on the constitution, but not enough, as yet, to decide the matter of its adoption or rejection. Members, who have not yet voted, are requested to do so as soon as possible.

The following letter has been forwarded for publication. Its suggestion seems very reasonable. In justice to the Committee on the Constitution it should be said, that the matter of classification was talked over with the Canadians at Lake George last year, and the delegates from the States understood that "Peterboro Canoes" were a recognized type, which properly included the others. Messrs. Herald & Hutchinson may be assured that the desired change will be made at the next meeting.

Six Vesper (C. C.) canoeists, Walter W. Johnson, Hiram S. Pottor, Fred. A. Chase, Samuel T. Barnes, Austin K. Chadwick and Ralph F. Brazier, started down the river in four canoes this morning on a ten days' cruise over the route followed by another Lowell party last summer. They expect to reach Newburyport to-night. From there they will go to Portsmouth, up the Piscataqua and Cocheco rivers, across Lake Winnepesaukee and down the Merrimack to Lowell.—*Lowell Journal*.

The Sewanhaka Yacht Club offered handsome prizes for a canoe race to take place on the 29th ultimo, in connection with the "Corinthian" race of the club. There were five entries of canoes, but no wind, and the course could not be made. It is understood that a new date will be named, and it is hoped that more canoes will be present. The 29th was a rather unfortunate date as so many canoeists were off on cruises, or had already shipped their boats to Lake George.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard announce a new edition of Bishop's "Voyage in a paper Canoe."

A new edition is announced by Lee & Shepard, of Douglas Frazer's capital little book, entitled "Practical Boat Sailing." As a compact manual for amateurs in the matter of yachts and sailing boats this has no superior, but the first edition had little or nothing to say about canoes. The principles of seamanship are the same, however, for a canoe and for a seventy-four, though it would be well perhaps for a learner to begin with one before he undertakes to handle the other—a bit of advice which is at least indefinite enough to suit all hands.

CANOE PILOT.

THE ERIE CANAL AND THE MOHAWK RIVER.

BY R. W. B.

To the canoeist, who has been dipping his blades in the blue waves of natural waterways, the smooth but dirty surface of a canal is an unwelcome change, but the canoe seems to go faster than it does elsewhere, which is something of a compensation. We struck the Erie Canal at Durhamville, N. Y., and launched our boats at an hour which made it expedient to look out at once for a camping plan, so we landed to *reconnoitre*, and found we were near a road, on the opposite side of which was a nice house and lawn, with several trees, and just the place to pitch a tent, but not knowing whether the owner of the premises cared for that addition to scenery we decided to consult him.

A man with a lantern came out of the house and told us his master was away from home, but after some persuasion, *and offering to take all the blame, if there were any*, we were allowed to camp on the lawn. Next morning the owner of the place paid us a visit, and, instead of being annoyed with us for the liberty we had taken, said we might camp there again, if we happened to travel that way.

Making an early start, and paddling at a good rate, we got to Rome in time for dinner, and after taking a stroll through that city, proceeded on our journey and arrived at Utica the same night. Early next day we paddled about a mile below the locks, and carried our canoes to the Mohawk river, which was not more than two hundred yards from the canal. It was pleasant, as the day was very hot, to paddle along under the overhanging trees, but through having the advantage of the current, we could have reached our destination in less than half the time, if we had remained on the canal, the numerous bends in the river delaying us considerable. Let no one imagine, though, that we were discontented with the route we had chosen, for our first day's cruise on the Mohawk river will always be remembered by us with pleasure.

We had paddled only about a mile before we came to a rapid, and ran several others successfully during the day. None of them were dangerous for ourselves, but were rather so for our canoes, the water being unusually low, and careful *manœuvres* were required to get over safely. Sometimes we were obliged to run our canoes so close to the banks that we had to lie back in order to avoid being "rubbed out" by the branches of trees which projected over the river. When near Frankfort we were running a "rift," at the foot of which an angler was diligently flogging the stream, and his back being toward us, he was quite unaware of our approach, so appeared greatly surprised when our canoes darted past him. At Frankfort I purchased quite a variety of provisions, amongst which were some not mentioned in Mr. Habberton's recent communication to the AMERICAN CANOEIST, namely, *cocoa-nuts*. My friend S. having asked me to be sure to get some *milk*, I was determined to bring some, although I knew that "the milk of the cocoa-nut" was not exactly what was required. Continuing our journey, we soon got to Illon,

and camped a couple of miles below it near a rifle target on the right bank of the river. Next day we had an exciting encounter with a large snapping-turtle, which was swimming near the bank till disabled by a bullet from S.'s revolver, and then lifted *with our paddles* to the deck of one of the canoes. There was no occasion to put a label with "hands off," or "*ne touchez pas*," on its back, for it was evidently prudent to keep one's digits at a respectful distance. About noon we came to a bend of the river, with high banks, not affording any landing place, and hearing a great rush of water, we suspected there was a rapid, or perhaps a fall beyond, so held a consultation as to what was to be done, the result being that we decided to "go ahead," and our canoes a moment after were tossing in "foaming waves," but no mishap occurred. Not knowing how to make turtle soup, we gave the "animile" away, and contented ourselves with more *wholesome* (I had nearly written *plainier*, but that would have been incorrect, the turtle being decidedly *ugly*) food for dinner.

At Little Falls we had to leave the river and carry our canoes to the canal, on which we paddled till a late hour that night, and camped in a field below St. Johnsville. The lock keepers, as a rule, were civil, and allowed us to pass through the locks, but on one occasion, late at night, we were left longer than was pleasant at the bottom of a deep lock till the gates were opened for a barge to come up.

Starting on our journey early next day we passed a village, oddly named, "Sprakers;" about noon, and while taking dinner in a shady spot, we saw two canoeists in canvas Rob Roys paddling by, and on hailing them, learned that they had been running some of the rapids on the Mohawk, and were returning to the village by way of the canal. A strong wind having sprung up we hoisted sails, and our canoes soon passed Fort Plain. The view of the Mo-

hawk during this portion of the trip was well worth coming to see, and I regret that I am unable to give a suitable description of the scenery along the route.

In the evening a heavy rain-storm overtook us, and our tent not being waterproof, we took shelter in a dilapidated looking farm-house close to the canal. The occupants, a very old couple, were tardy in admitting us, although we tendered payment for the privilege, and when we did get indoors, we felt by no means jolly, for our hostess was in a most melancholy mood and indulged in dismal groans, so much so, we fancied that some member of the family was lying dead somewhere in the house. We soon, however, discovered that the old woman was very deaf, so probably was unaware her sighs were so audible. After some delay we managed to get some boiling water for tea, the fuel used in the stove being rather novel to us, for it consisted of corn-cobs with a liberal supply of coal-oil poured on the fire. The old woman seemed to care much less about the risk of an explosion than we did.

S. and I slept on our rugs in the kitchen, and were only disturbed by a cat walking over us occasionally. Next morning we found the rain still continued, but we decided to push on, as anything was better than remaining in the gloomy old house with such uncongenial society. When within a mile of Amsterdam we slid our canoes down a steep bank to the Mohawk river, and soon came to a rapid which nearly proved fatal to one of the canoes, in consequence of a reef on which she struck. Arriving at Amsterdam, we went to the nearest hotel, got a comfortable dinner, and avoided the delay of cooking for ourselves. Getting afloat again, we soon had a lively time, as quite a number of rapids had to be run. On one occasion I attempted to sit on the deck of my canoe, in order to lessen the risk of damage to it in case of running aground, but got pulled off by having one of my feet caught between two boulders. My friend's canoe got a hole knocked through soon after, but a plaster of canvas and some shellac varnish soon made it as water-tight as ever; however, we agreed that we had enough of rapids for one day, so betook ourselves to the canal, when a favorable place for port-

aging thereto was found, and about 10 o'clock at night arrived at Schenectady tired enough, having paddled about 36 miles. Next day we traveled by rail and stage to Lake George, and reached the Canoe Islands in the afternoon.

After a pleasant week in camp we returned to Ottawa by train and steamer, having been absent three weeks, traveled 700 miles, about 300 of which were "done" in our canoes, and feeling much invigorated by our trip.

A THOUSAND MILES IN A CANOE.

[CONCLUSION.]

The falls of Schaffhausen on the Rhine were visited by the canoeist, and were found looking finer than he has ever seen them before, for was he not on a canoe voyage; still, he contended himself with viewing them as a picture. From Lake Constance the canoe was expressed by rail to Lake Zurich, another charming Swiss beauty, dear to the people's heart. In the twilight the Rob Roy launched on the lake of Zurich, so lovely by evening, cool and calm, with its pretty villages painted again the reflecting water below, and soft voices singing, and slow music floating in the air, as the moon looked down, and the crests of snow were silvered on the far-off hills. Much of the charm of next day's paddle on the lake consisted in its perfect independence of all previous arrangements. The wind might blow as it liked, but the eager canoeist felt that he could run before it, and breakfast at this village, or cross to that point to bathe, or pass round that bay and lunch on the other side of the lake, or anywhere else on the shore, or in the boat itself, at will. He felt as a dog must feel on his travels, who has no luggage and no collar, and has only one coat, which always fits him and is always getting new!

When quite sated with the water, the canoeist fixed on the village of Horgen to stop at for a rest, to the intense delight of all the Horgen boys, who jumped and capered about the canoe, and screaming all the while with the glee of young hearts stirred by a new sight. It was one of the great treats of the voyage to find it gave such an unalloyed, wholesouled pleasure to the urchin population in each place; and along the *vista* of his recollection, as the canoeist thought over the past days of the cruise, many thousand childish faces, brimming

with happiness, ranged before his eye their chubby or not chubby faces. These young friends were ever still more joyous when the boat was put into a cart, and the driver got up beside it, and the captain of the canoe begun his hot walk behind. A number of their mammas always came out to smile on the performance, and some asked to have a passage to England in the boat, to which there was the stock reply, given day by day, "Not much room for the crinoline." Only once was given this rejoinder, that the lady would willingly leave her expansion at home; though on another occasion, and in France, too, they answered, "We poor folks don't wear crinoline." In every group there were various forms of inquisitiveness about the canoe. First, those who examined it without putting questions; and then those who questioned about it without examining. Some lifted it to feel the weight; others passed their hands along its smooth deck to feel the polished cedar; others looked underneath to see if there was a keel, or bent the rope to see how flexible it was, or poised the paddle, and said, "How light!" and then more critical enquirers measured the boat's dimensions, tapped its sides with their knuckles, and looked wise; sketched its form, scrutinized its copper nails, or gently touched the silken flag, with its hem now frayed a little, and its color fading; in all places this last item, as an object of interest, was always the first exclaimed about by the lady portion of the crowds.

Lake Zug is about three hours' steady walking from Lake Zurichi and so the canoeist went to it. It is a little lake, and the mountains are over it only at one end, but then there are glorious hills, the Rigi, and a hundred more, each behind another, or raising a peak in the gaps between. At one end of the lake the line of targets was visited, where the Switzers were popping away their little bullets at their short ranges, with all sorts of jimcrack instruments to aid them, lenses, crooks, and straps for the arms, hair-triggers, and all done under cover, moreover. Very skillful, indeed, are they in the use of these contrivances, but the weapons look like toy-guns after all, and are only one step removed from the crossbows seen in Belgium and France, where men meet to shoot at stuffed cock-robins fixed on a pole, and do not hit them, and then adjourn for beer. Withal, the Swiss are good shots and brave

men, and woe be to their invaders, unless the latter should arrive with the force and numerousness of avalanches.

Sailing on a lake in Switzerland is a full reward for carrying your mast and sails unused for many a long mile. In sailing while the wind is light one need not always sit, as must be done for paddling. Wafted by the breeze, one can recline, lie down, or lie up, put one's legs anywhere and anywhere, in the water, if one likes, and the peak of the sail is a shade between the sun and one's eyes, while the ripples seem to tinkle cheerfully against the bow, and the wavelets seethe by smoothly near the stern. When under sail, the hill-tops look higher than before, for then one sees how far they are above one's "lofty" masthead, and the black rocks on the shore look blacker when seen in contrast with a soil like cream.

The Rob Roy was next carted and rumbled over the hill to Lake Lucerne. There was a permanent joke on the road on such occasions, and, oddly enough, it was used by drivers in Germany as well as in Switzerland, and was, of course, original and spontaneous with each of them, as they called out, "Going to America!" and then they chuckled at the brilliant remark. The village halted at on Lake Lucerne was the well-known Kussnacht—that is, *one* of the well-known Kissnights, for there are plenty of these honeymoon towns in Central Europe.

In the midst of the customary assembly of *quidnuncs*, eloquently addressed this time by the Swiss driver, the canoe was launched on another lake, perhaps the prettiest lake in the world. How cool the snow looked up aloft on the mountains even in the heat of summer, and—coming down to the level on water—how lively the steamer was with the music of its band, and the quick beat of its wheels curling up white foam. The canoeist spent twelve hours by day in paddling over this inexhaustible lake of Lucerne, and, in leaving it, felt that a dozen new pictures had been left unseen in this rich and truly lavish volume of the book of nature. But as he found that book had no page in it about quarters for sleeping and eating, he had to abandon its placid surface for other "thoroughfares."

From Lucerne the canoeist paddled by the river Reuss, which flows out of the lake and through the town. The river is one of four—the Rhine, Rhone, Reuss, and Ticino, which all rise near together in the neigh-

borhood of Mount St. Gothare ; and yet, while one flows into the German Ocean, another falls into the Mediterranean, both first having made, between them, nearly the compass of Switzerland. The Reuss has many cascades and torrent gorges, as it runs among the shattered crags, and it falls nearly 6,000 feet before it reaches the lake of Lucerne, the latter itself being 1,400 feet above the sea. For some miles the canoeist found the new river easy traveling. The trees were in dense thickets to the water's edge, and wild ducks, "am-mers," hawks, herons and kingfishers abounded. Afterwards the navigation encountered shallows, rocks and falls that had to be "shirked."

The actual number of miles in a day's work for the canoeist is much influenced by the number of waterfalls, or artificial barriers, which are too dry or too high to allow the canoe to float over them.

From the difficult Reuss the canoeist at last launched again on the Rhine, passing through Bale, and finally drawing up in France, at Mulhouse, the famous French manufacturing town. From this point the Rob Roy was carted until it was once more launched on the river Moselle, with its lovely scenes, amidst all the variegations of life in *la Belle France*. What he at once missed in crossing into France was the good singing of Germany, of rustic and village Germany. The French officials on the canals and rivers displayed, too, an alarming amount of red tape, but the tourist chaffed it off, frequently, as he paddled

down the Moselle, the Meurthe, the Marne. But the circle was rounded at last as all circles are : the canoeist's round trip was approaching its end with his vacation. From the Marne the Rob Roy glided on to the murmuring Seine, the last few miles to make ere reaching Paris, the last of more than a thousand paddled and sailed since the start from London on the Thames. The gradual approach to Paris by gliding down the Seine (with all his baggage) was found altogether a new sensation. On reaching the famaliar *quais*, the Rob Roy was duly housed, and her captain shouldered his luggage and wended his way to Hotel Meurice—the abode of princes and millionaires, in the Rue de Rivoli.

By rail the canoe was shipped back to Charing Cross Station, London, and there two porters put her in the Thames again. A flowing tide, on a sunny evening, bore her fast and cheerily straight to Searle's, there to debark the Rob Roy's cargo safe and sound and thankful, and to plant once more upon the shore of Old England

The flag that braved a thousand miles,
The rapid and the snag.

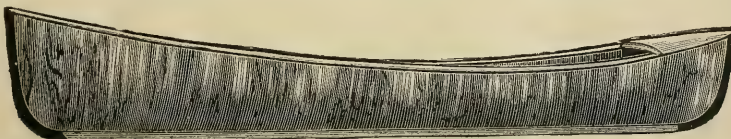
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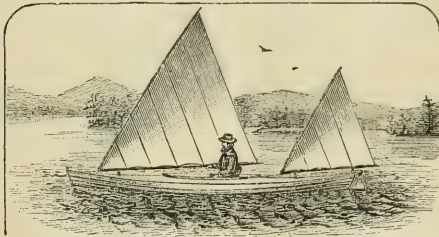
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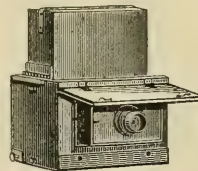
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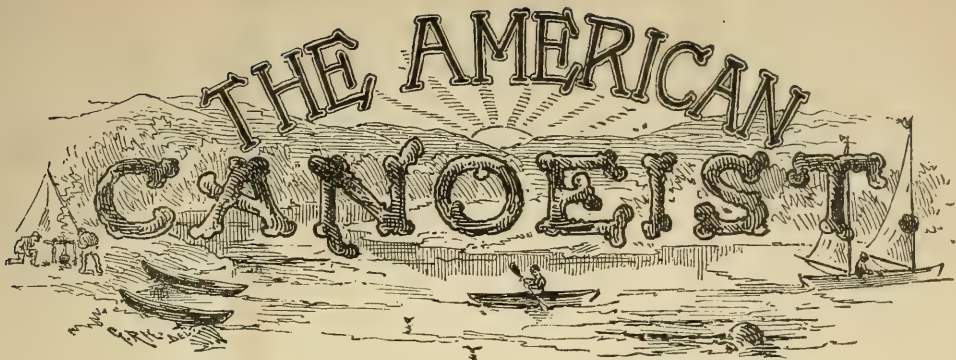
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THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION MEETING.

The Third Annual meeting and regatta of the American Canoe Association was held at Lake George, N. Y., on the 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th of last month, and from beginning to end was a complete success. The clearness of the weather, the steadiness of the wind, for this variable lake, and the good fellowship of the members present was such that failure to have an enjoyable time was out of the question. As early as the 4th of August did the captains and their craft begin to arrive and on Monday the 7th, some ten or a dozen tents had been pitched in the clearing. A new departure was taken this year in the mode of tenting in the use of large tents, accommodating eight or ten, where in years previous, each man carried his own "mansion" and slept therein without "lodgers."

As soon as the canoeists arrived at the large island or "Lorna," as it is called, they received a hearty reception from the indefatigable Secretary, Dr. C. A. Neide, whose jolly salute and hearty welcome fore-shadowed the pleasure in store for all.

The Cincinnati Canoe Club occupied the log Council Chamber on Lorna Island instead of their usual camp on Ellard Island.

Some twelve clubs had representatives in camp, among which were the following:

Cincinnati, O., New York and Knickerbocker, of New York City, Mohican, of Albany, N. Y., Lake George, Peterboro', Ontario, Toronto and Ottawa, Berkeley, of Middleton, Conn., Springfield, Mass., and Philadelphia, Pa.

The congregating together of so many practical canoeists each year is of much benefit to those who attend, as the different styles of cooking utensils, camp cots and beds, and tents, can be, in this way, thoroughly experimented with. For practical camping, the Canadians, without question, carried off first honors, while for interior useful tent equipage, the Springfield Canoe Club was *nulli secundus*. Between the Knickerbocker and New York Canoe Club great rivalry existed in the tent decorations for the general reception day. It is safe, however, to say that the "honors were easy."

On Tuesday, Aug. 8th, the session formally opened with the preliminary meeting of the Association on the green in front of the log cabin, known as the "Wigwam" or "Council Chamber." Commodore Nicholas Longworth presided and about seventy-five or eighty members lay scattered around on the benches or reclined on the sward. The only business before the meeting was the report of the Regatta Committee which was read by Captain Lucien Wulsin of the Cincinnati Canoe Club and accepted.

The afternoon had been set apart for the ladies reception, but about one o'clock the clouds overhead that had been threatening broke and showered torrents of water on the canvas city. The rain continued with but slight interruptions during the remainder of the day, in consequence of which but few visitors called at the islands to inspect. Those who were courageous enough to brave the Storm King were entertained in the large tent of the Knickerbockers where songs and gingersnaps were intermingled to help pass the afternoon.

One striking feature of this day's proceedings was the display of the uniforms of the different clubs. In this particular the Mohican's of Albany won the smiles of the Goddess of Beauty as they in their gray knee breeches and blouse with hat to match and blue stockings were by far the most picturesque. The members of the Peterboro' C. C. were also marked by their neat appearance in a plain suit of navy blue and straw hat. The Philadelphians in their gray shirt and knee breeches and red stockings and the Knickerbockers in their blue shirts and gray knee breeches and stockings were also worthy of mention.

On Tuesday evening a banquet of sandwiches, coffee and ice cream was given the campers by Messrs. Longworth & Wulsin, and after the telling of stories around a huge camp fire, the lanterns were darkened and the first day in camp was ended.

At 7 o'clock A. M., on Wednesday, Mr. E. A. Hoffman, Jr., who had been appointed official bugler by the Commodore, sounded his call and in a few minutes all was bustle and hurry.

Last year the canoeists were compelled to work their boats to Crosbyside, over four miles south of the islands, to the regatta course and were in this way thoroughly worn out before the races began. This year, through the kindness and forethought of Commodore Longworth, a steam launch called each morning and towed the boats to Crosbyside. At ten A. M. the

fleet numbering about one hundred canoes rendezvoused at the beach to the East of Fort William Henry Hotel and there were separated into three divisions. The first under the command of Vice Commodore E. B. Edwards of the Peterboro' C. C., was composed solely of paddling canoes or Class 1. The second under Rear Commodore Arthur Brentano of the Knickerbocker C. C., was composed of light sailing canoes or Class 2; and the third division under Acting Division Commander, C. Bowyer Vaux, of the New York C. C., was composed of the heavier sailing canoes or Classes 3 and 4.

The first division proceeded in the advance and paddled in review before the Commodore who was situated on the Crosbyside wharf as a grand stand. The other divisions passed under full sail and completed one of the prettiest sights ever seen on Lake George. The canoeists were amply repaid for their successful efforts by the plaudits and waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies who crowded the lawn fronting the hotel.

Next on the programme came the competitions of the day, the first of which was a mile paddling race for junior class 2. This year for the first time the Committee has classed the members as juniors and seniors or regulars, the former being those who have never won a race in any open regatta. The Committee also divided the canoes into four classes as heretofore described.

For this race there were nine starters: T. Emerson, Peterboro' C. C., 1; time, 11 minutes 31 seconds. G. Vandusen, Rondout, N. Y., 2; H. L. Thomas, Mohican C. C., Frank A. Jones, New York, Charles A. Decker, New York, Harry C. Jones, Lake George C. C., W. B. Wackerhagen, Mohican C. C., and Robert W. Baldwin, Ottawa, Canada. Mr. F. Johnson, Toronto C. C., paddled in this race by mistake and came in ahead, but as he was not a junior, being the holder of the Toronto C. C. challenge cup, he was ruled out.

The next race on the programme was $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile paddling, Senior Class 1, but as there was but one entry, a special race was called, viz.: 1 mile paddling for canvas canoes, all classes. The entries and finish were as follows:

W. H. Faulkner, Philadelphia C. C., 1; time, 11:49; Robert J. Wilkin, Knickerbocker C. C., 2; time, 12:08; J. R. Moses, Philadelphia C. C., C. J. Mason, Berkely C. C., and W. H. Larom, Berkeley C. C.

The $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile sailing race for Junior Class 2 had thirteen entries, but Mr. H. B. Weller, of the Peterboro' C. C. in an open canoe with lee boards and a huge triangular sail came in first in 37 minutes 12 seconds. Mr. Hugh Willoughby, of Saratoga, N. Y., in a Racine Shadow was second. The last race for this day was a capsized race. There were six starters who were ordered to paddle from a steamer located half a mile out and at a signal to capsize their boats and paddle home. C. B. Vaux, New York Canoe Club, came in first in his Rob Roy. A. E. Heighway, Cincinnati C. C., in a large Princess model, was second and the rest straggled in later. The first and second in this race are the smallest and largest men, respectively, in the Association. This closed the racing for the day and the canoeists paddled away to the islands as fancy took them.

The most exciting and longest-talked-of race in canoeing circles took place on Thursday, the third day of the meeting. It was the first race on the programme, and was for one mile paddle of Classes 3 and 4. In this race two men were to meet who had never been beaten, the one from the West, the other from the East; and besides these were those who had only been beaten once. The finish was as follows: "Nina," Dr. A. E. Heighway, Cincinnati C. C., 1; time, 10:52; "Psyche," C. K. Monroe, N. Y. C. C., 2; 11 minutes; "Saskatchewan," Robt. J. Wilkin, Knickerbocker C. C., 3; 11:40; "Wraith," Wm. Whitlock, N. Y. C. C.; "Coquette," E. A. Hoffmann, Jr., K. C. C.;

"Aurora," Dr. C. A. Neide, Lake George C. C.

The next race was one and a half sailing race for Class 2. The finish was as follows: "Verena," E. B. Edwards, 1; time, 27 minutes; "Windward," H. Willoughby, 2; 32:41; "Anna Dell," Clarence Wulsin, 3. There were four other boats in the race, but the time was not taken.

Then followed the one and a half mile sailing race for Junior Class 3, which was won by the "Nina," Dr. A. E. Heighway, in 29:40; "Windward," H. Willoughby, was second, in 31:42. Four others started.

The last race for the day was novel indeed. The canoes were to paddle one-quarter of a mile out into the lake, turn a steamer, sail in, and at a signal upset, and then, after righting their boats, sail in, all gear standing. There were three entries: "Nina," Dr. A. E. Heighway, C. C. C., 1; "Ripple," Wm. Whitlock, N. Y. C. C., 2; "Daisy," F. C. Cook, Lake George C. C., 3. Three styles of boat competed. The light "Daisy" was the first to paddle around the steamer, and, with two sails up, ran for the dock. The Princess model, "Nina," turned next, and, last of all, the heavy Pearl, "Ripple." Once around the mark, however, matters changed, and the "Nina," with an immense lateen, flew for home, the "Ripple" second. The horn was blown, and Heighway and Cook rolled over their boats with ease, but it was not until Whitlock had climbed out on deck and half way up his mast that the "Ripple" turned bottom up. They all righted, and came in as above.

Friday, August 11, was the last day of the meeting, and the sports were opened with a one and a half mile paddling race for Regular Class 2. Seven boats entered, and ended as follows: "Lark," C. B. Vaux, N. Y. C. C., 1; time, 16:6; "Psyche," C. K. Monroe, N. Y. C. C., 2; 16:36; "Mamie," M. F. Johnson, Toronto C. C., 3; "Pip," E. H. Moore, Hartford, Conn.; "Rockaway," J. L. Emerson, Peterboro'

C. C., "Helena," G. Vandusen, Rondout, N. Y.; "Wanderer," F. A. Jones, New York.

The next race was a sail for third class canoes over a three-mile course. The finish was in this order: "Wraith," Wm. Whitlock, N. Y. C. C., 1; time, 1:27:40; "Esmeralda," M. Van Rensselaer, N. Y. C. C., 2; 1:27:45; "Dot," C. B. Vaux, N. Y. C. C., 3; "Twilight," W. W. Cook, Lake George C. C.; "Windward," H. L. Willoughby, Saratoga, N. Y.; "Princess," Commodore Longworth, C. C. C.; "Diana," Lucien Wulsin, C. C. C.; "Hawkeye," E. W. West, Lake George C. C.; and "Nina," Dr. A. E. Heighway, C. C. C.

The third race was a three-mile sail for Class 4, or the heaviest canoes. The entries and finish were as follows: "Dot," C. B. Vaux, N. Y. C. C., 1; "Nina," Dr. A. E. Heighway, C. C. C., 2; "Ripple," Wm. Whitlock, N. Y. C. C.; "Isabel," Robert Tyson, Toronto C. C., and "Boreas," Commodore Neilson, Toronto C. C.

Following this race was a competition in canoe gymnastics, for which special prizes were offered by the ladies. There were four entries: C. B. Vaux, of N. Y. C. C.; Dr. A. E. Heighway, of C. C. C.; M. F. Johnson, of Toronto C. C., and F. C. Cook, of Lake George C. C. A prize was given to each of the contestants.

Another special race was contested, which concluded the competitions. This was a tandem, or double canoe race, and there were many entries. In the gathering gloom but the first canoes could be made out; they were the "Coquette," (Rice Lake canoe), manned by Messrs. Cook and Hoffmann, with double-bladed paddles, and the "Verena," (Rice Lake canoe), manned by Messrs. Cressy and Edwards, with single-bladed paddles. They finished as named. This race was thoroughly a victory of the double over the single-bladed paddle.

Immediately after the races the annual meeting of the association was called, and

the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Commodore, E. B. Edwards, of Peterboro', Canada; Vice-Commodore, George B. Ellard, of Cincinnati, O.; Rear-Commodore, C. B. Vaux, of New York; Secretary and Treasurer, Dr. C. A. Neide, of Schuylerville, N. Y., and Assistant Secretary, Rev. George L. Neide.

Before the meeting adjourned, Commodore-elect Edwards, on behalf of the Canadian paddlers, presented an invitation that the Association hold their meeting next year at Stony Lake, Canada, and a letter was also received from friends at Clayton, N. Y., with the same import. Both were referred to the Executive Committee. On motion, the AMERICAN CANOEIST was accepted as the official organ of the Association, and the meeting dispersed to meet again next year.

In the evening a banquet was served at the Crosbyside Hotel to all the canoeists, and the prizes were distributed. Speeches were made by the outgoing and incoming board of officers, and at a late hour the return trip to the island was made. The following day the camp was disbanded.

MORE ABOUT WIGWAGGING.

[We print the following in order to keep alive the interest in this subject, but must differ from the author as regards the practical utility of his system. The plan here proposed involves *learning something by rote*, and this is what not one man in ten will do after he has left school or college. The Vowel Code, as published in August, does not necessitate learning anything. Every civilized canoeist knows his alphabet, and the vowels and consonants, and, knowing these, can use the Vowel Code.—EDITOR CANOEIST.]

The new code of signals laid down for use by the CANOEIST in the August number is simple enough in method to recommend its adoption, but it is capable of great improvement in detail.

The great drawback to its practice is that seventeen letters out of the twenty-six require more than five separate signals, and as many as ten are required to indicate one letter.

The same system would supply every letter of the alphabet without more than four signals.

It is only necessary to appropriate the Morse telegraphic code. Using the same signs—*r* for right, and *l* for left, the following would afford a simple, quick, and efficient code of flag signals: Describe quarter circles, as explained in the former article, starting with the flag upright, then for the first letter, "A," describe a semi-circle, or rather two quarter circles, viz., from upright to left and back, and then to right and back to the perpendicular.

A=*l, r*
B=*r, l l l*
C=*r, l, r, l,*
D=*r, l l*
E=*l*
F=*l l, r, l*
G=*r r, l*
H=*l l l l*
I=*l l*
J=*l, r r r*
K=*l, r, l*
L=*l, r, l l*
M=*r r*

N=*r, l*
O=*r r r*
P=*l, r r, l*
Q=*r r, l, l*
R=*l, r, l*
S=*l l l*
T=*r*
U=*l l, r*
V=*l l l, r*
W=*l, r r*
X=*r l l l, r*
Y=*r, l, r r*
Z=*r r, l l*

This may seem complicated, but it really is not. The practice is exceedingly simple. Take, for instance, the left hand to represent *l*, and the right to represent *r*, and repeating the signals with the hands thus: *l, r*—A; *r, l, l, l*—B; *r, l, r, l*—C, etc.

Having thus mastered the alphabet, practice can be continued with the first and second fingers, representing respectively left and right. The learner will be astounded at the ease with which this code can be acquired, and the rapidity with which a conversation can be carried on.

To apply the system still further, any two keys of a piano can be utilized for purposes of conversation, the different sounds representing the "left" and "right."

The lips can furthermore be brought

into service, any two notes being whistled in the same way.

The amateur yachtsman would thus be supplied with a code of signals, which could be used in numerous ways, to the great amusement of the initiated, besides being a universal language. J. W. P.

OUTFIT FOR A CANOE CRUISE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A CANOE TRIP."

There are those who profess to turn up their nose at "comforts" as antagonistic to true manliness and "roughing it," so called.

A canoe trip under the best of circumstances is "roughing it," and the greater the novice the more wise he be to surround himself with all the comforts he can conveniently carry in his small boat.

First of all is good shelter and next good food. There are several devices of tents that are both comfortable and compact, and he who has not experienced it, knows little of the homelike feeling of the canoeist as he sits in his canoe under such a shelter reading, or writing up his log of a dark, rainy night, by the light of his boat lantern.

A very convenient tent has a square piece for a roof supported by two straight sticks at each end and slung between the main and dandy masts with a pitch toward the bows and with a side door or flap, and all around fastened snugly to the canoe; no wind storm can budge it unless it takes canoe, canoeist and all.

The character of an outfit for a canoe cruise is of course governed by the character of the trip, whether the canoeist goes beyond the pale of civilization or simply meanders down some lovely river with banks dotted with farm houses, villages or cities. What not to take is harder to decide than what should be taken, and ten to one on his first trip the canoeist will burden himself with many things unnecessary—leave many

things that are necessary. The subject of clothing has been thoroughly canvassed by canoe writers, only one thing should not be forgotten that is slippers to wear in the canoe while paddling or sailing. An alcohol stove is the most compact and convenient for a canoe, and two quarts of alcohol will last several weeks if carefully used. The canoeist who is deluded into carrying kerosene will have the smell of it haunt him for all time to come. His olfactories greeted by its ineffable odor "three times a day" will make him feel like howling (as the infatuated boarders did in the song quoted above, about bad eggs) after he has had a few weeks of it.

As to food, Liebig's extract of beef seasoned with salt and celery salt wears well, and is simply prepared by putting a little in boiling water and is also as good as a hearty meal of meat; canned vegetables and meats are good. Unless the canoeist goes very far from civilization eggs and potatoes are always to be had, and fish, of course, so with a little knowledge about cooking before starting—very essential and easily gained—the *voyageur* can live like a prince. There are a thousand and one little articles that can be taken for convenience and emergency, a row of canvas pockets made in one piece divided in several compartments fastened each side of the cockpit under the gunwale will hold a variety of convenient things and with little trouble can be taken out for a portage. If deemed necessary the contents of each pocket can be stencilled on:

Mosquito netting, extra cord, opera glass and smoked eye glasses, pipe, tobacco, etc., nail screws and copper wire, pliers, awl, liquor and medicine, (quinine, ginger, etc.,) ammunition, matches, alcohol stove, etc., etc., and many other things can find a storage in these places, and are easy of access to the canoeist while traveling.

If some one has not invented they would confer a boon on the canoeist if they would invent a light fire arm, that will fire both

bullet and shot cartridges. A light axe should be taken with the handle jointed like the stick of an old-fashioned parasol. For compactness a small saw is a very useful tool. A great many things are not needed on a short cruise or are cumbersome in case of many portages.

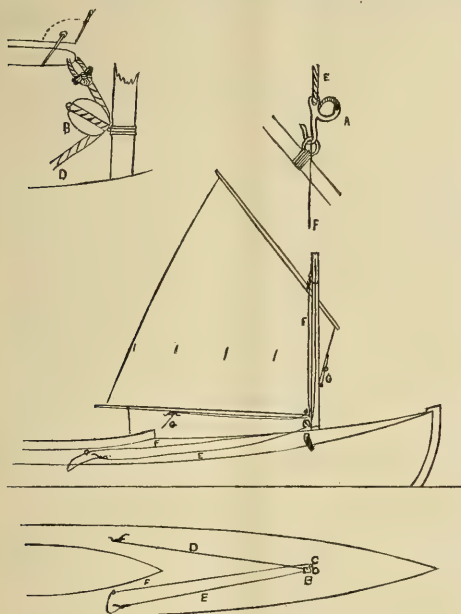
At any rate the experience of those who have cruised, if given, would save the amateur many hard lessons of experience and be interesting to old hands as well. Let us hear from them.

Editor AMERICAN CANOEIST:

Dear Sir:—As an advocate of the big sail in preference to the lateen for cruising and racing, I venture to criticise the ingenious rig devised by Mr. Morse and described in the "CANOEIST" for August.

The great, if not only advantage claimed for the lateen sail, is its extreme simplicity and the absence of all halyards and other lines, certainly a most valuable feature in a sail, but entirely lacking in the arrangement shown as two halyards are necessary, besides or rather complex piece of brass-work. Some minor objections also occur to me, that the ring on the mast will be very liable to jam in hoisting and lowering the sail and yard cannot be taken from the mast, and also that the sheet must be made fast at the extreme end of the boom, or it necessarily rolls up in the sail in reefing. A more important point, however, as far as the question of lug versus lateen is concerned, is that instead of *improving* the lateen Mr. Morse has discarded it altogether, and substituted a *lug* in its place as a glance at the sketch will show. I enclose a sketch showing another method of rigging the "standing lug," that is, I think, open to none of the above objections. A mast traveler (A) of the usual form slides on the mast hoisted by a halyard (E) leading through a block (B) lashed to the mast at deck. A downhaul (F) is also fastened to the hook of the traveler, and leads

through a screweye (C) in the mast at deck, (this line may be a continuation of the hal-yard). A loop of cord is spliced into the end of the boom and a short line (D) with a toggle in one end is run through the double block (B) on the after side of the mast. On the yard a brass ring is lashed,



then the sail is stowed, both ends of the tack rope (D) are belayed to a cleat on the port side. To make sail, the tack is toggled to the loop on boom end, hauled taut and belayed, then taking hold of the yard hook the ring on to the mast traveler (easily done, as the motion is much less at deck than at the *mast head*) hoist away and belay. This sail can be set more quickly than the regular lateen, and can be easily lowered. For quick reefing a line may be made fast at (C) leading through curtain rings on the luff, and in along the boom to a cleat (G) so that the tack can be instantly hauled down, the remaining reef points being tied by hand,

JERSEY BLUE.

F. H. Seymour, of Detroit, Secretary of the Detroit Canoe Club, and author of "A Lark on Water," is now visiting New York and the East on account of health.

DRIFTINGS.

We subjoin a few lines just received from Mr. N. H. Bishop, briefly recording the death of an original canoeist:

LAKE GEORGE, WARREN CO., N. Y.

Aug. 22d, 1882.

I have just received the following notice of the death of an eminent canoeist, who has resided many years in the Okee-chobee country, Florida. He preferred a dug-out to a decked canoe, and always used a single-bladed paddle when he did not use a pole.

N. H. B

"DEAR SIR: Big Tiger Tail, chief of the Seminoles, is dead; got drunk, and was accidentally drowned. Alas! I never took his picture. Fraternaly yours,

"SPENCER.

"JUPITER LIGHT, INDIAN RIVER, FLORIDA, July, 1882."

The pictures taken this year by R. H. Stoddard, of the A. C. A., deserve high praise. They consist of four separate views of the sailing races that were held, an excellent group portraying the A. C. A members in all their regal glory, and two charming views, one showing Crosbyside Dock and its approach, and the other an accurate picture of Mr. N. H. Bishop and his famous canoe, "Marie Theresa," with a background enriched by the presence of lady guests at the hotels and canoeists.

Dr. Neide and Capt. Kendall, both members of the American Canoe Association, have started from Lake George, on a canoe cruise to Florida. They will proceed via lakes, rivers, and canals to Cincinnati, then down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, after which they will skirt the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico to Florida. The *N. Y. Herald*, referring editorially to this trip, closes with the statement that "thousands of young men, by neglecting the canoe, are yearly losing glorious cruises that could be made at as little expense as cheap board ashore during an equal length of time."

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1882.

CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON, Editor.

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from all canoeists.

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risk.

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Com. E. B. Edwards assures a hearty welcome to the Association if they will only establish their camp at Peterboro, Canada next year.

He is already agitating the matter there, with a view of getting the entire population interested and enlisting their aid, so that the arrangements for transportation to and fro, and the camp accommodations can be made to supersede those of any meeting yet held. He writes very confidently, and holds out such cordial invitations that we place his letter before our readers verbatim, to judge for themselves concerning the expediency of a Canadian visit.

PETERBORO', ONT., CANADA.

August 28th, 1882.

MY DEAR BRENTANO: I find on my return that our Peterboro' people are thoroughly alive about having the camp here next year. Already a great many have promised to join the Association and attend the camp, so that I have no hesitation in saying that even if the Americans do not turn out in as large numbers as at Lake George, yet there will be such a turn out of Canadians as will make the camp larger than any that has as yet mustered at the Canoe Islands. I look for from fifty to a hundred Canadian canoes. A local committee will be formed to take the matter in hand and make all necessary arrangements.

The matter of rates is already in the hands of Mr. White, of the Midland Railway, who will get cheap return tickets, if any man can. I may say that our tickets to Lake George and back were only \$15, canoes free, and I think better still can be done through Mr. White. I am going this week with some gentlemen who know the lakes well to pick out the best spot for a camp. One idea that is talked of is to have a ladies' camp on an adjoining island at the same time, so that the ladies can come too. A number of ladies here would join such a camp. The customs duties will be arranged, if they cannot be altogether done away with, as some of our prominent citizens are ready to deposit a sum or give a bond sufficient to cover the duties on all the canoes, and thus save trouble. The committee will arrange with a man to have provisions on hand for sale at fixed rates. With lots of fish to be had for the catching, a supply of meats is not so indispensable as at Lake George. We want to have a jolly, pleasant camp, of at least two or three weeks duration, for those who can stay so long, of which the regatta will be but an incident, and not monopolize, as it has done, all our energies and all our time. I hope to be able to send you for October a sketch of the waters in this neighborhood. Stir every one up to come.

Yours heartily, E. B. EDWARDS.

In England it is customary to make excursions up and down the Thames in canoes and other small boats. Parties who are not fortunate enough to own a boat can hire them at prices ranging from five dollars and upward, for the first week, and at half of this price for the subsequent weeks. The beauty of this arrangement is that after arriving at the end of your cruise you can leave your canoe, and it will be called for by the owner.

Some party, on leaving Lake George, after the A. C. A. meet, was so careless as to place his rubber bag, containing several articles, in the canoe "Wawa." They can be had by applying to Wm. L. Stone, Jr., care of A. S. Sullivan, 3 Bond Street, N. Y.

ENCAMPMENT OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

That canoeing has features attractive to people of the most varied tastes and occupations, is conclusively shown by a glance at the members of the recent encampment of the A. C. A. Doctors, finding in Lake George the perennial fountain of youth; clergymen, resting in very deed in the enjoyment of God's most beautiful landscapes, lawyers exchanging the fine points of their professional practice for the discussion of points of model and rig, with equal ardor; editors, publishers, and business men, storing up health for winter's arduous labors, down to men at college and boys yet in school; all equally alive to the delights of coming face to face with Nature in her most beautiful hiding-places, and full of the keen delight of meeting an appreciative brother in the craft. To those who had attended former meetings, and who were early on the ground this year, the daily arrival of familiar faces, and the hand-shake and word of greeting, was not the least delightful incident of this year's camp. The growth of the sport in popular favor is shown by the fact that this year more clubs were represented than ever before. In previous years individual members predominated, but each has proven in his district the pleasure of the sport by that most forcible of all arguments, practical example, and numerous converts have been the result. Gentle rivalry and emulation have ensued, each association sending its respective champion, whether in sailing or paddling, whose merits were warmly discussed in advance. Such were Cooke, of the Whitehall C. C., for the upset; Heighway, of Cincinnati; Munroe, of New York, for the paddling, and others of minor reputation. While of all open-air amusements this, perhaps, is the least adapted for racing, yet without the competition and interest that such contests create, many valuable improvements would be passed by, and much skill at the helm and with the paddle

lie dormant. The enthusiasm called forth also adds to the dawning interest of outsiders, who, perhaps but spectators this year, may rival the veterans in one short season.

The older clubs were well represented, the Knickerbocker and New York leading with ten men each; the Lake George with almost as many. Cincinnati was strong, but not in numbers, nor did she need them, each of her five representatives being a host in himself. Peterboro' had five, Ottawa, two, Toronto, three, and Whitehall, two. Cleveland was missed this year—we trust not permanently.

Prominent among the new clubs were the Mohicans of Albany, N. Y., and the Springfield, Conn., Club, which latter, saddened by the recent death of one of its members, took no active part in the regatta. The Crescent, of New York city, Hudson River, of Rondout, N. Y., and University of Pennsylvania, of Philadelphia, were organizations making their first appearance as such, and giving promise of future growth and interest. The boats were, naturally, largely cruising craft, and many and curious were the devices which individual ingenuity had devised for comfort or safety. American traveling and Stella Maris canoes, of Rushton make, were apparently the favorites, judging by numbers, although the Racine Company had many and able representatives. Stephens had furnished several boats of the widest diversity of model, ranging from the riband-carvel "Pearl" through "Jersey Blue" and "Sandy Hook" to the thirteen-feet "Rob Roy," and in fine lines and modeling delighted the critical. Lateens and lugs were about equally divided in numbers, and which is destined to become the popular favorite remains as undecided as ever.

The parade was a lovely sight. The four battalions, kept well in hand by their respective commanders, in sections of about thirty boats, the two latter under sail, made a picture in a frame hard to imagine surpassable. The review itself

was not without incident. As the fourth section came into line the halliards of the "Ripple" parted. Down came sail, gaff, and all, apparently a hopeless wreck. But such trifles daunt no real canoeist. With a foretaste of the gymnastics later, Mr. Whitlock ran along her deck, and tying her enormous gaff perpendicularly to the useless mast, converted the wreck of a minute before into a serviceable lateen, under which the reviewing point was safely passed, if not with flying colors, at least with credit.

The first day's upset race was a genuine surprise. Vaux, of New York, took the lead from the start in the paddling, in his "Rob Roy," and at the word capsized, with the others some distance in the lead. He was beaten in getting in by Cincinnati's champion, the big Doc., as Heighway was endearingly called by his friends, but by hardly a second, nor did the Doctor recover his lost lead, although toward the finish his efforts were almost terrific and beautiful to see. On the one hand, this young giant, on one knee in his canoe, literally tearing up the water with his magnificently powerful and sweeping strokes, but striving in vain to lessen the gap between the leader, on the other, the smallest man in camp, whose little pit-a-pat stroke was in marked contrast to his opponent's struggles, but whose skill finally wrested the race amidst wild enthusiasm, which ended in his being carried out of his boat on the shoulders of his excited friends, and diving from the same uncertain platform headlong into the lake. An amusing little incident was the premature enthusiasm of a man who, having an opera-glass, and seeing a friend in the lead, forgot the actual distance, and shouted himself hoarse for New York, totally unconscious for some moments of the roars of laughter at his expense from the bank.

The paddling race between the two champions was also exciting and close, but was nearly marred by the discourteous con-

duct of one of the lake captains, who insisted on making his landing at the very instant of the finish, and was roundly abused for his rudeness. Doctor Heighway, though closely pressed, was never headed, while the other starters were distanced.

The next day's sailing race, for shadows of class three, brought out a large field, but vanity, in other words, photography, prevented an early send-off, so the wind fell light, and many and tantalizing were the changes of position. Commodore Longworth of Cincinnati, led after the first buoy was rounded, and kept in the lead throughout the first round and until the last buoy was approached, when, the wind falling, all the fleet came together, and fouls, impossible to avoid, became the order of the day. Much chaff and good-humored banter was exchanged over the frequent, but variable and inconstant catpaws, and the consequent gains and losses in windward position, but finally the height of the lug sails caught the light air, which freshened at the finish, carrying the three New York boats over the line at almost the same instant.

For this race the private signal of the Commodore had been worked in fond anticipation of his victory, which on the first round had seemed assured. Hard that such fond hopes should be dashed, but harder yet that the committee should have basely substituted some other flag as a prize, nor permitted the contested token to grace in triumph a distant boat-house, where its story would have added to its interest.

The racing closed with the much-talked-of race for "pearls," or heavily-ballasted boats. This was a failure, for two reasons. The Toronto boat, not being in racing rig, had to borrow a sail, in addition to which its captain lost much ground by an error in sailing, in the first round. The New York boat, from which much was expected, led at first, but being caught on the wrong tack at the second buoy, was compelled to

give way, and in so doing, fouled the boat badly, breaking her gaff. In clearing and going round satisfactorily some minutes were lost, and when again under way the leaders were over half a mile away. A brave effort was made by both boats to overcome this, but although decreased, this was not to be, and the race was won by the "Dot," under Captain Vaux, of the N. Y. C. C., the "Nina," Dr. Heighway, C. C.C., only a length behind. The strong wind made this contest perhaps the best sailing race of the meeting. The two pearls finished as close together as the winner, after a most exciting trial of speed, the advantage, errors excepted, being with Canada.

Gymnastics on board wound up the regular meeting, and wonderful feats were performed. Standing on one's head in a "Rob Roy" was demonstrated to be practicable, and made to look easy. Walking on deck of a "shadow" without ballast also was executed with apparent ease, while back and forward somersaults, balancing of all kinds, and crawling round masts on deck were all exhibited, much to the relief of fair friends and relatives, who for the future are convinced that canoes are not the dangerous traps for the destruction of the last hopes of the family which they have always imagined.

The prizes and flags were delivered after an excellent repast at Mr. Crosby's, and with many congratulations and wishes for reunion, the members parted.

A. R. T. W.

CANOE PILOT.

HALIFAX, August 8, 1882.

The Editor of "THE AMERICAN CANOEIST," Dear Sir:

In reply to your call for communications, I beg to subjoin an account of a very pleasant salt-water cruise in the shadow canoe *Wisconsin*, from which I have just returned.

I left Halifax for Bridgewater, N. S., on the morning of Friday, July 28, by the schooner *Packet*, Captain Oakes. The *Packet* is a capital little vessel running between the two ports, carrying merchandise and goods, and the master is a very jolly skipper who invariably gives his passengers reason to think well of him. The trip to Bridgewater is often made in nine or ten hours with a fair breeze, but on this occasion, owing to calms and fogs, occupied the better part of two days. The monotony was relieved to some extent by revolver practice at porpoises, which played about the bow of the schooner, and by an extremely narrow escape from running ashore at a locality denominated "Point Enrage" on the charts, but by the natives with greater felicity, "Hell Point." If the sea voyage was tedious there was ample compensation in the sail up the Sallane River, to enjoy which your correspondent would have cheerfully spent a week in the fog. Bridgewater, an enterprising little town at the head of navigation, was reached at 7 P. M. The canoe, which up to this time had been reposing upon the deck, and had afforded sleeping accommodation infinitely preferable to the crowded cabin, was slung up between the masts, where she could be seen and admired, but was out of the reach of meddlesome fingers. The night and following day were spent at Fashay's Hotel, a very good house with moderate charges. Toward evening the *Wisconsin* was lowered from her elevated position, everything was made snug, a successful launch was effected over the side of the schooner, the crew stepped on board, and we were off. A fast current was running, and with slight assistance from the paddle carried us quickly past well-wooded hills, fine farms and cosy farm-houses. Some miles down the river, as the sun dropped behind the hills, a picturesque point was reached with a good beach, and we decided to go into camp for the night. Some one has told us that the true canoeist always

sleeps in his canoe. Experience compels me to say that the judicious canoeist will do no such thing. Like a "true canoeist," I scorned the proffered hospitality of an excellent house. I slept in my canoe. When the mercury went down with a jump that nearly knocked the bottom off the thermometer and two thicknesses of blanket failed to resist the cold, I arose and calmly wrapped four thicknesses around me. When this proved ineffectual I shivered through the night and arose at the first peep of dawn, and, with chattering teeth, reached for the flask of "Hennesey's Three Star" like a "true canoeist." The following night, when I was offered a good bed, I took it. The role of a "true canoeist" is played out. Henceforward I am a devotee of comfort. The day following my first camp out the *Wisconsin* reposed upon a bed of new-mown hay, safely locked up in a barn, while her owner made an excursion on shore. On the thirty-first good-byes were said to the people whose hospitality I had enjoyed, a salute of four guns was fired, and the run down the river was seriously commenced. The Sallane is some sixty miles in length, but the head of navigation from which my cruise starts is not more than fifteen or sixteen. Several miles of this had already been traversed, and with a good breeze and current in my favor the remainder was soon gone over. My intention was to reach Petite Riviere, where there is some fine scenery, spend the night and following day there, and then enjoy a cruise among the Le Hone Islands. On reaching the mouth of the river, however, the conditions under which I came down were reversed. Wind and current were now opposed to further progress, and on the more open water the wind raised quite a lap. In order to reach Petite Riviere by the shortest route it was necessary to pass through a shallow channel known as the Folly, situated at the end of a long sand beach, which stretches out a mile from the shore. This beach is a famous race-course,

the sand being very hard, and is also a good shooting-ground. Plover, snipe, etc., are abundant. The Folly was reached about sundown, and an attempt made to pass it. Owing to the extreme shallowness of the water, this could only be managed by wading, and dragging the canoe. Two courses were now open, to complete the passage through the Folly, after which a paddle of a mile or so over open water, now pretty rough, would have brought me to my destination, or to abandon the idea of reaching Petite Riviere, and seek refuge among the neighboring islands. The growing darkness decided me in favor of the latter. Dragging the canoe some distance on the beach, I indulged in a short race on the sands. The hills of Petite Riviere loomed up darkly against banks of rosy clouds. Over on the Dublin shore the lurid glare of a huge wood fire was becoming more and more distinct. While I looked, the rising tide had reached the canoe, which was now floating off gaily at its own sweet will. The water, fortunately, was very shallow, and the fugitive was captured with little trouble.

A short paddle among the islands in search of a harbor brought me to a fishing establishment, owned by a merchant on the mainland, who employs two men to take charge of the station. One of these does a pretty brisk business, vending goods in exchange for fish. The other attends to the fish-drying. The sight of a shop on this remote island was rather amazing, but the riddle was solved when I found that almost every island is inhabited, and that, as the islands are numerous, the population is considerable. The accommodation at the station was of the most primitive description. The canoe was housed in the building used for the shop and for receiving fish. The crew was accommodated with a primitive corded bedstead, upon which a number of rolls of cotton from the shop were made to supply the place of a mattress. After supper, at which a phenomenal appetite, de-

veloped by long abstinence and paddling, was displayed, the resources of the establishment were indicated by the production of a violin and a cornet. Your correspondent modestly performed upon the former until the tail-piece flew off in indignant remonstrance against an attempt to obtain an approximation to concert pitch. Mr. Burton, the manager, then played very fairly on the cornet. It was almost midnight when this impromptu concert was brought to a close. Sleep's mild dominion then asserted itself, and almost before the melodious strains of the "Spanish Cavalier" had ceased to echo among the islands, I was sleeping soundly.

Next morning a pleasant cruise among the islands was followed by a run to the mouth of the harbor, under sail, with a fair wind. The harbor mouth is much exposed, and the ordinary swell of the Atlantic was converted into a rather ugly sea by a strong land breeze springing up, and meeting another which came in from the sea. Under these circumstances, although the canoe behaved finely, I thought it advisable to beat a retreat. A landing was effected on Moser's Island, where, as the squalls continued to blow heartily, I remained all day. At night I was given a comfortable bed in the light-house.

The following morning dawned clear and bright, so an early start was made for Lunenburg. The route was back to the mouth of the Lahane, thence two miles up Ritcey's Cove, and thence, by a portage of something under a mile, to Rose Bay. The head of the cove is only accessible at high water. When reached, a wagon for the transport of the canoe is easily procured, and for a trifling charge. Every one was engaged in haying, and I fully expected to meet with some delay. It was, therefore, an agreeable surprise when the first person to whom I applied dropped his work, harnessed his horse, and carried me over. The whole thing was done and I was again under way inside three-quarters of an hour.

This portage enabled me to avoid some four or five miles of rough sea-coast, and appears to have been used by the Indians. Rose Bay, a beautiful sheet of water, was smooth as a mirror. It is divided from the Lunenburg Bay by a long peninsula (which may be similarly crossed if desired), terminating in an abrupt and precipitous point known as the "Ovens." The calm water gave me an excellent opportunity of examining this remarkable formation. The strata composing the cliff have been thrown up almost perpendicularly. The rock, for a distance of some two hundred yards, has been curiously excavated by the sea, and a series of small caverns formed, the entrances to which vary in width from ten to twenty feet, and resemble somewhat a lot of brick ovens, from which the place takes its name. At low tide the Ovens may be entered, and are about the size of an ordinary room. At high water, when the sea rushes in, the reverberations may be heard a long distance, and are something like a prolonged peal of thunder.

From here a fair breeze carried me quickly to the old German town of Lunenburg, on the opposite side of the bay. Among the old people of the county the German tongue is still the prevalent mode of speech. In a few remote localities English is seldom spoken, and by some not at all understood. Among the younger generation German is almost wholly superseded by English, and will soon be extinct. While in Lunenburg the Wisconsin was deposited in the workshop of Stephen Morash, boat-builder, where she was most carefully looked after. Mr. Morash has not only a natural aptitude for boat-building, but is the possessor of Dixon Kemp, and other valuable books on building and sailing, which bear marks of frequent use. The fact is one so unusual with provincial builders that I think it worthy of mention.

After a day spent in Lunenburg, the transport plan was again resorted to, and

the canoe carried from the front to the back harbor. This again avoided a considerable stretch of open coast, and gave me an afternoon of somewhat intricate but pleasant inland navigation. By proceeding cautiously, and making frequent inquiries, the mouth of the harbor was reached without making a mistake, though the passages were often very narrow and hidden from view, even when a few yards away from them. When in open water, wind and tide were found to be adverse, but a stiff paddle found me by sunset among the islands of Mahone Bay. Altering my course to the north, the wind was again favorable, and a pleasant run brought me after dark into Chester Basin, one of the most delightful sheets of water to be found anywhere. The canoe was beached on one of the islands with which the basin is studded, and all hands were piped to supper. An unexpected misfortune here was made manifest. The flask of methylated spirit, our sole dependence for cooking, had disappeared. It was too dark to hunt up any suitable wood for cooking, so, except for water and biscuit, we went supperless to bed. The night proved warm, so a comfortable rest was enjoyed, and in the morning the deprivations of the night were repaired. Starting at about seven o'clock, an easy run under sail and paddle brought me to Chester by eleven o'clock. The route lay among picturesque islands, and in smooth water. In the open reaches porpoises were sporting, and an occasional shot at wild fowl offered. Just before entering the town a fine beach offered inducements for a plunge, which were not to be resisted. After removing, as far as practicable in this mode, the traces of the cruise, the paddle was resumed, and in a few moments the canoe was safely housed, awaiting transport to Halifax, and the canoeist was enjoying a good dinner at the Lavett House. Many interesting points in the Basin had to be left unvisited, owing to lack of time. This one place offers material which would occupy more time than I had to devote to the entire cruise.

Yours fraternally,

G. M. GELDERT.

THE OLD CANOE.

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily o'er the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through—
There lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done;
When busily back and forth between,
The spider stretches her silvery screen;
And the solemn owl, with his weird "too-hoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave;
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding its moldering dust away;
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still,
But the light wind plays with the boat at will;
And lazily, in and out again,
It floats the length of the rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime;
And the shore is kissed, at each turning anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with a careless hand,
We have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
Where the whirls are wild, and the eddies are
thick;

And laughed as we leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as in fancy, o'er the crumbling side
I look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
And the hand, that lent to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things;
But I love to think of the hours that sped
As we rocked where the whirls their white spray
shed,

Ere the blossom waved or the green grass grew
O'er the moldering stern of the old canoe.

—Exchange.

Louis Abar, the Frenchman whom many canoeists will call to mind as the man who so carefully and tenderly carried their canoes between Lake George and Lake Champlain, has sold his horse and wagon, and gone into some other business. John Hope, perhaps better known in the vicinity of Ticonderoga as "The Sardine" has succeeded him, and has his wagon so arranged that he can carry two canoes at one time, without giving them a scratch. Charge, fifty cents each. The "Sardine" lives at Alexandria.

At the first meeting of the American Canoe Association, held three years ago at Lake George, there were present about thirty-five canoeists, with a fleet enrolling about twenty-five boats. The second year marked an attendance of eighty canoeists, with about fifty-five canoes. This year witnessed a gathering of one hundred and forty-five canoeists, and one hundred and twenty-five canoes. Who says that canoeing is not on the high road to popularity?

The New York Canoe Club will have a regatta on September 23d, at their clubhouse on Staten Island, all races being open to canoeists from any organization. One excellent feature of the regatta is the rule making every event double, *i. e.*, one

for juniors and one for seniors, thus giving the younger fraternity of the knights of the paddle also an opportunity to test their skill and strength. Prizes will be awarded to the winner of each race.

The first annual Fall regatta of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club takes place on the 13th inst., at 3 P.M., at foot of 86th Street, North River. There will be four events. We give in full the programme of the day:

No. 1.—PADDLING RACE, IN CLASSES—One Mile.

CLASS A.—Rob Roys, etc.

CLASS B.—Shadows, etc.

No. 2.—SAILING RACE IN CLASSES—One and a half Miles.

CLASS A.—Rob Roys, etc.

CLASS B.—Shadows, etc.

No. 3.—TANDEM RACE—One Mile.

No. 4.—UPSET RACE.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.

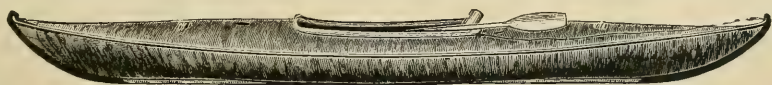
1. Time allowances will be made.
2. In sailing race private signals to be carried at mast-head.
3. In paddling race positions shall be chosen immediately before each event.
4. Mr. ARTHUR BRENTANO will act as the Officer of the Day.

N. B.—The Committee reserves the power to alter the above programme, if necessary.

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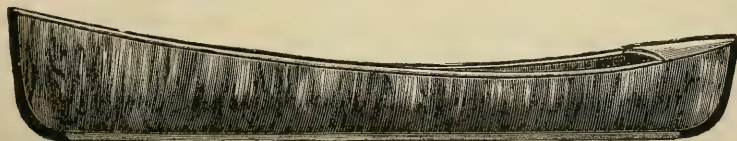
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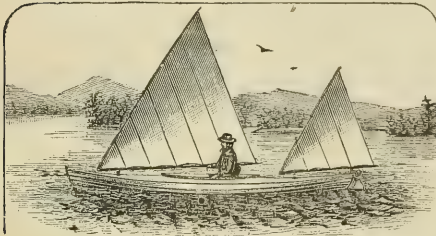
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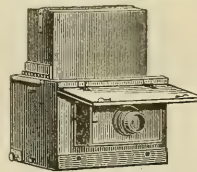
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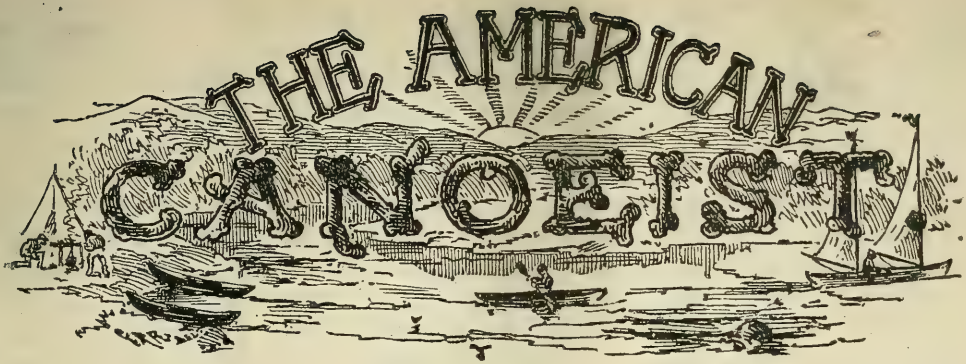
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THE CANOE "MISFIT"—HER LOG.

ON A VOYAGE FROM NEW YORK TO LAKE SENECA
IN THE SUMMER OF 1878.

Is the canoeist useful or ornamental? or both? were points of almost angry dispute in our set. For long trips, would the canoe supersede the steamboat and railway? As elements of the problem, the cost and the labor, the time and the adventure, the variety and independence, were a few only, of the topics considered.

At last I said: "Deeds, not words, shall determine it. I wager, that by paddling from Manhattan Island to Lake Seneca, I can elicit admiration of the canoeist as ornamental, and demonstrate that the canoe has the grand qualification of a candidate for office—availability."

If the lazy reader be a "paddler," and a subscriber to the *AMERICAN CANOEIST*, he already understands about my outfit, as it should have been. Five-years ago in canoeing, was "dim antiquity" in the matter of outfits compared with to-day. It is only left, then, for me to present to the lazy reader the "log" of my cruise. The initiated will discern that it was written hot from a brain, teeming with interesting experiences known only to the canoeist.

The log—and a heavy one at that.

June 14th.—Hurried to the pier, at which, or rather on which, my transport lay; and

proceeded to launch my ship—on board the "Drew," then about to start for Albany.

Captain of screw-tug offered to carry me up for half-fare, but having proposed to *paddle* throughout the trip, my conscience hindered my accepting the tempting offer.

10 A. M.—Paddling—by steam, of course—past the Highlands. Thought of the beautiful sonnet, "Where! oh, where, has my Highland lassie gone?" composed by Oliver Greenleaf Longfellow, when wandering, lost, among these hills. The "Highland lassie" was his guide, which explains his anxiety as to her whereabouts.

11 A. M.—Thermometer registers 80° north latitude.

2 P. M.—Thermometer registers 85° north latitude. Since 11 A. M. we have made the astonishing run of 5°. Shouldn't wonder if the Hudson went to the North Pole after all.

6 P. M.—Arrived in Albany. Received with enthusiasm by the peop—porters and hotel-boys. Price of enthusiasm, \$3.00.

Canoe lay outside hotel. Man came fooling around and knocking her.

Reminded me of Jersey mosquito—always sticking his nose into other people's business. Man said he thought Indians were copper-colored. Told him I was an exception, as I was descended from the "White River" Indians. Man wished to know why I did not travel in the regulation bark canoe.

Told him that the satisfaction I could have derived from paddling over the Erie Canal, conscious that my great ancestors had paddled over the same waters long before the discovery of America, could only be increased by my having a canoe like theirs, but I now used one of wood on the canal, as "My *bark* was on the sea."

7:30 P. M.—On reckoning up, find I have this day paddled 150 miles. No canoeist can ever equal that.

June 15th, 10 A. M.—Started in canoe.

11 A. M.—Sight of a tug moving against wind and tide oppressed us with the sense of the toil of paddling. Crew losing heart. All in low spirits. Putting good spirits in them, put them in good spirits.

1 P. M.—Examined thermometer—89°. *Very hot.* Arctic travellers evidently draw on their creative imagination in speaking of the intense polar cold.

2 P. M.—Thermometer indicates 90°. The Pole should now be visible. Not seeing it, planted one, and sailed on. I have proved beyond a doubt that Hendrick Hudson was right. By the Hudson is the true passage to the Pole.

June 16th.—This day will be the first of many during which I shall have to battle with the "Elements" on the "Raging Canawl." Who can tell how long I shall sustain the struggle—how soon my bones shall whiten the dreary wastes?

Crew said they thought so too.

June 17th.—Saw a large alligator ahead sleeping on the water. Fired bow-chaser at him. Didn't move. Evidently shot through the brain. Came up with his body in about a half-hour. Proved to be a log.

Found out there had been no shot in the gun. Crew tickled and witty. Captain embarrassed.

June 18th.—Had several one-sided conversations with "Bargees." Wonder were they eloquent tongues? Can it be that life on the water develops in them the same fluency of language Demosthenes sought the sea-shore to acquire?

About 2 P. M., saw a little way ahead the feet of a drowning man sticking out of the water. Seemed to have dived in and stuck head first in the mud. Paddled to the rescue. Proved to be pair of boots stuck on sticks to dry. Owner and dog crawled out of bushes. Thought I was about to steal their boots. Wanted me to come ashore. Told him, although my canoe had already "barked" my shins and nose severely, as his was a bull-dog and my canoe but a "Shadow," I preferred the bark of the canoe to the bite of the dog.

June 19th.—"Bargee" wished to know how long I had been paddling. Said for a week back. He wished to know for whose weak back. Asked if there had been a storm where I came from. Said no; why? Because he hadn't seen such a swell on the canal for a long time.

3 P. M.—Reached Utica; visited Paralytic Springs. Warranted never to fail. Threw in a stick; didn't move; plainly paralyzed. Proved to be the cane of a gentleman standing near. Gentleman wished to have an engagement with me. Remembered I had pressing engagement elsewhere. Dodged around a corner into an open door. Gentleman ran by. Owner of the open door thought I was a burglar. After a severe struggle he succeeded in robbing me of 25 cents.

Being hungry, addressed passenger, "Tell me where is fancy bred." "They keep all kinds at the baker's," she said.

The Mayor evidently appreciates my stopping at this metropolis. Paid marked attention. Officer outside of door to-night. Is to see me to canoe in morning. Strangers seem to require much protection here.

June 20th.—Guess I must look like a prince—in disguise. Disguise must be effectual, as landlord gave me breakfast in room separate from other guests. The village youth admired the disguise. They sang as I walked to my canoe, "There he goes, there he goes; all dressed up in his Sunday clo'es."

Got aboard canoe just in time. She started immediately after I boarded her. Had I been a little later I would have been left.

Passed Syracuse amid excitement caused by military rifle match then in progress. The contestants, in their blue buttons and brass coats, had an imposing effect on the ladies. Notwithstanding the target practice, I escaped from Syracuse unharmed.

6 P. M.—Have just seen a pirate. At least he looked like one. How do pirates look, anyway?

June 30th.—Saw sea-serpent; anaconda or something. Immediately gave chase. That is, the sea-serpent did. Paddled vigorously for dear life and a quarter of an hour. Strength 'most gone. Horror! Serpent still pursues. Thought every moment would be the next. Discovered it was a cable towing astern.

Comforted by thought of great distance covered under the excitement. Happened to be in the wrong direction.

June 40th.—Tired of paddling. Took passage—myself and canoe—on a Mule steamer. Conscience don't prick a bit.

June 50th.—Chased by stranger flying pirate colors. Crowded all sail to escape. (That is, we built a fire under the mule, and thus proved that heat is the source of motion.)

Pirate gained. Must lighten ship. Overboard captain's wife. Ship rose perceptibly. Sprang a leak. All hands to the pump. Water gained. Discovered valve had become reversed, and we were pumping from canal into ship. Consequence, shoal water. Pirate ran aground and foundered with all on board in five inches of water. The horrified cries of the drowning wretches will haunt me to my dying day, that is, if my imagination continues to exhibit its present vigor.

June 60th—I mean 51st, 8 A. M.—Geneva in sight. Saved at last.

2 P. M.—Have just escaped from the shoulders of my admiring friends. Have

five minutes in which to close my invaluable records. As we neared the town, perceiving a vast concourse of people assembled on the bank to receive me, I quietly launched my canoe from the stern of the steamer, and paddling rapidly ahead to give the impression of entire independence of the mule, I landed amid intense enthusiasm.

Thus ended one of the most remarkable voyages of modern times. In my little canoe, alone and unaided, I had paddled 300 miles over some of the roughest waters in the world. I had overcome the various obstacles man and nature threw in my path—I mean canal. And—crowning achievement—I had reached the North Pole.

Can any candid reader—though lazy when beginning the log, now, by intense excitement and interest, endowed with unbounded energy and unnaturally acute perceptions—I say, can such a reader have a doubt that I fairly won my wager?

And yet, after a careful perusal of my records, the gentlemen with whom I had made the wager declined to pay their debt, for reasons they refused to reveal.

G. H. SULLIVAN.

CRUISE OF THE POLLY ANN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A CANOE TRIP."

A STIFF SEA.

The keeper of Rocky Point Light was skeptical concerning the seaworthy qualities of the "Polly Ann," and, to test the question, the captain carefully launched her from a ledge in the lee of the rock, one day, when there was a stiff northwest gale blowing, in spite of the remonstrance of the keeper that "that cockle-shell of a thing will never live in such a sea as this." Ordinarily the behavior of a well-ballasted canoe in a stiff sea is something surprising; but this time

the captain had reckoned without his host: the turbulence of the water, viewed from the top of the rock, was another thing viewed from the cock-pit of a 14-foot canoe. When he had paddled with much difficulty from under the lee of the island, the great foam-crested waves caught the Polly Ann, as a giant would catch a ball, and the captain's head swam as he felt himself bounding up into the air on a great green roller, and, before he had recovered his breath, to find himself engulfed in a deep watery valley with nothing to see but the clouds overhead. It took all of his muscle to keep "head on," and he had had but little of this sort of fun, when he comprehended it was a question how he was to turn to get back; let the canoe get broad-side once to the sea, and she would roll over like a log.

A RESCUE.

Meanwhile the light-keeper saw how matters stood, and made ready his boat for a rescue. Nothing daunted, our captain kept to his paddle manfully, and, thanks to her air-tight compartments, the Polly Ann rode the waves like a cork. But it was a short experience. A big wave lifted the canoe and its occupant up, as if to hurl them into the clouds; the fierce wind caught the Polly Ann under the sheer of her forequarter, turned her, and in an instant our captain was bobbing in the trough, clinging to his boat, half-drowned by the tons of water that rolled over him. But he could hear the encouraging shouts of the light-keeper. After what seemed an age of suspense, the rescuing boat appeared, and, after narrowly escaping having his brains knocked out, he was hauled in half insensible by the brawny light-keeper. There are some seas a canoe cannot live in: the captain and the keeper held a convention shortly after, near the stove, and unanimously voted this to be a fact, and the captain remembered it had been said that Macgregor condemns the great lakes as unfit for canoeing.

ROMANCE OF A LIGHT-KEEPER.

After nearly ten days of pleasant life on the rock, our captain was warned by passing time that he had far to go. He had become intimate with the strange keeper, and bit by bit learned his personal history. The son of an English knight, a graduate of Oxford, and yet united to an ill-favored woman, and keeper of a lonely light in Georgian Bay. Here were materials for a romance. But the captain's active pencil had to remain silent on this subject. Suffice it to say, the woman had faithfully nursed the keeper from death to life through a dangerous sickness, and he had married her from gratitude; the reader will have to imagine the rest.

The keeper took great pride in his garden: a little patch of earth, on the top of the rock, every bushel of which had been laboriously freighted, by boat, from the main land, miles away.

It was a bright sunshiny morning the captain took leave of the light-keeper, his wife and miscellaneous progeny, hoisted the little sail of the Polly Ann, and under a favoring breeze started onward on his cruise.

Later the wind changed dead ahead, would freshen and die out, and, altogether, acted, as the light-keeper's wife would have expressed it, "like all possessed."

The Polly Ann beat in and out among the interminable islands all day until late in the afternoon, near "*Point Grondine*," which is "French" for "Grumbling Point," so called on account of the variableness of the wind always encountered there. The shore was bold and broken, consisting chiefly of marsh and rocks, with very little soil.

INDIANS.

The captain saw, a short distance from the shore, a collection of one-story houses, which turned out to be a Huron Indian village. The Polly Ann was grounded among the reeds and grass, the captain

scrambled up over the rocks and entered a settlement of five or six houses, some built of logs and one or two possessed the dignity of clapboard covering. It appeared deserted. Not a soul was in sight.

The captain raised his voice and gave his best imitation of an Indian yell.

Did it bring, "swarming from the wigwams," a score of "painted fiends," with "glaring eyes" and "brandished tomahawks?" Were they arrayed in all the simplicity of nature: bear-skins, stove-pipe hats, scalps dangling, paper collars, feathers, toothpicks, paint, spurs, and other paraphernalia with which, in delightful incongruity, the untutored savage is wont to array himself?

No!

In response to the captain's foghorn demonstration, there appeared lazily, from one of the huts, a big, long-haired fellow, clad in an ultra plaid Ulster, dirty to perfection, and his big, ugly face was shaded by the brim of a greasy Derby hat. But his face was arrayed in a calm, beatific smile that would have made the fortune of a sewing-machine agent.

"What place is this?" asked the captain.

A gorgeous smile and a nod was the only reply. He evidently didn't understand English.

A POLYGLOT CANOEIST.

"*Comment vous portez-vous ce soir?*" said the captain, waving his arms to help him get out this French.

The hilarious-looking Indian only smiled the more, and nodded.

He didn't understand French, evidently.

"You blamed old fool," quoth the captain, "are you dumb?"

A nod and smile!

"Too lazy to talk, I suppose?" continued the captain.

Another nod. More smile.

"I suppose you would stand there like a bump on a log and grin and say yes if I

asked you to lend me five dollars, or told you your grandmother was no gentleman," yelled the captain in despair.

A very gratified nod rewarded this outburst, and, beckoning to the captain to follow, he led the way toward his hut, explaining on the way, by gestures and in the Huron dialect, that the Chief Wah-wah-tah-see, whose house he pointed out, and the rest of the tribe had gone to the farm, five miles away, where they cultivated potatoes, which, with fish, constituted their bill of fare.

The interior of the house was divided by joists into three rooms, but, most singularly, they were uncovered, and, standing in the parlor, one could see clear through the walls of one bed-room into another beyond. An excellent summer arrangement, no doubt. In one of the rooms there lay, on a pile of straw, a girl of perhaps twenty-eight years, the sight of whom caused the captain a start of surprise.

MORE ROMANCE.

Here then, was the heroine of the romantic story, of whom he had heard.

She had, seven years ago, been denied the privilege of marrying the object of her affections, of whom her "stern father" did not approve, and, like the boy that eat up all the peanut shucks out of spite, because his ma wouldn't give him any more peanuts, she took to her bed, and, refusing to get up, had lain there ever since—seven years—stuck to it with the persistence of a woman.

The old Indian led the captain into the room, and exhibited her with as evident a satisfaction as if she had been Jumbo, and both father and daughter fixed their eyes on the captain's face and grinned.

He was seated on a block, and felt constrained to be sociable.

"Pretty tough lying there all the time, isn't it?" he inquired of the girl.

Both father and daughter grinned and nodded.

"How long are you going to keep up this thing?"

More grins and nods.

The captain began to feel uncomfortable.

"Have you ever tried sticking pins in her?" he asked, in desperation, of the Stern Parent.

A nod and grin was the reply.

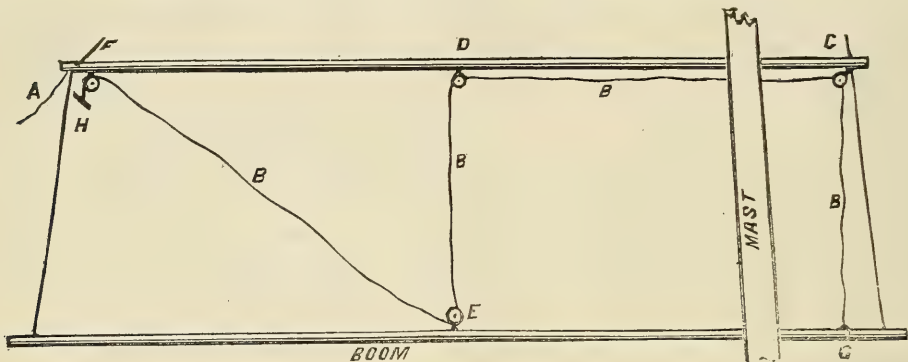
"What on earth would you do if the house got afire?" said the captain to the girl.

A nod and grin.

The captain was getting uncomfortable, and, wiping the perspiration off his brow, he said to the girl, in his sweetest tones:

"I believe you would, you everlasting idiot," and, bidding the S. P. good-day, fled from the house.

He camped that night on Point Grondine, and, after a hearty meal of salt pork and potatoes, boiled over his little alcohol stove, he turned in under the tent over the Polly Ann, and slept the sleep of the just.



A SIMPLE REEFING-GEAR FOR BALANCE LUGS—AN ANTI-TANGLE HALLIARD.

Mr. Robert Tyson, of the Toronto Canoe Club, writes: "A short time ago I adopted Baden Powell's reefing-gear on my balance lug, and liked it well so long as I had only one reef thus fitted; but when I came to rig two or three reefs in this way, the amount of tackle and of deck lines was a terror—enough to drive frantic any canoeist of simple habits. I therefore tried to evolve something which would dispense with deck-lines, and render each reef independent of its neighbor, with the following result: Of course, one has to luff to put in the reef; but it is advisable to do this with almost any quick reefing-gear, in order to take the wind-pressure off the tackle.

"B is the reefing-line, made fast at G, and running freely through four dead eyes or blocks, C, D, E, F, and terminating in a

small toggle or knot H. Then A is an ordinary reef-point, on the opposite side of the sail from H, but close to it. To reef, slacken your halliard and haul on down haul, or leach until the upper batten is low enough; then seize H, and pull in the slack of the reef-line B, until the upper and lower battens meet; then wind B around battens, boom, and sail, until only a few inches of it is left hanging. This few inches will then be in the position of a reef-point. Tie it to the other reef-point A, and your reef is complete. "The aftermost dead-eye F, need not be opposite the reef-line A, but is better a little forward of it, because it gives room to wind the line around the boom coming gradually aft to A.

"If the diagonal direction of the reef-line from E to F be found to drag the battens out of position, it can be remedied by bringing the line through a fifth eye at the aft end of the boom or lower batten, or by terminating the line at the after end of

the lower batten, and threading it through F, when the two battens are hauled together, and before making it fast."

"Three or four small but thick rings should be sewn in the sail-cloth between D and E, also between C and G, and the reef-line passed through them, to gather the sail into folds in the usual way. And don't fail to have a double topping-lift for the sail to drop between when reefing."

"Now, I dare say, this or something similar has been invented several times before, but it is original, so far as I am concerned. I venture to recommend strongly a careful examination of it, and think it will be found one of the simplest and most effective reefing-gears yet produced. The battens are held together in three places, which is quite enough to make the sail set well. Every reef is complete in itself, and the putting in of one reef does not slacken the lines of another. There is the minimum of blocks and cord. There are no bothersome deck-lines and cleats. And it can be worked without rising from one's seat. A good plan is to have the lowest reef only on Baden Powell's principle, and all the upper reefs arranged as above."

"In order to get rid of the nuisance of having three or four yards of halliard slack tangling about the cock-pit when my sail is hoisted, I tried the plan of carrying the halliard around a block near its belaying cleat, then taking it back to the foot of the mast, through a block there, up to the yard, and making it fast on the yard close to the mast. It thus forms a halliard and down-haul in one. I leave about eighteen inches or two feet of slack, so that the line may be readily made fast to the cleat; and I fasten the end block with a snap-hook, so that I can detach the whole thing when taking out the mast. I am delighted with the way it works. There is no slack at all in the cock-pit, and I have the advantage of a down-haul as well. I would not be bothered with a separate down-haul, adding to the "cob-web" in the cock-pit; but in

this shape a down-haul is first-rate. Since trying this plan, I notice that Mr. W. P. Stephens hints at the same idea. He says in the last CANOEIST, speaking of a down-haul, "which may be a continuation of the halliard." But I want to emphasize it and say, "which *shall* be a continuation of the halliard." Mind and leave the line slack enough to admit of its being easily handled and made fast on the cleat, which ought to be one of those rocking fellows* which bite the line fast with two turns, then you are all right.

ROBERT TYSON.

THE CANOEIST'S AULD LANG SYNE.

We've come from ocean, river, lake,
To nature's fairest shrine,
And far and near the echoes wake,
In rocks of auld lang syne,
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

On waters bright, 'mid silvery spray,
Who cares for storied Rhine?
We'll camp, at close of summer's day,
'Neath trees of auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear.

This life so old, our life renews,
While man and boat combine
With sail or blade, our own canoes,
The craft—of auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear.

Although our friendship count not years,
'Tis friendship, yours and mine,
And parting hath a thought of tears
Like love of auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear.

Auld rocks, auld trees, auld craft, auld ties,
Auld waters, fresh or brine,
Shall ever hold, to our glad eyes,
The charm of auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear.

Afloat, ashore, we'll meet again.
Now here's my hand for thine,
We'll meet again! We'll meet again!
For days of auld lang syne,
For auld lang syne, my dear.

OCONOMOWOC, WIS., SEPT. 3D.

The canoe "Louise," of the "A. C. A.," left on Sept. 3d, on a cruise for St. Louis, via Rock River to Rock Island, then to St. Louis, down the Mississippi, distance 650 miles.

Respectfully yours,
D. MCFARLAND.

* [Paget's Patent Cleat.—Eds.]

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN A. C. A.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1882.

WILLIAM WHITLOCK,	}	. . .	Editors.
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C. BOWYER VAUX,			
BRENTANO BROS.,		. . .	Publishers.

Address all correspondence to THE AMERICAN CANOEIST, No. 5 Union Square, New York.

Communications and inquiries are respectfully solicited from all canoeists.

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Yearly subscription, \$1. Single copies, 10 cents.

With this number of the CANOEIST its editorial management is undertaken by the board whose names appear at the head of this page. It will be its earnest endeavor to keep alive the growing interest in a sport which is healthful, manly, and cultivating to a degree shared by no other, and in all ways worthily to carry on the work so successfully started by its predecessor. All success to him in his "larger ship." His experienced hand will be sadly missed. We learn he is to keep up his canoeing in his new home, and therefore our readers may rest assured they will not lose sight of him entirely in the CANOEIST.

MR. TYSON'S REEFING GEAR.

This would seem an admirable and simple arrangement, when so many as three or four small reefs are provided in large balance lugs. In most that we have seen, two is all that have been ever deemed necessary, and as these take in from thirty to forty feet of sail at once, it seems possible that when reefed the tangle of slack at the extreme end of the boom might be more objectionable than that on deck. It is also no easy matter to wind ten or twelve feet of slack round the extreme end of the boom, even when in the wind, as the slightest paying off in either direction would endanger a capsize from lateral wind pressure on a sail you were not ready to let go of. We understand that it is to be tried in the New York Club, and trust to hear from that quarter, as also from

others who may try it, that the theoretical points on which we comment are no practical objection.

The combined down-haul and halliard seems perfect, and simplicity itself. Too much credit cannot be given our Toronto correspondent, both for his constant experiments and his generous publication of beneficial results.

A CORRECTION.

EDITOR AMERICAN CANOEIST :

DEAR SIR: After reading the article "The American Canoe Association Meeting," in the last number of the CANOEIST, permit me to ask, if there is not some mistake as to the order in which the canoes came in on the one and a half-mile paddling race, Friday, Aug. 11. The order in which they read, are as follows: "Lark," 1; "Psyche," 2; "Mamie," 3; and my canoe ("Pip"), the fourth. The gentleman who was taking notes of this race, and the order in which they came in, I am sure had the "Mamie" and "Pip" rather mixed. That Crosbyside ginger ale has queer effect on some people, for I have tried it. Nevertheless, I am very positive that on reaching shore at the close of the race, my friends very warmly congratulated me on taking the third prize. The following has been my description of this race to my brother canoeists of this city, and I shudder, now, when I think of meeting them again, after they have read this number of the CANOEIST. There were seven canoes entered. We kept well together until the first stake-boat was rounded, when "Lark" took the lead, with "Mamie" second, "Psyche" third, and "Pip" (my canoe) fourth. This was the position in which they rounded the second stake-boat, when the "Mamie" had to take "Psyche's" wake. Between this and the home stake-boat the skipper of the "Mamie" made a change of base (took a kneeling position in his canoe), thinking, no doubt, he could send the "Mamie" to her old position, but, with a cross sea running, it apparently did not help, but kept her within a few yards of the home stake-boat, when the "Pip" shot ahead of her, coming in third.

Faternally yours,

"PIP."

E. H. MOORE, HARTFORD, CT.

*THE CRUISE OF THE AURORA AND
SOLID COMFORT, FROM LAKE
GEORGE, N. Y., TO THE GULF OF
MEXICO.*

Dr. Charles A. Neide and Capt. S. D. Kendall have reached Lake Ontario, that great inland sea, through which the waters, draining six million square miles of territory, flow before the vast flood reaches the St. Lawrence River. These members of the A. C. A. left the Canoe Islands, on Lake George, New York, on the 19th of August, and paddled to the northern outlet of the Horicon, where they portaged over the "two miles' carry" into Lake Champlain. This sheet of water was traversed by the canoeists in company with Rev. George L. Neide, in the Mohawk, and Rev. R. H. Neide, in a St. Paul canoe. The party followed the canal from Lake Champlain to Schuylerville, where, after resting a few days, Dr. Neide and Capt. Kendall continued their cruise to the Hudson River, near Troy, and entered the Erie Canal. Head winds and adverse currents annoyed them as far as Canajoharie, where the cruisers rested at the residence of Dr. Neide's brother. On the 12th of September the doctor, while preparing dinner on shore, fell into a hole and dislocated his thumb, and the bottom of the canal, about that time, was forced into an aqueduct, at a point where two canal-boats were passing. Through this break the waters of the "sixteen mile level" escaped, completely draining the watercourse. Our cruisers hunted for water, the nearest body of which proved to be Onondaga Lake, five miles away. Gentlemen came to the assistance of our voyagers, and carried their craft to the lake. The Aurora and Solid Comfort were paddled through the lake and down the Seneca River, and through the canal to Phoenix; then into the Oswego River to Lake Ontario. While at Fair Haven, by the lake, a terrible gale arose, wrecking a vessel on the bar. Our cruisers intended to continue their cruise on the open lake from Fair Haven to the Genesee

River; thence to Rochester and once more enter the Erie Canal, and follow it to Buffalo, on Lake Erie; but the continuous stormy weather on the lake changed their plans, and by last accounts received, Sept. 22, the cruisers were preparing to make a most distasteful portage, by railroad, from Oswego, twenty-five miles, to Weedsport, on the Erie Canal, and then follow the canal to Buffalo. As the weather may be too stormy for small craft to cruise on Lake Erie to Cleveland (Ohio), the voyagers were contemplating the feasibility of making a carry from Buffalo to Olean, on the Alleghany River, from which point the canoes will descend that upper Branch of the Ohio to Pittsburgh, where the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela gives birth to the Ohio River. From Pittsburgh the canoeists will descend the Ohio to Cincinnati, where they will be received by our enthusiastic brothers of the Cincinnati Canoe Club. Already the gallant ex-commodore of the A. C. A. has sent word to the lonely voyagers: "Post us as to your whereabouts, and our canoe club will meet you fifty miles above Cincinnati, and escort you to our city." The distance, by the Ohio River from Pittsburgh to Cairo, Ill., where it joins the Mississippi, is about one thousand miles; and from Cairo to New Orleans will be a run of about one thousand and fifty-five miles. The route from New Orleans, to be followed by Messrs. Neide and Kendall, has not yet been fully mapped out. The canoeists are in excellent spirits, and their faces are turned steadfastly towards the Gulf of Mexico.

HORICAN.

Mr. Dixon Kemp, author of "Yacht Designing," etc., is preparing a new work on yacht building, which will contain much additional information concerning cruising yachts and canoes, their rigs and fittings. We hope the price may be more within the reach of the general public than his former work, as his writings should be familiar to every canoeist.

CANOE PILOT.

A SEPTEMBER CRUISE THROUGH OLD MIDDLESEX.

The September sun is just dropping below the horizon as the canoe "Clytie," a staunch and roomy Racine Shadow, flying at her mast-head the daintiest of private signals, and the "Ion," a smaller, lighter St. Paul, push out from the cemetery landing in the Spindle City, Lowell, for a cruise up the sleepy Concord and the winding Sudbury. The canoes are manned respectively by the commodore and the cook. They carry the usual outfit for a canoe trip, and in addition a portable amateur camera and dry plates, without which no cruise is quite complete.

From the very start we note the absence of any perceptible current in the Concord, and the water is as smooth as glass, in marked contrast to the more boisterous and swift-flowing Merrimack. Passing under a railroad bridge, locally known as the "Six Arch," we paddle on up the river, and the cruise is fairly begun. The gathering darkness gives warning that a campground must be selected; but this is no easy matter, as the river banks are low and marshy, offering few desirable sites. Finally, within a mile of North Billerica, the canoes are hauled ashore and carried several rods across the meadow to higher land, where the first night's camp is located under a sheltering tree.

At five the next morning we turn out and eat a hasty breakfast. The air is chilly, and a damp fog hangs over the river, but a clear sky gives evidence of a fair day. Half an hour later the sun comes up in a blaze of glory as we break camp and embark. Rounding a few bends in the river, we reach the village of North Billerica. A dam obstructs the stream at this point and necessitates a short carry, the canoes being lifted up a steep bank into the canal, from which they emerge on the river above, with a clear course to the head of navigation. Leaving the canal, we turn sharply around to the right and enter a narrow, rocky channel, but owing to low water the rapids against which we have been warned are found to have disappeared. Care is necessary to avoid collisions with sunken rocks, but no trouble is experienced. Com-

fortable farm-houses are passed at intervals, and the stream leads through fertile meadows fringed with grass, weeds, and lily-pads. Beautiful water-lilies adorn the surface of the water and are quite abundant. With these the canoes are decorated. Then a landing is made in a picturesque spot and the camera set up to take a view of the fleet in holiday attire. "Jug" Island, a favorite resort for wild ducks, is next passed, and a brace of frightened fowl fly up and away. The commodore now takes advantage of a favorable breeze to sail a short distance, after which the paddle is again resumed. At one point stand the ruins of abutments once joined by a bridge on an ancient turnpike long since abandoned. Charming scenery is encountered for several miles, and at noon we tarry for a while in a pleasant grove to rest and eat our dinner. Continuing, we pass under the Carlisle bridge, with the town of Bedford on our left. Some fishermen at this point express doubts about our ability to reach Concord in the canoes, by reason of the low water. The channel is narrow and shallow, to be sure, and in some places choked with weeds, but no serious difficulty is encountered, and at one o'clock we are skirting the village.

Concord possesses many attractions; it is not only beautiful in itself, but rich in historic memories. Within its limits the stream is crossed by some substantial stone bridges, and where once stood the "old north bridge" of Revolutionary times there is now a handsome rustic structure which is much frequented. On the right bank at this point stands the "Minute Man," a well-conceived and finely-finished figure with a solid granite base, on which are clearly inscribed Emerson's oft-quoted lines:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled;
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world."

Opposite is the older monument, a tall granite shaft erected in 1836 on the spot occupied by the British forces. A long inscription is cut in the stone and tells the tale of long ago. Near by are the graves of British soldiers, enclosed with railings and marked by tablets, while Monument Avenue, shaded by long lines of noble trees, leads away to the village. Costly dwellings here border the river and well-kept lawns slope down toward the water, ending in

artificial beaches on which grate the keels of numerous pleasure-boats, showing that their owners recognize the boating facilities which open from their very doors.

A short distance above the monuments a wooded bluff, terminating in a ledge, marks the junction of the Sudbury and Assabet rivers, which here unite to form the Concord proper. Keeping to the left, we ascend the Sudbury and quickly leave the village behind. Four miles further on the stream widens into a miniature lake, and we are on Fairhaven Bay, surrounded by forest slopes with an occasional opening of cultivated land. By walking a mile through the woods on the left shore, one may gaze upon Walden Pond and be shown the site of Thoreau's cabin. Following around the right bank, we at length find the entrance to the river above and proceed on our journey. The stream now becomes quite narrow, and winds its way through the Sudbury meadows, doubling upon itself every few rods. The town of Lincoln is passed on the left, and we continue paddling until nearly night. Lily-pads, weeds, mud, and marshes become monotonous, and the entire absence of high land renders comfortable camping impossible; so we make everything snug, leave the canoes securely tied under a stone bridge, and set out on foot for Sudbury; but finding on inquiry that there is no hotel in the place, we retrace our steps and walk two miles to Wayland, where we arrive after dark and are accommodated for the night.

The second morning opens cold and cloudy, with every indication of a storm; but we decide to proceed, and are soon paddling on up the river, which now becomes even more crooked than before. Marshes everywhere and the stream in places choked with weeds. After almost every stroke it is necessary to shake the stems and lily-pads from the paddle blades. Saxonville is our objective point, but a "native" volunteers the information that rocks in the river will prevent getting through. Still we keep on. Limbs of trees, logs, rocks, and shoals are soon encountered. The commodore is forced to strike his mast and unship his rudder. Then the water becomes too shallow to float the canoes; so we get out and drag them most of the way for a mile. Finally, after three hours' hard work, we reach Saxon-

ville and the practical head of navigation. By this time it is raining smartly, and we seek shelter under a rustic bridge which spans the river at this point.

After deliberating for some time upon the best course to pursue, we take a run up into the village and back. Then it is agreed to paddle back in the rain to Wayland. All the luggage is stowed under the canvas deck of the Clytie, the Ion being without such protection, and in the pouring rain the canoes are pushed, towed, and paddled down the stream until the more serious obstructions are left behind. A fierce and squally wind blows across the marshes with tremendous force, and paddling against it is hard work, but the friendly Wayland bridge is reached before dark, and after a muddy walk the two canoeists, soaked and chilled, but otherwise uninjured, again find shelter at the Pequod House, whose inmates are somewhat surprised, if not amused, by our second appearance under such ridiculous circumstances.

All night long the wind and rain try to outdo each other in violence, and morning finds the storm still raging; but by nine o'clock the rain ceases, the clouds begin to break up, and we again take to the canoes. Head winds, and consequent slow progress. The sun comes out to cheer us, familiar land-marks are passed one by one, and we are again on Fairhaven Bay with the waves running high. An early camp is desirable, and by three o'clock we land to locate Camp Contentment, a mile below the bay. After preparations are made for the night there is time to take some views of the camp and indulge in target practice. Here, in the serving up of meals, the cook fairly earns his title and leaves to his comrade the humbler rank of commodore, for what is the latter in comparison with a good cook? The night is cold, but a clear morning ushers in the last day of the cruise, and at nine o'clock we are homeward bound.

Arriving in town, the camera is set up to secure views of the Concord's source and the Minute Man, after which the voyage is resumed. The recent rain has caused a rise in the water, and what was a narrow stream on the upward trip now spreads out over the meadows into a river of respectable width. At noon we stop for lunch in a pleasant grove on the Bedford shore.

Some hours after North Billerica is reached, the last carry is made, and at five o'clock we land in Lowell, four days out, with a record of 80 miles paddled in sunshine and rain.

Whoever repeats this cruise will find much to enjoy. Fine scenery and pleasant camp-grounds border the Concord proper and the Sudbury as far as Fairhaven Bay, but above that point there is a continuous series of dismal marshes, and between Concord and Saxtonville not half a dozen desirable camp-grounds can be found within reasonable distance from the water's edge. But to some the satisfaction of following the stream to the very head of navigation will more than compensate for these inconveniences.—VESPER.

A. C. A.

OFFICIAL NOTES.

LIST OF MEMBERS SINCE LAST REPORT.

CHAS. STICKNEY, Lowell, Mass.
 W. E. WHELOCK, Lowell, Mass.
 EUGENE A. GUILBERT, M. D., McGregor, Iowa.
 S. R. STODDARD, Glens Falls, N. Y.
 E. O. FINEL, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
 H. B. WELLER, Peterboro, Ontario, Canada.
 J. H. BURNHAM, Peterboro, Ontario, Canada.
 J. P. EMERSON, Peterboro, Ontario, Canada.
 M. F. JOHNSTON, Toronto, Canada.
 R. J. WICKSTEAD, L.L.D., House of Commons, Ottawa, Canada.
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 E. G. GRIFFEN, Audubon Park, N. Y.
 G. COCHRAN BROOME, Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Brooklyn.
 FRANK M. NICHOLSON, 29 Rose Ave., Toronto.
 G. R. NUTTER, 50 Gray's Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.
 CHAS A. DECKER, 33 Union Square, N. Y.
 ROGER GRAHAME, Montreal.
 Miss MARY WILTSIE FULLER, Troy, N. Y. (Honorary member.)

REV. GEO. L. NEIDE,

Ass't Sec A. C. A.

REGATTAS.

Secretaries of Clubs are requested to send us promptly the best reports possible of all races, cruises, and important meetings.

TORONTO CANOE CLUB—Sept. 9.

THE SECRETARY KEEPS THE FIRST CLASS CUP—MR. NICHOLSON WINS THE SECOND CLASS CUP.

The sailing races of the Toronto Canoe Club, for the two Challenge Cups, took place on Saturday afternoon, over a three-mile triangular course. The following is the result of the race for first-class canoes:

Isabel, "Pearl," Robert Tyson.	1
Boreas, "Pearl," Commodore Neilson. .	2
Vixen, Samuel L. Hicks.	3
Fairy, "Jersey Blue," Fred. W. Mason. .	o
Nautilus, Andrew B. Eadie.	o
Elma, Rufus A. Coleman.	o

The Isabel carried ninety-eight feet of canvas, the Boreas about eighty feet. The Vixen about ninety feet. The wind was very light. The Isabel kept the lead all through, and won by twelve minutes. A very pretty finish was made by the Vixen. She and the Fairy were racing closely for third place, the latter leading. While the Fairy was going about to cross the line, the Vixen got close to the stakeboat, put her helm down, and shot cleverly across the line before the Fairy came about. The Fairy is the canoe owned last year by Mr. Bridgman, the then commodore. The Vixen ran against a snag and broke a piece off her rudder, which somewhat delayed and impeded her. The Nautilus appeared with a piece added to her mainsail, which greatly improved her sailing powers, and she kept second place for two or three laps, but from some unexplained cause she did not finish the race.

Mr. Frank M. Nicholson's Sadie N. and Mr. Kerr's Shadow made a match of it for the second-class cup, and the Sadie N. took it. She has exchanged her leg-o'-mutton rig for a single lateen, which very much increased her speed.

COMBINED RACE OF T. C. C. FOR CHALLENGE CUP—Sept. 16, 1882.

Seven canoes entered for the combined paddling and sailing race of the Toronto Canoe Club on Saturday afternoon. A triangular mile-and-a-half course was laid out, with the angles respectively at Han-

lan's, Mead's, and the red buoy about half a mile north of those points. Once around this by paddle, and once around under sail. The cup was won by Mr. Tyson's Isabel, paddled and sailed by Mr. M. F. Johnston. Commodore Neilson's Boreas took second prize, and Mr. Fred. W. Mason's Fairy the third prize.

	<i>First Round. Paddling.</i>	<i>Finish. Sailing.</i>
Isabel, M. F. Johnston.....	4.19	5.33
Boreas, Hugh Neilson.....	4.21½	5.36
Fairy, F. W. Mason.....	4.20	5.37
Sadie N., F. M. Nicholson...	4.20½	5.39
Elma, R. A. Coleman.....	4.19	—
Madeline, Chas. W. Busk, C.E.	4.16	—
Mabel, John L. Kerr.....	4.19½	—

Mr. Busk is a member of the Royal and Mersey Canoe Clubs, England, who is in Toronto for a short time, and has been elected an honorary member of the T. C. C. He has a beautiful 27 inch Mersey canoe, much resembling a "Stella Maris," and she paddles "like a streak." It will be seen from the foregoing that he was three minutes ahead of all the other paddlers on the first round. Coleman and Johnston had a close struggle for second place in the paddling, resulting in favor of Coleman by about a length. Both of them paddled admirably, bringing in their beamy canoes ahead of lighter and narrower craft.

During the sailing round the wind was so light that a deputation of one came in to ask the referee if the race had not better be declared off. However, the wind freshened slightly, and the race was finished. It was almost a drifting match on the first half mile of the sailing. This was hard on the lighter canoes, as the effect was to almost neutralize any advantage they gained on the paddling.—*Mail*.

NEW YORK CANOE CLUB—Sept. 16.

"It was a jolly mariner, the smallest man of three,
He loosed his sail against the wind, and turned his
boat to sea."

A fresh breeze from the west would have given ample excuse for a postponement, had any been needed, of the fifth race for the Challenge Cup, set for last Saturday, but 3 p. m. found all the sailor-men who had entered ready at the float of the club house, Staten Island. The large racing sails had one and then two reefs put in as the breeze freshened, and were finally discarded for smaller ones by the Dot and

Ripple, each carrying cruising main and mizzen lugs, single reefed, while the Tramp carried racing mainsail only, also single reefed. The course selected was from the float to and around the quarantine hulk off Bedloe's Island, $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles, thence around a pile off Constable's hook, $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles, and back to float, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, or about $4\frac{1}{4}$ miles, thus avoiding the strong lee-going tide in the Narrows.

The reef to leeward of the float, nearly bare, made it difficult to start, but the boats were finally laid head to wind along the float, the Tramp, Vice-Commodore Oudin, to windward; Ripple, Mr. Whitlock, next, and the Dot, Commodore Vaux, to leeward, the bow of each being held by an attendant. At 3:54 as the word to go was given by Mr. Stephens, the boats were cast off together, the Dot at once filling away, and starting off in fine style, while as the Tramp swung off more rapidly than the Ripple, with boom well off to starboard, the latter paid off until her mast brought up inside the boom of the Tramp, some time being lost in getting both clear, the Dot meanwhile taking a handsome lead. Once clear, the others started in chase, the Ripple keeping well to windward, and with the wind forward of the beam her extra foot of length soon told, the Tramp taking third place, though the Dot still held a good lead.

The tide up off Robbin's Reef made lively work for a few minutes, but the positions were about the same, except that, evidently overestimating the force of the lee-going tide, the Ripple kept too far to windward. Between the Reef and the first turn the Tramp took a knock-down, but quickly luffed and was off again. At 4:10 p. m. the Dot tacked around the mark, and with boom to port stood up toward the Jersey shore, passing the Ripple, which had gone far to windward of the mark, and was then running down for it. Tramp, profiting by this error, rounded second at 4:11½, the Ripple following at 4:12¾. The three now presented a handsome sight, the crews seated up on the starboard deck, the crew of the Dot, owing to her "tumble home" and 4 in. less freeboard, sitting, during the puffs, not on deck, but actually outside on the upper streak of the boat, a position which, at each weather roll, forcibly recalled the motto of the Cincinnati C. C., "Madidam mutavi vestem." At 4:23

the Dot was again about on port tack, and heading for Black Tom, the Tramp following at 4:25, and the Ripple, now far astern, holding on for a short time longer. At 4:30 all three were standing up well under their canvas, but a moment later a shout from the float directed all glasses on the Tramp, which had been holding well on to the Dot and rapidly leaving the Ripple, but now

"Alas—the Lively—where is she?
Her capsized keel is in the foam,
Her pennons in the sea."

A rush was made at once to launch a boat for her rescue, but her plucky skipper, after several attempts, boarded her, put all hands to the pumps, and was shortly bound for home under paddle. The Dot, seeing no help was needed, held on her course, the Ripple evidently having an engagement in the direction of Jersey City. For the next ten minutes the Tramp engrossed the attention of all, but at 4:43 the Dot was to windward of the second mark.

"Up went the helm—close reefed—
The sheet held firmly in his hand,
With ballast snug—the vessel jibed,
And scudded for the land."

With a strong ebb under her and a stiff breeze astern, the little Dot fairly danced over the last leg of the course and finished at 4:49, the liveliest and most exciting race yet held for the cup, the Ripple rounding at 4:50 and finishing at 4:57. Four of the five races sailed have been won by the Dot, and too much praise cannot be given to Commodore Vaux for the admirable way in which she is handled. Four seasons of racing together have made a combination of man and boat that will be very hard to beat, as is shown by the way in which they have disposed of larger, more powerful, and heavier ballasted boats.

The performance of the Pearls thus far have not come up to the expectations of their friends, but it is no disparagement to their owners to say that they have not been handled yet to the best advantage. To get the best results from such boats it is absolutely necessary that they shall be canvassed, ballasted, and trimmed properly, and some time and care is necessary to do this. The season is not over yet, and there is still time for such practice and trial, that they may open next season under better auspices. The management of the race

was in the hands of Messrs. Stephens, Munroe, and Newman.

SUMMARY.

Fifth race for N. Y. C. C. Challenge Cup, Sept. 16, 1882. Wind fresh from W., tide ebb, course triangular, $4\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

Canoe.	Model.	ft.	in.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
Dot, C. B. Vaux.	Shadow	14	4	30	3:54	4:10	4:43	4:49
Ripple, W. Whitlock.	Pearl	15	3	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	3:54	4:12 $\frac{1}{2}$	4:50	4:57
Tramp, C. P. Oudin.	Pearl	14	33	3:54	4:11 $\frac{1}{2}$

—From *Forest and Stream*.

The Fall Regatta of the New York Canoe Club, advertised for Sept. 23d, did not come off on account of the very severe storm. Date has been set for October 7th.

KNICKERBOCKER CANOE CLUB, NEW YORK, SEPT. 13.

The first annual fall regatta of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club was held off the Club-house, 1007 of Eighty-sixth street, North River, on September 13. The first was a paddling race of a mile, with turn, for Class A, or Rob Roy canoes. There were four entries, and they finished as follows: "Shatamuck," Adolph Loewenthal, 1; time, 11m. 25s. "Pirate," George C. Broome, 2; time, 11m. 55s. "Neversink," C. Van Zandt, a good 3d. "Osceola," C. Elliot Warren, dropped out.

The next race was one-mile sailing, for which the five following entered: "Coquette," Rushton Shadow, E. A. Hoffman, Jr.; "Palisade," Rushton Shadow, H. T. Keyser; "Neversink," Stella Maris, C. Elliot Warren; "Strathroy," Canvas Shadow, George C. Broome; and "Edith Adele," Canvas Pearl, R. P. Martin. The start, finish, time elapsed, and corrected time, were follows:

Name.	Start.	Finish.	Time elapsed.	Corrected Time.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	M. S.	M. S.
Edith Adele.	5 01 45	5 42 15	40 30	41 00
Coquette....	5 35 ..	6 21 15	46 15	46 45
Neversink....	5 35 ..	Did not finish.		
Strathroy....	5 35 ..	" " "		
Palisade.....	5 40 30	" " "		

The third race was a mile tandem paddling, and was very exciting. The entries and finish were as follows:

"Coquette," E. A. Hoffman, Jr., and C. E. Warren, first; time, 10m. 5s. "Horicon," H. T. Keyser and A. Loewenthal, second; time, 10m. 25s. The "Nomad," manned by Messrs. Maeder and Twele, unattached canoeists, brought up the rear.

Mr. William J. Duffy, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, acted as judge and time-keeper, and Mr. Arthur Brentano as officer of the day.—"Poco."

EDITOR AMERICAN CANOEIST :

DEAR SIR :—I find the CANOEIST all that I expected. I am, as yet, but a novice in canoeing ; having made my initial cruise down one of the wild rivers of Kentucky in July last. It was full of pleasing and thrilling incidents, and so much was I taken with the sport, that I have planned a winter's cruise along the gulf coast of Louisiana and Mississippi. I made my July cruise in a boat of my own construction, but am now looking around for a better boat for use on my next trip.

I am going to take the advice of your correspondent, Mr. Whitlock, and buy a second-hand boat until I become more familiar with the use of the paddle. If you could put me in communication with some one who has a boat to dispose of, you would place me under lasting obligations. I would prefer a double cruiser of the Racine or Rushton build.

Is there a canoe club in either Mobile or New Orleans?

I would like to find a companion for such a cruise ; and if you know of any one who would like to go on such a trip, direct them to me.

EDITOR AMERICAN CANOEIST :

SIR: It may be of interest to your readers to know the following: The organization of the Flushing Canoe Club was completed Friday, Sept. 15th, 1882, by the adoption of a Constitution, By-Laws, and Flag, and by the Election of Officers, viz.:

Commodore, T. H. Upton; Vice-Com., C. E. Warren; Secy. and Treas., W. H. Clarke; and an Executive Committee consisting of the above officers, and Messrs. D. C. Beard and H. K. Gilman. Flag—the regulation sized and shaped burgee, white ground with broad crimson chevron pointing from the staff.

The club starts with a membership of ten, and a prospect of immediate increase.

Any further information will be cheerfully furnished by, Yours truly,

W. H. CLARKE,
Secretary.

Box No. 77,
Flushing, L. I.,
Sept. 16th, 1882.

Mr. Orange Frazer, of Ohio, after leaving Lake George, cruised in the St. Lawrence and camped among the Thousand Islands for three weeks. We hope to hear from him personally in our next issue.

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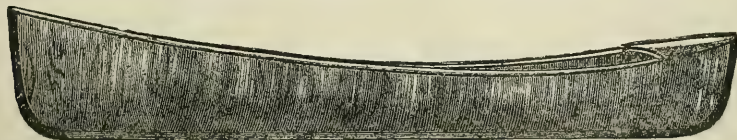
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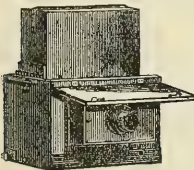
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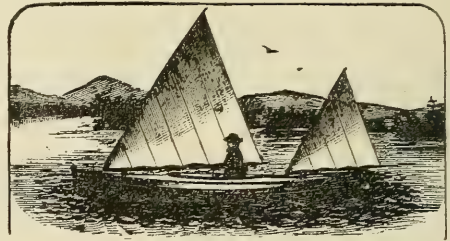
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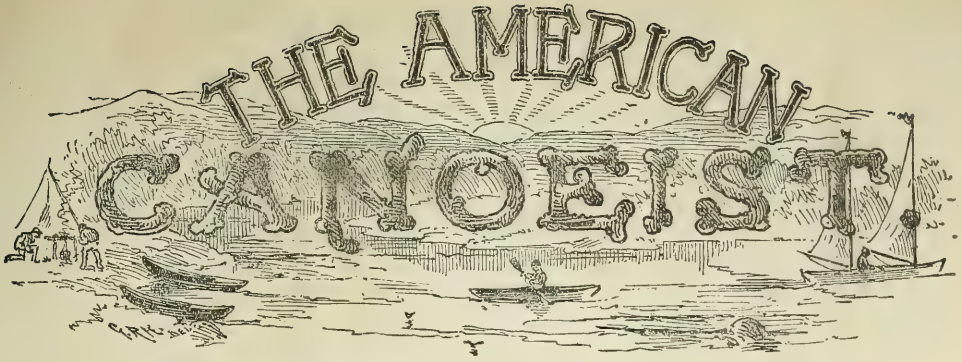
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STONY LAKE.—LETTER FROM COMMODORE EDWARDS.

THE PROFFERED A. C. A. CAMPING GROUND FOR
1883—HOW TO GET THERE—CONVENIENT
CRUISES—A SUGGESTION.

Directly north of the central part of Lake Ontario, opposite Rochester, there lies a long chain of lakes and water stretches, known collectively as the Trent Waters. The headwaters are far back in the wilds. The outlet is by the River Trent, which empties into the Bay of Quinte, at Trenton, sixty miles west of Kingston, and 100 miles east of Toronto. One of the lakes in this chain is Stony Lake, lying about fifty miles north from Lake Ontario. It is a large lake, irregular in shape, and divided into two parts, known as Upper and Lower Stony Lake, connected by Boshink Narrows. It contains a large number of islands, of granite formation, many of which rise to a considerable height above the water. Altogether the appearance of the lake is not unlike parts of the Lake of the Thousand Islands. It does not yet bear many marks of civilization, the "clearings" on the shores being few and far between. There was a summer hotel at Mount Julian on the north shore but it was burned two or three years ago. There is now no hotel nearer than the one at Burleigh, whose summer visitors do not as yet rival those of Crosbyside.

To reach the lake from the south you take the Midland Railway at Port Hope, a station on the Grand Trunk Railway, sixty-three miles east of Toronto, and 270 miles west of Montreal, and directly across Lake Ontario, from Rochester. The steamer "Norseman" crosses from Charlotte, the port of Rochester, to Port Hope every night, arriving about eight o'clock in the morning. You take your ticket for Lakefield, forty miles from Port Hope, passing through Peterborough (thirty miles) on the way. Or you may take another branch of the Midland Railway at Belleville, on the Bay of Quinte, 113 miles east of Toronto, and 220 west of Montreal, also passing through Peterborough to Lakefield. Port Hope and Belleville may each be reached from east or west by Grand Trunk Railway. In either case Port Hope is the best place to change if you come by Grand Trunk. Port Hope, but not Belleville, may also be reached from east or west by daily line of lake steamers (the Ontario, or Richelieu, or Royal Mail Line). Arrived at Lakefield you launch your canoe and paddle up Lake Katchewanuk, a narrow lake with low shores, five miles to Young's Point, A lock passes you into Clear Lake, a straight open lake, one mile wide and six miles long; a capital lake for sailing. Then you enter a labyrinth formed by the thickly clustered islands of Stony Lake, extending for a mile or more until you again come to

more open water forming the body of Lower Stony Lake. One of the largest of the islands as you emerge from the labyrinth, its upper end facing the open water, is the spot which it is hoped will form the camping ground of the A. C. A. during the coming summer. Amongst the islands a protected course for paddling races may be had on the windiest day. Whilst for sailing you have the open water before you. For a cruise, hoist your sail and run through the open lake four or five miles towards the the rugged looking Boshink Narrows, through which you pass into the beautiful Upper Stony Lake, taking a look as you go by at the picturesque Eels Creek, up which you may ascend for a considerable distance. Or let the light paddlers start with a luncheon in their handiest locker, and take a run northward to Burleigh Falls, and, if they don't mind portaging up they go to Lovesick Lake, and the pretty but treacherous Lovesick Rapids, which the more dashing paddle up, while the more prudent make a very short portage. There the well-wooded Deer Bay opens out upon you, and you make for the spring to enjoy your luncheon. The run home will revive your appetite for dinner. For a longer trip you continue on your cruise, portage at the Buckhorn Rapids, and enter Buckhorn Lake. From this point, say a half-day's journey from camp, you may, without any portaging, make the following cruise: passing through Buckhorn Lake, with its pretty wooded islands, keeping to the left for six miles, you pass through the narrows with the Indian Village on the left into Chemony Lake, twelve miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide, with Little Mud Lake, whose clear waters blush at its name, at the one end. Or keeping to the right side of Buckhorn Lake you reach Pigeon Lake about twelve miles long and a mile or more wide. Turning to the right, at its upper end, you take a run into Ball Lake, whilst turning to your left you reach, by the Bob

Bobcaygeon, which the "Independent" of that village calls "*the* place to spend a Happy Summer Holiday." Bobcaygeon, in its anxiety to entertain strangers would fain welcome the A. C. A. to its hospitable shores. Here a lock lifts you to the level of Sturgeon Lake, fifteen miles long and entering the unromantic Sengog River, after five miles you reach Lindsay, and thence six miles further you come to the large Sengog Lake, with a very large island in the middle. From Port Perry on this lake you can reach Toronto by a fifty miles journey by Midland Railway.

Turning back, you may, from Sturgeon Lake, paddle up the Fenelon River, pass Fenelon Falls by portage, and enter the magnificent Cameron and Balsam Lakes, and pressing northward it is hard to say what possibilities are not before you in the way of exploration until at length you reach one of the branches of the Upper Ottawas, a trip down which stream would be one of the events or your life.

When you come bring your trolling-lines and baits, and when an eight or ten pound maskinonge becomes your reward for early rising it will be a matter of surprise if you do not see the sun rise for once at least in your life. The fish of the lake are maskinonge, bass, and salmon trout, the latter obtainable at certain seasons only.

The camp over you may, if the water be high enough, after paddling back to Lakefield, run the river with its swift current and frequent rapids to Peterboro', nine miles, and after paying its inhabitants a visit, follow the quiet winding of the lower Otonabee to Rice Lake. Here a magnificent lake of twenty miles in length by three in breadth, opens out before you, and if some of its choice winds be blowing you can almost imagine yourself to be on Lake Champlain. Leaving it at its easterly end you have a quiet run of six miles to Hastings, and after passing the locks you go on twelve miles to Heeley's Falls. From this point you have ten miles, with occasional

easy waters. Then comes a stretch of eighteen miles of quiet navigation, followed by nine miles more of not difficult rapids, bringing you out at Trenton on the Bay of Quinte, whence you set sail for Kingston and the Thousand Islands.

If you prefer you may leave Rice Lake at Harwood, and go by rail to Cobourg, twelve miles, and thence take Grand Trunk to Peterboro' east or west or steamer "Norseman" to Rochester.

I hope the above will induce members to at once send in to Rev. Mr. Neide their views to guide the committee in deciding. I cannot appoint a regatta committee until I know where the meet is to be, as, in the event of its being here we should have at least one local man to classify our Canadian canoes, which will probably present more variety than heretofore, as the number will be greater

Yours heartily and fraternally,
E. B. EDWARDS.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

MEANS OF ACCESS—ITS PROMINENT ADVANTAGES.

EDITOR CANOEIST :

DEAR SIR.—It was my pleasure and good fortune to meet the gentlemen composing the American Canoe Association during the past summer at Lake George. In subsequent conversations with a number of members I have urged the advantages of the St. Lawrence River among the shores and islands as a place of meeting for next season, and at their suggestion I will beg the favor of a brief space in your columns.

The general features of the shores and island groups are too well known to require specific description. They offer to the canoeist a lovely and varied succession of voyages through their midst, from any given point, practically limited only by the time at his disposal.

Round Island, which has been im-

proved by an association, is well situated for the purposes of cruising and display. It is one mile long and one-third of a mile wide, and contains a fine hotel and about thirty cottages. Mr. Geo. L. Davis, of Watertown, N. Y., the secretary of the association, has already tendered the use of a fine grove of several acres extent for camping purposes free of charge, and especially low rates will be given those who wish to board at the hotel. Ice, meats, vegetables, milk, bread, etc., are served daily at the island at ordinary country prices. Round Island is one and a half miles from the village of Clayton, the terminus of the Utica and Black River Railroad, and canoes may be put into the water at the depot wharf, reaching the camp in less than half an hour. A through sleeping-car leaves the Grand Central Depot, New York at 9 P. M., reaching Clayton at 10 A. M. ; and it is expected that an arrangement will go into effect next summer by which the train will arrive at 6 A. M.

Members coming from the West may leave Niagara Falls in the evening about 8 o'clock, arriving at 6 A. M. via sleepers over R. W. & O., Lake Ontario Division. These lines have promised extra facilities for shipment of canoes at nominal rates, and a low rate of fare will probably be arranged.

New England members may go to Montreal or Ogdensburg by rail, and take a steamer of the "American Line," thence direct to the island. Canoes will be carried upon these boats free of charge.

The Canadians are well posted as to the facilities for reaching this point, and should a party be made up to visit the Rice Lake region, a steamer passing the island about noon will take them to the Bay of Quinte, where the canoes may be put into the water.

The absence of headlands among the islands, and especially in the vicinity of Round Island, where the river expands into a series of broad, deep lakes, makes sailing much more satisfactory and safe

than upon lovely, but capricious Lake George. Smooth water for paddling may always be found under the lee of the island.

In writing the foregoing, I should, perhaps, disclaim any personal motive beyond the fact, that, as a summer resident at Round Island, the occasion would afford me an opportunity to partly reciprocate the genial hospitality of the canoeists, as experienced at Lorna Island last summer.

Very truly yours,

PHILA., OCT. 4.

FRANK H. TAYLOR.

*A SUMMER CRUISE ON THE ST.
LAWRENCE.*

EDITOR AMERICAN CANOEIST :

But few persons appreciate the beauties and advantages offered to the tourist, and the camper by the region enclosing the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River. From Clayton to Morristown the river varies from ten miles to one mile in breadth, and this space is filled with nearly eighteen hundred islands of every size and shape, from the little rock bearing a few blades of grass, to an expanse miles in extent, clothed with mighty forest-trees. A few of the larger islands are partially cultivated, and quite a large number on the American side between Clayton and Alexandria Bay, contain summer residences owned by persons who have need for a few months in the year, of the quiet and repose found here, and of the health-giving atmosphere, which is destined in the future, no less than by its beauty of scenery, to cause this region to become the popular summer resort of America. Handsome and comfortable hotels are available on mainland or islands, but the majority of the islands are unimproved. Many thousand people annually pass down the river by steamer and imagine they have seen the Thousand Islands; others spend the summer in their own houses or at the hotels, occasionally taking a boat-ride or a rowing excursion in search of the better fishing grounds, and

boast of being on familiar terms with the scenery. But the only persons who get the full benefit of the resort in health and enjoyment, are the camper and the canoeist.

On my way to the Lake George meet, I concluded to stop over a few weeks and camp among the Thousand Islands. I easily persuaded to accompany me three friends, two of whom were confined the greater part of the year to indoor life, one being the president of a flourishing college, another the superintendent of a public school in Ohio, and the third a Southern planter. Our objective point was Clayton, N. Y., where we met one Friday afternoon, and went the same evening into a hastily selected camp on an island in Alexandria Bay. Our tent was pitched on a high knoll near the edge of the water, but to windward was a low, marshy place filled with flags and thick undergrowth. Any one who has camped in these regions will know what that means, and it is unnecessary to state that but little sleep came to our tired eyelids that night. At the earliest dawn of day we started into circulation the blood the mosquitoes and black gnats had left us, and proceeded to eat a hurriedly concocted breakfast, and to prepare for a change of base. We found that the island we had camped upon was called by its owner West Point, and we are perfectly satisfied, from the tactics displayed during our one night's residence there, that this military school of the mosquitoes is a success. We have no desire to meet insects any better trained in methods of attack and drill than these West Pointers.

Taking the steamer we went up the river to within four miles of Clayton, where we found a splendid camping site on the upper end of Maple Island. The row-boats in the vicinity of the Thousand Islands are superior in the average to those of most water-ways of the country. We hired a fine one at Clayton, with two pairs of oars, and large enough to accommodate

four persons and baggage, for fifty cents per day during our stay. The prevailing wind here during the summer months is from the southwest, blowing freshly and with remarkable steadiness from off the lake and with the current. Its force, as a rule, is light in the morning, increasing always through the forenoon, and growing weaker toward evening. During our stay of nearly three weeks there was but one morning when there was not a strong breeze blowing—and this calm lasted only three hours. But twice, and that for a short time only, did the wind change its general direction. Very frequently this wind freshens almost to a gale, and the waves of the river rise to such a height as to drive the row-boats to shore, but it is so steady and free from squalls, that a canoe can weather it in safety with any ordinary amount of sail. There is practically no rise and fall in the river, except such as is caused by the variation of the wind force. The current is rapid, and the water clear and cold.* When the surface is not agitated by the wind one can see to remarkable depths, and, leaning over the side of his canoe, can observe the fishes swimming about far below, and select with his hook just the variety and size which he desires to capture. The fishing at Alexandria Bay is poor, but in the vicinity of Clayton it is generally excellent. Black bass, rock bass, perch and pickerel are plentiful, and in their seasons easily taken. Although mere tyros in the art, yet, the four members of our party could go out at almost any time and catch a bushel of fish in a short while.

On our arrival we noticed that the river was covered with dead fish, all of a size, about five inches in length. They continued to float past our island by thousands

all the time of our stay there. We were informed that they floated down from the lake every spring in just the same manner, and continued to pass until the latter part of July; but, although we made many inquiries of the people living in the vicinity, yet this wonderful funeral march of fishes seemed to be a mystery to them as well as to us, for they could give no intelligent idea of its cause. The pickerel live upon these dead fish during the spring and early summer; and until the float is over pay no attention to the brighter and more attractive though less nutritious trolling-spoon of the too previous sportsman. Will some canoeist, better posted in the natural history of the finny tribe than I, inform me as to the cause of the death of these millions of fish which annually float down the St. Lawrence. The inhabitants of this region tell wondrous stories of the prevalence of game, but there is, I believe, no well-authenticated case of a hunter ever bagging any wild thing larger or more saleable than a mosquito or a bumble-bee. There is a variety of timber on the islands: hemlock, maple, ash, pine, fir, cedar, birch: sugar-maple, oak, and cherry predominating. The blueberry and huckleberry flourish on many of the islands. The atmosphere is pure and healthful; the summer days are pleasant, and the nights cool enough to render blankets a luxury. Mosquitoes are numerous, but a camp made at the head of an island will not be troubled with them to any extent, as the constant wind blows the pests to leeward. I have never visited a spot combining a greater number of advantages to the camping canoeist. One can choose a camp within a stone's throw of a village, or in the depths of a wooded island where he need fear no interruption to his solitary life, and where he will be near enough to civilization to readily procure supplies, and yet, practically, a thousand miles from a human being. Wood and water under his hand; fish to be had in abundance, and a bracing atmosphere

* This account conflicts with the experience of another member of the A. C. A. who visited Round Island after the meet at Lake George, and who reports very slight current at Clayton or thereabouts, while at Alexandria Bay, some four miles below, it has some strength.

creating an appetite almost insatiable, and what more does a camper want? If he desires to attend church on the Sabbath, he paddles over to a neighboring island and finds large congregations being taught by learned ministers of various denominations. If he pines for a dash of society with which to spice his camp-life occasionally, a fashionable hotel, only a short distance away, furnishes him with a *ton-ish* hop and an evening of social enjoyment with the world's angels. The A. C. A. could find numerous secluded islands here which would form satisfactory camping grounds, and which could be had for the simple request made to their owners. Not that I am opposed to the Canadian camp for 1883, for I am in favor of accepting Commodore Edward's kind invitation extended while at Lake George. I simply state facts in the case. Round Island would not be a suitable camping-place for the association. In addition to the large hotel, it contains numerous cottages. A party of five campers who had obtained permission to pitch their tents on this island, while we were in the vicinity, were compelled to abandon it on account of its publicity. If such a small party found it too public it would certainly be impracticable as a camping-place for a hundred or more members of the Association. After next year I would be glad to see the place of meeting permanently located. I do not believe in making of the Canoe Association a travelling menagerie, or of using it as an advertisement for the various hotels of the country. It would be better for its members to purchase or lease an island in a suitable place and improve it in such a manner as to adapt it perfectly to the wants of the Association. The Thousand Islands would furnish many different desirable locations, central and easy of access to canoeists from all parts of the country, but Lake George is the mecca towards which the thoughts of all good canoeists will turn, and their bodies

gladly gravitate in an annual pilgrimage, for it is the birth place of the A. C. A. and there its members have met the strangers with the paddle in their hands and after a few days of association have gone to their homes holding them in memory as friends of a lifetime.

But to return to our camp. We put up our canvas tent and paved its interior with a thick bed of leaves, built us an oven, its sides of stone, its top of sheet-iron, and its chimney of a section of stove-pipe, and were then ready for business. The meals which we cooked upon this rude oven may not have been as elaborate in detail, as rich in composition; or as varied as those served at Delmonico's or the Fifth Avenue, but to us, who were both cook and consumer, they were more enjoyable than the grandest banquet. The cool, bracing atmosphere and the exercise of rowing and paddling gave us an appetite such as kings might have envied and princes sighed for. Near our tent three jolly good fellows had made their camp for a few days pause in a journey they were taking, two from Hamilton, N. Y., who were travelling in a beautiful little sailing yacht, and the third from Brooklyn, with a bright new canoe. They left us after a few pleasant days spent in their company, to go by way of the Rideau Canal and Ottawa River to Montreal, Quebec, etc. Afterward a party of ladies and gentlemen camped upon the farther side of the island, and caused the time to fly on winged feet by social conversation and song. The time in our island camp was spent in as careless and independent a manner as was possible. All reading matter, save the wondrous pages of the book of nature, was tabooed, and we knew as little of the doings of the outside world as though we were buried in the jungles of Africa. We fished when we felt like it: sailed, paddled, or rowed, when we pleased, climbed the rocks and hills when the spirit moved us to do so, and prepared our meals whenever we were

hungry enough to eat them. In the cool days we would spread our blankets upon the huge, smooth rocks and lie down in the warm rays of the sun, as lazy and as free from anxiety as the Neapolitan *lazzaroni*. What cared we that there were rude and naughty scholars to be controlled, that storms were brewing and frosts gathering to injure crops, or that docketts and journals awaited our attention at home; were we not living, and was not mere life, under such circumstances, enough? The breezes blew our cares away, and the sunshine evaporated our sorrows. Before the beauty of the islands, with their waving verdure, the majestic flow of the great river in its mighty current, the sublimity and glory of the sunsets with their crimson and golden hues, the twinkling of the polished stars in the bending dome above us, and the soft light of the moon with its silver ladder leading across the rippling waters and straight up to its own shining face, before and in presence of all these the petty annoyances of life ceased to have an existence for us, and brain and body alike were at peace with all the world. One week of such life is more restful and recuperating to the indoor laborer than an entire summer spent at a watering-place hotel.

Camp-life is popular among the Thousand Islands, and the gleam of scores of white tents among the green foliage may be seen in a trip through the channels. After a few weeks of such enjoyment I shipped my canoe by rail to Lake George, and, breaking camp, took an eastern trip by steamer and rail to Montreal, Quebec, White Mountains, Portland, Boston, New York, up the Hudson to Albany, and thence to Lake George. On my departure from the lake I shipped my canoe home by freight. The charges to Albany, a distance of seventy-five miles, was \$2, and for the remainder of the distance, 718 miles, \$3.84, it being billed over the first part of the journey at 850 pounds weight, and from Albany at 200 pounds. Its actual weight,

with contents, was about 100 pounds. On my outward journey I shipped it between two certain points, a distance of 420 miles, for \$1.70. Does not this argue in favor of shipping as recommended in July number of AMERICAN CANOEIST? Unfortunately in taking a hasty leave of my canoe at Lake George I merely covered the cockpit with muslin instead of a lockup hatch. In consequence, before it left the wharf some one who had no well defined idea of the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, cut and slit in the muslin covering and helped himself to such of the contents of the canoe as he could reach handily, retaining those he considered of value, including an overcoat, flannel clothing, etc., and tossing the remainder over into the canoe, Wawa, which was lying near. The whereabouts of these latter goods I discovered by a notice inserted in the AMERICAN CANOEIST by Mr. Stodes, the owner of the Wawa, and they were kindly returned to me by that gentleman, which shows the value of advertising in the A. C. anything of interest to canoeists. From Lake George I returned by way of the Thousand Islands and Niagara Falls, and reached home with the impression that my vacation had been well spent, not the least enjoyable portion of which consisted in meeting so many friendly and hospitable members of the A. C. A. at Lake George.

ORANGE FRAZER.

Columbus, O.

Now the cool weather is upon us. The water no longer allures us as it did, and the saddened canoeist sheds a tear over his craft as she is housed for the winter. Will she be kept in the club boat-house? If so, is she insured? If at home—and that is where we all would like to have her—it is not well to follow the plan adopted by the father of canoeing in this country, and because of the love for her—have her in the parlor. It is not good for her health. Let her lie dormant in the cellar. Mr. Farnham, who probably knows as much about the care of a canoe as any one, says the cellar is the best possible place.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN A. C. A.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1882.

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Commodore Edwards suggests that all members signify at once to the Rev. Mr. Neide, our acting Secretary, their preference for next year's camping ground. As the location, advantages, and means of access of both the new places that have been proposed are each fully described in this number, a fair comparison should be made easily. A suggestion from such a source should be received by all members of the A. C. A. as a command and the request acceded to at once, that the decision may be finally announced next month.

6 Harbord Street, Toronto, }
Oct. 25, 1882. }

EDITOR AMERICAN CANOEIST :

MY DEAR SIR: I owe you many thanks for the careful and correct way in which you have published my article on "reefing gears," in the last number of the AMERICAN CANOEIST. I see that I omitted one point therein—namely, that it is desirable to let your battens project two or three inches on the aft side of the sail, so as to give plenty of room to wind the slack reefing line. I must point out, also, that you are mistaken when in your editorial remarks you refer to "ten or twelve feet of slack." When the upper and lower batten are brought together, the length of slack is

only a few inches more than *twice* the distance from batten to batten, when the sail is spread. For instance, if the distance from the boom to the batten above were two feet six, the slack would be five feet. Eight to ten turns would wind all this up excepting an end long enough to tie. It would be an enormous reef indeed, that would give ten or twelve feet of slack. You say also that two reefs are all that have hitherto been deemed necessary. That may perhaps have been because of the deck-lines. Would it not be an advantage to have more and smaller reefs, if the gear for each reef was simple and quick, and did not encumber the deck?

Very truly yours,

ROBERT TYSON.

To have more reefs means having more battens, which add to weight of sail. Tredwen has three reefs in his sail—two are generally found to be most convenient. What modification in his reefing gear would Mr. Tyson suggest where the end of the boom runs so far back of the captain as not to be within reach from cockpit or seat on deck—as is the case with the rig now in use by the Editors?

More "reefpoints" in next number. Steering gears will be discussed shortly.

EDITOR AMERICAN CANOEIST :

Your idea seems to me splendid, and I hope you will succeed in it. I have no canoe yet, but expect before a great while to belong to the "Association." Do you think that a 12 year-old boy is old enough to have a canoe? You may think it's only a fancy, but I don't. I don't know of any canoeist around here. Please answer my question.

AUBURN, N. Y.

[Buy a canoe by all means, a light one suited to your strength. Use it carefully, and if you have the real grit to overcome the first discomforts which inexperience will inevitably bring, we predict for you many happy hours.—ED.]

ST. LAWRENCE SKIFF-SAILING.

MR. TAYLOR IN THE "MECHANICAL NEWS," OF
OCTOBER FIRST.

Every visitor to the Thousand Islands who is at all *au fait* in the matter of sailing, must admire the grace, speed and capabilities of the St. Lawrence skiff, and, no less, the skill and daring with which it is handled upon the breezy and often tempestuous open waters between the islands.

If the stranger is observant he will notice that these skiffs have no rudders. They are propelled by oars either way with equal facility, and when the boatman has his party, generally a lady and gentleman, stowed away comfortably in the chairs, which are a proper and indispensable feature of every boat hereabouts, and his sail shaken out with "spreet" all fast, he will discover that the waterman is handling his boat entirely by the "sheet," or line holding the sail in leash. By this he will guide his obedient craft upon any wind, as surely and safely as a trainer upon the race-track controls a spirited steed. A longer acquaintance with the ways of the boatman develops the fact that when a flaw careens the craft, he not only loosens the sheet slightly but lays forward, and if his guests are both gentlemen, and he wants to go about in a stiff breeze, he does not hesitate to request them to "lay for'ard" also, thus depressing the bow of the boat and allowing the stern to swing free.

Per contra, when the wind is astern, all hands may be snugly bunched aft, and in "falling away" to fill the sail, when she runs up into the wind, the boatman will lay well back, thus dragging the stern.

These things charm and amaze the amateur, and by dint of close attention he soon masters the details of this peculiar method of sailing. He must, however, know not only how to do the right thing at the right moment, but also just how to do it in the shortest possible way. His action must become automatic, and his eye trained

to read every sign the winds write upon the impressible surface of the waters.

Most of the professional boatman who are to be found during the summer at Round Island Park, Thousand Island and Westminster Parks, and Alexandria Bay, ready to pilot excursionists to the best fishing-places, are clever mechanics who build boats in the winter time, and some of them have acquired a wide reputation for the excellence of their handiwork. There is no place upon the list of touring-points where the boats are so universally good as here. Such a thing as a snub-nosed, flat-bottomed "tub," or a gailey-painted but otherwise contemptible row-boat, which in many places is thought to be "good enough for summer tourists," is unknown here.

The St. Lawrence skiff is built of perfect knotless pine, a trifle more than a quarter of an inch in thickness. It is well ribbed with white oak strips, placed about four inches apart. The "shear" is a perfect curve, and every line in sight harmonizes. A deck extends about thirty inches from its pointed ends, made up of pine and walnut stuff laid in strips, with a centre piece on top to stiffen it. Length twenty-one and one-half feet; beam, in the center, outside measure, three feet and three inches; depth, thirteen inches. Snug seats are placed fore and aft. These are detachable for sponging out. The stern seat is fitted with an arm-chair, cane-seated and backed, without legs. Five feet forward of this is another seat with a similar chair, and upon the thwarts between them are catches to hold trawling rods and rings for the sheet-line. The two chairs face, and behind the last-named is the fish-box, which is exactly in the center of the boat. This box serves as a seat for the rower when alone in the boat, in which case he rows stern forward. Ordinarily the rower sits upon a seat placed so that the fish-box serves as a foot-brace. Detachable out-riggers are used. The boat has no keel, but an elliptic bottom-piece, perfectly flat, is used. This is about

five inches wide at center. Upon this the boat slides when being hauled upon the wharf. A centre-board, patented by Atwood Bros., of Clayton, occupies the space under the rower's seat. It folds up like a fan into a sheath, which is water tight, being opened or closed by a lever carefully packed. The sail-brace and socket for base of mast are carefully fitted, and the mast and sail when not in use lie along the starboard side of the seats. A false bottom of movable stuff protects the light-frame, and this is covered by neatly-fitting canvas. Feathering oars are seldom used, the boatman claiming that a well balanced pin oar can be more easily dropped to haul in a fish.

An indispensable adjunct of every boat is a pair of strong hickory rods, which are set at right angles with the thwarts. The trawling lines, which are let out perhaps one hundred feet, are thus well apart. Every good boat has a display of nickel or silver-plated metal about it, including out-riggers and seat-braces.

The foregoing fairly describes a boat owned by the writer, and built by Colon, of Clayton. Its value is about \$90, and its weight something like 125 pounds. Boats are made by Colon costing \$150.

If there is any class of watercraft, from a Jersey coast cat-rig to a Saguenay birch-bark or an amateur canoe, which can afford its owner more pleasure for the amount invested than the St. Lawrence skiff, the writer, who has paddled in many waters, has yet to discover it.

Captain Kendall and Dr. Neide spent a day at Herkimer, and another at Ilion inspecting the Remington Rifle Works. At Syracuse they were kindly entertained by Mr. Chas. F. Earle (A. C. A.). Among the incidents of their camp alongside the canal, Capt. Kendall heard of a poor mule in a submerged stable, where it had been for six hours with its head only out of water. All of us who know Kendall know what he is when man or beast is in peril, so he devoted himself to rescuing the poor mule, and succeeded.

DRIFTINGS.

Extracts from a letter by Commodore Edwards lately received :

I am glad to be able to inform you that the question of the customs is settled, and that members of the A. C. A. coming to Canada next summer for the camp will be admitted, with canoes and kit, free of duty. Messrs. Baldwin and Wicksteed have succeeded in arranging this at Ottawa.

Most of the railways have promised to give return tickets at not more than a fare and a third—canoes free—or two cents a mile each way. The Midland will give return tickets for one fare. Arrangements are almost concluded for the purchase of the island for the camp. We shall have at the camp men who took part in canoe regattas in the years 1856-57-58, and some even before that.

The wording of the CANOEIST's report of the Lake George Regatta of A. C. A. was somewhat unfortunate in the particular of indicating the order of the finish of canoes after the first and second. It was not intended to give a definite place to boats beyond these two positions—which the incompleteness of several of the reports should show—but we would not willingly do anyone an injustice. For instance, we learn from Cincinnati, that the "Diana" was fourth in the senior 3d class sailing race, and not seventh, as might have been inferred. We should like to hear from Mr. Johnson whether the point raised by Mr. Moore as to his position in the second-class senior paddling race (3d, and not 4th), can be substantiated by the facts.

The question of the supremacy of the Pearl or Shadow type, so much discussed and so fiercely fought in New York waters this season, seems likely to remain unsettled, as we regret to chronicle a genuine wreck of one of the champions. Mr. Whitlock's new Pearl, the "Ripple," went ashore from her moorings in the night during the severe storm of Sept. 23d, and her owner is now well supplied with kindling wood for the winter.

FROM THE "WATERTOWN TIMES."—Mr. Van Rensselaer, a prominent member of the New York Canoe Club, has been spending the past six weeks with Mr. Taylor, on Round Island. The International Canoe Association had its annual regatta on Lake George this year. It comprises about 200 canoes, owned all over the United States and Canada, the commodore, Mr. Edwards, residing at Peterboro, Ont. A determined effort will be made to induce the club to hold its next annual regatta, in August, 1883, on the St. Lawrence. The Round Island Park Association has tendered the use of the lower end of the island to the club for camping purposes. The water is as fine as any in the world for the purposes of the regatta, and holding it near Canada would also be a compliment to the commodore and other Canadian members of the club, which they would appreciate.

The Rochester Canoe Club was formed in September with some fifteen members and a dozen canoes, Mr. Geo. Harris being elected President. We hope soon to get a full report from the Secretary for our December issue.

A gentleman and member of the A. C. A., in a letter to a member of the N. Y. C. C., says: "The sailing regulations (A. C. A.) should by all means be amended so as to make Canadian canoes amenable to rules governing others as to beam, length, etc. I confess that the English rule, pure and simple, seems to me the best one to come to—with a provision that for racing our present classification be used with the Canadians ruled according to beam and length."

Two canoeists, Mr. McFarland, of Portsmouth, Ohio, member of the American Canoeists' Association, and Mr. W. Urquhart, planter, of Greenville, Mississippi, were in town Monday, the guests of the Winooska Canoe Club. These gentlemen are enjoying a cruise in the Rob Roy canoe, Louise, down our beautiful river. Having

made a tour of the noted lakes in Southern Wisconsin, they are now on their way to St. Louis, via Rock River to Rock Island, thence down the Mississippi.—*Dixon (Ill.) Sun, Sep. 13th, 1882.*

Judge Longworth, we hear, has gone back to Columbus.

CANOEISTS.—They are their own masters, remote from the world and from work, and they gather strength from contact with the free forces of the universe—wind, waves, rain, and sunlight. There is something healthy in this brief return to "the state of nature," from which modern life is so remote. At slight cost the sport enables busy people to paddle out from the artificial into the natural world which was before us and is to outlive and outlast our civilization.—*London Times.*

Canoe "Ethel," (T. H. Upton, Commodore of Flushing C. C.), Nautilus, built by Everson, won regatta in N. Y. C. C., 1872, we believe the first canoe regatta in these waters. She took a cruise in Vermont in 1876, and in 1877 went from Rouse's Point to Sorel. Canoe "Floy," also owned by Mr. Upton, and built by Everson in 1872, is on record as having taken a long cruise every year from '72 to '78.

Canoe "Titania," F. Sherman Smith, Nautilus, built by Jarvis, of Ithaca, in 1871 (boat of oldest date on record in N. Y. C. C.), has a record of 139 miles in 39 hours and 50 minutes, actual sailing time, 1877.

WATERPROOFING.—To waterproof canvas for boats or canoes I use the following which has been thoroughly tried, and is used by a large manufacturer: Two pounds parafine wax, dissolved in one gallon benzine. Apply this mixture with a brush to both sides of the canoes; over this apply a coat of boiled linseed oil; you may add to the oil any color you may wish to give your boat. This preparation is a perfect repellant of water, and also keeps the canvas soft and pliable.—*Forest and Stream.*

CANOE PILOT.

FROM BROOKLYN TO SAG HARBOR, L. I.,
JULY 8-22.

Canoes "Mary B," (F. L. St. John); "Pilgrim," (Chas. Gould); "Mosquito," (H. R. Averill). Extracts from the log kept by Mosquito:

Saturday, 1882.—Start was made from Smith's boat house, at 7:30 P.M. The earliness of the hour can be accounted for by the kindness of Mr. St. John, who having the whole of Saturday at his disposal, graciously volunteered to have all of the canoes packed and in readiness for starting as soon as their captains should arrive; being also commissioned to procure some cake from a young lady friend of his, he took most of the day in accomplish this feat.

At the start, were accompanied by the canoe "Ark," with her owner and builder, Mr. Sinclair, and a friend on board. After a good hour's paddling, landed through what sounded in the distance like a fearful surf, which faded silently away on our nearer approach to the shore of Gravesend Bay. After setting up tents, the cake, which Mr. St. John had such a struggle to procure, was tackled, and toasts were drunk to the fair maker.

Turned in and slept to slow music by the mosquitos.

Sunday, 9th. 5 A.M.—Those who were asleep woke, and after a plunge, took breakfast of smoked salmon, bread, butter, and tea. Started at 8 o'clock. Coney Island creek was entered and considerable difficulty was encountered in finding the channel. After pulling canoes over sewers, water pipes, etc., as the tide was low, finally got out of the creek, and camped for dinner about a mile east of Oriental Hotel. Mr. Sinclair prepared this meal as a final send off to the daring explorers. It consisted of beef soup, ham, potatoes, bread and butter; liquids: tea and water, no spirits being allowed by the surgeon, except for strictly medical purposes. The "Ark" then started on her homeward trip. Shortly after started through Sheepshead Bay Inlet, and coasted along the beautiful shore of Barren Island. Tide setting very fast out to sea, sails lowered, paddle for an hour, land about five miles from Rock-

away Beach Hotel, luckily to windward of "Cologne" works on the island. After taking a swim and getting supper, camped for the night. Man appears armed with long hickory club and a "Deputy Sheriff, Queens County," badge. Man's greeting: "Whose tent is that?" On being told, he replies: "Got to come down." After reciting to him "The Lady of the Lake," "Horatius," and "The Ancient Mariner," he wilts, merely saying, "Them's my orders." Then becomes pleasant, and gives points about channels, creeks, etc., in order to reach Great South Bay. Having been presented with a cigar, permission to camp is given, and he takes his departure. The mosquitoes now come on and kindly sit up with us through the night.

Monday, 10th.—Rise at six. Each man showing the scars of battle which the morning plunge does not wash away. Breakfast: Oat meal, bread and butter, and coffee. Set sail with a brisk S. W. wind; passed Rockaway Hotel, and on under the railroad bridge into Jamaica Bay. A catboat is spoken; friend of family on board. Tender messages sent home to fond relatives. Are directed to the mouth of the canal between Jamaica and Hempstead Bays. Mistake the opening, and find the creek with no water in it, and mud flats taking a sun bath. By wading, paddling, and dragging the canoes, finally reach a deep channel with the tide running against us "steen" miles an hour. Get out of canoes, tie them together, and play canal mules for a time. Reached the canal. Get thought it into Far Rockaway Inlet—really a small bay. Hoist sail and run with a quartering wind. Enter Hempstead Bay, and then put ashore for lunch; after which sail to L. I. R. R. bridge, unship masts and pass through; then sail on for an hour before going ashore to camp for the night on the meadows. Supper: smoked salmon, fried potatoes, bread and butter, and tea. Lay off, talk, smoke, write up log, and then turn in.

Tuesday, 11th.—Wake at six. Find that mosquitoes have again been with us. Captain of the "Mosquito," with great self-denial, foregoes his share in the preparation of breakfast, and starts on a hunting expedition. He returns, as the cook is serving the meal, with one snipe and a meadow lark, and most of his cartridges gone. Start. Get up a wrong creek, and

have to get back. Look for another channel, and at last find one by inquiring the way of the clam boats which we pass.

The channel through these meadows beggars description, and but for the strong S. W. wind, don't think we should ever get through, there are so many twists and turns in every direction. Now sailing free, then close-hauled, and again paddling right dead in the eye of the wind. Scraping on sand-bars, and running through eel-grass. At last find a small skiff going in our direction; follow her and finally reach open water. Sail about half an hour and then again strike a creek. Inquire our way to the nearest village, and reach Seaford, after running aground once or twice, about dinner time. Lay in supplies; paddle from the public dock to a quiet little beach and go ashore for lunch. Grub: cold oat-meal and milk, bread and butter, cheese and cake. Before finishing, are much annoyed by the curiosity of the natives who swoop down upon us from every direction. Start off and make a splendid run before a fresh breeze. [A record of the time made might be told privately to any one wishing information, but the writer, being remarkable for his voracity, is afraid it might impair his reputation, if given to the public.]

The bay widens; and Fire Island Light, and the church-spires and houses of Babylon, begin to show above the trees. There is a tremendous sea on, and we are forcibly reminded of the fact, that this is the Great South Bay. "When Babylon was falling"—astern, ran ashore on the meadows and camped. Supper: fried game, (shot in the morning), eggs, bread and butter, and tea. A courier is started to the town with sundry orders, and the mail. (A chart of the channels between Hempstead and Great South Bays can at any time be had by drawing a comb dipped in ink wiggle-waggle across a sheet of paper three or four times in different directions).

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Canoe "Psyche," of Okeechobee fame, after leaving Lake George, in August, cruised in the Adirondacks for a time, and then returned to New York. She goes to Florida this month for the winter. She was built in 1876, by Jarvis of Ithaca, and is Nautilus model.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SEC. A. C. A. :

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to report to you the safe arrival of the canoe "Freddy C" in the port of Cleveland, after making the trip from Detroit, Mich., to Cleveland, crossing Lake Erie on the way, and report the following extracts from her log:

Left Detroit July 5th, at 3 p. m.; passed down the river on the Canadian side; camped that night on the shore sleeping in the canoe near the mouth of the Detroit River. The next morning hoisted all sail and with a good breeze fairly flew through the water.

After leaving the river, coasted at about one mile from the Canadian shore to Little's Point near Colchester, Canada. After a short rest and getting my bearings I headed for where I supposed the Islands were. Arrived at North Bass Island at about 7 p. m.; passed on to Sugar Island, where I spent the night. Next morning passed out from under the lee of the islands intending to get to Kelly's Island, but could not do it on account of the gale, but stowing everything as closely as possible and heading for the mainland I was compelled to use the paddle alone.

At last, late in the afternoon, reached the mainland between Port Clinton and Lakeside. After resting and staying all night I again started, putting up for the night at Marblehead on the rocks; the next night at Black River, and the following day at 11 A. M., arrived in Cleveland, safe and sound and without meeting with a single accident or capsize on the way. During the gale while under paddle several large waves broke at her bow and as the water poured over me I thought that all was over, but, save a ducking, I was all right. Landed in Cleveland so bronzed that my own people scarcely knew me, but all the better for the rough trip, and voted it a grand one, but dangerous on account of the high rocky coast from Black River. My canoe is a Racine Shadow, "leg o' mutton" sails, and fitted by myself with the Atwood centre-board. I cannot find words to express how well I like the Atwood board. Make a trip on one of the great lakes and you will not be without one.

Respectfully,

JOHN A. FLICK,

Mem. A. C. A.

BEDFORD, OHIO.

REGATTA.

Secretaries of Clubs are requested to send us promptly the best reports possible of all races, cruises, and important meetings.

FALL REGATTA—NEW YORK C. C.

The postponed regatta of N. Y. C. C. (from Sept. 23d), took place off their clubhouse, New Brighton, Staten Island, on Saturday, October 7th, at 3 o'clock. The sailing race, for classes 2 and 3, senior and junior was started at 3:30. In it were, senior, 3d and 4th class—all ranked as 3d class—"Tramp," Vice-Commodore Oudin, (*Pearl*); "Wraith," Mr. Whitlock, (centreboard *Shadow*); "Dot," Commodore Vaux, (*Shadow*); junior, 3d class, "Theresa," Mr. Van Rensselaer (*Shadow*); "Lorna Doone," Mr. M. Oudin, (*Nautilus*); "Cricket," Mr. Green, (*Shadow*); junior, 2d class—no senior second-class entering—"Sheila," Mr. Hoffman, Knickerbocker C. C., (*Stella Maris*); and "Foam," Mr. Collins, Bayonne C. C., (*Canvas Canoe*). Light breeze blowing from the south. "Tramp," "Dot," and "Wraith" kept well together out to Robbins' Reef Light, and from there, beating to windward against the flood tide, to buoy 17, the course being around this buoy and then home. In going to windward they changed places several times, "Tramp" finally getting ahead and rounding buoy first, followed by "Wraith" and "Dot," the others rounding some time after. The wind now fell, the "Dot" and "Wraith" caught up to "Tramp." It then became a flat calm, all the canoes except "Wraith" and "Tramp" paddled in, and the second race was called. While this event was taking place, the "Wraith" having been near the line for half an hour, finally crossed it and won the flag, the "Tramp" finishing later.

The second race, three-quarter mile, paddle, with turn, class 2, senior, Mr. Munroe, in "Wanderer," (*American Travelling*), and Commodore Vaux in "Lark," (*Rob Roy*), was won by Vaux,

The junior race for same class, Mr. Van Rensselaer in "Lark," Mr. Schuyler in "Wanderer," and Mr. Collins in "Foam," was won by Mr. Van Rensselaer.

The senior race, class 3, Mr. Munroe, in "Psyche," (*Nautilus*), beat Mr. Hoffman, in "Coquette," (*Rushton Shadow*).

The junior race, same class, Mr. Whitlock, in "Wraith," defeated Mr. Van Rens-

selaer, in "Lorna Doone," and Vice-Com. Oudin, in "Freak," (*Shadow*).

A few tricks were performed before the canoes were ready for the tandem race, to amuse the spectators, no upsetting however being indulged in on account of the coolness of the water. For the same reason no upset race was on the programme.

In the tandem race Messrs. Vaux and Schuyler in the "Freak," defeated Messrs. Hoffman and Whitlock in the "Coquette." Both boats were exactly alike, same model, same builder, and same age. The "Freak's" crew were the smaller men, but from having many times paddled together in this canoe, they had the advantage.

As the junior second class sailing race was not finished, no prize was given.

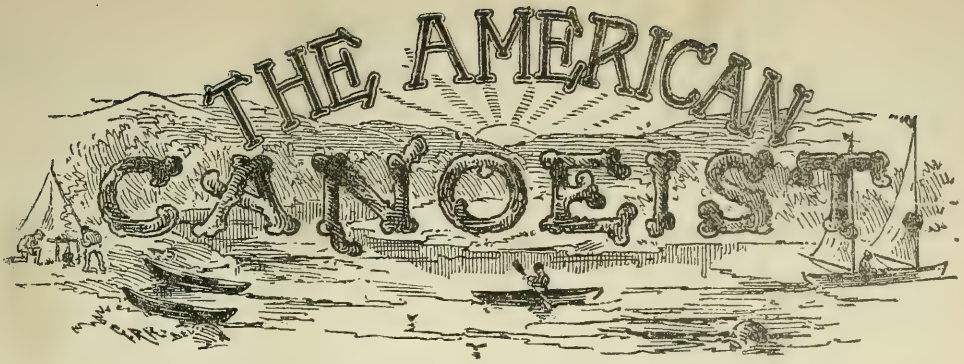
The prizes were handsome silk flags the Regatta Committee had provided, neatly lettered with the club name, date, class, and race. The steamer chartered by the Committee, for which many tickets had been sold, did not show up, and in consequence, the two members of the committee who were to take charge of the steamer and guests, had a very hard time of it managing the army of visitors at the Battery, answering questions and keeping everyone in good humor, and only came out alive by the bright idea striking one of them of paying the ferry fares of the entire party and conducting them to the club house balcony, from which they got a good view of the latter part of the regatta. Regatta committee, Messrs. Munroe, Newman, Schuyler, and Stephens.

WHAT CANOEISTS SHOULD READ:

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STONY LAKE!

A LETTER FROM THE COMMODORE.

MY DEAR COMMODORE: I have to-day received your welcome letter of the 14th inst. I need hardly say how glad I am to have your vote for Stony Lake. I have looked upon this visit as the great means to stir up our canoeists to life and activity, and, as you well put it, the St. Lawrence will in the future be a good half-way ground. When you all come over here, and Americans and Canadians get better acquainted, I am sure that more Canadians will go to the St. Lawrence, or elsewhere, in future years than could be expected in any other way. They would not go in any great number next year, but 1884 will see a grand gathering—a truly international one. In the meantime we will try to give them a taste of camping out in the wilds where hotels are not. I have written again to Vice-Commodore Ellard, and hope to hear from him soon. I wrote him some time ago to Cincinnati, simply, and have had no reply. Dr. Neide and yourself have with myself already voted for Stony Lake, so that, in case you do not hear from me again before the next number of the CANOEIST comes out, you may announce that “the state of the polls” at the time of going to press showed three votes out of four members of the Committee in favor of Stony Lake, with one member yet to hear from, so that the question may be considered practically decided.

Hurrah for 1883!

Very heartily yours,

E. B. EDWARDS.

Peterboro', Nov. 21, 1882.

To REAR COMMODORE.

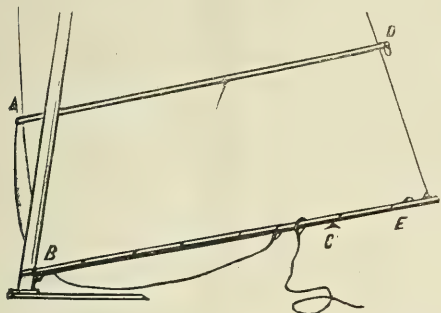
ON REEFING LATTEENS.

It is undeniable that the modern latteen is the sail, *par excellence*, for cruising. Let racers and clippers cling never so fondly to their beloved balance lug, yet the fact remains that for quiet, enjoyable knocking about in all sorts of waters, no rig has been invented which possesses a tithe of the advantages—in the way of simplicity, compactness, facility of stowage, and ease of management—of the modified “Lord Ross.”

The sole objection to the use of this sail has been the supposed impossibility of reefing it. And all sorts of cumbersome contrivances have been offered, as a sort of Hobson's choice, to long-suffering canoeists, who find more pleasure in quiet *dolce far niente* cruising than in tearing through white-capped waves under press of some two or three hundred feet of canvas, having to sit out on the side-streaks of the boat to keep her right side up, and taking a genuine plunge-bath at every weather-roll.

For instance, it was solemnly proposed to set a row of “jaws” along the boom, and keep shoving the tack of the sail farther and farther forward, as the different rows of reef-points, set always at an angle with the foot of the sail, were tied in. Another suggestion was to have the boom and yard separated, and allow the slack of the sail to be wound up on the boom. Another, to have a series of rings on the yard, at

To shake out the reef, push *D* free from *E*, take the halliard in hand, cast off at *C*, and hoist away.* I intended to put a reef-point in to hold the slack of the sail, but have never found it worth while. There is less friction about this reef than any I have yet seen. It was designed for and has been used over two years in very strong winds and rough water.



If one has the time and a taste for making such things, nothing is better for canoe cleats, eyes, fair-leaders, etc., than walrus ivory, and nothing is greater fun than working them out with jig-saw, file, and sand-paper. It is true everything necessary can be bought in the large cities, but for working out an original idea, or for an unfortunate paddler located somewhere on the outskirts, ivory is the ticket, and in this connection a clumsy handled tooth-brush is a treasure, capable of infinite development. With a small vise to clamp to a table, an eight-inch, half-round file, ditto rat-tail, a "Miller's Falls" drill (it costs a dollar), some sand-paper, and chunks of ivory, bone, or even hard wood, no end of time can be pleasantly squandered and all sorts of bright and original ideas evolved. Wood and bone are apt to split after a time, but walrus ivory lasts a lifetime, and looks bright and clean, while iron and brass, in spite of nickel, paint, or varnish, are subject to a change from use which is greatly for the worse.

WILL BROOKS,
Com. S. F. C. C.

San Francisco, Oct. 23.

* Suppose you can't reach the end of boom, as suggested in note to Mr. Tyson's article —ED.

SAILING REGULATIONS OF THE A. C. A.

It was pretty generally admitted at the Lake George meeting, last August, that the A. C. A. sailing regulations were deficient in some important points; and I expected to have seen some discussion on the subject in the CANOEIST, for the consideration of the new Regatta Committee. I beg to throw out a few suggestions, on which I should like to see the opinions of yourselves and your readers.

First, we want a definition of what is understood by "beam not under 24 inches."

If it simply means that at some one point the beam must not be less than 24 inches, what is to prevent some stalwart paddler building a canoe of 18 inches beam at the water-line, and flaring her out to 24 inches on the gunwale, just at midships? This would practically give him a canoe of 18 inches beam, adapted only for racing, in which he would run away from everything afloat. The rule should be enlarged so as to secure 23 or 24 inches at the water-line; and the water-line should be defined by stipulating so many inches from gunwale or garboard streak.

The definition of the various classes of canoes has been drawn up with reference to sailing races only; and they require modification before they are applicable to paddling races. I would suggest that a minimum limit of beam of 26 inches be fixed for Class 2, and a maximum of $25\frac{1}{2}$ inches for Class 1. At present there is nothing in the definitions to prevent a Class 1 canoe being entered in the Class 2 paddling races, placing the latter at a great disadvantage. Nay, more; there is nothing in the regulations to prevent a Class 1 canoe from entering in a paddling race against Class 3 canoes, because only a *maximum* beam is fixed. A very convenient change would be to begin the "sliding scale" of Class 3 canoes, at 17 feet long, and $28\frac{1}{2}$ inches beam, instead of at 18 feet and 27 inches; and to add that the beam must, in no case, be less than the $28\frac{1}{2}$ inches. This minimum beam would then be just above the maximum beam of Class 2, and we would

have an excellent line of demarcation between the two classes. For practical sailing purposes the definition of Class 3 would remain unaltered, as no one wants to build to the extreme limit of 18 feet by 27 inches. Then, if there are sufficient of the beamy canoes who want a paddling race, the Regatta Committee can make a special paddling race for canoes over, say 30½, or 31 inches beam.

The same steps should be taken to remedy the unfair advantage at present given to Peterboro canoes, which allows them extra beam and fixed keels, and denies the same privileges to other Class 2 canoes. As a Canadian, I am especially interested in having this matter put right; for if the A. C. A. meeting is held in Canadian waters next August, it will be a most ungracious thing to give our own canoes an arbitrary advantage over canoes from the United States.

I merely throw out these suggestions for consideration; and I hope that the members of the A. C. A. will not pass them over in silence, but that criticism and discussion may follow; as I feel sure that the Regatta Committee will be glad to be made aware of the state of public opinion in the A. C. A. on the matters within their jurisdiction.

"ISABEL" T. C. C.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Canoeing in Detroit very quiet. I hope soon to give you some points on the Georgian Bay, as that is my favorite ground for cruising. I have been up there two summers. The mere mention of the name awakens the wildest enthusiasm in one who has been there. The beautiful scenery surpasses the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence. Imagine a bay 500 miles long, the north shore fringed with 27,000 islands. The fishing is splendid—beyond praise—no brook trout, however. I expect to make my cruise along the north shore of Lake Superior and back into the country next summer.

Always carry a camera with me, and have a portfolio of lovely views, and they are the best log to keep. Also, your friends take more stock in your yarns when backed up with a few pictures. Yours, &c.,

Detroit, Nov. 14th.

JOE E. WATSON.

LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE.

There can be no doubt that the "smile of the Great Spirit" did rest on Lake Winnipiseogee, for it is a beautiful sheet of water, and indeed worthy of recognition. Though not surrounded by such grand scenery as Lake George, it is, nevertheless, highly picturesque, and from it some fine views of the White Mountains may be obtained. The writer has never yet been privileged to see it from a canoe, but, in three annual vacation visits, he has pulled many miles upon it in row-boats, and he hopes to some day cleave its crystal waters with the paddle in place of the oar.

Distant about one hundred miles from Boston, the lake may be reached by rail in about four hours, either via the Boston and Maine Road to Alton Bay, at the southern extremity, or the Boston, Concord and Montreal Road to Weirs, on the northwest shore. Either point will serve as the port from which to embark on a delightful cruise.

The lower end of the lake is not quite, so picturesque or interesting as the upper, but deserves to be seen. Starting from Alton Bay, where there is a grove largely used for camp-meetings, one at first passes through a narrow channel, known as Merry-meeting Bay. Emerging from this, the lake spreads out into a broad expanse, reaching in places a width of ten miles, and dotted with scores of islands of all shapes and sizes. Following the eastern shore, we come to Wolfborough, ten miles up the lake, and the largest town on its borders. Above this point there is an open space of some twenty square miles unbroken by rock or island. Here the waves have full sweep, and rough water may be encountered. Long Island, the largest in the lake, is ten miles above Wolfborough, and, ten miles further up, at the very head of the lake, is Centre Harbor, an old and popular summer resort, where the steamers connect with stages for the mountains. Moultonborough Bay

extends some distance east and north, and is largely surrounded by forests. From Centre Harbor to Weirs, along the north-west shore, the distance is eleven miles. At the latter place is a grove used for camp-meetings and the headquarters of the New Hampshire Veterans, who annually meet here in large numbers. The western shore, between Weirs and Alton Bay, is but little frequented. From Red Hill, four miles back of Centre Harbor, there is a fine view of the entire lake.

The numerous islands afford excellent camping accommodations, and many parties resort to them annually. The main shore is also attractive. The best camp-ground I ever encountered is on the Meredith shore, just above Stone Dam Island, in a quiet cove, with a curving beach of the finest sand a quarter of a mile in length. A huge log imbedded in the sand forms an admirable pier. Behind this is a grassy slope backed by sheltering foliage, and half a mile inland is a cosy farm-house, where provisions may be obtained. In fact, there need be no trouble about procuring the latter at any point.

Squam Lake, a smaller sheet of water, is only four miles from Winnepiseogee, and, being nearer the heart of the mountains, presents more rugged outlines; but in some of its bays the black water hides huge ledges, reaching almost to the surface, and necessitating considerable care in navigation.

Two weeks may be profitably spent in exploring the bays and islands of the larger lake, and a cruise upon its waters can hardly fail to satisfy the most fastidious canoeist. By following the Winnepiseogee River (which is the outlet of the lake) over innumerable dams, or making a four-mile carry from Tilton to Franklin, one may embark on the Merrimack River, and run down that to the sea, at Newburyport, a distance of 125 miles. A large and accurate map of the two lakes is issued every summer by the Boston and Maine Rail-

road, and may be obtained free on application to the general passenger agent.

In the summer of 1879 the writer and three companions, the youngest but twelve years of age, were capsized in a large sail-boat off Bear Island, and drifted over two hours, keel up, in white-capped waves and a piercing wind. Since then at least one of the party has been known as a cautious sailor. Like those of Lake George, the Winnepiseogee winds are at all times squally and uncertain, but it is hoped that this will deter no one from visiting the region and drinking of its delights. VESPER.

EDITOR CANOEIST: In reading Mr. Frazer's article in November CANOEIST, I was very much surprised to see there his statement of the strong current in the St. Lawrence, in the vicinity of Clayton, as it conflicts with my experience in that locality this summer. I arrived at Round Island about Aug. 26th, and remained there until Sept. 29th. During that period I spent a great part of the time in my canoe, thinking nothing of paddling to Clayton and back, twice in a day. The distance is four miles for each round trip; two of them, of course, against the "rapid current," of which Mr. Frazer speaks, and the average time for each way was about thirty minutes.

One morning, before breakfast, I started in my canoe for Clayton, with a passenger, against a strong head-wind and sea, and arrived there after paddling about forty-five minutes.

I remember starting one afternoon to sail to Clayton in a light N. E. wind, but before I had reached the north end of Round Island the wind almost died out, and the river became as smooth as glass; and, as I felt lazy after a good dinner, I made up my mind to keep the bow pointed toward Clayton—which I did by working the rudder—and see if she would make any headway. I made very slow progress, but at last I reached the lower end of the port I was bound for, without any effort on my own part. It was only then

that I took up my paddle to finish the journey.

Another afternoon I started from Round Island with a S. W. wind, to sail two miles down stream, and as the river runs at this point N. E. half E., you can easily see that my course was almost dead before the wind. I found no difficulty whatever in tacking back to my starting point without the aid of a center-board.

I used to sail quite frequently across to the Hub House, which is one-and-three-quarters miles N. N. E. from where I camped on Round Island, and I never made but a small allowance for the current, and never had any trouble in returning, except once, and then I had my mast carried away and was obliged to paddle a mile against a very strong head-wind.

There is a strong current in the American Channel, between Westminster Park and Alexandria Bay, but that there is a "rapid current" within four miles of Clayton, east or west, I deny. To account for the difference in the current in so short a distance is a very simple thing. The river opposite Clayton and Round Island is one and a half miles wide, while in the channel below it is only one-eighth of a mile wide.

ESMERALDA.

N. Y., Nov. 23d, 1882.

EDITOR CANOEIST: In reply to "Pip's" letter, in your November number, referring to his position in Class 2, paddling race, I would say that he is entirely mistaken on two points: 1st, I did not take a kneeling position, as he says, but stood up; 2d, he did not pass me at the finish. I am confident of this, and the members of our club who were present confirm my statement. When the Psyche came alongside of me, shortly after rounding the second buoy, I stood up, but lost considerably before I was able to get under way again. Just before reaching home, I got close to the Psyche, and some one on board the steamer shouted, "Look out on your left, Psyche," and then the skipper of the Psyche

sported, and passed the line, the Mamie passing the line a few seconds later. I changed my position in my canoe just before the finish, and sat down.

In reference to the Junior Class 2, paddling race, I would like to ask why it was that I was ruled out because I had won a prize at one of our local races, when Mr. G. Van Dusen, who had won a riding-whip in a paddling race for Shadow canoes at the previous A. C. A. regatta, was allowed to take second prize? Our club sometimes gives a good many prizes in their races, so that our juniors will be few and far between. Very truly yours,

Toronto, Nov. 9.

M. F. JOHNSTON.

As Mr. Johnston and the official records of the A. C. A. both agree as to his position in the race, Mr. Moore, we feel sure, must be mistaken about his being third. It is a good sign that so much interest is taken in order of finish, after first and second, and shows true spirit—going into any race, if not to beat every other fellow, at least as many as possible—and it means more entries in the future.

A senior, as we understand it, is one who has taken a *first* prize in any club or association race—with paddle, for paddling seniorship; with sail, for sailing seniorship. Mr. Van Dusen won a *second* prize in 1881 at Lake George, as his appended note shows, and therefore is still a junior.—ED.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I took a second prize in '81, but through mismanagement of regatta committee did not get a flag. The committee gave eight orders and had but seven flags.

G. VAN DUSEN.

Rondout, Nov. 14.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Cannot the classification now specified as Class 1, Class 2, etc., be re-named by authority, so as to express more clearly to the average reader and canoeist what manner of canoe is meant thereby? At present it takes a search through the files of the CANOEIST, or the purchase at the expense of a small fortune, of Dixon Kemp, to

obtain a clear idea of the difference between types. As a suggestion, the Kemp definition of sailable-*paddling*—paddleable *sailing*, and sailing and paddling, pure and simple, might save the present indefinite names of Shadow, Jersey Blue, Racine, etc., which are meaningless when types are alluded to; and the numerals are so confusing that a change would seem beneficial.

A. R. T.

THE CAPTAIN AND THE DOCTOR.

Kendall and Neide have been in Cincinnati since last Friday afternoon (10th) and most delightfully entertained. They have sailed and paddled on "Ross Lake." It was the one place—between the starting point at Lake George and the turn in Florida—that both of them were looking forward to and working for with heart and hope. And of course Longworth and the dear, good Vice-Commodore Ellard and the Wulsins, and the rest of them have given a hearty reception to these brethren of the blade.

The trip on the Alleghany River was hard work for many miles. Haul-overs—we must make a technical term of that—were very frequent and laborious, but the October foliage on the mountain-bordered river was at its best. In the oil region the river mists were not redolent of spice land, the water was fouled, and the canoes and rigging as well; but at Warren, Pa., a company of six canoeists, one of them a lady, came out to meet and welcome them. At Marietta, Ohio, they were summoned ashore by a representative of the A. C. A.; here they were hospitably taken in and taken out; they were driven to the prehistoric mounds of the vicinity, built probably by some pre-historic canoeists. One of the Marietta canoeists accompanied them down the Ohio as far as Parkersburg. They will probably leave Cincinnati to-day—the 16th.

Truly yours,

Schuylerville Nov. 16th., GEO. L. NEIDE.

The *Morning Journal*, N. Y., of the 17th, says: "Capt. Kendall and Dr. Neide start from Cincinnati down the Ohio to-day. They

propose to shoot the falls at Louisville, if possible."

A postal received from Dr. Neide by the publishers of CANOEIST, dated Nov. 22d, says: "We are ten miles below Louisville and have run the falls of the Ohio successfully. We are having fine weather but cold. Will reach Cairo in a few days, where we will find warmer weather."

Commander Munroe, of the *Psyche*, sailed for Savannah on the *City of Columbus*, from Boston, November 30th. The canoe was shipped from here by steam schooner *Louie Bucki* for Jacksonville, on November 25th, and will there await her captain's arrival, preparatory to his winter's cruise. The CANOEIST will from time to time report his movements.

Rochester Canoe Club list of officers: president,* George H. Harris; vice-president, M. B. Turpin; secretary-treasurer, J. M. Angel; captain, A. E. Dumble; first officer, F. W. Storms. The constitution defines the object of the club to be: "To unite the amateur canoeists of Rochester for the purposes of pleasure, health, exploration, and historical research, by means of meetings, camping, paddling, sailing, racing, and foot-journeys, and by keeping logs of voyages, records of waterways and routes, details, drawings, and collections of maps, books, and objects of special interest." The club held a regular meeting, Nov. 7th, at the rooms of the President, George H. Harris. James Somerville and Frank F. Andrews were elected to membership. The log of the cruise down the Genesee, was read, and the route and its difficulties discussed. This log is published in the Rochester *Herald* in issues of Oct. 29th, Nov. 5, and Nov. 12th. In the matter of the coming meeting of the American Canoe Association, it was determined to send representatives, and the location of the camp in the vicinity of Peterboro, Canada, was favored.

* Why not commodore?—ED.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN A. C. A.

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Persons making inquiries by mail must enclose postage to insure a reply.

Now that the boating season is closed, and active canoeing is suspended for some time, it may not be out of place to examine some features of our existing boats, with a view to their improvement. The majority of American canoes up to date, are of the second and third classes, and it is proved that for a canoe to carry one man, if for cruising, or two for short trips, a length of 14 ft. will give the best results, with a beam of 26 to 27 in. in class 2, and 30 to 33 in. in class 3, the average being 30 to 31 in. Looking at the model, two serious faults are noticeable in nearly all our canoes, a lack of freeboard, or height of deck above the water, and too little displacement, or the immersed portion of the hull being too small to float the required load. The first fault is partly from the effort to use a very short paddle, and is increased by overloading, making a boat unsafe as well as wet and uncomfortable. The freeboard of our canoes will average $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 in. compared with 6 to 7 in. in English boats, and as paddles of 8 to 9 ft. are now used, there is no reason why ample freeboard should not be given, say $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. in class 2, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 in. in class 3.

Ten years ago the boats as well as the load carried were lighter, and a rising floor and fine lines gave ample displacement, but while weight of hull, rig, and stores, have in-

creased greatly, even in cruising craft, the displacement has not increased in like ratio.

The limit of stowage of a canoe is not what she will *hold* easily, but what she will *float*, and it often happens that while there is space inside for more cargo, the boat is sunk so deeply as to seriously impede both speed and safety. Every boat has a load line, at which she will do her best, and below which she cannot be trimmed without bad results. This line should be found and plainly marked on bow and stern, and the boat always trimmed to it, with slight variations, as adding to, or reducing ballast for heavy or light weather. In choosing a canoe, a most important point is to decide on the total weight to be carried—boat, crew ballast, and stores—then a little calculation will show whether any given boat will float all properly.

The steering gear is another feature that is usually very imperfect, being too weak, loose in the joints, and incapable of adjustment. What is needed is a gear below deck, lines and all, strong enough to stand the immense pressure of the knee-joint, adjustable quickly to any length of leg, and removable in stowing forward or sleeping.*

The rapid increase of sail area and ballast has rendered necessary a stronger hull and larger mast tubes, the 30-in. canoes, as now built being mostly too light to carry 90 square feet of muslin, and accompanying ballast; while the regulation size of $1\frac{3}{8}$ in diameter of mast tube, has given way to $2\frac{1}{8}$ in., or over.

An apron that is at once waterproof, securely and quickly adjustable, instantly removed, and that will roll up in a small compass, would be a boon to canoeists, enabling them to dispense with three or four stories of hatches piled on deck.†

The last season has drawn much attention

* We are promised shortly an article, historical and descriptive, on foot-steering gear, by a practical canoeist.—ED.

† Mr. Farnham has invented and used such an apron, we believe—and we hope to hear from him as to its nature and adjustment.—ED.

to the subject of centre-boards, four varieties of which are adapted to canoes. The "dagger" board taken from the "sneak-box" answers very well, as but a small trunk is required, but, if made of iron they are difficult to lift quickly. The variety of fan centre-board made by Atwood Bros. is well adapted to cruising canoes, as it occupies but little room, projecting one or two inches above the floor boards, but the question of corrosion is a serious one in salt water. In the larger canoes a centre-board of the ordinary construction, made of light sheet-iron, and fastened in the boat, can be so placed as to allow sleeping and stowing-room, and is as good as any. For racing, a large board of 40 to 50 pounds or more, either of boiler-plate or of composite build, is necessary. Such a board must be fitted to lift out in landing. The last described adds materially to the stability of the canoe, especially when lowered, but the others (except the iron "dagger" board) do not. It may safely be predicted that the coming canoe will be a "Tandem," say 16 ft. by 30 in., with one of the above varieties of board, light enough for one to handle, but carrying two comfortably.

To sum up briefly its advantages:—the cost is little more than for a single canoe; its keep and repairs are about the same; the total work to be done is but little greater, and is halved, so that each man has less than in a single canoe; the power is doubled, giving greater speed, and there are two for company. Canoeists are mostly gregarious, inventive and talkative, and with the above hints for discussion, and others that will naturally suggest themselves, we should see marked changes next year at Stony Lake.

Stony Lake is settled on as the meeting ground for next August of the A. C. A. Let Canada now come forward and supply our Pilot with cruises that have been made in its vicinity, camping requirements, means of obtaining supplies (not the cash of course), and what it will be necessary for the Statesmen to carry there.

That a true camp-meeting will be enjoyable and interesting no one doubts. Let us have no racing machines brought to it, to the neglect of good cruising craft and rig.

The commodore can now appoint the regatta committee and by next month's issue the CANOEIST will publish their names. The different clubs at their winter meetings and annual dinners, can talk over the coming trip, and those members of the A. C. A., who have more than the stereotyped two weeks vacation, should plan their journey as to time and route, so that a cruise of more or less length on the way to the meet can be made. A companion for such a trip could be easily found no doubt. The CANOEIST will be glad to publish any such projects and hopes to be the means of bringing together many jolly fellows, who can take the line of travel at the same time, and from the same State.

Let us make up our minds to have the meet a success; to stay as long as we can, and really test whether or not the Canadian is the hospitable fellow he is said to be; and, also, let us so work on the feelings of the regatta committee that they will give us a programme that will insure the maximum number of entries for each event.

DRIFTINGS.

Bulkheads make a canoe much safer than air-bags can, because with bulkheads the security is always present, but with air-bags there is always the temptation to keep them collapsed for convenience of stowage, and, as a capsizes generally comes as a surprise, not as a part of the programme, the canoeist is very likely to find the air-bags empty when it is too late to inflate them. The bags, too, are always liable to be pierced by nails or screws, and rendered unserviceable. Air-bags in one end and stores in the other is a very unsafe arrangement, as a canoeist discovered who capsized between South Sea and Ryse. The air-bag end went up, the store end went down, and the canoe floated somewhat like

a certain Mersey canoe that was ballasted by a cannon-ball, which travelled aft when she capsized, and caused her to stand on end. I have seen some air-bags of such slight material that they would infallibly burst under the strain of supporting the weight of canoe, stores, and crew. There was once a canoeist at one of the R. C. C. regattas, who was wearing a "swimming collar" all day in order to show the merits of that, then newly invented, life-saving apparatus. Some one wishing for a close inspection of the collar, the canoeist took it off, and, with the usual perversity of fate, immediately capsized. Thus it might be with air-bags instead of bulkheads.—*London Field*.

GILDING.—The following is a simple method of gilding: Take some tissue paper and rub beeswax or wax candle gently over one side. Cut it into squares a little larger than the leaves of the book of gold. Press each piece firmly on to the gold leaf, which will adhere to it. Then cut into strips, or whatever shape is required, and when the gold is pressed on to the sized surface it will stick firmly. Dab the gilded surface over with a little cotton-wool. If the gilding is exposed to the weather, give it a coat of clear varnish.

In July, 1872, a canoe 14 ft. 6 in. long by 31½ inches beam, went round Land's End, and on her way back to London in one day, in a flat calm, was paddled from Reading to Hampton Court, a distance of fifty-three miles, and through seventeen locks, with all her gear, store, tent, etc., on board.—*London Field*.

The last cup race N. Y. C. C. was named for Nov. 7th, and would have been sailed if the gallant vice-commodore, captain of Tramp, had put in an appearance. The Dot therefore holds the cup for the winter. Tramp has held it once—Dot has one more race to win to hold it permanently.

E. R. Bascom, of Whitehall, has removed his three canoes (Racine Shadow, Blodgett smooth-built Shadow, and paddling

canoe built by himself) from the boat-house to his own cellar, thus following CANOEIST's advice in last month's issue. The season has closed in Whitehall.

New York canoeists are still on the war-path. Election day, Nov. 7th, though cold and cloudy, saw several N. Y. C. C. canoes sailing about the bay; and one or two short cruises are contemplated by healthy A. C. A'ers, as we go to press.

The present rules of classification in Royal Canoe Club (England) were adopted, on March 31, 1874. The limit of this sliding scale being 20 ft. x 24 in. and 12 ft. x 36 in.

So much has been written of the sail for canoes of late, cannot some expert give the readers of CANOEIST a few points on the best double-bladed paddle to use—its weight, length, wood to use, and size of ferrule? Mr. Alden says seven feet. Cincinnati and others, at Lake George, used nine-footers; and two double-jointed paddles, in three parts, now exists in the N. Y. C. C.

Mr. Tredwen has lately published, in the *London Field*, an article on a simple cruising lug sail, with reefing gear, etc. The CANOEIST will reprint the interesting points in its next issue.

Sail has been put on an 18 ft. x 24 in. paddling canoe in Canada, and the boat, with the help of a plate-iron false keel, does well.

Mr. Farnham, *Allegro*, who cruised with Mr. White in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, during the latter part of the summer and autumn, is now back in town. He had a tough time of it. Nine weeks were occupied in getting back to civilization, when three were supposed to give ample time. He reports stormy and bad weather most of the time.

The Bayonne C. C. used this summer almost entirely canvas canoes of their own make, but propose to try the cedar canoe next year.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR CANOEIST:

I am under obligation to some unknown Toronto canoeist for complete files of the Toronto Dailies, containing letters regarding the Third Annual meet. When I tell you at that time I was confined to my room with a badly fractured ankle you can imagine how grateful I was for the pleasure the reading gave me. Please give this space in the CANOEIST, and if it meets the eye of the U. T. C. won't he make himself known and oblige,

EUGENE A. GUILERT, M.D.

MCGREGOR, IOWA, NOV. 12TH.

Mr. Tyson was requested by A. C. A., at Lake George assembled, to print his reports of regatta and send them to each member, as he did the year before. This he faithfully did.—ED.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I have voted to hold the annual meeting next year in Canada, for many reasons, but especially because it will be possible, and especially delightful, to combine both Stony Lake and the Thousand Islands, so far as the Eastern members are concerned. Those who have several weeks to spare can make a most delightful cruise, by crossing from Rochester to Port Hope, and thence by car to Lindsay on Scugog Lake, leaving Peterboro on the east. This is no longer than to Lakeville. Launch canoe in the Scugog River; thence through Sturgeon Lake, Ball Lake, Pigeon Lake, and so on through the chain to Stony Lake. After the meeting, return by way of Rice Lake and Peterboro, through Trent River to Bay of Quinte, to Kingston, to Thousand Islands—taking cars home from Clayton. This would give a most delightful cruise of at least two or three weeks; but it could be much shortened for those who have not the time or who prefer spending a week among Thousand Islands. Such a one could go direct to Lakeville, and, after the meeting, pass through Rice Lake and Trent River to Thousand Islands, or, if preferable, take car to Kingston from Peterboro, and have the islands near him for such time as he may desire to spend among them. The fishing in the Canada lakes is of the best, Rice Lake being specially noted; and the trip I propose would give every variety of canoeing, from running rapids and swift

rivers to the best of lake sailing with a prevailing favorable wind. Would it not be practicable to publish in the next number a rough tracing of the map of the route I propose, so that all could easily understand the many advantages and possibilities?

Yours very truly,

Albany, N. Y., Nov. 12.

R. S. OLIVER.

EDITORS CANOEIST: In your November number you state that the account in my article of a strong current in the St. Lawrence conflicts with the experience of another member of the A. C. A., who reports very slight current in the vicinity of Clayton. As I read the words there arose before my mind's eye the vision of three young men, unskilled in the use of the oar, who stepped into a row-boat at Clayton one beautiful summer's day to journey down the river a short distance. The sky was cloudless, the water smooth, the sunshine bright, the birds singing in the trees, and the young men's hearts were light and happy as they floated easily down the broad stream with smile and song upon their lips. About five miles below they turned and began to row back; but all at once the boat seemed to have an affinity for the direction in which they did not desire to go, and it stuck to the water so tenaciously that it took hard work to convince it of the fact that man, and not boat, was the master. Two pairs of oars were put out, and by strong exertion the boat was slowly propelled up stream. But the sun shone down fiercely, the perspiration poured from the faces of the young men in streams, their hands were blistered, their muscles exhausted and their wind given out, and before they had traversed one-half their return voyage they were compelled to pause for a rest. But while they were resting, their boat was floating down stream rapidly, until it seemed to them that the little islands on either hand were travelling up stream. Another spurt and another rest, and the boat again floated back nearly to where the spurt began. Again wearied arms and aching backs were brought into forced play, but notwithstanding all the exertion put forth, yet still the Round Island House would persist in remaining off their bow instead of dropping to stern as any well-regulated hotel ought to have done. Late that afternoon, when those three men fell lifeless and limp upon the

dock at Clayton, if any one had suggested that there was no current in the St. Lawrence, the sufferers would have revived long enough to have murdered their cold-blooded maligner. And there are now three men wandering somewhere in the wide world who will always believe that the current in the St. Lawrence near Clayton is a trifle more swift and forceful than the rapids of Niagara. Perhaps this sore experience of mine may have warped my judgment slightly in regard to the current of the St. Lawrence; but if it is slight, then my three weeks of daily laborious paddling up to Clayton, and easy floating on the return trip, was all a mistake. It is true it is not rapid like a mountain stream, and it is also true that near the shore and in the wake of the islands the current is gentle, but let any one get out into the main channel on a hot day and undertake to row a boat from Maple Island up to Clayton, and I think he will be convinced that for so broad a stream the current is rapid.

ORANGE FRAZER.

Columbus, O., Nov. 10.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I am not a canoeist, and have had my fill of the Clapham Sharpie. When I invest in a boat again, I intend buying something that will stand a puff of breeze.

A round dozen of us tried to sail a 16-foot sharpie at different times on Lake Michigan; every one of us got dumped into the lake, and only one of the crowd ever could handle her, yet all of them own and sail either Rushton's, Everson's, or Racine canoes. Still I am fond enough of the water to delight in a good boat ride and to enjoy the CANOEIST.

Yours very truly,

Chicago, Nov. 11th.

W. DAVID TOMLIN.

Three members of the N. Y. C. C., in two canoes (Everson shadows), on November 18th, in spite of the thermometer being below 32° all day, paddled completely round Manhattan Island, a distance of about thirty-five miles, in seven hours' actual working time. They voted it one of the most charming trips of the year. It was a cloudless day from start to finish, and not one of them suffered from cold though there was a stiff nor'wester blowing. At Thirty-fourth street, East river, they saw a fellow in swimming, who seemed to be enjoying himself as much as they were.

CANOE PILOT.

FROM BROOKLYN TO SAG HARBOR, L. I.,
JULY 8-22.

(Continued from November.)

Canoes "Mary B," (F. L. St. John); "Pilgrim," (Chas. Gould); "Mosquito," (H. R. Averill). Extracts from the log kept by Mosquito:

Wednesday, 12th.—The courier sent out the night before procured mosquito netting at Babylon, and when we woke in the morning a mob of disappointed office-seekers were swarming outside the door of the tent. After breakfast, paddled to Nichols' Point. Then sailed with a S.E. wind to the end of the point, lunch, and after paddling well to windward make a long run under sail to Sayville. Walked to the town, take a dose of ice cream and temperance drinks; lay in a supply of bread and butter; return, and sail before a strong breeze to Patchogue. Run by it a mile, and camp on the meadows. Get eggs and milk from a farm-house, also fresh water. Supper: Cracked wheat and milk, bread and butter, and tea. Sea fog comes up, and rain sets in about 1 A.M. Having waterproofed our tent with a preparation recommended by one of the club who could not go with us, are treated to a shower-bath; but manage to spend a comfortable night under rubber blankets.

Thursday, 13th.—Rain stopped. Gale of wind from S.W. As all are pretty tired, agree to spend day on land. After breakfast, polish up the silver-ware and cooking utensils. Take a swim, and talk over the trip. Have ham, poached eggs, and cold cracked wheat for dinner. Walked to Bellport. Took up some friends; take down some ice cream. Stroll around, and with great difficulty (on account of a beautiful siren) is one of the crew finally persuaded to go back to camp, and not spend the remainder of his vacation in Bellport. This great danger passed, we get back to camp, having literally to fight the way through an army of mosquitoes. Sup, and retire.

Friday, 14th.—Mosquitoes very thick. After a hasty breakfast set sail, and soon come up with a flock of ducks. We can't harm them, although we try, so they let us alone, and we don't have roast duck for dinner. Stop at Bellport as we pass, long

enough to consume more ice cream. Sail through the narrow bay, and then out into Moriches Bay, at the entrance of which a few small harmless snipe are bagged. Dine on Swan Island, off fried snipe, vegetable soup, canned corned beef, etc. Come up with another flock of ducks near Speonk. The sportsman finds some difficulty in shooting from his canoe, and again unwillingly decides not to harm the birds. Shortly after, the fleet sailed quietly right into a flock of ducks. Nimrod lets drive both his barrels. Flock rise from the water but leave three delegates behind, one of which manages to escape with a charge of No. 9 shot in his pocket. The other two, splendid fat black ducks, are picked up, and we feel ourselves repaid for our former want of success over the puny broad bills. Reach and pass West Hampton, and unship the masts and go under the bridge into Quantuck Bay. Sail to Quogue, and stop at the house of one of the professors who tried a few years ago to pound into the heads of two of us the rudiments of philosophy, etc., and are treated right royally—to his front yard for camping purposes, which offer was respectfully declined, and we go into camp on the opposite shore of the creek. Some of the relations of one of the crew, being in Q. for the summer, visit the campers with numerous friends. Supper: frizzled beef, milk, bread and butter, and tea. Mosquitoes scarce; but June-bugs nearly knock the tent down, break their skulls against the lantern, and unceremoniously drop plumb into the butter. Their occupation's gone when the light is put out. Before putting the light out, however, an article in the *Times*, (just received) headed "Canoeing and Martyrdom," is read, and is regarded by each and all as rank heresey, and the writer condemned to a canoeless future.

Saturday, 15th.—The professor appeared with milk, and oat-meal (not quite as rare as we had been in the habit of eating it). Fried duck, two-thirds apiece, and bread and butter completed our breakfast. Decide to stay here two or three days.

Leave tent standing, and go foraging. Dine with the family. First meal taken since starting which was not cooked by ourselves. Find difficulty in keeping our own knives out of the butter-dish. Seems a wasteful extravagance to change plates after soup for the vegetables and meat. Are much flattered by the personal re-

marks made on our appearance, color, etc. Are requested to give a show in behalf of the "Ladies' Benefit Society," nominally, for bettering the condition of the public roads. We feel the object should be for bettering the manners of the city-boarders. Supper in tent, of fried eels, tea, etc.

Attend L.B.S. concert in the evening; *i.e.*, sit on the fence and listen to the music, accompanied by three prominent members—dead-head. Consumed more ice-cream on the way home.

Sunday, 16th.—Surf bathing. Undergo having our photographs taken by a friend. More visitors, some young ladies among them. Surprise of same at amount of baggage carried in such small boats. Poke fun at us about mode of living; really jealous of our good times.

Monday, 17th.—Break camp. Formal presentation of a cocoa-nut cake by a non-resident native. No fatal results in consequence of consuming the same. Sail through Shinnecock Bay, and camp a mile to the west of South Hampton. Fried eels for supper.

Tuesday, 18th.—Stormy during the morning. Fatal accident near the camp. Native boy drowned while swimming. Canoeists too late on the scene to be of any assistance. Tried to recover the body, but failed. Remain in the camp the rest of the day, as it cleared in the afternoon, in order to dry out.

Wednesday, 19th.—After breakfast, paddle five miles to a hotel, where we find a Mr. Warner willing to take our boats across to Peconic Bay, for twenty-five cents each. Give him the contract.

Find here very clear water. Launch our canoes and put up sail. Strong S.W. wind, and with reefed sails we fairly fly before it. The sensation resembling that of coasting down a steep hill. Heavy sea running, which adds to the excitement. Sail five miles, and land on point for dinner. Then sail twelve miles to Hog's Neck in one hour and fifty minutes, including stoppage to repair steering gear, and a parted sheet—a delay of almost fifteen minutes. Camp in a grove of trees on top of bluff. Enjoy best nights rest for a week. Very few mosquitoes.

Thursday, 20th. Spend most of the day here airing blankets and stores, and lazily enjoying ourselves. In the afternoon,

paddle to Sag Harbor. Get a few stores, and camp about a mile down the beach.

Friday, 21st. After breakfast, pack the boats for the last time, amid the wondering gaze of two small boys. Paddle to the steamer dock, and put the boats on board the "W. W. Coit." Visit a graveyard in the afternoon before the steamer sails, and while viewing the grave of a sailor, drowned on the S.S. "Circassian," are mistaken, by an inhabitant on account of our outlandish costumes, and bronzed and bearded countenances, for friends of the deceased come to shed a tear over the grave of our old comrade. Take the boat at four, and sail for New York.

Saturday, 22d. New York. Having breakfasted, canoes are launched in the East River, and the fleet paddles over to the N. Y. C. Club-house, Staten Island, to witness the race for the challenge cup. Spend the afternoon, witness the "Tramp" carry off the trophy, and late in the afternoon paddle to our house at the foot of Court street, and thus end the pleasantest, and most healthful vacation we have ever enjoyed.

The cargoes if itemized would fill another column.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS.

Commodore, E. B. EDWARDS, Peterboro, Ont., Canada.
Vice-Com., GEO. B. ELLARD, Cincinnati, O.
Rear-Com., C. BOWYER VAUX, 27 Rose St., N. Y.
Sec. and Treas., DR. C. A. NEIDE, Schuylerville, N. Y.
Asst. Sec. & Treas., REV. GEO. L. NEIDE, Schuylerville, N. Y.

OFFICIAL NOTES.

The Assistant Secretary of the A. C. A. would remind members of the following By-Law of the Association:

ARTICLE XI.

Each member shall send into the Secretary by October 15th of each year, a log of such cruises, as he may have made; noting especially the condition of such water as he may have cruised on—rapids, dams, shoals, good and bad camp grounds, and all items of value to other canoeists.

Although we have passed the specified time, yet the object of the provision may still be accomplished. It is intended to make of

such reports as may be forwarded a condensed summary for publication.

The Assistant Secretary also desires to make a corrected and complete list of the names of canoes owned by members of the A. C. A. The Association Book cannot be properly published until he has a more accurate list in hand. Members, the names of whose canoes are not now what they were when the last Association Book was published, as well as those who were not members at that time, will confer a favor by sending in the names as soon as convenient.

The payment of annual dues may be made to the Assistant Secretary who would call the attention of members to the following:

ARTICLE I. OF THE BY-LAWS.

Each application for membership shall be accompanied with the sum of two dollars—one dollar as entrance fee, and one dollar as dues for the ensuing year, to be refunded in case of the non-election of the applicant. Each subsequent annual payment shall be one dollar, and shall be payable at the Annual Congress. If not paid within two months thereafter, the Secretary shall notify the members in arrears, and if at the end of one month more the dues are still unpaid, the membership shall be forfeited, and the member's name stricken from the roll, except in the case of absence from the country, or other sufficient reason.

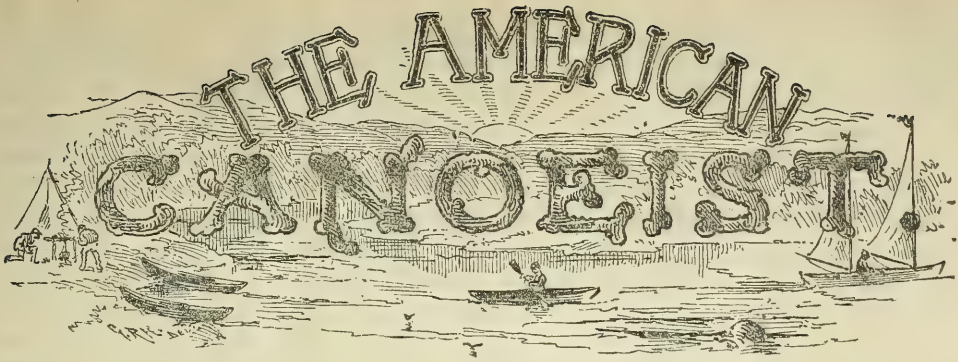
The duty of the Secretary in the case of unpaid dues is in one sense *clerical*, but it is an ungracious task, of which the acting Secretary would most gladly be relieved by the prompt payment of dues on this notification.

A pretty full report of the "Solid Comfort" and "Aurora" cruise, thus far, is printed in the *Cincinnati Gazette* of November 11th.

EXCHANGE.

Will exchange my Racine Shadow complete, and in good condition for a light travelling canoe for inland waters.

J. E. WATSON,
 236 Woodward Ave.,
 Detroit, Mich.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

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A TELESCOPING APRON.

The open cockpit is the weak point of a canoe, and wet clothes are the chief discomfort of the canoeist. These defects are so serious that everyone should study to overcome them. My efforts thus far are embodied in the apron I have used with satisfaction on the "Allegro" during the past four years. It closes the boat as effectually as the skin suit of the Esquimaux in his *kyack*, as far as seas and rain are concerned; yet it leaves the canoeist free in case of an upset; it takes care of itself and cannot be lost; it allows perfect freedom to the limbs and body, and permits any degree of ventilation that may be desired.

This apron consists of a telescoping wire frame, and a cloth covering, with an elastic in the hem to keep it under a bead that runs along the top of the coaming. The frame is made of light brass or german silver; tubes *a a*, each about 10 inches long, telescoping easily, one into the other, and of wire rafters *b*, *b'*, and *b''*, soldered into collars *b'*, which are fastened to the end of each tube. All the rafters are made of hard or spring-brass; they (*b* and *b''*), are of wire, $\frac{1}{8}$ inch in diameter; rafter *b'''* should be $\frac{3}{16}$ inch in diameter. The rafters *b* and *b''* have the ends bent at right angles to prevent them from wearing through the apron, which they must keep stretched. The rafter *b'* is braced to the rafter *b'''*, and this brace is brazed along the under side of *b'* down to the bend or hook at

each end, to increase the depth of the rafter just over the coaming; this is to give it a better hold on the stop *e*, which stays the apron when it is drawn aft. This stop *e*, is put on the inside of the coaming at the proper point to fully stretch the apron.

The rafter *b'''* is long enough to reach two inches aft of the sliding bulkhead; each end is provided with a small eye for attaching the elastic that goes in the hem of the apron; and it should have such a curve as to give the body about five inches of space in front, to allow one to lean forward without touching the apron, and also to lean sideways to the coaming. The rafters should be about eight inches apart; the bent end or horizontal hook should descend to the lower edge of the moulding about the top of the coaming when the apron is extended aft; and they should have about the same arch as that of the deck.

The second or storm apron *z*, is used only in rough water. To the rafter *b'''*, a second and lighter wire, *x*, is attached by wire posts, in such a way as to follow its curves generally, and stand about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch above and beyond *b'''*. As it goes aft it descends obliquely to near the bottom of the coaming. A knob, *w*, is attached to the coaming just aft of the wires *b'''* and *x*; and a curved moulding, *y*, crosses the hatch-cover. The wire *x*, knob *w*, and moulding *y*, thus form a continuous moulding all about the opening around the body of the canoeist, and the hem of this apron, provided with an elastic, hugs under

these attachments, as shown by the dotted line.

The tube a' , receiving all the others, is hinged to the forward end of a block fastened to the deck forward of the coaming. The tube at its forward end is provided with a collar, having a lug on the lower side; a leather strap is passed through a slot in this lug and screwed on to the end of the block; this holds the tube by an universal joint, as it were, permitting the after end of the apron to be raised off the coaming, and even to swing somewhat from side to side without damage—a desirable feature in case of a capsize.

The main apron should be, when done, about three inches wider all around than the length of the rafters, in order that the edge of the cloth may leave plenty of slack to reach down on the coaming and under the moulding along the top of the coaming. It should have a hem three inches wide, and a second row of stitches $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from the edge, to keep the elastic close to the edge all around. To cut the pattern, get into the canoe, place the apron frame in position, distribute the rafters about eight inches apart, when the rafter b''' is at the proper distance from the body; now attach the rafters to a cord passing along the tubes to prevent one tube from drawing out of another. The frame can now be removed from the canoe, turned over, and laid on the muslin, as a guide for cutting. The position of the rafters are marked off on the cloth, and strips of muslin are sewed to the under side of the apron, as sleeves, to enclose the rafters from near the tubes, down to the end. The outer end of these strips is lined with leather, for greater durability; they are doubled up over the bend or hook of the rafters, and strong stitches through the strips and the hem of the apron, keep the cloth well stretched along each rafter. A hole is worked, or bound in the forward end of the apron to pass the tube a' . A cord attached to an eye soldered on to the side of tube a' , and to the first rafter keeps the apron from drawing away

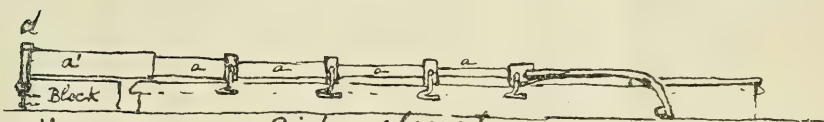
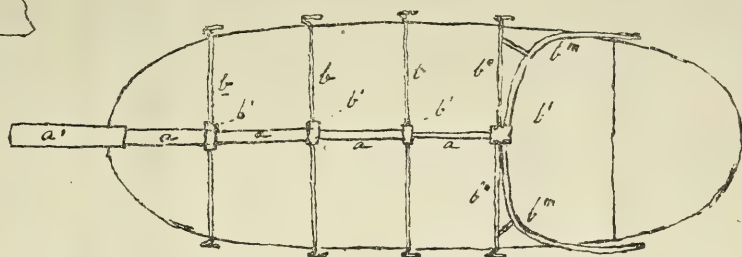
from tube a' , when the apron is raised off the coaming. At the after end, the cloth passes under the rafter y , and is sewed to the wire x . The storm apron z is like a skirt, without any slit; it is made large enough at the top to pass the head and arms, and is then gathered about the chest with a string, and held up by suspenders. Some prefer to make a complete waterproof shirt of it. The bottom must be large enough to pass around under the wire x , and the moulding y ; and shirt should be long enough to permit one to lean clear forward, and up to either moulding. The main apron having been stretched on its frame, and the hem tacked out on a board, and the storm apron having been stretched over some form of the shape it will assume on the canoe, the aprons may be rendered waterproof by giving them two thin coats of a mixture of three parts boiled linseed oil, six parts raw linseed oil and one part spirits turpentine. The cloth should be well dampened when the first coat is applied, and the stuff should dry two or three weeks under cover. Strong, closely-woven muslin thus treated, makes the best water-proof clothes, tents, bags for stores, etc. When the aprons have thoroughly dried, pass four strands of stout elastic cord in the hems.

I think the elastic for the main apron should be in two sections, one for each side, and extend from the wire loop at the end of the rafter b''' , to about half way from the end of rafter b to the tube a' ; it should be made fast to the hem of the apron at these points, to keep the latter stretched smoothly around the forward end of the coaming; my elastic passes all around, and gathers the apron somewhat near the tube a' . And these elastics should be so long as not to exert any tension until the wire b'' is drawn aft to about six inches from the stop e .

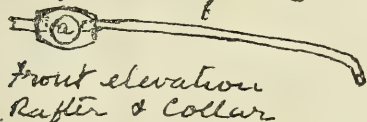
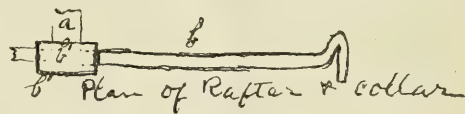
These aprons close up the cock-pit perfectly, yet leave the canoeist free to swim, if he capsizes, for the light, short, storm apron is no impediment, and the main apron, as soon as it is raised by the knees off the stops e , flies forward out of the way. They are extremely simple to handle, though somewhat complex to make. The apron is easily pushed forward to open the cock-pit, pulled aft to close it, or placed in any position



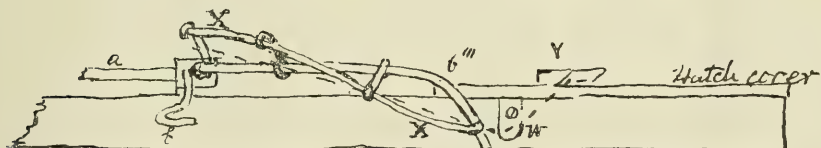
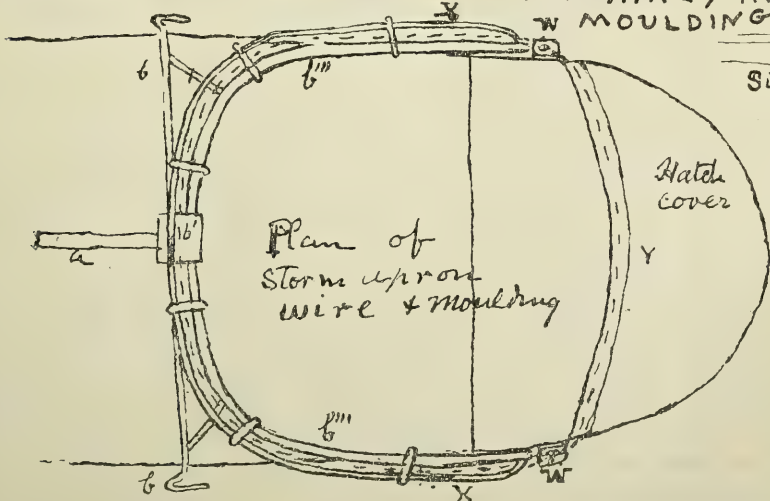
Plan



Side elevation

Front elevation
Rafter & Collar

Plan of Rafter & collar

SIDE ELEVATION OF STORM APRON WIRE AND
W MOULDING.Plan of
Storm apron
wire & moulding

Side

between these points, if the elastic is not too short.

It always clings to the coaming by the spring of the rafter b''' , even when the canoe is turned up over your head, as on a portage.

In short, after thorough trial, in all kinds of water and weather, paddling, sailing, capsizing, and carrying, several of us consider it a great addition to the safety and comforts of a canoe.

C. H. FARNHAM.

ST. LAWRENCE, BY MOONLIGHT.

The CANOEIST, just read, is peculiarly enjoyable, coming to one in winter's midst, when the memory of a summer's freedom, "merry breezes," "wide waters," and a "dancing bark,"—*all one's own*—is the sweeter by contrast.

Your secretary's note that "logs" are in order, draws from me a few words about my pleasantest sail on the St. Lawrence.

It had been a hot day, and evening just begun. I paddled from Westminster Hotel up the "Lake of the Isles" and into the "Rift," whose rapid current it required all my nerve to stem, just as the full moon rose.

I was not familiar with the river, and knew I was at my turning point for a descent with the current, only by creeping along the shore, under overhanging pines, and through deep-shaded coves, till the ripples divided, and the "*Nepenthe*" was guided, as by an unseen Undine, into her true course.

Then came a wondrous passage, with soft wind favorable, and white sails "wing and wing," gleaming in the moonlight,—a swift current aiding—long stretches of white water, now apparently bounded by forests, yet opening suddenly into new vistas into which my boat swept past rock and sand-bar and stranded log, till my excitement was well nigh hysterical, in the intensity of watching and waiting and *acting* when the proper moment came.

Now and then quiet camps and dimly-lighted tents among the trees recalled me from the wild fancy that I was successfully navigating a "Lost Channel," and merry voices in idly-moving boats would challenge me again into a world of humanity.

Eight miles of such progress, and suddenly the lights of Rockport on the port, and of Westminster to starboard, bade me down with helm, in with sheets, till my centre-board grated on the sands of my safe haven.

For new and wierd experience, and strange delight, commend me to a moonlight sail down the Canadian St. Lawrence. A subsequent ascent of the same course in a steam yacht, made it seem all the more wonderful

that I escaped shipwreck on such an untried and perilous course.

I shall hope for another such sail, perhaps with some of our brother canoeists, should it be my fortune to meet them at Peterboro' next summer.

H. WEBSTER JONES.

Chicago, Dec. 8th.

HOW TO "TOW" THE LINE.

Where is the canoeist who has not been taken in tow? Who is there that at times, with head winds, strong tides, or when tired, has not hitched on to something, to still keep going, yet rest weary limbs, take a smoke, or eat a meal?

Towing requires skill of a certain kind as well as any other canoe locomotion. The man who fastened a line to the rail of a schooner during a fresh breeze, and passed the other end round his body—the canoe having no rudder—learned that it required some skill to keep in position. When the vessel tacked, the canoe did not behave well—in fact she kept right on her course—and when the tow-line became taut, as it did not part, the gallant captain (of the canoe), found himself plucked clean out of his boat, and tearing along the water after said schooner broadside on. He narrowly escaped with his life.

There was a man at Lake George who tried very much the same thing on his way from Lorna Island to Crosbyside last August, behind the launch. Thirty-five canoes were towed behind the steamer on that morning, making almost a raft, they were so close together. Two long lines were fastened on each side of the steamer aft, and let drag along the surface of the water, and the canoes were hitched to them by their painters, and so steered to keep just clear of the heavy line. Numbers of the canoes were hitched bow to stern of the one ahead. One man—having no painter, or not using it, and no rudder—held the line in his hand (amidship) and attempted to steer with the paddle in his other hand. This worked well for a while. Several times though, the steamer had to stop to pre-

vent trouble. Finally when nearing the wharf, and while somewhat excited, the paddle did not play its part, the canoe's bow slowly fell away to port, broadside on to the wash from the screw, and right across the bows of several canoes just behind. The tug could not be stopped in time to prevent the canoe from slowly rolling over to starboard, pitching the captain and cargo into the lake, and being pushed clear under water by the other canoes pushing themselves right over the poor unfortunate. No loss of life resulted, however. No doubt many such accidents have happened—the reader probably remembers several. Therefore, first principle—don't hitch the tow-line amidships; it is too near the pivotal point.

Canoes are always towed either with or without crew. If crew is on board, and the speed likely to be rapid, the best plan is to have a long painter of light line fastened at the bow on deck, or just a few inches below deck to stem-post, passing through ring or over a cleat on the boat towing and carried back to cleat on deck of canoe within reach. The canoe can then be drawn near or let far behind the boat towing, and can be set adrift in a moment if necessary. A rudder is almost a necessity if safety is to be considered.

Two fellows in a birch, with baggage on board, started from Yonkers for New York. There was a head wind blowing, and very little ebb tide with them. Becoming tired, they ran for a steamer bound down with several barges in tow. Instead of dropping behind the barges at the end of the line, they made for the steamer, ran under one tow-line, and paddled up to her in the dead water behind the rudder. Tucking their coats away under the brace at the stern, and hitching the painter to the brace just aft of the bow, they threw the line to a deck hand on the steamer, who made a turn round a cleat on deck, but left considerable slack. The man in the bow held the canoe close under the steamer's guard, while No. 2 ran forward. No. 1 then climbed on to the deck of the steamer. No. 2 managed to get the canoe out of its natural

course, and he had just time to get a good hold on the painter and shin up on deck before the canoe shot out from under him, clean over into the wash from the wheels. From the deck the two chaps watched what followed. The boat, very much like a billy goat, took all the rope it could get with a run, turned on its side a little, put its nose under water, kicked its heels in the air, and went completely out of sight. After behaving some time like a game trout on a fly line, it finally drifted to the surface, looking like a dead fish, and was hauled gradually on to the steamer's deck, with the coats still wedged in at the end. The canoe's crew took a steamer deck-passage the rest of the way to town.

When a canoe has no one in her, it is best to start her fair, and then manage to have the line fast right to the stem piece, and don't give the calf any more rope than is absolutely necessary, to keep the wash from coming in-board at the other end.

Cases are known where pilots have caught a tow from a steamer at full speed, by throwing a line to a deck hand at the gangway, and having him ease up on the jerk before belaying, by running aft while holding the tow-line. This is done on the East River. The pilots returning in their Whitehall boats from steering coasters through Hell Gate, hail the smaller steamers that are continually passing. It is not unknown in such cases for the tow-line to pull the stem clear out of a boat when brought up by the jerk. The crew then has to keep aft, and make for port as best he can.

But, save all bother, risk, and fuss, paddle; use your muscle, even if you are on steam-boat, horse-power propelling, or open sailing waters. It injures a man's self-respect to be towed. The writer never has been, and therefore knows all about it.

The index for 1882, bound in with this number, it is hoped will aid those interested in any particular subject in finding what has appeared on it in CANOEIST without trouble.

CANOE TRANSPORTATION.

As it is one of the pre-eminent excellences of the canoe that it is essentially an amphibious craft—a sort of portable terraqueous hotel—and as a notable portion of its travels in going to and returning from “meets,” and “congresses,” and favorite cruising grounds, has to be made on dry land, the question of the best methods of, and safety during transportation becomes a very important one, and deserves the serious attention of every canoeist.

If shipped by rail and stowed in an express or baggage car, no matter how carefully it is propped and bolstered up with bags and cushions and what not, the jolting of the car is sure to disarrange the most elaborate packing, and every swing of the train around a curve throws the canoe heavily from side to side, bumping first on one bilge, and then on the other, until something is bound to start, and prove a prolific and most annoying source of future leaks. If the “duffle” inside is heavy, or not compactly and securely arranged, it only adds to the mischief.

Wrapping in burlaps does no good whatever; the canoe will bump just as hard with the wrapping as without it, and this method has the grave additional disadvantage of preventing the railway people from seeing what they are handling; and at the journey's end one is as likely as not to discover his pet half buried under a pile of boxes and trunks and other heavy packages, not at all calculated to improve her general health or her owner's temper.

The idea of a portable cradle, published in a former number of the *CANOEIST*, was a move in the right direction, and was tried by the present writer last summer. It was found to work very well, but it had several marked defects. The end-pieces, being cut from a solid board, were of very awkward shape to stow below, and being rigid offered no elastic resistance to the knocks and bumps of travel; and as the packing or upholstery could not be made to fit the curve of the canoe equally all-round, the strain always came heavily on one or two points at the expense of the rest.

So the following plan—of what might be called a “knockdown-cradle”—was tried, and is respectfully submitted as possessing decided improvements.

A, *B*, and *C*, are pieces of hard wood, 3 x 2 inches, and of a length corresponding to the width and height of the canoe at the fore and aft ends of the cockpit coaming. (The proper points of support for a loaded canoe.) Strong hinges, *a a*, connect the side-pieces, *A* and *B*, to the bottom-piece *C*, and allow them to fold down together upon *C*, when stowed away, as shown in Fig. 2. The braces *b b* are made of lighter stuff, say 2 x 1½ inches,

Fig. 1.

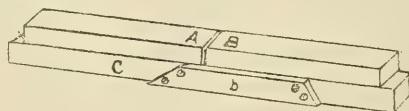
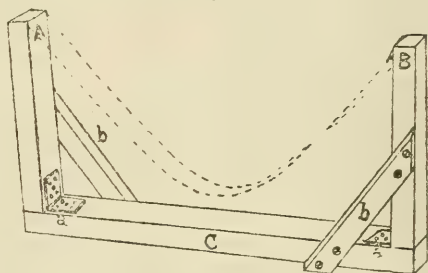


Fig. 2.

and are firmly screwed in position. In Fig. 1 the braces are shown supporting the side-pieces, and in Fig. 2, they are turned down out of the way and screwed alongside of *C*. From the points *A* and *B*, Fig. 1, hangs a broad, stout canvas sling, shown by the dotted lines, upon which each end of the canoe rests. (It is hardly necessary to state that *two* frames are necessary, exactly alike, one for each end of the coaming.) After the canoe is in position on these slings, another broad band of canvas furnished with a buckle (not shown in the Fig.) passes over the deck, from *A* to *B*, and is strapped down as firmly as it can be pulled. Now tie the two frames

together on each side of the boat by a stout cord passing on one side from *A* to *A*, and on the other from *B* to *B*, under the braces, *bb*. No long and cumbersome strips of board are necessary to join the frames together, as the cords answer every purpose when the canoe is tightly strapped down. It is well to draw together the middle of these cords by a lashing passing over the deck amidships: it strengthens the whole arrangement, and renders shifting impossible.

Here, then, we have a light, elastic, and compact framework, upon which every inch of the canoe's body finds equal support, which will accommodate itself to the roughest knocking about to which a craft can well be subject, which, if properly placed and fastened, cannot shift its position, and which when folded up occupies a space of only $5\frac{1}{2} \times 4 \times 30$ inches for each frame.

Of course, all such devices are at best only suggestions and experiments for others to improve upon. If any other canoeist has something better, the writer would be very glad to hear from him. CLARENCE E. WOODMAN.

The above device is capital, and meets our hearty approval. An old army blanket, doubled and sewed, extending completely around the canoe amidship and covering the cockpit, has been used successfully on many long journeys by us, and no accident has yet happened to a canoe so covered. Several boats in the New York club have been transported every summer in this way—or with no wraps at all—for the past five years, having journeyed by rail and boat over two thousand miles each, and are to-day as sound as any of the other canoes in the club.—ED.

The last voyage of the Canoe Club for the season of 1882 took place on Thanksgiving day. The boys were bound to go, whether on ice or water. Vast and indescribable preparations had been made for the trip. The canoes were provided with runners, so that ice would be no obstacle. They intended to float on the water and slide over the ice. Each member was of course provided with life-preservers. It was a cold day; but, not-

withstanding, the club resolved to go. Each canoe was provided with hot bricks for heating purposes, and fish-horns were taken along to give warning in case of a fog. The white-capped waves were beating high, and the wind blew a hurricane, but the staunch boats buffeted the billows, now poising on the top of some mountain wave, now sinking into the depths. But the stout hearts never quailed. They knew that they were doing their country's duty, suffering in a good cause, and upholding the honor of the club. They laughed scornfully at the waves, and boldly pressed onward. The sea beat over their gallant boats, which were soon covered with an icy coating several inches in thickness. Their paddles, which when they started out weighed several pounds each, soon felt like a ton, and froze fast to their gloves. The ropes on the canoes looked like icicles. When the cruisers returned to the club-house a sumptuous repast was served. The members have organized themselves into a whist club for the winter, and intend preserving their reputation in this particular against all comers.—*Kingston Freeman*, Dec. 1st.

Commodore Edwards has informed the Ottawa Canoe Club that the selection of a place for the next year's camp of the American Association may be looked upon as practically decided in favor of Stony Lake, near Peterborough, Ontario. The courtesy of the Hon. Mr. Bowell, Minister of Customs, has aided materially in procuring this high compliment to Canada from the influential body of American citizens composing the majority of this association. The Minister has granted the freedom of the customs to all American canoeists entering Canada to join the meeting at Stony Lake. Canadian railway and steamboat lines have also offered special inducements to strangers travelling by them. Everything, in fine, promises a large gathering of the devotees to this, the healthiest and manliest of all sports. The benefit to Canada will be immediately great, and will last beyond the time of the camp; for these 100 canoeists will return to their homes in the United States convinced and declaring that the Dominion cannot be equalled as a place for summer resort.—*Ottawa Citizen*, December 4, 1882. *From R. J. Wicksteed.*

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The object of a regatta is to promote contests. With few entries these are eminently unsatisfactory, and no comparison of models takes place. As the rules were understood by the committee at the time, prize winners were excluded for the purpose of encouraging new men, and the results warranted their decision. At present two seniors, according to Com. Neilson's ruling, would enter to thirty juniors—a manifest disparity. With age the rules of the association should be made stricter, without doubt. To apply, strictly, rules drawn for racing associations and racing boats to our contests, would be unwise, if not farcical. The practical results would be about two entries for each senior race—one from each of the large clubs—and even less interest than at present.

It is to be hoped that Rule 5 will be more strictly adhered to in future meetings.—ED.

The article on reefing gear for lateens, from Mr. Woodman, contains several statements which we cannot suffer to pass without comment. The first which strikes us is, that "you do not want to reef quickly,"

when cruising;—a statement which astonishes us, in common, we are sure, with every boatman, be he captain of the smallest cockleshell or the most imposing and complicated cutter-yacht. In our experience, when a reef is required it is always wanted quickly. The remarks on the balance lug are purely theoretical, and show acquaintance with the rig, if at all, only in its most complicated racing shape. For his information we describe a cruising one. Instead of the "wilderness of ropes," alluded to, such a sail has but *one* halyard and *one* sheet, two *short* spars, and a single batten let in the sail. If necessary or convenient any yard and boom may be jointed, and battens are unnecessary. Finally, we dispute Mr. Woodman's position that any sail can be reefed *easily* which has to be taken across the lap to be accomplished, while maintaining that quickness is essential to all reefing. Lying-to under dandy, or paddling head to wind in a sea while reefing, would preclude the idea of *ease* in managing a loose sail across your knees or flapping on deck. Putting in such a reef at times in open water would not only be difficult but positively dangerous.—ED.

STEERING GEAR AND RUDDERS.

Almost the principal study of the canoeist is in what way he can save labor. As the old-fashioned method of steering with a paddle involved the use of both hands in rough weather, and was more or less fatiguing at all times, it was not long before rudders and tiller ropes superseded the more primitive method which McGregor had advocated and still uses. At first the lines were led to a crosspiece pivoted on the deck forward of the well, and this simplest plan still finds many friends among those owning their first boats, or only cruising occasionally. It was soon found that there was room for improvement. The lines had a bothersome way of cutting one's hands most disagreeably as the wind freshened. To remedy this, knots were made at the points where the grip

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EDITOR OF FIRST SEVEN NUMBERS

CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON

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comes, or the ropes were thickened by knitting or plaiting.

Another difficulty was in the stretching of such ropes. In the space of eight or ten feet there was room for sufficient play to allow of a pull on the weather tiller line, merely tautening up the lee rope without turning the rudder appreciably, and this although on setting out the lines worked taut enough.

To remedy this, a simple contrivance—originating, I believe, in the laundry—has been found most effective, and is so simple as to come within the capabilities of any one provided with pocket-knife and a bit of wood. A bit of hard wood is cut out in the shape of a figure of eight, or a straight bit even would answer; a hole large enough to allow of the tiller ropes only just passing is bored through each end, and the rope passed through one end, then through the eye of crosspiece on deck back to the tautening chock, through the other hole of which the end is passed and knotted. A pull *towards* you will then at any time tighten the lines on either side as may be required.

A rigid line has been found to work best, as then the rudder can be worked either way with the *weather* line, a consideration not to be despised when sitting up or leaning out to windward. The Cincinnati club have in use a thick endless rope rove through a block on deck forward, which answers the purpose, but is unnecessarily heavy, and cannot work so quickly or delicately as the rigid line.

Lines on deck are also universally condemned where they can be avoided. As the hands are better employed tending sheets, paddling, or holding a pipe, foot steering appliances were early adopted. The first of these was contrived by merely prolonging the pivot of the forward yoke downwards until it reached a socket in the bottom board on keelson. A strong crosspiece was screwed and strongly braced on this upright at a convenient height above the bottom board (from four and a half to five inches is the average), against which the feet are braced. A little practice soon makes the feet as much

at home at the work and as effectual as the hands. Shoes of course should not be worn; moccasins or heavy woolen socks, the latter best, answer all purposes of warmth, and leave the foot free and more sensitive than when shod.

This method could hardly be surpassed but for one difficulty. If the deck lines are kept taut, as they should be, the upper cross yoke soon wears and works loose on the pivot—leaving the helmsman in a bad pickle at some trying moment. *This strain is always underestimated by builders.* It can be combatted by casing the square head of the pivot, which should be large, with iron or thick brass, and *also* lining with the same material the mortise in the deck yoke. Strip brass has been found too light, and a casting would be none too strong, but might be too heavy. For neatness, the yoke should be close to the deck, otherwise a brace, of

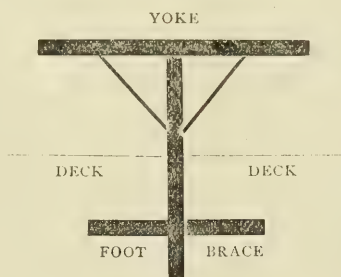


FIG. 1.

shape of cut, would answer even better. A small collar on the upright pivot put under deck should be used, to prevent the whole rising under pressure from the feet; for the same reason the socket may be made deep. These are small points, but will save many breaches of the third commandment if attended to. This method has another objection; the foot steering apparatus is at a *fixed* point, and cannot be altered to suit a longer or shorter limbed friend, nor can it be removed for a double trip.

Several builders have endeavored to provide against this, and the following plan has been devised, which in practice seems all that can be required. Two strips, of any desired

length and of the shape indicated, are firmly screwed, about eight inches apart, to the bottom boards. Under the grooves thus formed the edges of a square of hard wood are cut to play *very freely*, and on this are

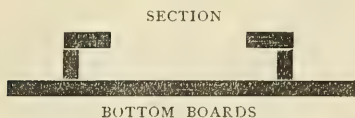


FIG. 2.

built a brace and support for the cross yoke. The cuts explains this at a glance. Note the following points:

The slight angle of the upright, to conform to that of the foot.

The cross yoke is not straight, but curves towards the paddler, and is also wider at the ends—to prevent the foot slipping off when helm is put hard down.

The braces for the heels, without which the feet soon tire, and in paddling hard the yoke cuts the ball of the foot.

All must be strong and solid to resist the very much greater strength of the leg as compared with the arm, which a sudden emergency would otherwise unpleasantly demonstrate.

To the after end of the base of this apparatus a line is made fast and reeved through an eye or ring in the floor of the boat, by means of which it can be shortened or lengthened to suit the occupant. The lines are led through the deck *forward of the after* watertight compartment—small brass tubes make the best opening in the deck—and are provided with the above-described hard wood tautening block. Small woven window cords make the best rudder lines. They wear well, do not shrink much, and are slightly stiff, which is an advantage. When not in use, they slack of themselves, as the frame is free to slide aft in the grooves.

On no account use wire. It is a nuisance and dangerous. If it breaks, there is no possibility of repairing damages without landing, and tools are not always handy. More races have been lost by wire than by any other accidents. It is liable to rust, to stain

sails, and it kinks; and if you have at any time to take the lines in your hands the cuts that remain will enforce this warning. It cannot be easily unrove and is in every way undesirable. A variety of foot gear is used in Toronto, which will be more fully described in another article. In brief, it consists of bars running in grooves under the deck from which project at regular intervals pegs for the feet. The claimed advantage is, that the steersman can steer with his feet from *any position*, when crawling out to windward sitting, or even lying down. It is doubtful whether the actual advantages gained compensate for the extra room which a fixture such as the bars and pegs occupy.

One other steering contrivance remains to be noticed, viz., the deck tiller in use in New York waters.

To the rudder yoke two lines are made fast on each side and carried to a parallel yoke pivoted on deck just forward of the dandy mast. From this a tiller springs, rising sufficiently to clear the after hatch or coaming, and by it the boat is steered when sitting up on deck in a blow or race. These lines must always be taut, the contrivance above described being used. Some English rudders are fitted with a circular disk, instead of a yoke, which insures an even pressure, the lines running in a groove on the edge. This is more liable to get out of order by the line slacking, or to break from its shape.

Rudders should be hung on gudgeons by means of a brass bar screwing in at bottom, which will permit of a rise when ground is taken.

A slight drop and feather edges are advisable—the former to keep hold in a seaway, and the latter for speed. In no one part of the boat's equipment can there be more time spent or to better advantage than in perfecting the steering gear. On it depends in great degree speed—weatherliness and very largely safety—and, as in larger boats, the finest helmsman has an undoubted advantage.

WM. WHITLOCK.

THE JUNIOR QUESTION.

EDITOR CANOEIST: In the December number, in replying to Mr. Johnston on junior qualification, you say: "A senior, as we understand it, is one who has taken a *first* prize in any club or association race," etc. This may be your understanding, but it certainly was not that of the Regatta Committee, for, when the entries for a junior sailing race were being taken, mine was refused by Mr. Wulsin, because I had won *prizes* in our club races, he saying it made no difference; a prize winner, whether 1st, 2d, 3d or 4th, could not enter. Messrs. Tyson and Johnston remember this conversation.

This definition of a senior, even with your understanding of it, is, I think, a most extraordinary one. If Mr. Wulsin was correct in refusing my entry, then fifteen, out of seventeen active members of our club, are seniors. Even on your understanding, about half of us would be disqualified. The rule of the Associations of Amateur Oarsmen in the United States and Canada says: "Junior oarsmen, are those who have never been *winners* of any race, except a private match, or one in which the competition was confined to the members of one club only." The *London Field* says: "A junior oarsman is one who has never *won* a race, other than a match or a club race." These all go to prove that until a canoeist *wins* in *open* competitions, he is a junior. Johnston won the first race at Lake George in good style, but was disqualified, because he held a challenge cup of the T. C. C., won in a *handicap* race. Either of the definitions—the A. C. A. Regatta Committee's, or yours—punishes clubs, such as the Knickerbocker, New York or Toronto, that hold numerous regattas, and give many prizes, for the purpose of creating and continuing an interest in canoeing; while it allows other clubs, who neglect this, and also all canoeists who are not members of clubs, to reap the benefit. Dr. Heighway entered and won the race in which I was not allowed to compete. I venture the assertion that had he been an active member of any of the clubs mentioned, he would have been a senior. Messrs. Baldwin, Symes, and Wicksteed, of Ottawa, will be juniors until they win a race at Lake George; but if the trio, organize a club, and have races, one, or two, or perhaps all three, will be seniors immediately.

Owing to late arrival at the Canoe Islands, I was not present when the qualification

rule was announced, or I should have protested, as I understand Commodore Edwards did. It strikes me the committee should have announced their decision on this point, and also that as to the limit in class three being increased to 175 pounds, long before the meeting.

Rule 5, as to three prizes being given in each race, was not carried out. Was the change in rule announced? Several who paddled their best for third place were disappointed.

I write the foregoing, not to stir up what is past, but to call attention to the circumstances, so that in future regattas all will go smoothly.

HUGH NEILSON,

Com. T. C. C.

REGATTA COMMITTEE.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I beg through your columns to inform the members of the American Canoe Association that, by the unanimous decision of the committee, Stony Lake, Canada, has been fixed upon as the place for holding the camp for the year 1883.

I beg also to inform the members that, in accordance with the Constitution, I have nominated the following gentlemen as the Regatta Committee for 1883: Mr. Wm. Whitlock of New York, Mr. Robert Tyson of Toronto, and Mr. H. B. Strickland of Peterboro'.

The time for holding the camp has not yet been fixed. The month of August will, I presume, best suit all concerned. If there is any general preference for any particular part of the month, it would be well for members to express their views in the CANOEIST. I may say with regard to this, that I would like to see a new departure at our Canadian meet. Hitherto the Regatta has absorbed all the energies of our canoeists. I would like to see a Camp established instead of a Regatta simply. We need a little more leisure to become thoroughly acquainted with each other; to see and try and compare our canoes and rigging, and to enjoy the luxurious idleness of a genuine holiday. After a day of paddling or sailing about, of fishing or of absolutely doing nothing, as seems to each one good, all will be ready to join about a roaring camp-fire, where singing and the telling of stories will make the time pass pleasantly. To this may be added, perhaps, some amateur theatricals; and above all, I think that the publication (by reading from the manuscript) of a "CAMP-FIRE CANOEIST," would be both interesting and useful. There-

fore I would suggest that instead of the hurry and scramble of a three-day's Regatta, we have a Camp, lasting say two weeks, with the Regatta fixed for the last week. Then let those who can, spend at least two weeks in camp, while those who have less leisure can at all events be present during the last week. The two weeks from the 4th to the 18th of August would be best for the moonlight. Let us, however, have the views of the members. Yours, very truly,

E. B. EDWARDS.

Peterboro', Dec. 22, 1882.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITORS CANOEIST: Among the "Driftings" in the December number was a paragraph that meets my hearty approval, and is echoed by many unattached canoeists throughout the country, I believe.

By all means let us have something concerning the PADDLE. Will brothers Alden, Longworth, and Vaux tell us what the paddle should be, and theirs are?

Would it not be well to aid the younger canoeist by saying a timely word as to the correct use of the article, after material, weight, length, size of ferrule, etc., has been decided upon?

Then let some other old heads swap information as to cruising outfits, lamp, or stove; such information would be extremely valuable and is much desired by many who are A. C. A.'s only, and have not the benefit of club fellowship.

If the editors are good natured enough to permit the CANOEIST to be made a primer of, for a number or two, several western canoeists who are looking forward to next summers cruising, will be most thankful, and among them is,

CAMARDA, (A. C. A.)

McGregor, Dec. 8th.

A few words on the paddle, in answer to the above, will be found under "Driftings."

The primer idea is a good one, and will probably be acted upon.—ED.

EDITOR CANOEIST: My superior officer, the worthy commodore of the Toronto Canoe Club, has been rapping me over the knuckles because of my article on that reefing gear in the October number of the CANOEIST. He says that I am a theoretical cuss (or words to that effect), and that I have no right to delude

confiding canoeists with my untried notions. He says also that the boom cannot be held inboard long enough to wind the slack and tie the reef line without lowering the sail, otherwise the canoe would fall off the wind, and probably capsize if the crew held on to the boom. Also, that in big racing sails, where the end of the boom goes aft of the captain's seat, he could not reach it.

Whereto I reply thus—

1. I hereby give public notice that I have not practically tried the reefing gear, and I never said I had. The fact of its being based on a principle already tried encouraged me to publish it. The "anti-tangle" (I thank thee, O CANOEIST, for that word)—the anti-tangle halliard and downhaul I proudly proclaim that I *have* tried, and it succeeds.

2. It may be that my reef-gear cannot always be used without lowering one's sail. If that be so, it is still a great improvement on the ordinary reef-points, because it can be worked from one's seat. Including the time taken in lowering and hoisting the sail, the operation of reefing with my gear would still be a very quick one. I admit that it is a ticklish job to hold one's boom inboard with a wind and sea on. I suggest one (or two) lower reefs on the Baden-Powell principle; then the additional upper reefs on my plan will not be in the way, and may prove very useful in an emergency, because one can always lower his sail to reef.

3. For big racing sails perhaps the lowering of the sail would enable the captain to turn round and reach the end of the boom; or, if used for the upper reefs, the rake forward of the after-leach would bring the end of the batten opposite the captain, even if the boom-end were aft of him. In either of these cases don't use it.

4. I hope to find, however, that the winding and tying can be so quickly done that the sail may be left up during the operation without risking a capsize. Experience will show.

Yours truly,

Toronto, December 4.

ROBT. TYSON,

[A second letter from Mr. Tyson, with several very good points, came too late for insertion in present number.—ED.]

EDITORS CANOEIST: I received the other day, from a kind friend, a criticism on my last month's article, "A Reefing-gear for Latteen Sail," to the effect that it could not be worked while the sail was up, and therefore "would not do in a race." As this may have oc-

curred to others besides my friend, as a serious objection to the plan I proposed, I feel that a few words of explanation will not be out of place.

To begin with, I never dreamed of using the latteen sail for racing. In my opinion it is utterly unsuitable for such a purpose. It is essentially a *cruising* sail, and, while unrivalled in its own sphere, cannot be fairly compared with others *out* of it, no matter what their special excellences may be. It is rather unfair to find fault with grammar because it does not teach geography, or with arithmetic, because there is nothing in it about the binomial theorem.

You cannot reef my latteen sail quickly, it is true; but on a simple pleasure-cruise you do not *want* to reef quickly. In a race, when every minute of time and every foot of water tells, it is indispensably necessary that sail should be made and shortened instantly, as far as possible, without taking hand from tiller, so that advantage may be taken of every breath of wind and every square inch of canvas. The balance lug is unquestionably the best sail for this purpose; and the various quick-reefing-gears adapted to this rig, leave nothing to be desired. If I were racing I should certainly use the balance lug; but if I were cruising I most certainly should not. It is too heavy; a cruising canoe is packed heavily enough any way, without carrying canvas ballast; its battens prevent it from being stowed compactly; in fact it must be a smaller sail than any I have seen to be stowed at all; and its wilderness of ropes, halliards, downhauls, topping-lifts, parrells, jack-stays, snotters, etc., etc., are enough to paralyze the cruiser on some placid river or lake, who has to hoist and lower sail a dozen times a day.

These ropes are all very well, in fact indispensable, in their place; but a quiet, easy-going cruise, I respectfully submit, is *not* their place.

A latteen sail stows easily; its yard and boom are jointed, and mast, sail, and all, can be rolled up tightly, and put under the deck out of the way. It is hoisted and lowered easily; hang the ring to the head of the mast, shove the jaw around its foot, and the sail is up; draw back the jaw, lift off the ring, and the sail is down. It is managed easily; except the sheet, there are no ropes at all. Finally, with my arrangement, it is *reefed* easily. But it is not, and is not intended to be, reefed quickly, and you must take it across your lap, or along the deck, to

do it—the canoe meanwhile lying-to, under dandy, or by means of an occasional stroke of the paddles. If I were asked what was the best *quick* reefing-gear for latteens, I should unhesitatingly answer—the balance lug.

When the fox invited the crane to dinner, we are told that he prided himself greatly on his superiority because he feasted royally out of a shallow platter, while the poor crane stood hungrily by; but he, in return, dined with the crane, and his host made a comfortable meal from a long-necked jar, into which he could not get the tip of his nose; he began to realize that *every* dish was not shallow, and the crane had some good points after all.

CLARENCE E. WOODMAN.

[Comment on this letter, the article in December number, and Com. Neilson's letter, will be found on page 184.—ED.]

EDITOR CANOEIST: I noticed in your paper for Dec. several criticisms on the Sailing Regulations, which seem to arise from a misunderstanding of the printed rules. "Isabel's" first point as to "beam of not under twenty-four inches," is admissible, as no minimum limit was set, it being considered unnecessary. While a boat *might be* built, as he says, twenty-four inches on deck and but eighteen inches on waterline, it is very unlikely that it *will be*, as even if successful such a boat would be useless except for racing, and the prizes of the association are hardly valuable enough to induce a man to build only to take them, while it is very doubtful if the boat instanced would equal in speed the present 18 ft. x 24 in. paddling canoes, its shape being very clumsy, and its weight probably greater. As the interest in club races increases there may be inducements to evade the rule, and in such cases, a minimum limit may be found necessary. A very slight examination of the rules will show the fallacy of "Isabel's" second point. The rules were drawn to cover both paddling and sailing races, and the division into separate and distinct classes would certainly indicate that boats from one class could not enter in the races set apart for another class, or why should there be any division at all. While there could be no objection to a class 2 canoe entering a class 3 *sailing race* if her owner chose to risk it, it certainly would be unfair to allow the same boat to enter a class 3 paddling race, and the necessity of stating this obvious fact never occurred to the committee. As the rules

stand now they make the best possible division for racing purposes, and any change seems unnecessary until some new variety of canoe shall be introduced, except as stated by "Isabel" as to Peterboro canoes. Their limit must be fixed by Canada, as the sub-committee, two of whom were comparatively unacquainted with Canadian canoes, felt that it would probably be unfair to inflict their measurements on a totally different class of boats, and, therefore, made the definition as loose as possible.

The note signed A. R. T. hardly requires an answer, as he is evidently not a member of the A. C. A. and has not read the rules before writing. If instead of purchasing Mr. Kemp's book, which would not help him at all, he will send a dollar to the secretary of the A. C. A. and enroll as a member he will receive the printed rules with their divisions of Paddling, Sailable-Paddling, Sailing and Paddling, Paddleable-Sailing, and Sailing canoes, which are the official designations, the terms class 1 etc. being preferred by most canoeists.

JERSEY BLUE.

DRIFTINGS.

The *Dot's* paddle, in '77, was seven feet long, of pine, 39 ounces; blades 17 x 6½ inches, with 4-inch ferrule, 1½ inch diameter. It was made by Mitchell, for Everson, in '74, and is still carried as a sub. on all cruises, well forward under deck. The paddle of '78, was 8 feet, and larger and heavier in every way. '79's paddle (the one still used on all trips—sailing, paddling, cruising, and racing, in both shadow, *Dot*, and Rob-Roy, *Lark*) is of spruce, 9 feet long, 3½ lbs.; blade 7½ x 18 inches, 6-inch ferrule of brass, 1½ inches diameter, and with drip-cups, and used with blades at right angles for feathering.

The *Natalie's* paddle is of pine, less than 3 lbs. in weight, 9 feet long, and 1½ inches in diameter; blade 8½ x 17 inches; 5-inch ferrule, with 2½ inch bearing. Ferrules are locked by a pin. Her captain swears by it, as the knight of old did by his sword. With this paddle in his shadow, he kept his own, on a trip of thirty-five miles, in company with a tandem crew, also in a shadow. Unfortu-

nately for the A. C. A., at Lake George, last August, he did not show the paddle's worth to any but a few of the charming young ladies at the Crosbyside Hotel.

The *Boreas* in the spring will sport a sail of eighty-two feet, with dandy of eighteen. She has a forty-five pound board, and carries 150 pounds of ballast. Side flaps have been added to her and a high seat put in, so the crew can hang well out to windward. Her racing sail is to be 100 feet. The hand steering gear has also been added to her rig.

The *Isabel* is to be partially rebuilt this winter, inside, so as to reduce her weight thirty or forty pounds, her captain says. No doubt the ingenious chap will spring some new idea on the fellows from the States next August, at Stony Lake, that will make them open their eyes and take second prize—if they get any.

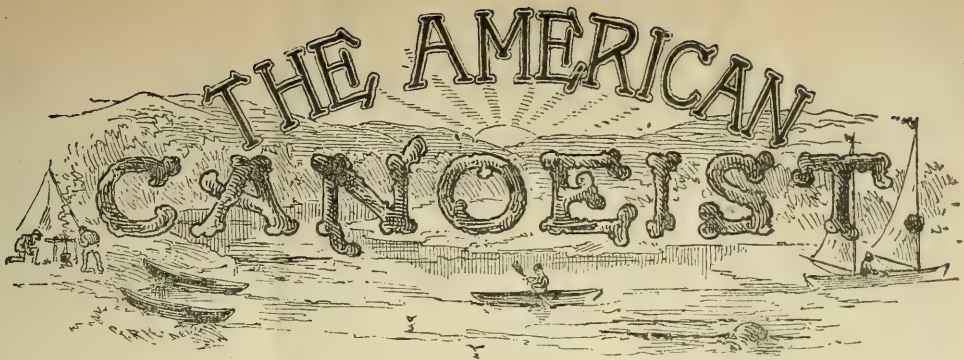
Cincinnati is as quiet as the grave, and has not been heard from for some time. What fearful tragedy are they cooking up to play on the Association in Canada? It is pretty certain something must be in the wind.

The Pilot and our readers are anxiously looking for the big Doc's log from Cincinnati to Lorna Island last summer. Won't he send us the bark, if nothing more?

If any member of the A. C. A. is planning a cruise on waters of which he would like to know more, send CANOEIST word, and something will be done for him.

A canoeist nearly lost his life last summer in a gale of wind, on open water, by not being able to keep his boat's head to the sea. The canoe had a keel, and during the squall she did not keep any headway on, so the rudder was useless. When she once fell off, no effort on the part of her skipper was sufficient to bring her up again, while his companion, in a shadow, with no keel or rudder, and with bow and stern rounded alike, had no difficulty whatever in managing his craft. Moral!—

FOR SALE.—A *Shadow* canoe, in good condition, with paddle, sails, etc., cheap!!!
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CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

FROM COMMODORE BISHOP.

I wish you all a *Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year*. I have sold my home at Lake George, where more than one hundred and fifty canoeists have gathered during the past four or five years; and am now at Crosbyside preparing for new enterprises. I am building a cottage, which you may call "Canoe Cottage" if you like, when you come to partake of the hospitality under its broad roof. I have the cottage about one-third towards completion, though it is but six weeks since I laid its corner-stone, upon which I shall, to be consistent, cut a double and a single-blade paddle. We all thank you (members of the L. G. C. C., thirty-six in number) for the hope you have implanted within our cruising hearts, that we are to advance on Canada next August; and prove that the A. C. A. is a cruising association, and, while encouraging racing and its best results, it is *now* to be understood that hotel amusements, in connection with our important mission—the promotion of canoeing—IS AT AN END. Last August some sixty or more members of the A. C. A. came to me to say "good-bye." Nearly every one felt that we had made a great loss in holding the races away from our camp. Now that the "Board" have decided to place us before the world as something better than "*amusers of hotel crowds*"—as some have designated us—

we can all put our shoulders to the wheel, or arms to the paddle, and cry, "On to Canada!"

I expect to order a new canoe of purely American type, to use in the "Land of the Canoe," if I can arrange my business so as to be with the brotherhood next August.

I enclose a copy of an order I have sent to our Lake George Canoe Club members. Cannot you editors stamp this belonging to several canoe clubs out of existence before spring, so that in our Canada "meet" we shall not see one canoe flying the flag of several clubs, as I saw at Lake George last year? On inquiry, I discovered that the canoe so loaded down with honors had never made a cruise—the owner had never camped out one night. Did he honor all these clubs, or did their flags honor him? I hope that every club will pass an order to stop this confusion. Let every club have its own active members and not the active members of some other club. Let the clubs make an honorable and gentlemanly struggle for position, influence, and the promotion of canoeing—each under its own flag. No borrowing from other clubs; no stealing of thunder, etc. All of which I submit, with the kindest feeling, to every canoeist.

ON CANADA.

Hurrah for Canada! No more hotel racing. The canoeist and his camp! We go to the land of the canoe—to American canoeing

ground. We go among canoeists born to the paddle; and to men who will receive us with hearts in their hands. Let every one try to go to Canada. The oldest of our canoeists will learn something from the rich experience of the campers of Canada.

In wielding our blades in the clear waters of the Dominion next August, we will do more to promote a love for our innocent pastime than all the racing of years can accomplish. Let the college crew, with passage and board paid by subscription, go, like professionals, to race before the fashionable crowds of our watering-places; but let us remember that we are amateurs purely; and, like gentlemen and canoeists, give to others our experiences without cost to them; and thus bring into the fold a thousand more manly men to help us carry out the true principles which should govern a brotherhood like our American Canoe Association, from which nothing but good should come to all its membes throughout North America.

A SPECIAL ORDER FROM THE COMMODORE OF
THE LAKE GEORGE CANOE CLUB TO
PREVENT AN ABUSE NOW IN VOGUE
AMONG AMERICAN CANOEISTS.

To the Members of the Lake George Canoe Club: At a meeting of the members, held in camp at the Canoe Islands, Lake George, Warren Co., New York, during August, 1882, it was unanimously decided, with the adoption of the new constitution, that to protect the individuality of the work of our cruisers and explorers, and to promote canoeing interests generally, all canoeists of the club must fly over their canoes, with the signal of the A. C. A., only one club flag—that of the Lake George Canoe Club. The custom of one canoeist holding membership in several canoe clubs was decided to be detrimental to the best interests of canoeing, resulting in the loss of individuality, and causing ambiguity and perplexity in the identification and classification of clubs and club members. Members of the Lake George Canoe Club must uphold their own flag, and represent

one club, not several organizations. Members of this club cannot be active members of any other canoe club in the United States; but may join foreign organizations, and fly their flags, while cruising away from this country. Foreign canoeists who are active members of foreign clubs may become active members of the Lake George Canoe Club.

NATHANIEL H. BISHOP, *Commodore.*

NEWS FROM THE TRAVELLERS.

New Orleans, Dec. 30th, 1882.

Dr. Charles A. Neidé and Capt. S. D. Kendall arrived here on Christmas morning, and have been my guests up to yesterday morning (Dec. 29), when they resumed their journey. They left the West End at precisely half-past 11 A. M. When they started the sun was shining brightly, and the day, although a little cool, was all that could be desired. I watched them until all you could see was the reflection of their paddles. They were in excellent health, especially the Dr., whose looks spoke volumes for the healthfulness of canoeing. Wish the boys, for me, a very merry and prosperous New Year.

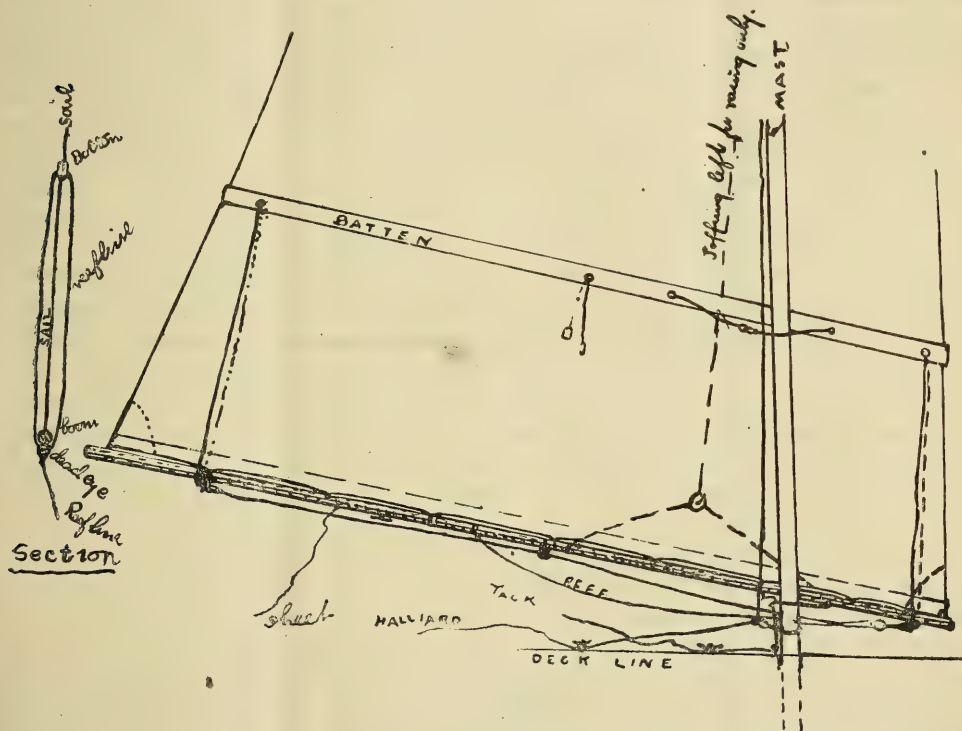
NEIDE.		KENDALL.	
Weight...	138.	Weight...	162.
Canoe....	330, loaded.	Canoe....	341, loaded.
<hr/>		<hr/>	
468		503	
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BUCHANAN.			

ROME TO PARIS.

A long canoe voyage has lately been accomplished by two Italian canoeists, Signors Barucci and Ferrari, of Rome, from that city to Paris. The canoes used were of the "Sandy Hook" model; Signor Ferrari's craft being built in England, the other being built by her owner. Leaving Rome on July 20th, their route lay along the Italian coast, stopping at Leghorn, Genoa, Nice, Toulon, and many less important places, to Marseilles, where the sea-going portion of the journey ended, the canoeists entering the Rhone. Here the current proved so swift,

that the river was abandoned for the Arles Canal, as far as Arles, beyond which place the Rhone was again entered; but its current being even stronger than that below, recourse was had to a river steamer as far as Lyons, where the canoes were launched on the Saone, which was ascended as far as the Canal du Centre, and the remainder of the journey, via the Loire and Seine, easily completed. The two canoeists arrived in Paris

at 4 P. M., on Oct. 18th, finishing their cruise in good style. As their arrival was expected, a number of boating men were on hand to receive them. Owing to baffling winds, but little sailing was done. A camera formed part of the equipment, and a number of views were taken on the route. In commemoration of their long and difficult journey, the canoeists have been presented with gold medals by the Rowing Society of Genoa.



REEF FOR THE LUG SAIL.

The following is the result of several years of experiments and two years perfecting, by constant use, the particular reef in question. It can be, and has been, used both for racing and cruising sailing on inland and open waters, and is a success. An evolved reef may be a good thing, before it has been tried, but it isn't well to be too sure of it.

Three deadeyes are lashed to the boom, as shown in drawing. The reefing line is doubled between batten and boom, running down on both sides of the sail, passing through

deadeye, and then a splice allows a single line to do the work beyond that point. The line from aft reef runs along boom and through a block or ring at splice of forward reef (see cut), then back along boom to within easy reach of the crew, where it is permanently made fast. To reef: luff; let halliard run to a point marked on it by a colored thread, just the distance batten is above boom; haul in on reef line and belay on cleat. The sail is thus all gathered in as compactly as possible along the boom. On racing sails a third reef-line may be put half way between the two shown; the only point to remember is, that the

deadeyes must be a little over twice as far apart as distance between boom and batten.

This reef is always on the sail, is out of the way, works as quickly as any yet used and does not have to be touched when taking sail from mast. The working will be easily understood by examining the cut. On large racing sails, two battens may be used and a second set of reef lines put on lower batten, as here shown on boom. If the reef line on such a sail is carried to deck and then to cleat by crew (if a toppinglift is used), this sail can be reefed when canoe is sailing before the wind without changing the course or dropping the sail. A suggestion would not be out of place here. A spinaker halliard—fastened by snap hook to a ring on *A* line lashed to the boom—running on both sides of the sail, serves as a halliard on whichever side of mainsail needed, toppinglift when sail is to be reefed, and lazyjack when sail is to be dropped. (See dotted line on cut.)

If the reef line is to pass through block on deck, the boom arrangement (shown on cut) would be reversed—that is, the block near deadeye on reef line would have to be at aft end of boom, instead of forward end.

A FEW OTHER POINTS.

The Tack.—Arrange this as shown, so as to give boom just enough play, and not too much. By having it fastened near the mast, instead of at end of boom, as heretofore, there is very little give when hauling on reef line, and therefore no danger of things getting mixed. By running it through a sort of ring hook, as shown, it allows the sail to be taken from the mast very quickly. It is always left on the boom.

The Halliard.—Let this always be left on the mast, and have it snap into a loop on a line arranged on the yard, just as the tack is on boom. At foot of mast run it through a hook ring on mast, a hook on deck, or a half-open block, so that no time need be lost in detaching it from sail or deck, or unstepping mast. Use Mr. Tyson's anti-tangle, down-haul halliard arrangement.

The Sail can vary in size, but for the

ordinary canoe, for cruising, should be between fifty and sixty feet. Use but one. A sail of this size, balance-lug shape, has spars short enough to go below deck without using joints. The mast has to be carried on deck, of course, but can easily be arranged so as not to be in the way. This sail can be taken from below deck, bent on and set in less than one minute. It can be reefed at any time in less than forty-five seconds, and reef shaken out in even less time. In fact, it takes so short a time to do it that the canoe has not even time to fall off from the wind (preventing the crew's reaching the cleat on boom), nor does the boat lose headway entirely.

With this sail, and the use of a paddle when the wind is light or ahead on a cruise of several days, the maximum distance can be covered in the minimum time, and as comfortably as with any other arrangement of rig yet known to the writer. And now, take it all in all—giving a fair amount of comfort—does the average canoeist object to getting the greatest average speed out of his canoe by using such a rig, especially when it is the safest one known? D. O. T.

MORE TYSON REEFPOINTS.

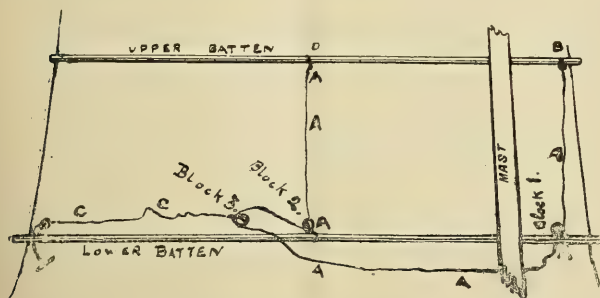
The following is an addition to my article and letter on reefing-gear.

I have a further idea as to dealing with the slack-line at the end of the boom. Leave off the single reef-point that I proposed to put there. Then suppose that you have four and a half feet of slack to deal with. Give it two or three turns around the boom and batten together, leaving, say, three feet of slack unwound. Then seize the slack at a point about one foot from the boom, and return the remaining two feet back over the top of the boom. You will then have one double end and one single end, each a foot long—handy lengths for tying. Tie together the double end and the single end, and your reef is complete. The point is, of course, that by returning the slack over the boom,

you practically reduce its length to one third, and get an end to tie with into the bargain. Another device for getting rid of the slack would be to put two half cleats on the boom about a foot apart, and wind the slack from one to the other. The use of the cleats suggests another plan for adapting my reefing-gear to large racing sails in which the boom projects aft of the canoeist—namely, by bringing the line back from the aft end of the boom, and through an eye opposite the seat; the line when hauled taut could then be fastened on the cleats, instead of being wound around boom and batten. This for the lower reefs; the upper ones would probably be brought opposite the crew by the rake of the sail, as I suggest.

You mention that every additional reef adds to the weight of the sail by adding another batten. But bamboo battens are very light, and every additional batten adds to the flatness of the sail, so that you kill two birds with one stone.

I have also evolved the following improvement on my former plan.



Two lines are used instead of one. The line *A* is made fast to the upper batten at *B*, carried down through block 1, then round block 3, back through 2, and up again to the upper batten at *D*, where it is made fast. Blocks 1 and 2 are tied fast to the lower batten. Block 3 is merely tied to the end of the line *C*. The line *C* is led aft through an eye, and terminates in a small toggle. To reef: slack your halliard enough to let the two battens come together; haul on the line *C* till *D* and *B* are down taut to the

blocks 1 and 2; then wind the line *C* around the projecting ends of the battens, and fasten it, either by doubling it back on itself and tying, as above described, or else by making fast on a small patent cleat on the lower batten. This plan gives only half the length of slack-line that my former plan did. If the battens are two feet six inches apart, then the slack will be just two feet six inches; whereas, by the former plan, it would be five feet. I have drawn the lines too slack in the sketch, so as to show the course of the lines clearly. Notice that this plan is based on Baden-Powell.

Rings should be sewed on the sail every two or three inches along the course of the line *A*, in order to gather the sail up in folds. The small stout galvanized rings answer better than the thin brass ones.

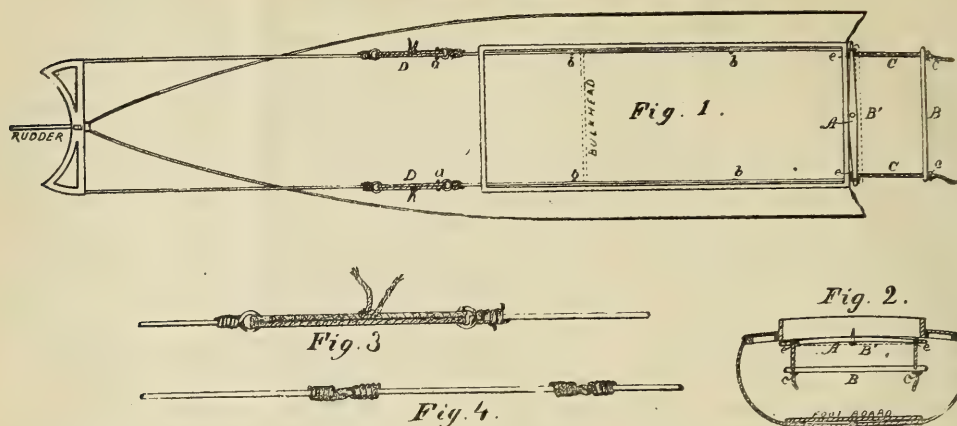
In the last number of the *CANOEIST* a letter "n" was omitted with disastrous consequences. Here is the paragraph, as it should be:

"For big racing sails, perhaps, the lowering of the sail would enable the captain to turn round and reach the end of the boom; or, if used for the upper reefs, the rake forward of the after leach would bring the end of the batten opposite the captain, even if the boom-end were aft of him. In Neither of these cases, don't use it"—for big sails.

ROBERT TYSON.

The use of rings sewed on the sail for reefing lines to run through has not panned out well in our experience, the tendency being to jam, and they certainly cause a great deal of friction. The reefing gear shown on page 3 was specially designed to do away with them. Without rings the sail taken in is sure to bag and hang loosely over boom. No doubt after Mr. Tyson has the opportunity of using this gear, the remedy for the faults thus pointed out will at once suggest itself to him. The modification is an improvement on his first plan.—ED.

STEERING GEAR of the "RAVEN"



STEERING GEARS, No. II.

The perfect steering gear should combine strength, simplicity, and ease of action, and be convenient for feet or hands. Above all, it should have no loose pieces to mysteriously disappear when packing, or when hastily removed, to accommodate the weary canoeist, who arrives at camp after nightfall.

This sketch is of the steering gear put into my cruising canoe. It more than meets my expectations. Fig. 1 is a deck plan, with the deck and carlin removed forward of the coaming, to show the yoke *A*, and foot-bar *B*. The cords *C C* are knotted to length of leg at *c c*. The rudder lines are brought along deck and through the after end of well to the yoke, as shown. *b b b b* are small wire staples driven into the coaming to hold the lines in position, and prevent any sag when the rudder is unshipped. *D D* are straining cords to take up any slack in line or to disconnect line to remove the rudder. *a a* are rings in the deck to lash ends of lines to, when the rudder is not in use. They should be farther aft than is shown in plan, and the eyes on yoke lines carried aft to correspond, leaving shorter pieces on cross-head.

By pulling on knots *c c*, the foot bar is drawn to position, shown by the dotted line at *B*, leaving the canoe free from encumbrance. The gear is always in position. A

touch from the toe brings the bar into place at once.

Fig. 2 is a section showing position of yoke, and screw, which holds it to the under side of carlin. Fig. 3 shows how to form the deadeyes. The wire is given a couple of turns around a small iron or wooden pin, and coiled around itself as shown. "If it breaks," Fig. 4 shows how to splice it by using a short piece of wire. A neater job can be done with pliers. A temporary splice can be made without them, however.

The use of wire on gears, where the yoke has to be removed to find place for the feet, when camping in the canoe, shocks the nervous organization of most canoeists. No sensible man would place wire where it was liable to kink, and expect it to stand a strain put upon it. Copper wire, used properly, is neater, stronger, occupies less room, and will not rust or stain the sails. The relative strength of annealed wire and cords, can be easily determined by splicing two pieces together, and weighting them till one gives way. The breaking strain of an inch copper wire is given as 27.30 tons. My rudder lines are scarcely larger than common twine. The cross-head may give way, but the wire never. I have had little occasion to use the hands in steering. If desirable, rings could be turned on the wire at convenient places, and short ropes tied into them to lay hold of. One foot only

is necessary in ordinary cruising. The ease with which the rudder can be handled, with the foot amidships and a steady pressure on the foot-bar, by simply turning the foot from side to side, would be a surprise to one who uses the old form of gear.

I offer this, not as a perfect gear, but, with the hope that it may give some one an idea that will lead to that end. Let criticism be freely offered. I will explain, in some future article, other new rigs for steering gears. Let us hear from others on this most important subject.

"RAVEN," A. C. A.

A CRUISE IN EMBRYO.

January CANOEIST was good. Notwithstanding the fact that snow covers all, and the canoeist's haven is ice-bound, it relishes of

"Low drooping boughs between
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen"—

read in the rear of a good base-burner, and, perchance, the hotel kitchen furnishing in a mild and inferior way the suggestive odor of the camp. The number contained two points to which I must make reference, and of which I shall certainly avail myself: First, Commodore Edwards's suggestion that the meet of '83 be made use of in establishing a better personal acquaintance among the members, and the idea of a two weeks' camp, prior to the regatta, I heartily concur in. May I have the good fortune to shake you personally by the hand, Commodore, when said two weeks begin. The second point is that made by the editor (and may many a benefitted canoeist thank him for it), in which he suggests a correspondence with reference to water-ways, or canoeing routes, to and from Stony Lake. If such a cruise is practical, I should like to be one of a party of Western A. C. A'ers, who launch their canoes upon Lake Michigan, and spend the summer in finding a route by the way of the Lakes, following the western shore of Lake Michigan to the Straits of Macinaw, thence along the north shore of Lake Huron to Georgian Bay, then tracing the waters of its eastern shore to the best

point to make a portage to Stony Lake. I hope to spend the greatest portion of next summer in my canoe, and should like to correspond with A. C. A'ers, who will join me in such a cruise, as suggested. Will not some of those who have had experience in "Great-Lake cruising" give their views with reference to such a route? If I am not mistaken, Joe Watson (where is he?) has had considerable experience on Lake Huron. May we not hear from you, Joe? Perhaps the editors will give us a few points quoted from association statistics. Arise ye Western A. C. A. men, and let us make a fleet which shall cause the individual hairs of our worthy Canadian brethren to stand on end, when we sweep into Georgian Bay next summer.

Though yet only a hopeful applicant to A. C. A'ism, I trust I may meet many of you next summer.

WILL. A. SUSSMILCH,

Commodore Winoski (Dixon, Ill.) C. C.

The association statistics, alluded to above, are in the possession of the assistant secretary of the A. C. A.—and, by the way, as we have not had a line from his always interesting pen for some time, will he not do, as Mr. Sussmilch requests us, to "give a few points" in our March number, from what records he has on the subject?

Dr. Heighway certainly knows something of Great-Lake sailing, and we should like to have him open up on us.

A letter from J. E. Watson, of Detroit, in December CANOEIST, refers to cruising in Georgian Bay, and announces his intention of going there next summer.

The Editors have seen several new Atwood boards made of phosphor bronze for use in salt water, and, with all canoeists, no doubt, eagerly await the verdict on their merits.

A young lady, it is reported, has acquired the trick of upsetting a twenty-six inch Rob Roy, and getting in again over the side. Can you do it?

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN A. C. A.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1883.

WILLIAM WHITLOCK, {	} Editors.
C. K. MUNKROE, {	
C. BOWYER VAUX, {	
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Sec. and Treas., DR. C. A. NEIDE, Schuylerville, N. Y.

Asst. Sec. & Treas., REV. GEO. L. NEIDE, Schuylerville, N. Y.

EDITORIAL.

This is the first step the CANOEIST takes on her second year's cruise. The muscles are getting stronger, but the diet of new and renewed subscriptions must be kept up. Variety of food is a good thing, and the "ad." part of last year's treatment proved to be what pulled the child through alive. If the infant has not grown in size, it is because all the sustenance had to go to the building up of strength. The hope is that shortly growth will begin. You, who have the feeding of this little hopeful in your own hands, do your part—send in the fodder EARLY, and keep it up. CANOEIST, in her brushed-up dress—newly trimmed, if not entirely new—right here wishes to thank those of you who have helped her along by sending in contributions, letters, reports, etc., besides your subscriptions; and, like Oliver, still asks for more. CANOEIST's guardians, the publishers, and her corps of editorial nurses, have made up their minds to give her a good training this year; and if she does not interest, please, or instruct many of you, she will die a natural death before another year comes round.

That many members of our association are on the shady side of forty, shows that canoeing is a re-creation. This side of it—the building up of a man's physique for more work—is one which cannot be too strongly emphasized. Over-doing it is to be condemned always. For the journalist, professional, or business man, who is forced to live a more or less indoor life, what more delightful, healthful, economical relaxation from duties can he find than an hour or two of canoeing? How many-sided it is! How capable of infinite variety! It helps one to be self-helpful. And where is the canoeist who is not a thoroughly good fellow, and a gentleman?

If our Club Directory is incomplete or incorrect next month—we propose to begin it then as mentioned in the "Drifting" columns—Messrs. Secretaries, you alone will be to blame for not sending in the facts. Now, look to't.

The editors will gladly answer any inquiries from subscribers, to the best of their lights, about anything pertaining to the canoe biz, kit, etc.; and when the questions are of general interest the replies will be published. This will be, perhaps, better than the primer suggestion in the last number.

We should like to state to those of our readers who are musical and miss their instrument when cruising, that—invariably when we go for a long trip and feel we will need an accompaniment to the voice on moonlight nights, drifting on lake or river, or under drooping branches, and make up our minds to carry a piano on deck, forward, or aft in cabin—we take the "Weber" with us. In case of an upset it might be used as a life-preserver, as a Western paper tells us that a ship's piano was all that came ashore, on one of the Great Lakes, when the vessel went down, to tell the tale of her loss.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SUGGESTED CHANGES IN RULES.

The Regatta Committee for 1883 of the A. C. A. (Messrs. Tyson, Strickland, and Whitlock) desire to receive opinions from members at large on the following suggested changes in the *Rules* in time to be digested by them for publication in March CANOEIST, after which they will make their report to the Executive Committee of the Association for their action thereon.

Rule I of the sailing regulations to be struck out, and the following substituted:

A canoe to compete in any race of the A. C. A. must be sharp at both ends, with no counter, stern or transom; must be capable of being efficiently paddled by one man. To compete in A. C. A. paddling races, it must come within the limits of one of the numbered classes, 1, 2, 3, or 4; and to compete in sailing races, it must come within the limits of either class A or class B.*

Class 1, paddling. Length, not over 18 feet; beam, not under 24 inches at the widest part, and not under 22 inches at a point *A*, six inches perpendicularly above the outside of garboard streak. Depth in ide from gunwale to garboard streak, and at any part of the canoe, not to be less than 9 inches.

Class 2, paddling. Length, not over 15 feet; beam not under 26 inches and not under $24\frac{1}{2}$ at point *A*. Depth, not under 10 in.

Class 3, paddling. Length, not over 17 feet; beam, not under 28 inches, and not under $26\frac{1}{2}$ at point *A*. Depth, not under 10 inches.

Class 4, paddling. Length, not over 16 feet; beam, not under 30 inches, and not under $28\frac{1}{2}$ at point *A*, etc. Depth, as in Class 3.

Class A, sailing. Length, not over 15 feet; beam, not over 28 inches at widest part.

Class B, sailing. Length, not over 17 feet, with a limit for that length of $28\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The beam may be increased half an inch for each full four inches of length decreased.

* Paddleable-sailing or sailable paddling-canoes will therefore be designated by a letter and number, as class A 2, class B 4, etc.; the letter showing their sailing class, and the figure showing their paddling class.

OPEN CANOES without rudders, in Classes A and B, are allowed one foot extra in length.

The greatest depth of canoe in Classes A and B, at fore end of well, from under side of deck amidships to inner side of garboard next the keel not to exceed 12 inches.

In centreboard canoes, the keel outside of garboard shall not exceed $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in depth, including a metal keel-board of not over one-quarter of an inch deep. The total weight of all centreboards shall not exceed sixty pounds: when hauled up, they must not project below the keelboard, and they must not drop more than 18 inches below the garboard, nor, if over one-third the canoe's length, more than six inches below garboard. Canoes without centerboards may carry keels not over six inches deep from garboards; and not weighing more than fifty pounds. Leeboards may be carried by boats not having more than 2 inches depth of keel.

MEASUREMENTS.—The length shall be taken between perpendiculars at the fore side of stem, and the aft side of stern. The word "beam" shall mean the breadth formed by the fair lines of the boat: and the Regatta Committee have power to disqualify any canoe which, in their opinion, is built with an evident intention to evade the measurement rules.

THE CREW of each canoe shall consist of one man only, unless the program of the regatta states to the contrary.

In Rule IV, strike out the words, "and no other flag shall be carried during a race."

In Rule VIII, after the words, "in order to claim the race," add the words, "unless disabled beyond possibility of temporary repair."

In Rule IX, the words, "In all cases where a protest is lodged on grounds of foul sailing or paddling," change to read. "on the ground of fouling."

In Rule XI, instead of, "if the stern of one canoe is clearly ahead of the bow of another," read, "if the stern of one canoe is a canoe's length ahead of the bow of another."

In Rules XIV, for the words, "and no fixed ballast shall be carried below the keel-band," substitute, "and not more than fifty pounds of ballast shall be carried below the garboards."

Copies of present sailing regulations, for comparison, can be had of the A. C. A. secretary, for a stamp.

CLUB DOINGS.

KNICKERBOCKER CANOE CLUB.

ANNUAL MEETING JAN. 11TH.

Over two years ago the Knickerbocker Canoe Club was organized in New York. On above date, at eight o'clock, the members assembled at club rooms (907 B'dway), Commodore Keyser presiding. Present—Ex-Rear Commodore Arthur Brentano (A. C. A.), H. T. McGowan, W. S. Allen, B. Mitchell, Dr. W. S. Gottheil, Treasurer A. Loewenthal, and others. The annual reports of the officers and committees were read.

The Treasurer's report showed a balance of \$95.45, the total expenditures of the year being \$522.55.

The Measurer's report was not given in detail, owing to the serious illness of that officer. The longest cruise of the past season was that of the "Stella Maris" (Clarence E. Woodman), through the Rangely Lakes, a distance of about 400 miles. Five or six new boats are being built, and one in particular is to be on new lines.

The Regatta Committee's report gave in detail the twelve races held during the past summer.

The House Committee's report indicated that the club-house, located at foot of West 86th St., North River, was in good condition, but that the large increase of new members necessitated more spacious quarters. Other committee reports were placed on file. Election of a Board of Officers for 1883 followed.

Commodore.—Adolph Loewenthal.

Vice-Com.—W. S. Allen.

Secretary and Treas.—E. A. Hoffman, Jr.

Measurer—Floyd Platt.

Executive Committee—The four preceding officers, and Mr. Arthur Brentano—all elected unanimously.

The retiring commodore thanked the members for their invariable kindness and courtesy to him during his term of office, and said that he would remain with them as an enthusiastic paddler, and be ever ready to uphold

the lozenged burgee of the K. C. C. (Applause.)

Mr. Arthur Brentano presented a handsome gold emblem, to be given to the member who should make the longest continued cruise during the canoeing months of the coming year. It was accepted.

A unanimous resolution was passed, that the Secretary be instructed to forward to Commodore Edwards the following message: "The K. C. C. of New York sends you greeting, and in wishing you full success to the Canadian Meeting of the A. C. A., promises to be on hand in full force."

The new club uniform was then adopted: blouse, shirt, and Knickerbockers of blue flannel, blue hammock-hat and stockings, and white canvas slippers. The meeting then adjourned. "POCO."

NEW YORK CANOE CLUB.

ANNUAL MEETING, JAN. 12.

The election of officers for the twelfth year of the Club resulted in the following: C. Bowyer Vaux, *Commodore*; M. Van Rensselaer, Jr., *Vice-Commodore*; J. F. Newman, *Secretary* (19 John street); William Whitlock and C. V. R. Schuyler, with the above officers *ex officio*, *Executive Committee*. The Regatta and House Committees, by the constitution being appointed by the commodore, were not named at the meeting. Mr. C. L. Norton was made an honorary member, as he resigned from active duty, being permanently located in Philadelphia. Several new members were elected, and much business was talked over unofficially, especially the suggestion of forming a social club of all New York canoeists, with club room in town, for use of members, and as a headquarters for a library and place of reception for visitors from other places. No definite action was taken, however, except the appointment of a committee to look into the matter. The date of the annual dinner was fixed for March 25th. The meeting was held at the house of the commodore, who presided in a most undignified manner, wearing the Lake George prize straw hat all through.

DRIFTINGS.

Canada is not all frozen up solid in winter. Two days after Christmas, a member of the Toronto Canoe Club took an afternoon's cruise, under sail, around the Island, and enjoyed it hugely. Weather fine; no ice formed on paddle or deck until after sunset, when things began to glaze up a little on approaching the boat-house. The trip was made without gloves, they having been forgotten. Our bay has been frozen over this winter, but is now free from ice. ISABEL.

At Auckland, New Zealand, there is quite a fleet of canoes, mostly of the Rob Roy pattern, with one or two sailing canoes on Nautilus lines. The sport is becoming fashionable.—*Forest and Stream*.

Small cruisers are the true *yachts*. One doesn't have to own (or steal) a bank to run one. They teach more seamanship in a month than a hundred tonner in a year, and they bring out all the *sailor* there is in a fellow.

Whoop! K. C. C. still afloat! "Saskatchewan" was out yesterday (December 27) for a three-mile paddle. Merry Christmas.

R. J. W.

N. H. Bishop, L. G. C. C., left Lake George Jan. 13th, for Los Angeles, Cal., where, we believe, he intends to spend the coming year cruising, and exploring the rivers of California.—*Glens Falls Republican*.

F. F. Pruyn, of the L. G. C. C., has been chosen one of the collectors of the New York State Relief Association for the coming year.

A canoe club was formed late in the autumn at New Haven, by some of the Yale men. The club now consists of thirteen members, and has promise of more. The officers are: Commodore, Arnold G. Dana, '83; Vice-Commodore, J. B. Keogh, '85; Secretary and Treasurer, W. P. Morrison, '85;

Executive Committee, C. W. Goodrich, '86; and Sheffield Phelps, '86.

Several Christmas cards (photos. of Stony Lake and shores) were received from Canada by two members of New York clubs. Canada may rest assured that they are interesting to us, and are going the rounds.

A Kyack, about twenty inches long, and complete in every detail, can be seen at Putnam's book-store, here in New York. It is a genuine article, and a very interesting gem to canoeists.

This is the month for clubs to meet, and officers for the new year to be elected. Let us hear from the new secretaries all about it.

We have received Volume II., No. 1, of the *Archery and Tennis News*. It is a monthly, published here in New York (Box 1030), managed by A. H. Gibbs and A. S. Brownell, and edited by James W. Auten, Jr., and A. B. Starey. It is very neat in appearance, and contains twenty-four columns of interesting matter each issue.

Vol. III., No. 14, of the *Weekly Wheel* (Bicycling) is before us, and calls to mind many a pleasant spin in the cooler days of autumn and spring, when the water allured us not. That it keeps alive and strong in a city which frowns on the machine so very emphatically, shows it to be of the right stuff. There is much that is common to both the canoeist and wheelman—the "Fathers" to the contrary. We doubt not that many a paddler knows the virtues of the wheel. Mr. Fred. Jenkins is the editor, 22 New Church street, the publication office. Canoeists would do well to look into some of the measures adopted by the League of American Wheelmen for giving routes and points where members live, for those planning a tour, and information in general, too.

In *Forest and Stream*, for January 11th, there is a good description of the "Goodrich

deflecting centreboard," made by Kane & Co., 139 Wabash avenue, Chicago, for canoes. Three cuts illustrate the working of the arrangement clearly, and the affair looks well. We should like to know, practically, how it works, from any canoeist who has used it, or anything like it. The centreboard question is becoming a vital one.

We await the reports from other clubs, and would notify secretaries that a permanent directory of all clubs will be begun in next number for the use of tourists; the club's name, commodore's and secretary's names, with addresses of each, being wanted in every case. Send in the data at once.

Probably the most comfortable and convenient seat for a canoe is that made by stretching a stout piece of duck (16 x 20 in.) over a frame, by means of lacings running through holes at the edges of the canvas, from side to side under the frame. The frame is made of two very flat U-shaped pieces of hickory for each end, held sixteen inches apart by cross pieces at the sides, with one in the middle. The end pieces rest on the bottom board, and have a rise at each side of the frame of about three inches. The back-rest can be made in the same way.

The knack of paddling can hardly be given in print. It must be acquired naturally by practising. Experiment only can show the best method for the individual—whether more can be got for the same energy by using a short paddle, and taking the stroke as near perpendicular to the water as possible, or by using a long paddle, held nearly horizontal, yet giving an effective stroke. Learn to feather, jointing the paddle with the blades at right angles to each other for the purpose. A slight turn of the wrist accomplishes it.

Mr. C. K. Munroe last reported from Tallahassee. He had not, up to the time of writing, taken any cruises.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I notice that the CANOEIST says I use a seven-foot paddle. I did use it for years because McGregor says this seven-foot paddle should not be exceeded. I confess to having used the eight-foot paddle for three years, and expect to use it as long as I can swing a paddle. I know it is wrong to differ with the Early Fathers, but the eight-foot paddle is so much more useful.

N. Y., Jan. 5.

W. L. ALDEN.

EDITOR CANOEIST: While the subject of paddles is under discussion, why not ask the Toronto brethren to give us some points about the spoon blades used by them at Lake George last summer?

F. H. PULLEN.

Lowell, Jan. 6.

EDITOR CANOEIST: In January CANOEIST ("How to tow the line") you refer to an upset at Lake George last August, on the way from Lorna Island to Crosbyside. I presume you refer to me, from the fact that I was the *only* one who upset behind the steamer. The writer must have drawn on his imagination. [He did—ED.] Almost every member of the A. C. A. at the meet is aware that I upset while in tow, and will no doubt think the article refers to me, so I would like to correct a few of the errors in the paragraph. I had a painter, and it was fastened to the tow-line. I took hold of the line several times, but only to shove my boat out from it [not having a rudder—ED.] I steered very little with my paddle. [And thereby hangs a tale.—ED.] The steamer never once stopped to prevent trouble from my canoe, as one would infer from the article, (?) save the time of the accident, and then did not stop in time to prevent trouble. It was the canoes behind getting into disorder that caused the steamer to stop. After one of these stoppages, the steamer started with a jerk, and my canoe, being out a little from the line, responded quickly to the pull, and ran diagonally under the line with considerable force; the line caught me on the waist and turned the canoe over. No rudder or anything could have prevented the accident (?), not even the Isabel's patent reefing-gear. The "paddle" did not get "somewhat excited" while nearing the wharf. At the time of the accident it was lying quietly by my side. My canoe was not broadside on to the wash from the steamer, and consequently not broadside on to the canoes behind.

She was almost bow on to the wash, which did not affect her in the least. I was not pushed under water by the canoes behind: I was clear of them altogether. So that the accident was not such a dreadful affair as would be supposed from your account of it.

If the paragraph does not refer to me, kindly publish a statement to that effect.

M. F. JOHNSTON.

As you eliminate every one else, we now feel sure the writer of that article must have referred to you. But we don't believe he meant to give it away. However, we will take good care he does not draw on his imagination again at your expense, even to make a good story. It certainly is more interesting as told by you.—Ed.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I don't agree with Mr. Whitlock's wholesale denunciation of wire for steering lines. I use copper wire, and am quite satisfied with it.

ROBERT TYSON.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Will you kindly say if, out of the chaos of suggestions, there has yet been evolved a fixed rule relating to size of a large canoe? Mine is to be 36 inches beam. How long can it be made, and come within a class—if class there be of extra size? I modelled one 36 x 18 feet. Would you cut it short?

S. R. S.

At present there is no class for large canoes. By the rules, 36 inch beam would only allow 12 feet length. Outside of classes, 17 to 18 feet should be about right for a large cruising double canoe 36 inches beam.—Ed.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Mr. W. David Tomlin and friends appear to enjoy taking plunge baths in the cool waves of Michigan. Some time ago the gentleman referred to wrote me making precisely the same sad statement concerning his sharpie skiff which appears in your paper for December. Mr. Tomlin's 16 foot sharpie is simply a light rowing boat, fitted with a centreboard, and a sail. At the time it was built I recommended him to let me furnish him a roomy, able, and fast sharpie sail-boat of a very different model. He, however, chose the rowing skiff, for reasons best known to himself, which were probably *divers* reasons. I have advised the gentleman to leave his sail at home, and row, if he has not sufficient skill to keep his skiff right side up under canvas. He speaks of his "delight in a good boat *ride*." I would suggest that

he exchange his boat for a buggy, or say, a wheelbarrow. His skiff is *only* a skiff. Still she is easily capable of outsailing, and outliving, in rough water, any 16 foot regulation canoe, yet produced.

THOMAS CLAPHAM.

This last statement we are obliged to doubt until it is proved to us.—Ed.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I think Mr. Woodman's plan for reefing a latteen might be improved by joining yard and boom together with a small snap, and using rubber rings, instead of lacings, on the yard.

These rings could be fastened to the sail with loops of strong tape, which would not cut the rubber. The top ring should be tight enough to hold the sail up, but not too tight to be moved on the yard without rolling over and over, for that would twist the loops. The other rings may be rather loose. To reef, pull the top ring the proper distance down the yard, unfasten the snap, and pull the sail out taut, stretching the rings enough to slip over the brass ring which fastens the yard of the mast. Then fasten the snap again, and tie reef points. I think it would be easier to slide the rubber rings down the yard than to untie lacings, especially if they were wet.

THOMAS J. HAND, JR.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Three members of our club (Newark, Ohio) started with their canoes, per express, last week, for Manitu, Florida, where they expect, like ducks, to take to the water and follow down the Gulf coast, for a month or six weeks.

Among their camp things is a canoe tent originated by us; at least I have never seen anything like it among the canoe items.

W. A. SPRAGUE.

Drawing came too late to have engraved. Will appear in next number.—Ed.

CANOE PILOT.

LINDSAY TO STONY LAKE.

Learning that the annual meeting of the American Canoe Association is to be held next summer at Stony Lake, and that some members contemplate taking the trip via Lindsay, it may be interesting to give a description of the rivers and chain of lakes on the route, over which I have paddled and sailed many times. The last occasion of visiting Stony Lake was in September,

with five others, in three double canoes. On account of limited time, we were obliged to take the first stage of that trip by steamer, which is always an uninteresting means of locomotion to canoeists.

For the guidance of those who desire to take the whole trip by canoe, I will give details of the route from here. The Midland Railway station at Lindsay is on the bank of the River Sengog, into which you can at once launch your canoe. Immediately below is a mill-dam, which is easily carried over. You pass the town in a northerly direction, down the sluggish and winding river, a run of seven miles bringing you to Sturgeon Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, about twelve miles long, and from one to two miles broad, running about east and west. After leaving the river, on the right hand, or south shore of the lake, is a good camping ground directly opposite Sturgeon Point Hotel. A run of twelve miles from the mouth of the river, in an easterly direction, brings you to the Bobcaygeon, at the foot of the lake. Until near the village, keep the south shore, along which are good camping-grounds. As you approach Bobcaygeon, two short streams of half a mile connect Sturgeon and Pigeon Lakes, "Little" and "Big Bob" Rivers. Take the north, or "Big Bob." At Bobcaygeon, Mr. Smiff, of the Bobcaygeon *Independent*, should be interviewed. He is generally to be found in the back parlor of Goulais' Hotel. There is a short canal with one lock here. A quarter of a mile below the lock, Pigeon Lake opens out. Turn your course south, or to the right, from the mouth of the river, steering towards the left or east side of the lake; and about four miles down, on the east is Sandy Point, a beautiful camping-ground. Three miles further down, on the same shore, is Jacob's Island (another good camping-ground), around which you pass to the left and enter the Narrows between Pigeon and Buckhorn Lakes. The Narrows run easterly for about a mile to Buckhorn Lake. On the north shore is Oak Orchard, another camping-ground. Keep the north shore, passing several islands in a north-easterly direction, and entering the more open lake. At the north-eastern extremity of this lake, seven miles from the Narrows, is the entrance to Little Buckhorn Lake, which is about two miles long. Keep the north shore, and Buckhorn Dam is reached; around which the first portage has to be made, as running over the timber slide is never attempted in small boats. Half a mile below the dam is Buckhorn Rapids, very

often run by canoes, but not always safely. On the occasion of our trip last September, the two leading canoes shot the rapids safely, and, on reaching an eddy below, their occupants turned to watch the descent of the third. On it came in gallant style, its dashing young crew looking as if they felt themselves equal to running Niagara. For one instant they were seen poised on the crest of a huge wave that broke over a concealed rock. The next moment they were struggling in the broken waters. So suddenly and so unexpectedly were they turned out of their canoe, that the first use they made of their breath, when they had floated into quieter water, was to accuse the one the other of having upset the boat. Having got into their canoe and wrung out their wet clothes, they paddled on as if nothing had happened. In running these rapids, keep well in to the right shore. Emerging from the river, after a short run, you enter Deer Bay, and keeping straight down the centre of it, for about two miles, you reach Lovesick Rapids, which may be easily run. You turn first to the left, as you run the rapids, and then to the right, keeping down the right shore of Lovesick Lake about a mile, and then, as you enter the current above the Burleigh Rapids, keep to the left and run in to the landing at the boat-house, from which you can get your canoe carried over the wagon road to the still water below the hotel, a distance of about a quarter of a mile. If you prefer it, you can paddle down to the slide past the hotel, having to make only two short portages by the way. The river here is much broken up by the rocks, and canoes suffer accordingly. Below the hotel you may count yourself afloat on the waters of Stony Lake. A run of half a mile brings you to the foot of Burleigh Bay, where you turn to the left, and then to the right, passing Hurricane Point. Keep straight down the channel, past Grassy Island, and, turning slightly to the right, you see before you the island, which has, I understand, been selected for the camp of the A. C. A.

The time occupied in this trip will be about two days. I have frequently paddled between Bobcaygeon and Stony Lake, either way, in a day, portaging alone. The prevailing wind in summer is from the west, and will prove favorable on all the lakes on the route. A party from here will be going to the camp next August, and would be happy to have the company of any American canoeists who may wish to take the trip.

J. G. EDWARDS.

THE AMERICAN C. A. N. O. E. I. S. T

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

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No. 2.

MY FIRST CANOE.

IT was in the autumn of 1855, when I, then a boy in my teens, became the proud and happy owner of a "birch." I think I paid eight dollars for her, away up on the St. Marguerita River in what was then Lower Canada. She was a pretty poor specimen, even of her class, and the Hudson Bay agent at Tadousac turned up his British nose at her as she lay on the wharf alongside one of the company's beautiful four fathom canoes destined to carry the mails on the upper Saguenay. However, I did not care much for his scorn, and looked forward with longing to the time when I should astonish the inhabitants of my native valley by launching her on the local mill-stream.

On the steamer which took us back to Quebec I discovered, carefully disposed on the upper deck, a craft which now-a-days we should classify as a lap-streak canoe. Be it remembered that this was about the time that Macgregor's first books made their appearance. I had never heard of a Nautilus, and I do not believe that one had then been built. However, here was something very like a Shadow on a St. Lawrence steamer in 1855. She was lap-streak, painted inside and out, decked some three feet fore and aft, and had, I think, a mast-step.

I was too shy in those days to scrape acquaintance with her owner; so I fear this pioneer in civilized canoeing must remain unknown.

It would be interesting, however, to fix the date when the first departure was made from the birch, and the more perfect struc-

tures of basswood and cedar began to be constructed. Canadians, please take notice and secure the required data before the "oldest inhabitant" forgets or dies.

To return to my own purchase. In due time she reached my home in good order and I pitched her seams as the Saguenay Indians had showed me how to do, and presently launched her in an artificial pond near by.

Now let no one think that I am about to tell a common-place tale of upsetting. I had learned to manage a birch on Moosehead Lake a year before, and my Saguenay experience had qualified me even at that early day for an honorary degree as a paddler. She never upset me, though a year or two afterward she pitched a college classmate of mine overboard when he was showing some young ladies how well he could paddle.

I explored all the neighboring water-courses, and had more fun out of that birch than I ever expect to have again in this world.

Ah! the pretty girls that I have taken for a paddle. I suppose you young chaps think there weren't any pretty girls in those days—much you know about it. And ah! the jolly shooting and fishing excursions made with fellows who are now under the daisies, some on Southern battle-fields and some in Northern churchyards.

My most extended trip was down the Tunxis or Farmington River (Ct.), to its junction with the Connecticut, and thence some distance down the latter stream.

At night we slept with our heads under the inverted canoe, in far more primitive style than prevails now-a-days. The

Tunxis is canoeable for perhaps fifty miles of its course, say from Collinsville down, and it is a lovely stream, though there are several dams, and during the dry season there are many impracticably shallow rapids.

At Tariffville the river breaks through the Taconic range of hills or mountains, as they are locally termed, and rushes through a wild ravine in a series of really formidable rapids. I am informed that since that day engineering operations have rendered the passage impracticable; but of this I am not certain. At all events, we ran the rapids successfully at the cost of a wetting, when we went on a pitch of, as I now remember it, some five feet in height, and drove the nose of the canoe under as we went down.

It was a wildly exciting run, and never a bit of a preliminary survey did we take before striking swift water. Indeed an account of our adventure, written by my companion, the late Lieut.-Col. Lewis Ledyard Weld, and published in a Hartford paper, aroused indignant incredulity among the Tariffvillians, who declared that their rapids never had been and couldn't be run. At all events, I hereby certify on honor that we did it; and if it has been done since, I would like to hear of it.

It is surprising how that old canoe lasted. I patched her and mended her in all sorts of ways, and still she remained serviceable. It was, I think, in '75 or thereabouts that I gave her to a friend who wanted to go down Black River and abandon his boat at the end of the voyage. I had her shipped by rail to a station on the river; but from that moment she has never been heard from. My friend never received her, and I never agitated the matter lest the railway people might present a bill for storage. If any one has found her useful in her last days, they have my blessing—though I am conscious of a touch of sadness at the thought of her perishing, as it were, among strangers, who knew not of her honorable

career, nor of the fragrant memories that, for me at least, clung to her splintered ribs and sanctified her crumbling coat of prehistoric birch.

She has probably eked out the winter kindling wood of some deserving station-master long e'er this. Peace to her ashes!

CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

A FEW ANTICS.

I.

A CANOE ran ahead of a wave, being forced to land through a surf, put her nose down till it stuck fast in the sand, reared up, threw her crew and part of the cargo high and dry on the beach, and then lay keel up—having turned a complete somersault—ready to be deposited by the next wave at the feet of her skipper. The curious part of it all was that, except for the masts being broken off at the deck—they were up at the time with sail spread, before the wind—no damage was done to the canoe.

II.

A canoe under full sail, free, going down stream with a good wind and current, once brought up short on a shelving rock just under water. She rested on her keel, partly floating, flopping from side to side by the action of the breeze on the sails, much to the amazement of her crew, who finally managed to jump overboard on the rock, drop sail, and push off.

III.

A tandem and a solus were, one calm, broiling July day, in tow behind an empty ice-barge on the Hudson. Thirst did not express their pangs. Rate of motion, three miles per hour. A schooner with a deck load of watermelons dropped past. Tandem—being “not prepared,” with tow lines securely fastened on the barge, deck hand “for’ard”—requested solus to drop off and get a melon. He did—a big one. In the hurry he put it right down in front of him, throwing his lower limbs gracefully

around it so the tips of his toes touched the stretcher, and found, by stretching his neck, he *could* look over it. Then to work he went. How far off that barge did look. Still hot. Why bother himself to catch up, after all? Then the thought of moving along pleasantly behind the barge under an umbrella with a book—and the melon—nerved him to work away. Twenty minutes of the hardest and most discouraging kind of paddling brought him almost up to the tandem—but how exhausted! Tandem let out all the line they could; spliced on another, and finally dropped so far behind that solus, with one last effort, got near enough to get his painter caught; gradually the canoes were drawn back to place. Not a knife was touched to the prize, however, till poor solus was in a fair condition to complete the triple race on the rind. (Pronounce the *d*, and spare the pun.)

IV.

Given a canoe, a canoeist who uses only pure English, but can't swim, a slight sea, a Rob Roy's cooker lit, a pot of boiling water for coffee over the lamp which rests on the bottom board between feet, then a *sudden surprise*—and what is the result?

V.

If you want a good meal in camp, get two fellows to bet on their abilities as cooks—and be appointed umpire.

VI.

Probably more capers have been cut by canoes and crews while jibing (or gibing) than in all other evolutions put together. Changing a single letter makes a great difference in the meaning of a word. The fellow who flukes in a jibe, if seen, is the fair subject of a gibe himself. Yet the man who can always jibe without feeling weak in the knees is a very rare specimen. How unmerciful is that same jibe to the pride of the newly enrolled—and often to the old stager too. Cook knows something of this, for did he not write in the April ('82) number "A Baptismal Episode"?

PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHY is such a delightful accompaniment to canoeing that it will probably become a common amusement among our brothers of the paddle. Perhaps the experience of a beginner during the past summer may be useful to those who will begin their efforts this spring. In purchasing an apparatus, you have considerable range in prices—from \$10 upward. I think, however, that the best quality of outfit, costing, say \$50 to \$75 for camera and lens, gives the best satisfaction. The 4 x 5 camera is large enough for ordinary work. If a larger size be used, the chief inconvenience comes from the great weight of plates; thus, the 5 x 8 plates are just twice as heavy and large as the 4 x 5. The double-plate holders ordinarily used are too bulky for a canoe. I shall try, this season, the paper holders. Dampness gives the greatest trouble. I carried safely, last year, five dozen plates packed in a tin box, soldered air tight. The boxes of plates to be used soon on the cruise were put in an ordinary tin box, which was kept with my clothes in an oiled bag; the camera and the holders were kept in two tin boxes with hinged lids, and these enclosed in an oiled muslin bag tied up snugly. It would be more convenient to have the box-lids water-tight, and thus dispense with the bag. The holders, boxes of plates and camera had to be exposed to the sun now and then to dry. Although I had had two months' practice in photography before starting on the cruise, yet I found it almost indispensable to develop the plates as I went along, in order to get more judgment in regard to exposures. This is *very* desirable during the first year at least. The trays, some orange paper to cover the canoe lantern, a bottle or two of chemicals, etc., can be carried in the baggage without too much inconvenience, and your progress in photography by developing in camp at night your plates of the

day, will be ten-fold what you will achieve by developing at the end of the cruise, and you will have ten times as many good pictures to show. You must expect some growling about sitting up to work when you would rather go to bed, but a cruiser soon gets used to this. A friend tells me he has used salt-water successfully in developing; but generally fresh-water can be had where we camp. I often found it troublesome to make a dark room in a house for changing plates; probably a rubber changing bag will be more convenient. The plates then might all be numbered in advance, and packed in their boxes, film-side up, to be able to put them in the double holders correctly; but if two dozen paper holders be carried, the changing of the plates will occur but seldom, and can be done at evening. It is impracticable to enter here into minute directions as to the practice of photography; the best way is to begin your study as soon as possible, and take a few lessons of a proficient photographer; he will give you at once all the necessary advice, and save you many disappointments. But the most important subject of all is to learn how to select your subjects, choose the best points of view, and thus make photographs that are interesting, even though they should not be technically perfect. Herein lies all the pleasure of the undertaking, to give your work some artistic interest. For this I can recommend you to talk with artists, with your æsthetic sisters, or, better still, with your friends' sisters. With much converse and reading on the subject, and careful work, you will find photography and art very interesting studies, and, finally, you will learn not to hand up your plate for everything and anything, but to choose daintily the nicest bits of the feast that Nature spreads for canoeists. C. H. F.

—A bicycle lamp with white in front and red and green side lights, Mr. Tyson writes, makes a very good canoe lamp.

THE CANOE SERVICE.

FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES OF FEB. 16, 1883.

TO compare small things with great, the condition of our naval service bears no little resemblance to that of the canoe service, as will be seen by a brief statement of the condition of the latter.

There are now about two thousand canoes in this country, each one of which is commanded either by a captain or a commodore. The former is the lowest rank in the service; not so much because there are no canoe commanders, lieutenants, or masters, as because the canoe captain is supposed to comprehend in his own person all the inferior grades and to discharge all the duties belonging to them. In fact, the canoe captain is his own cook, and chaplain, and sail-maker, and medical and marine corps, and is thus not only all things to all men, but all things to himself, which is more than St. Paul ventured to advise his fellow-Christians to be.

Of canoe clubs there are at least thirty, and each one of these has three varieties of commodore—a rear-commodore, a vice-commodore, and a pure and simple commodore. These officers retain their rank during life, but remain in command of their respective clubs for only one year, at the expiration of which other captains are promoted to the rank of commodore, in order to succeed them. A very little knowledge of arithmetic will show that at least ninety commodores become such every year. It is believed that of the 2,000 canoeists now in active service, at least 1,873 are commodores, and to these will be added 90 more in the course of the coming year.

Now, it is undeniable that the canoe service is top-heavy. Eighteen hundred and seventy-three commodores out of a total of two thousand officers is unquestionably excessive. Something must be done in order to make the number of commodores fewer in proportion to the number of cap-

tains, and it is understood that with this design Representative Robeson and Senator Rollins are about to compass, if possible, the passage of a bill turning one-half of the commodores out of the service and providing that no more promotions to that grade shall be made until vacancies occur in the active list of commodores, either by death or resignation. Should this bill pass, there will soon be only $936\frac{1}{2}$ commodores to $1,069\frac{1}{2}$ captains, a proportion which certainly will not be excessive.

While it is all very well to reform the canoe service, if it needs to be reformed, let us be careful not to do injustice to any one. The commodores are men who owe their rank to eminent services. Among them are canoeists who have performed feats of the utmost gallantry in connection with varnishing their canoes; others who have made long and dangerous cruises on freight cars and on the decks of canal-boats; others who have devised canoe aprons of great intricacy and worthlessness, and still others who, in the most fearless manner, have invented and worn uniforms decorated with gold lace. These gallant and accomplished sailors have won their promotions honestly. How, then, can we deliberately take away their rank, and thrust them down to the level of mere captains, not to speak of the injustice which would be done to those now on the list of captains by stopping their promotion?

Furthermore, it is by no means certain that we have many more commodores than the service requires. Not more than one-half of the commodores can be detailed at any one time for active service, since most of them are occupied with shore duties, in connection with stores and counting rooms and newspaper offices, which render it impossible for them to go to sea at a moment's notice. We shall be quite justified in assuming that at the present moment there are not more than 1,000 commodores who are ready to command squadrons.

Now, the usual canoe squadron consists of two canoes, and hence the 2,000 canoes which constitute the canoe fleet can furnish precisely 1,000 squadrons, each one of which should properly be commanded by a commodore. Suppose Messrs. Robeson and Rollins succeed in reducing the list of commodores by one-half, and that only one-half of these are available for active service. In that case there will be only $468\frac{1}{4}$ commodores to command 1,000 squadrons. No one with the interests of the service at heart can for a moment contemplate so appalling a contingency.

There is a way in which the number of commodores can be made relatively less than the number of captains without the slightest injustice to any one. This should be done, not by turning deserving and veteran flag-officers out of the service, but by increasing the number of canoes, and, of course, the number of captains. There need be no increase in the number of canoe clubs, and each one can promote its officers annually to the rank of commodore. If, at the same time, each club admits six new canoe captains annually, the list of captains will increase twice as rapidly as that of commodores; the service will grow in strength and efficiency, and, instead of being discouraged by unjust treatment, the officers of the canoe service will continue to be distinguished by that zeal and devotion which has hitherto characterized them.

It is not a light thing to strip a commodore of his rank and to deprive him of his canoe and paddle—perhaps driving him thereby to drown his disgrace by rowing a shell or sailing a cat-boat, or by other evil courses. Let us treat them with justice and consideration, and we may be very sure that neither the service nor the country will suffer thereby. W. L. ALDEN.

—What poet can the N. Y. C. C. count on for their dinner song on March 24th—to follow the example of our betters in England?

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

MESSRS. Frank H. Pullen, of Lowell, Mass., A. S. Flint, of Washington, and J. M. Geldert, of Halifax, N. S., are the only members of the A. C. A. who have reported cruises to the Secretary.

Mr. Pullen reports two cruises—one of 20 miles, from Vergennes, Vt., down Otter Creek and across Lakes Champlain and George, to the Canoe Congress; and the other of 80 miles, up and down the Concord and Sudbury Rivers, between Lowell and Laconville. Mr. Flint reports a cruise up the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and a return by the river. Mr. Geldert reports two very interesting trips off the coast and in the waters of Nova Scotia.

APPLICANTS FOR ADMISSION.

Max L. Van Koppelow, Lake Geneva, Orange Co., Fla.; Will A. Susmilch, Dixon, Ill.; Edward A. Bradford, New York; R. K. Wing, Hamilton, N. Y.; T. H. Gary, Oshkosh, Wis.; G. E. Dutton, Boston, Mass.; S. W. Bowles, Jr., Springfield, Mass.; F. D. Foot, Springfield, Mass.; W. L. Green, New York; Eugene D. Egbert, Norristown, Pa.; Reade W. Bailey, Pittsburgh, Pa.

GEO. L. NEIDE,

Ass't Sec'y A. C. A.

THE SUGGESTED CHANGES IN RULES.

The Regatta Committee offer the following explanatory remarks on the suggested changes in sailing rules, as published in last month's CANOEIST:

First, to correct an error. "The greatest depth of canoe in Classes A and B, at fore end of well, from under side of deck amidships to inner side of garboard next the keel, is proposed to be sixteen inches, as at present, *not* 12 inches, as printed." Somebody blundered; but not the printer, we fear. Twelve inches would be about the *gunwale* depth—which probably had something to do with the mistake.

Next, as to the divisions between the

several paddling classes. Referring, first, to "beam at the widest part," the various limits were to some extent tentative.

The limit to Class 1 is the same as before, and will probably not be objected to.

The new paddling Class 2, with its 26-inch limit, takes in a large class of sailable paddling canoes, such as Rob Roys, Stella Maris, St. Paul, etc., of beam between 26 and 28 inches. It at the same time excludes narrower canoes, which properly belong to Class 1. This the old rule did not do.

Paddling Classes 3 and 4 are not in so clear a position. It may be objected that four paddling classes are too many. One of the points considered was, whether there should be no fourth class, but that the third-class limit should be not under 28½ inches. Two objections were raised to this. First, it would compel the 28-inch canoes, including the large class of Racine Shadows, to paddle against the Rob Roys, etc. It would also place some of the Class B canoes at a disadvantage if they wanted to enter a paddling race. The addition of the proposed Class 4 obviates this, by providing a paddling class for the "beamy end" of the "sailing sliding scale," as well as for the narrow end. Class 3 is allowed a length of 17 feet and Class 4 only 16 feet, so as to harmonize with the sliding scale of Class B.

Then, as to the new limit at "six inches above the garboard streak." The only object of this is to prevent the paddling rules being cheated by canoes built narrow at the water-line. It may be, as "Jersey Blue" suggested, that the provision is not necessary, especially in view of the proposal to give the Regatta Committee power to disqualify any canoe which is evidently built to evade the rules. If so, it can be dropped out without interfering with the general scope of the sailing rules. Should it be retained, the present figures will not be fixed until the principal canoe builders have been consulted, so as to insure the

rule not interfering with any properly-built canoe. The Committee will be glad to hear from builders on this point.

"Class A, sailing," is the same as the old Class 2, but for sailing races only.

"Class B, sailing," is practically the same as the old Classes 3 and 4, with the "weight distinction" abolished. The idea is, that if separate races are desirable for heavily and lightly ballasted canoes, the distinction should be drawn merely in the programme of the races, and that separate *classes* are not necessary for this purpose. There are two other differences between the new and the old classes. First, the "sliding-scale" begins at 17 feet long by 28½ inch beam, instead of at 18 feet by 27 inches. This gives a better line of division between the two sailing-classes, and prevents any Class B canoe being of narrower beam than the Class A canoes, as was the possible case under the old rules. The steps by which the length is decreased and beam increased are altered from 1 foot and 1½ inches, to 4 inches and one-half an inch, but the ratio remains the same. The alteration gives more elasticity in the choice of a canoe's dimensions. Probably, however, six inches decrease of length to three-quarters of an inch increase of beam would be a better way.

THE FLAG OF THE R. C. C.

BY KANUDLER.

Sung at Royal Canoe Club Dinner, Nov. 21, 1882—Air, "The Fine Old English Gentleman."

Good comrades all, come bear a hand, I call on every mate
To cheer those worthy gentlemen whose names I will relate.
Our Commodore of course stands first, as head of our estate,
May his int'rest in the old club ne'er have reason to abate.
Sing out, old grampus, heave ahead, we'll let 'em have it straight.
(CHORUS, Sing out, &c., &c.)

Macgregor's presence is enough our dignity to raise,
May he be spared to fill his post for many happy days,
The mates and the committee, too, have helped in scores of ways,

The cook and purser's work, though light, deserves a word of praise.

Let's drink to the Executive that never "misses stays."

(Repeat, "Let's drink" for chorus.)

May fortune smile on Leach's lot; may Church's pluck be crowned

By pulling off the challenge cup on Hendon, five times round;

Here's to our old friend, Baden Powell, for seamanship renowned,

Only these rash young sailor-men must mind they don't get drowned.

Let's drink to these gay sailor boys until the walls resound,

(CHORUS.)

Next season p'raps will set at rest the question as to rig;

Klein says he'll build a new canoe and sail her as a brig;

While Tredwen swears by Chinese Lug, 'cause like a card it sits,

But Matthews says "revolving rig" beats everything to fits.

Square rig or fore and aft, my boys, good racing may we see.

(CHORUS.)

The paddlers now just claim a word, for they don't care a jot

For Chinese lugs or centre-boards—I'm told they call them "rot";

This year at the regatta, tho', they got it pretty hot,

For the gallant "four" from Moulsey came and polished off the lot!

We *must* cheer Ord Mackenzie, tho', who won the challenge pot.

(CHORUS.)

Then may canoeing flourish long upon our native shores,

And may our sons in time to come stick nobly to the course.

Then, tho' New Zealand boasts a branch, whatever else befalls,

Macaulay's friend shall never see the ruins of St. Paul's,

While all our men, as sure they will, attend where duty calls.

(CHORUS.)

And when the last man's left on earth, and all are gone save he,

May that man be a sportsman, and that sportsman may he be

A good canoe enthusiast; and may a blue burgee, Bearing our world-known cypher, be the last thing he shall see.

A toast! Stand by, canoeists all! The flag of the R. C. C.!

—The latest in a canoe is a concave bottom, both bilges being "dropped" considerably below the keel. Said to be safe, fast, and stiff. Invented by Edward Jackson, Manila, Asia.—*Forest and Stream.*

EDITORIAL.

BY putting a cover on CANOEIST, it allows of sixteen full pages of reading matter instead of fourteen, as before. The second cover page contains a Club Directory, which it is hoped will be of service. To make it the more useful, it is requested that any one noticing errors or omissions will at once notify us.

More data on the question of changing the rules will be found in the present number. That the old rules needed some amending, no one will deny—but how far, is the question. The committee that got them up, certainly did not do it hastily. They expected the rules would be amended from time to time to comply with new demands, to correct errors proven by experience. Let us be sure that all the changes made are the result of actual experiences, and not to correct theoretical flaws.

We confess ourselves unable to see any great disadvantage in a man belonging to more than one club, and know that many members of the A. C. A. belong to several clubs beside the Association. Most of the canoeists whom we have seen or heard from seem to take this same view. Would Mr. Bishop kindly state his objection to a man belonging to more than one club? It certainly cannot be the mere carrying of flags. As far as we can learn, no such rule as his, published in our February number, is in vogue in England; and we believe it is not a rare thing there for a man to belong to more than one club.

We ask the indulgence of our many correspondents in the matter of answers. At times we have to look up difficult points, and that takes time. If an immediate answer to a ? is not received, don't be too hard on the poor editor.

DR. NEIDE AT GLENS FALLS.

FROM THE GLENS FALLS REPUBLICAN, FEB. 27TH.

Dr. C. A. Neide was tendered a complimentary banquet at the Rockwell House, Wednesday evening, Feb. 21st, by the Glens Falls members of the Lake George Club, of which he is a member. He came back hale and hearty from his long cruise, and gave an interesting account of his adventures by field and flood, regretting only that business affairs compelled him to cut his canoeing short and take a quicker cut for home. He left Pensacola February 3d, coming home by rail and leaving his canoe, the *Aurora*, to be returned by schooner to New York, where she will arrive about April 1st. Captain Kendall will continue the cruise to Cedar Keys, Florida, from whence he proposes to take ship for South America to make a voyage up the Essequibo River, and endeavor to make the ascent of Mount Roraima, a precipitous mountain which has never yet been ascended by man. Dr. Neide is considering another extended voyage.

The doctor's narrative included descriptions of the long detour made necessary when the bottom of the Erie canal dropped out; his capture by the Cincinnati Club; the exciting passage down the Rapids at Louisville; of would-be entertainers who were "laying" for them at various points along the route; of being weather-bound for days by cold and storms—the thermometer once touching five degrees below zero; of the final arrival at the Gulf of Mexico on Christmas; the exciting launch of the canoes through the surf; the splendid behavior of the cockle-shell boats on the great waves, and their arrival at last at Pensacola, and passage up the bay in a gale, from which all but the larger craft had sought shelter, while cheer after cheer greeted them as with all sail set and flying the flags of the Lake George Canoe Club, they shot past the great ships of the navy and ran triumphantly to a safe landing.

CLUB DOINGS.

THE SPRINGFIELD (MASS.) CLUB.

THE annual meeting of the Springfield was held in the club-house, Monday evening, February 19th. The club is in good condition and prosperous. Started one year since with ten members. Have gained three and lost one. C. H. Newell drowned, June 24th, 1882. The present floating canoe-house is rather cramped, and the subject of building a new float, 55x25 feet, was given to a committee to report on at once. Officers for 1883 are: F. A. Nickerson, *Com.*; M. B. L. Bradford, *Vice-Com.*; C. M. Shedd, *Sec. and Treas.*; F. A. Nickerson, William A. Harris, Frank D. Foot, *Ex. Committee.*

The menu was gotten up by Mr. Bradford in India-ink sketches, canoeing being the subject of each one.

At 9:30 sat down to supper. Oysters, half-shell; soup, vermicelli; quail on toast, with French peas, potatoes, etc.; prairie-chicken, jelly, olives, etc.; chicken-salad; ice-cream, cakes, coffee, wine, etc.

CANOE LIST.

OWNER.	BUILDER.	MODEL.	NAME.
F. A. Nickerson...	Rushton..	Stella Maris.	<i>Giroffe.</i>
M. B. L. Bradford.	" ..	St. Lawrence	<i>Nashua.</i>
C. M. Shedd.....	" ..	Stella Maris.	<i>Giroffa.</i>
Frank D. Foot.....	" ..	" ..	<i>Laura.</i>
Wm. A. Harris.....	Racine....	St. Paul No. 1	
Dr. S. W. Bowles..	Rushton..	Shadow.....	<i>Topsy.</i>
S. W. Bowles, Jr..	Racine....	" ..	<i>Aeolus.</i>
C. H. Southworth..	Rushton..	St. Lawrence	
H. E. Knox, Jr....	Racine....	St. Paul No. 1	<i>Esmeralda</i>
W. F. Callender....	" ..	" ..	<i>Iolanthe.</i>
Myron Chapin....	" ..	Rob Roy....	
Geo. H. Kemater..	Rushton..	Shadow.....	

This season shall have three regattas—spring, mid-summer, and fall—besides holding sailing and paddling races each Saturday at 4:30 P. M.

The Springfield Club-house is open to the members of the A. C. A., especially, and to any canoeist who desires to call. Entertained several last season who were on their way to the Sound. Have four members booked for Stony Lake, and hope to add one or two others. Last year we had four Racine St. Pauls, two Racine Shadows, No. 1, and one No. 3, one Racine Rob Roy, one Rushton open canoe. Use Rushton's 8½ and 9 foot paddles, and consider them about right. C. M. Shedd and myself, each in a Stella Maris, found that the one who used the 8½ foot

paddle beat the 8 foot every time, and we made several exchanges. I am in favor of a 9 foot paddle. We are now ready for a cruise to the Sound, and only waiting for the ice to leave us—in fact, we are “sadly waiting.” In your last issue I notice the reefing-gear of D. O. T., and would say that I have the same, and believe it the best.

F. A. NICKERSON,

Springfield, Mass.

Com. S. C. C.

CANOEING ABOUT BOSTON.

Canoeing as a pastime grows steadily in favor in Eastern waters. Gentlemen who formerly took exercise in shell and lap-strake boats, and who now use the canoe and paddle instead, say that canoeing, as an exercise, is far preferable to sculling, particularly in the harbor, as the opportunities for observation are much better, and, when a “carry” is to be made, the canoe is more easily managed than a shell-boat, and with less danger of damage. There are many places around Boston the beauties of which can be seen and appreciated only by paddling up the rivers; and the country on either side of the Mystic, up as far as, and even beyond, Mystic Lake, is but one section full of most delightful scenery. The canoe fleet at the Union Club-house has grown largely in the past two or three years, and there is promise of greater interest next season. Last summer Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly and Dr. Guiteras made a voyage of the Merrimack River, from a point far up the stream to the river mouth, and thence some distance into the open sea. The same gentlemen have planned a canoe voyage of the Connecticut for next summer, starting far up near the lake region, or wherever the water begins to be navigable, and paddling down by easy stages. They will occupy a substantial Racine canoe, and will live in the open air from the time of starting until the journey shall have been finished. They will stock the canoe with such articles as they need and cannot obtain on their way down the stream, and will depend upon the farmers along the river for purchases of poultry, mutton, eggs, and milk. They intend to vary their paddling with light exercises on shore, and at night will haul their canoe out of the water, light a fire, prepare their evening repast, and, after a chat around the embers of the camp-fire, roll themselves in blankets and sleep the sleep of contentment.—*Boston Herald.*

DRIFTINGS.

DURING the late high waters on the Ohio, Dr. Heighway, of the C. C. C. launched his canoe at the boat-house on Ross Lake, and cruised down to the city, hoisting his huge lateen and sailing from one end of Second street to the other and back, something never possible before; and the doctor will live a great many years before he can again accomplish such a canoeing feat. O. F.

—The man who interfered with the working of a tug's screw, by letting his canoe drift under her counter, has lately decorated his bed-room wall with said canoe's bow, sawn square off behind her ears (name plates), about one foot back of the tip of her nose. That much of the craft was intact. The effect is that of a canoe just poking her bill thro' the side of the house.

—Though there are several men in Harvard who are interested in canoeing and have canoes, no club has yet been formed. As reported last month, Yale has a well-organized club.

—Ex-Commodore Longworth has tendered his resignation as Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, to take effect March 9th, and will become connected with a law firm in Cincinnati. His name has been prominently mentioned in connection with the candidacy for Governor in the fall campaign, but he refuses to enter into the race. O. F.

—C. Waters & Sons (Troy, N. Y.) send us their announcement sheet for 1883. Besides their regular builds of paper boats, shells, etc., they describe four varieties of the canoe as being built by them, and devote a special circular to the same, with full descriptions, sectional cuts, etc. In their general circular the Nautilus (Baden Powell), open Nautilus (N. H. Bishop), Shadow (Alden), and Adirondack canoe, are described—dimensions, price, etc., being given. They have now in hand a steam-launch, particulars of which can be obtained from Westinghouse Machine Co., 92 Liberty St., New York.

—Still another folding centre-board heard from. It is made by F. Joyner, of Glens Falls, New York, and is something like the Atwood. Of its practical working we can give no information as yet.

—In running free while cruising, an umbrella opened and used as a spinaker has been known to win a scrub race. It is raised aloft, the paddle blade being slipped under the umbrella's ribs.

—A cooking class here in town has been arranged for, and six lessons are to be given by a competent teacher. Those wishing to join will send their names to Mr. Arthur Brentano, 5 Union Square.

—This from a veteran: "I like to see your allusion to bicycling; I expect that my wheel will be a valuable ally to the canoe, as it makes me so much nearer the boat-house." Take note of this, ye many scoffers.

—Three articles on steering-gears have turned up—or been heard from. If the April issue is very much of a steer, the May number can't very well be a bull.

—"CANOEIST" is our watchword.

—On Friday afternoon Dr. A. E. Heighway, Jr., of this city, the champion canoeist of the United States, started in his canoe for Lawrenceburg with about 150 pounds of provisions. He returned home last night, and gave an *Enquirer* reporter an interesting account of his experience on the waste of waters. He experienced some difficulty with the strong current in the middle of the river and the cold wind. The doctor reached Lawrenceburg yesterday morning, after spending the night in a submerged house three miles this side of Lawrenceburg. He found all the stations along the line of the O. and M. Railroad four feet deep; and the trestles below the Miami River bridge, twenty feet high, although held down by cars upon them, were displaced by the high water. Lawrenceburg is entirely under water, and in front of the Mayor's office the water was on yesterday morning nine feet deep. over 200 frame-houses have been moved from their foundations, and are either turned over or have floated away. Graham & Marshall have lost heavily in lumber, and their large saw-mill has been washed away. The doctor says there has been no loss of life by the deluge, although several funerals have taken place on the water. The current of the Miami, which was raised by the rain of Friday night, rushes right through the centre of Lawrenceburg. Provisions for the water-beleagued town, which have been sent in large quantities from Indianapolis and other Indiana cities, are hauled over

the country twelve miles by wagons and then carried to the sufferers in boats. Captain F. W. Baker, with his little steamer *Western Wave*, drawing only forty inches of water, has done good service in carrying provisions from points down the river, as the craft can run into the streets of the town. The young and doughty canoeist says that Lawrenceburg needs no more help from Cincinnati, and any surplus provisions can be used advantageously at points further down the river.

Dr. Heighway came back home from Aurora in a steamer.—*Cin. Enquirer*.

—Commodore Edwards suggests the 10th to the 24th of August for the A. C. A. meet. The regatta would be on the 21st, 22d, and 23d (Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday), and he further says: "This would give the moonlight from the first quarter through full moon, and be about late enough in the season to rid us of mosquitoes."

—A very good canoeing article appeared in the *New York Evening Telegram*, of Feb. 16th, from which even the CANOEIST learned something about itself—the A. C. A., and Neide and Kendall.

—Toronto Canoe Club have their yearly meeting early in March. Report of it will appear in April number.

—The Peterboro canoe, won by Mr. Whitlock in 1881, at Lake George, is now in Florida. Mr. Munroe writes that he and Capt. Geo. Harris (the present owner) are using her, and have named her "Daisy." They are both delighted with her, and they say so are the ladies who have braved the dangers of the St. Johns in her.

—The canoe of the "Birdie Kane" model, on exhibition at Merrill's bookstore, Lowell, Mass., is a beautiful and graceful little craft, fully equipped in every respect. In connection with it may be seen a collection of photographic views, made by an amateur, with such cameras as accompany the canoe, which ought to tempt many others to try their hand at this easy, interesting, and useful art.—*Lowell Morning Mail*.

—Munroe writes, under date of Feb. 7th, that he is on hand at St. Marks in Psyche for Neide and Kendall. He had heard of their crossing Mobile Bay; but, as the weather had been very bad, supposed it must have detained them.

—The Bayonne Club expect to begin work on a club house for themselves at an early day, and are about to admit three new members.

—The "Freda's" private signal is a red heart on a white ground. R. J. Wickstead, of the Ottawa C. C., is her commander and owner.

—The Staten Island Rapid Transit R. R. Co. have served a notice on the Commodore of the N. Y. C. C. that the club house will have to be moved out over the water, to give room for a road-bed along the bank. It is also announced that three boats an hour each way, will run between this city and the island, landing within a few hundred feet of the house, this coming season.

—Can't Rev. Mr. Cressey, or some other good authority, be prevailed upon to write for the "Canoe Pilot" a log of the Connecticut River? I for one would like some information about it. F. H. P.

—*Of interest to Canoeists.*—The American Canoe Association now numbers several hundred members in the United States and Canada, and local clubs are in active existence in nearly every considerable town in the land. It is known that there are in Philadelphia a number of canoeists who ply their paddles or trim their sheets on the Delaware and its tributaries, and it has been suggested that steps be taken to unite their scattered interests for the common advantage. To this end all who are interested in canoeing are invited, as a preliminary step, to send their addresses to Mr. W. Howard Faulkner, University of Pennsylvania. Due notice will be given, should a sufficient number respond to justify an effort for permanent organization.

It is perhaps proper to state here that the American Association contains clergymen, lawyers, physicians, journalists, and representatives of all the commercial interests of the country. It numbers among its members men whose hair is gray, as well as undergraduates and school-boys, and it emphatically discourages all tendency to the "professional" practices which are such an objectionable feature in many large organizations of this character. Philadelphia, with her abundant and beautiful waterways, should surely be able to muster enough amateur sailors to man a considerable fleet of these seaworthy and serviceable little craft. C. L. N.

—This call brought together twelve canoeists on February 25th. In addition to those present, several others were heard from, whose co-operation may be counted upon. Resolved, to organize under the name of Philadelphia C. C., and W. H. Faulkner was chosen *Com.* with John Stewardson, *Sec.* A committee consisting of these officers and Chas. L. Norton late of the N. Y. C. C., was chosen to draft a constitution. The club starts with the following named members: W. H. Faulkner, John Stewardson, E. A. Stewardson, W. J. Haines, R. B. Haines, Jr., T. S. Westcott, Chas. H. Stephens, John T. Moses, E. J. Morris, J. J. Inglis, S. F. White, C. L. Norton. From this organization, canoeing in Philadelphia will no doubt receive an impulse which will serve to neutralize and develop its interests. C. L. N.

—Mr. Foster and a friend in the Natalie and her sister canoe were out on the North River, Feb. 22d, for an hour or more, and enjoyed it extremely. They were about to put up sail, when a snow squall induced them to put for home. (A. C. A. men—both.)

—C. V. R. Schuyler, of the N. Y. C. C., on the same day sailed in the Freak across the bay from Staten Island to Bayonne, inspected his new double canoe on the stocks, and then sailed back—a better and a wiser man.

—The drawing of the tent spoken of in the February number is unavoidably held over till April.

—An article from Mr. Tyson, on canoe hatches, has unavoidably been held over for April issue. Notes on steering gears, tents, and lists of canoe necessities are expected from him soon.

—I wish that some of our friends would give us a few hints on camping out. I have heard of a canoeist who can "sleep with perfect comfort" in his canoe "on a cold night, and in a driving rain storm." When I have done that, I shall consider that I have attained one of the chief ends of my existence, but as my existence is of more importance to me at present than the attainment of any one of its chief ends, I decline to make the attempt without further information. J. M. G.

—W. P. Stephens has expressed himself as opposed to such radical changes as the Regatta Committee suggest in rules. Mr. Rush-ton, in his letter published on another page, takes the same view.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I have a few more ends to tie:

First, as to the excellent gear illustrated last month by D. O. T. (1) Is he not mistaken when he says that that gear can be adapted to a second reef? The sister lines come together in one eye *under* the boom, and the sail would be in the way of the two lines coming together *under the batten*. D. O. T.'s gear appears to be suitable only for *one* reef in a sail—the lowest one; but for that it is A 1. For the upper reefs some such plan as mine would be necessary, unless one goes in for the Tredwen or Baden-Powell system. (2) I prefer a reef to be fastened at three points rather than two only. (3) As to rings: if the right kind are used, and if they are properly sewn on, they *ought* not to stick or jam. The Englishmen use them all the time.

Commenting on my first reef-gear article, Mr. Tredwen has the following in a recent letter to me: "Many of the expedients which your canoeists are now trying, appear to be just the steps up which I climbed (or down which I descended, as some will have it) to my present (4) complicated but smooth-working and thoroughly effective and practical system. I can never again content myself with any reefing system that requires luffing up and getting hold of boom end; that being such a dangerous, delaying, drenching operation."

When my gear is used for more than one reef, care must be taken not to lash in the upper reef-line when putting in the lower reef. Putting the aftermost eye a little forward of the reef would obviate this possibility, but might make it inconvenient hauling when the wind was on the wrong side of the sail. The better plan is to rig the gear upside down, which brings the hauling line on the *upper* batten, and entirely out of the way. This will cause no difficulty in reaching the hauling line, as one has only to pull down the leach hand over hand. The aftermost eye can also be fastened to the bare batten, well aft of the leach of sail, thus giving a good lead for the hauling line, no matter which side of the sail the wind is on.

There appears to be an unnecessary amount of slack in the deck-line Baden-Powell reefing gear on one or two A. C. A. canoes, amounting to *four* times the depth of the reef, batten to boom. Three times the depth gives ample power, by what is known

as a "double purchase," and this is all that Mr. Tredwen has. I have a mind to try twice the length only, which gives a "single purchase" to the hauling line. (5) The "D. O. T." gear with a deck-line gives no "purchase" at all, and the slack would be just the depth of the reef. That is good; but D. O. T. would find it a hard job to haul in the reef-line without luffing, unless he had either a single or a double purchase. (6) When D. O. T. puts in his third line, his arrangement of lines is just Mr. Tredwen's, upside down—except that Mr. Tredwen's run on one side only of the sail, and are passed through rings.

The colored thread on the halliard is a good wrinkle.

ROBERT TYSON.

(1) He is not mistaken; one line passes through a block on batten, and its sister line comes through an eye in batten from the opposite side of the sail, and both are spliced, and one line does the work beyond as in first reef. A number of details about the reef were not given in the February article, as it was intended to show the simplest form of a good reefing-gear adapted to sails of from forty to sixty feet, and be a suggestion to a majority of the CANOEIST'S readers. For all except racing purposes, one good-sized reef is enough. (2) The reef used by D. O. T. is fastened at three points; but this is not necessary for small sails, and is slightly more complicated; a drawing of this arrangement may appear in CANOEIST later. (3) They *ought* to work well, no doubt; but can Mr. Tyson say from experience, for cruising and such purposes, that they do? That the Englishmen use them, we know; but the canoeing (it is really yachting with Mr. Tredwen) that we Americans do is of a very different kind, generally, is it not? (4) For cruising and ordinary convenience, can we get on with a complicated gear? (5) Experience has shown that this reef can be easily made with the lines as arranged in the February drawing. For a larger sail a "single" or "double purchase" could be very easily managed. (6) Yes: but Mr. Tredwen's lines have to practically lift the cloth taken in; whereas this arrangement—when halliard is let go—allows it to drop right into place. The lines work on the boom, which is always firmer than a batten, and it saves something in the length of line—the distance between batten and boom. Having line on both sides of sail, instead of using rings, lessens friction, and is otherwise as good an arrangement certainly. — ED.

EDITOR CANOEIST: In reference to the suggested changes in the A. C. A. Rules, I would like to ask if a Class 1 canoe would be allowed to sail in any of the sailing classes. As the rules now stand, I apprehend she would not, on account of her length, without the special consent of the Regatta Committee. I have a Class 1 canoe (24 in. beam, 18 feet long), and I have carried 55 feet of sail on her in a stiff breeze, when one of our Pearls was sailing alongside *with her mainsail reefed*, and no dandy. I think it is only fair that I should be allowed to sail against the larger canoes. I would also suggest that the rules be framed so that Class 4 canoes could paddle against Class 3, if the owners chose to enter; and also that Class 3 be allowed to enter against Class 2. Their length bars them out now. I think Rule XI. will be found very difficult to carry out, especially in rounding buoys, when one canoe, perhaps half a length or more ahead of another, has to stop and allow the other to round first. Would winning in a tandem race make both men seniors?

With reference to the subject of paddles: the advantage claimed by the Toronto paddlers for the spoon-blades is that they grip the water a great deal better than the flat-blades. They do not "give" at all in the water, and, although it requires less strength to drag the spoon-blades through the water than the other kind, every stroke is more effective, and consequently it requires fewer strokes to propel the boat the same distance. One objection that has been urged against the spoon-blade is, that it is more liable than the flat-blade to get damaged in cruising where the paddle is used to shove the canoe off a beach. But shoving off shore is not the proper use for a paddle. If the paddle were properly made, I do not think that objection would be valid.

M. F. JOHNSTON.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I might suggest a race for the next A. C. A. regatta which would prove useful in testing the handiness of cruising canoes. You might call it a "portage race." It is somewhat similar to the "canoe chase" of English regattas, only less of a scramble. One of the conditions ought to be that the canoes must be *carried*, not dragged along the ground. Let the competitors start from the stakeboat, paddle about half a mile, then land, carry their canoes round a portage of at least a quarter of a mile (course to be marked out by flags); launch their canoes again, paddle round a turning-buoy moored about a quarter mile

off shore, and return to the stake-boat. Such a race would test both the qualities of the canoes as to handiness and portability, and also the skill of the canoeist in getting over such common obstacles as a rapid on a river. One of the great advantages of a canoe is that it can be carried around an obstruction, and it would be well to have the quality tested. The race ought to be strictly limited to *cruising* canoes: length, beam, and weight being so laid down as to exclude light, worthless craft, built solely for speed under paddle. Part of the course might be sailed over, and the carriage of a sail made obligatory.

Quebec.

C. DOUGLAS.

Commodore Edwards says about the portage race: "I thoroughly approve of the 'portage race' suggested by Mr. Douglas. I would make it a part sailing and part paddling race. The distance to be portaged would depend on the circumstances of the ground. By making the first part a sailing race you would get them a little scattered as they approached the portage, and thus prevent crowding. Say $\frac{1}{2}$ mile sail, about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile portage, and $\frac{1}{2}$ mile paddle."

EDITOR CANOEIST: Below will be found a few facts concerning the "Crescent Canoe Club," of Trenton, N. J., an organization dating from January, 1881. Starting with a membership of two, our fleet at present numbers half a dozen, and bids fair to increase quite as rapidly as we care for in the coming years. You can infer from the last remark that we have had the usual experience with the extravagantly enthusiastic, ephemeral canoeist, and said inference will be quite "close to the wind."

NAME OF CANOE.	MODEL.	OWNER.
"Vivace,"	Everson Shadow,	Wm. M. Carter.
"Lenore,"	Shadow,	Robt. G. Lucas.
"Florence,"	Racine Shadow,	Frank Sigler.
"Ethel,"	Canvas Shadow,	Sam'l G. Furman.
"Edith,"	Rob Roy,	Dr. D. N. Merrill.
"Sport,"	Rob Roy,	J. B. Agnew, Jr.

When will the subject, "Probable Expense from New York to Peterborough," for the coming regatta, be discussed in the CANOEIST? *—Transportation for canoe and canoeist to and return? Will be pleased to extend the accommodations of the club, or give any information concerning the Delaware River to the fraternity at all times. W. M. CARTER.

Trenton, N. J.

Acting Sec'y.

To the Regatta Committee of the A. C. A.

GENTLEMEN: I have just read the proposed changes of rules, and must make very strong objections to some of them—depth measurement. I think whoever suggested those changes had a very poor idea of the depth or proportions of a canoe. The Rob Roy, American Travelling, and Stella Maris canoes are all *under* 9 inches at gunwales. The *Shadow* is under 10, and the *Princess* is *barely* up to 10. Then the limit of 12 inches at fore-end of well would compel the builder to make the canoe *less* than 10 inches at gunwales, or make your sailing canoes very *shallow*. The *Shadow*, *Princess*, and all those are *over* 12 inches. I only speak of canoes of my own make, but am sure that others are the same. No rule should be made that will not allow graceful lines, good proportions in a canoe, and any canoe of 26-inch beam should *not* be *over* 9 inches deep to *look well*. As I understand the meaning of the proposed changes, they are unwise, arbitrary, and entirely uncalled for. Builders wish to please the purchaser. They wish to conform to reasonable rules, and build their canoes so that they will not be excluded from races in the A. C. A.; *but* they cannot change lines and models every thirty days to suit the whim of this or that party. As a member of the A. C. A., I protest against any change, *as proposed, in depth limit*.

J. H. RUSHTON.

Canton, N. Y., Feb. 12.

The committee's correction of the error pointed out by Mr. Rushton had already been put in type when his letter was received—but we must thank him for his vigilance and prompt letter.—ED.

EDITOR CANOEIST: We organized, last July (1882), the "Potowonok Canoe Club," of this place, with the following officers: *Commodore*, D. Jno. Rix; *Vice-Commodore*, Mel. O. Warner; *Treasurer*, Chas. H. Peters; *Secretary*, Will. H. Atlee—and for which we claim the honor of being the first club in Iowa. The reason for our not making the claim before was that we were all A. C. A.'s, and a long way from all other clubs; so did not think it worth while. But we are now forming the Iowa Canoe Club (of which our commodore is vice), and we don't want the I. C. C. to hold first honors when they belong to the P. C. C.

WILL. H. ATLEE.

Fort Madison, Iowa.

* Probably in April number.—ED.

CANOE PILOT.

A SHORT CANOE TRIP,

MADE BY MR. AND MRS. CHAPIN IN THE SUMMER OF 1882.

WE left our boat-house, on the banks of Lake Rebecca, one afternoon in July, for a cruise to Lake Pepin, the head of which lake is distant some thirty-one miles from our home. We anticipated paddling before going far, but a fair wind carried our canoe to Red Wing, a distance of twenty-five miles, in four hours. The sail was delightful. Many steamboats were on the water, and kept us constantly on the lookout around the bend and curves, which vary the monotony of the shore. The largest boat on the upper part of the Mississippi—the War Eagle—was afraid of capsizing us at a narrow place in the river, and her pilot slowed up until some distance below us. Even then her huge waves tossed us about somewhat. We were triumphant to find we were able to overtake and then *pass* a small steamer that was taking a raft of logs from Lake St. Croix down the river.

At six o'clock we arrived at Red Wing, and from there to the head of the lake we were obliged to use our double-bladed paddles.

We camped for the night at the head of the lake, just below a small fishery, and found a beautiful beach, with only one disagreeable feature—that it was already thickly settled with a colony of small beings; but being well provided with camphor (which, by the by, is the best thing we have found to drive them away) and netting, we were not troubled. While we rest for the night, suppose you glance through our outfit.

Our canoe is a double cruiser, manufactured by Thomas Kane & Co., of Chicago, and our luggage was easily packed in the stowage compartments in each end of the boat. A row of canvas pockets, hung under the deck on either side, was convenient for stowing small articles.

The little house in which we lived for two weeks is a Clyde tent, made by Stevens. It is 5x7 feet in size, the ridge pole is jointed, and the pins are of iron, instead of wood. The floor-cloth* attached to the tent is a great advantage, not only in keeping out sand and dirt, but also in saving many small articles which are so apt to be lost on the ground. The tent folds in small compass,

and was used throughout the cruise for a seat.

Our mess chest is quite complete, holding all the dishes and a great deal of the food necessary for a two weeks' cruise. It is made of pine, well shellacked outside and in.

The size is 16x10x6½ inches, and it is fitted with square removable tin cases, with covers capable of holding 1 lb. of coffee, 2 lbs. of sugar, ¼ lb. of tea, 4 lbs. of bacon, ¾ lb. of crackers, and 1 lb. of butter, with two small extra cases for any need. The hinged cover, which is two inches in depth, is divided into five compartments, contains three shallow and two deep *square* tin plates (nested), one alcohol lamp in square tin case with cover, three knives, three forks, three spoons, four napkins, two square glass bottles for salt, two for pepper, and two dish-towels. The whole is covered by a heavy tin lid to keep all in place in closing the chest. By having everything made square, all the room is utilized. Our two-burner oil stove is fitted in a tin pail with flat cover. A frying-pan fits over the top of the stove, with a detachable handle stowing at the side. The sails, life-preserver, mattress, bedding, clothing, and other necessary articles well filled all spare space.

Bright and early, next morning, we broke camp, and a fair wind carried us rapidly down the lake. Upon entering the lake from the Mississippi, we are surprised to find that the current ends abruptly; our idea, before reaching it, being that Lake Pepin was but a widening of the river. The scenery is picturesque. The bluffs are high on the north side half way down the lake, then gradually decrease, and the south side takes them up. Above Frontenac there are bluffs covered with foliage: one bluff was so even from base to summit that it looked as though some great giant must constantly use his trimming-shears upon it. Frontenac, the first village on the south shore, is a pretty little summer resort. Maiden Rock is a small hamlet opposite, about three miles from Frontenac, and the rock for which it is named stands out boldly just below the town. The view from this rock is magnificent, and a photographer, who lives on this prominence, has an opportunity to take the lake's picture in all her moods.

Our next camping-ground was Long Point, two miles above Lake City, which is situated on the south shore, where the lake is five miles wide. We sojourned a week at this delightful spot, spending our time on the

beach or in the boat, sailing and fishing. The black-bass are perhaps the best fish caught here. The entire shore has not a marsh, it being either sandy beach or rocky bluff.

With the wind on our starboard quarter, we left Long Point, one bright day, for the foot of the lake, and camped this time a mile below a village, where, in passing, we paused for a few minutes to inquire the name of the place. A small boy chanced to be at the beach as we landed, and, upon being questioned as to the name of his "hame," replied: "It's Pepin; but we mostly's call it *Piepan*."

On Sunday we thought we would attend the "*Piepan*" church. So tying up our canoe and tent, we walked up the beach. As we entered the building, the Sunday-school lesson was just being finished, and "John," a boy of twelve or fourteen years, was asked by the superintendent (*alias* the minister) to pass the hat. Then the regular meeting was announced. After the usual order of exercises, the choir sang the closing hymn; and we were about to be dismissed with the benediction, when the parson requested his audience to be seated, and said, in a jovial tone of voice, that "the *most important part* of the service had been forgotten." While we were lost in wonder as to what it could be, the parson motioned to the small boy who had officiated in Sunday-school, and said: "John, you may now pass around the hat." While John was passing the hat, the minister, as though to take the place of a voluntary from the organ, explained the needs of the church, that a new lamp they must have, and also the kerosene was out, and if the collection were not larger, they would be obliged to take *two* a day. When John had finished his work, we were dismissed, and returned to our camp, where we, two days after, witnessed a magnificent storm—the wind being so violent that all the rope we could muster was only just enough to keep our tent from flying away.

After enjoying the beauties of the lower lake a few days longer, we were obliged to set our faces homeward, which distance—sixty miles—we made in twenty-two running hours, using the paddle for a good deal of the way, and for thirty miles having to contend against a very strong current.

We were well satisfied with our boat and trip, and improved in health with appetites tremendous, and faces fairly *bronzed* by the exposure to the July sun. The only enjoy-

ment (?) that we missed was an upset; but we look forward to that next summer.

I thoroughly enjoyed everything, even the cooking in the tent and out-doors, and the many hours of hard work with the paddle; and I think if all gentlemen would but take their wives with them, the *wives* would enjoy it very much.

MRS. A. B. CHAPIN.

Hastings, Minn.

FROM WATKIN'S GLEN TO THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

This is, in some respects, a desirable summer or autumn trip for the canoeist, though lacking in many features that help to make a canoe cruise enjoyable. The scenery throughout the length of Seneca Lake and along the shores of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence is sufficiently wild and variable to leave nothing to be desired; but that of the Seneca and Oswego Rivers, except in certain portions, is the monotonous vista peculiar to all streams flowing through a level, or nearly level, country. There are few rapids—none presenting any difficulty—and the waterfalls encountered are chiefly the dams built for manufactories, varying in height from three to six feet. The passage from Oswego to Cape Vincent, on Lake Ontario, is one requiring patience and care, if accidents would be avoided, as a westerly blow of three, four, or more days may be met with, raising a sea against which few canoeists would care to battle. Transportation from Oswego to Cape Vincent can be secured for canoe and canoeist at a low rate on any of the steamers plying between those ports during the summer, but if the voyager isn't in a hurry—and no true canoeist ever travels in a hurry—the crossing of the eastern end of old Ontario should, by all means, be included in the voyage. Perhaps a *Barnegat* sneak-boat, of the light Rushton build, would be preferable to a canoe for this trip, considering the absence of portages, and the open water encountered. The writer made the voyage in a heavy *Nautilus*, propelled by Lyman's bow-facing oars, and did not for an instant regret having substituted them for the paddle. The whole distance to travel is about 236 miles, and "civilization" is sufficiently near to avoid the necessity of carrying a heavy load of "prog and plunder."

(To be concluded in April Number.)

THE AMERICAN

C · A · N · O · E · I · S · T

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VOL. II.

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No. 3.

A YARN.

(Read at A. C. A. Dinner last August at Crosby-side Hotel, Lake George.)

THIS is the tale that was told to me
By a battered and tattered son of
the sea,

To me and my messmate, Silius Green,
When I was a guileless young marine.

'Twas the good ship Guyascutas,
All in the China Seas,
With the wind a-lee, and the capstan free
To catch the summer breeze.

Said Captain Porgie, on the deck,
To his mate in the mizzen-hatch,
While the boatswain bold in the forward
hold,
Was winding his larboard watch.

"Oh, how does our good ship head to-night,
How heads our gallant craft?"
"Oh, she heads to the East, South West by
North,
And the binnacle lies abaft."

"Oh what does the quadrant indicate,
And how does the sextant stand?"
"Oh, the sextant's down to the freezing-
point,
And the quadrant's lost a hand."

"Oh! if the quadrant's lost a hand,
And the sextant falls so low,
It's our bodies and bones to Davy Jones
This very night must go.

"Oh! fly aloft to the garboard streak,
And reef the spanker-boom;
Bend a studding-sail to the martingale,
To give her weather room.

"Oh! boatswain down in the forward
hold,

What water do you find?"

"Four foot and a half, by the royal gaff,
And rather more behind."

"Oh! sailors, collar your marline-spikes,
And each a belaying-pin;
Come, stir your stumps and man the pumps,
Or more will be coming in."

They stirred their stumps and spiked the
pumps,

Then spliced the old main brace;
Aloft and alow they worked, but oh!
The water gained apace.

They bored a hole above the keel,
To let the water out;
But, strange to say, to their dismay,
The water in did spout.

Then up spoke the captain of marines,
Who dearly loved his prog:

"It's awful to die, but it's worse to be
dry,
So I move we pipes to grog."

Oh! then 'twas the noble second mate,
What filled 'em all with awe;
The second mate, as bad men hate,
And cruel skippers jaw.

He took the anchor on his back,
And leaped into the main;
Through foam and spray he clove his way,
And sank and rose again!

Through foam and spray, a league away,
The anchor stout he bore,
Till safe at last he made it fast,
And warped the ship ashore.

'Tain't much of a job to talk about,
But a tick'lish thing to see,
And suthin' to do, if I say it, too,
For that second mate was me.

Such was the tale that was told to me,
By that modest and truthful son of the sea,

And I envy the life of a second mate,
Though captains scorn him and sailors
hate,
For he ain't like some of the swabs I've
seen
As would go and lie to a poor marine.

SPRING STEERING-GEAR (*RAVEN*).

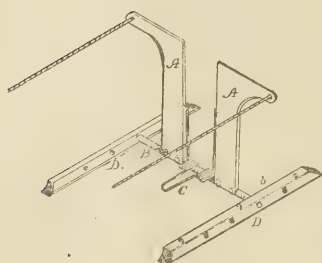


Fig. 1.

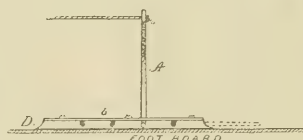


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

WHILE the attention of the canoeist is taken by rubber bands, rings, etc., and snap-hooks are prominent, the time seems opportune to *spring* this steering-gear upon them, calling attention to the following points: It gives a good rest to the heels. It presents a large flat surface to the foot. It moves in direct line with the applied force. The feet never slip off. It will hold the rudder amidships when at rest, an advantage when backing or shoving off shore through grass and weeds. When the rudder lines are disconnected, the pedals and springs lie flat on the bottom-board, and occupy a space three-fourths of an inch in depth. In the sketch *A A*, are foot pedals formed of natural crooks. *B*, the pedal-bar; *C*, a double spring made of tempered brass wire, and bent so as to come to a slight bearing with the pedals lying flat on bottom-board. The spring is formed as shown in Fig. 3; the loop between the coils always rests on the bottom-board; the ends *e e* are placed in holes bored in the pedals, and retain their place in all positions. The elasticity of the

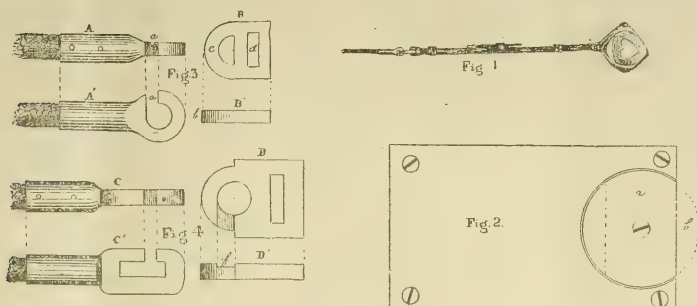
springs lies chiefly in the coils around the pedal bar. The springs take their bearings at any point between the horizontal and the perpendicular; one balances the other, and thus keep taut rudder lines. *D D* are cleats on foot-board; a swing-cap piece, *b*, on one cleat, allows the bar to be removed or adjusted to length of leg. Fig. 1 shows pedals connected with rudder lines; they can be attached at any convenient angle for the feet. Dotted lines in Fig. 2 show position of pedals when disconnected.

Fig. 3 shows spring.

A common fault with all foot yoke gears is the cramping back of one foot when the other is moved forward; and when in this position, the whole force comes on the inner and outer edge of the feet (perhaps on the canoeist's pet corn). About one-half the angle in the first case is overcome by this gear; in using pedals just clearing the carlin, and a short cross-head on the rudder, the second case is entirely obviated. Practically this gear is as good as any, and superior to many now in use.

A. C. M.

STIRRUP STEERING-GEAR.



THE subject of steering apparatus has been ably discussed and some good points given. The variety of devices described leads me to submit diagrams of an apparatus which I have used with a great deal of satisfaction. I offer it not as a perfect gear, but as a simple device which can be improved upon. In using it, the canoeist soon forgets the existence of an apparatus and his feet take entire control of the craft.

Braided tiller lines, made fast to rudder, pass along deck and through coaming (on a line with rudder yoke) aft, and on either side of canoeist, and are shellacked, and riveted fast in *A*, Fig. 3. Opening *a* is just wide enough to admit thickness *b* when placed at right angles, but width *c* being greater than its thickness at *b*, it cannot unhook while in use. A strap, provided with neat nickle-plated buckle for adjusting to proper length, as shown in Fig. 1, passes through slot *d* in *B* and a stirrup *c* is of sufficient size to drop over toe and no further. L. J. Pollock, of Dixon, Ill., used an apparatus as described above, and afterwards made an improvement on my coupling, *A*, *B*, as shown in Fig. 4. Excepting in shape, it differs only in the fact that *c'* must be passed through slot *f*, also at right angles. I think this improvement good, and know it is less liable to unhook when carelessly thrown aside.

The fact that with this gear the canoeist can enjoy every freedom in change of position that his craft will allow, makes it very desirable. He can recline at full length, sit upright, cross his legs, "sit tailor-fashion," "hang over the gunwale" when a strong beam wind necessitates; and, if he enjoys recklessness, with a little experience he will be able to operate the gear while in a standing position, though the latter achievement need not be considered a necessary one. A few words will explain Fig. 2. I have noticed the old-fashioned wooden button, cumbersome and ungainly, for holding the canoe floor in position, still used to a great extent. To improve upon this in a simple manner, cut a piece of 1-32 inch sheet brass in such size and shape as to fit the top of the block of wood which comes up from keelson through floor, as shown by Fig. 2. By means of a jeweler's or bracket saw, cut out the circle *a*, and screw in position as shown; when *a* is turned, as shown by dotted line, the part which projects at *b* will hold floor in position and not project.

WILL A. SUSSMILCH.

—The first page in March number was numbered 15. This was done so that when the volume for the year is bound up, the two "ad" pages in February number—pages 15 and 16—can be torn out, and the reading-matter pages then run consecutively through the volume.

A PROPOSED REMEDY.

THERE seems to be great danger that the classification malady will become malignant in type and chronic in character, and this notwithstanding the well-meant efforts of committees to simplify rules and render them perfect in every particular.

The object of classification, as I understand it, is to give every canoe a reasonably fair chance to hold her own in a race with other individuals of her own class, whether under sail or paddles. She should, that is to say, be able to go through the water at about the same rate of speed as her classmates, when the same amount of force is applied.

I have no copy of the A. C. A. rules at hand for reference; but what does all that formidable array of classes amount to beyond an attempt to group different sizes and models according to intrinsic powers of going through the water? No account is taken of skill with the paddle, or of seamanship, or of sail area. Dr. Heighway, and he paddles in a Rob Roy, would not be required under the rules to give me, for instance, a time allowance in a similar Rob Roy, any more than Commodore Vaux, under sail in his invincible "Dot," would be required to give a time allowance to a green hand in another "Shadow" with a forty-foot sail. The result in either case would be a foregone conclusion. The fundamental question therefore is, "Which canoes require about the same propulsive force to get them along at a given rate of speed?"

The A. C. A. rules answer this by a system of classification which, I venture to say, not five men in the Association can apply practically, off-hand—that is, without the printed rules before them.

I am well aware that the more experts study this question of classification and measurement, the more complicated it seems to become. There are several dif-

ferent ways, none of them absolutely accurate, of estimating displacement alone, and when it comes to figuring fore and aft resistance, the experts are all at loggerheads. I hold, then, that it is time we go back to first principles, and simply *weigh* the resistance.

I suggested something of the kind last year, but have since thought of a better plan: Fix a pulley to the down-stream rail of a bridge or other point of observation, past which a steady current flows. Place, say, ten one-pound weights in a basket, and attach to one end of the line. Run through the pulley, and make fast the other end to the painter-ring of the canoe under trial, and let her drift. The weights will hold her when the line tautens. As soon as she is steady, begin removing the weights one by one, until she is able to lift the basket with the remaining weights.

She might then be classified as a three, four, or five pound canoe, as the case might be, and be rated accordingly; there would be no confusion of sailable paddlers and paddleable sailers. No unfair discrimination against undecked canoes, no restrictions as to lines, etc. Every boat would be rated according to her actual "go-aheadativeness," and it seems to me that a deal of confusion would be avoided.

C. L. N.

CANOES, AND CANOES.

IN the course of my summer's cruise I was fortunate enough to fall in with the possessor of a "Dixon Kemp," a book which I had not previously seen, and among the variety of canoes described was particularly struck with the beautiful simplicity which, in the Clyde canoe, is realized in almost every detail. I have a strong conviction that this is the quality at which, above all others, we should aim. With every respect for the owners, builders, and advocates of canoes of the Pearl and Nautilus types, and for such as consider tha-

the canoe of the future is to be a development of the idea represented in those models, I incline to the opinion that all such experiments are a departure from the true ideal which we should endeavor to attain. In a canoe designed for general cruising among lakes, rivers, bays, etc., everything approaching complexity of detail should be strictly avoided as a useless incumbrance. For canoeing on the larger lakes, bays, or harbors, where portages are unnecessary, I admit that the larger canoes, with their remarkable reefing-gear, ponderous centre-boards, and other yacht-like equipments, have their use, but this, I submit, is not true canoeing. Fancy a "canoe" which, in an upset race, had to be overturned by the occupant climbing up the mast! During my summer cruise I carried a lateen main, and dandy. The main was used on only one occasion, and then for only about an hour. At other times it was so much useless weight and always in the way. My opinion is, that for cruising, the paddle is decidedly the best means of propulsion, and that if a sail is used at all, it should be only as an auxiliary. I found that my "dandy," set in the bow, answered this purpose admirably. It never obstructed the view, it was too small to be affected by squalls, it required no reefing, and no great attention, while, at the same time, it was a sensible relief to the paddle.

Later on I made a brief excursion up some of our lakes with a brother paddler. Our canoes were of a very different mould, one being a Shadow and the other having some resemblance to the American Traveling canoe. The cruise was a brief and rather inglorious one, but it sufficed to bring out strongly several points: First, when a portage was encountered, the Shadow, even when entirely emptied of gear, was carried over it with great difficulty. The other, being much more easily handled, was transported without any trouble whatever. Second, the smaller canoe, in addition to being

the swifter of the two in smooth water, was the more easily handled in rough, for the simple reason that she presented a much smaller surface for the wind to act upon. It makes little difference how much the water may wash over your deck, provided it does not find an entrance; and bulk will be found to be rather a hindrance than a help in a squall. In conclusion, I would express the opinion that, in all our experiments and strivings after improvement, nothing has yet been found to rival the simple but effectual rig used by McGregor in his famous cruises. For an afternoon's amusement on a piece of open water, or a miniature yacht race, a "canoe" carrying several hundred yards of canvas, and fitted with one person's centre-board and another person's reefing-gear, and which is upset by climbing up the mast, is undoubtedly the thing; but for genuine canoeing, in which the purest enjoyment is to be found, such a craft is wholly unsuited, and is not to be compared with a canoe modelled after the original Rob Roy. Such, at least, is the opinion of

J. M. G.

—The immense war-canoe from Queen Charlotte's Island which, after two years' effort, H. R. Bishop succeeded in purchasing from one of the chiefs of the Hydah Indians, in order to add it to the interesting ethnological collection named after J. W. Powell, in the American Museum of Natural History, was taken into the museum yesterday. It has been a troublesome object ever since it reached San Francisco, nearly half a year ago. For a long time the captains of steamers and sailing vessels refused to accept it as freight, or at least to insure its safe delivery, because of its great size and the danger of damage to it from waves. Yesterday, to get it into the museum, an opening had to be made through the wall and an inclined plane built from the ground to the opening. The craft is sixty-three feet long, eight feet three inches wide, and five feet deep, and is cut out of a single log. It is covered with fantastic paintings and carvings, —*N. Y. Tribune, Sunday 18th.*

THE ATWOOD CENTRE-BOARD.

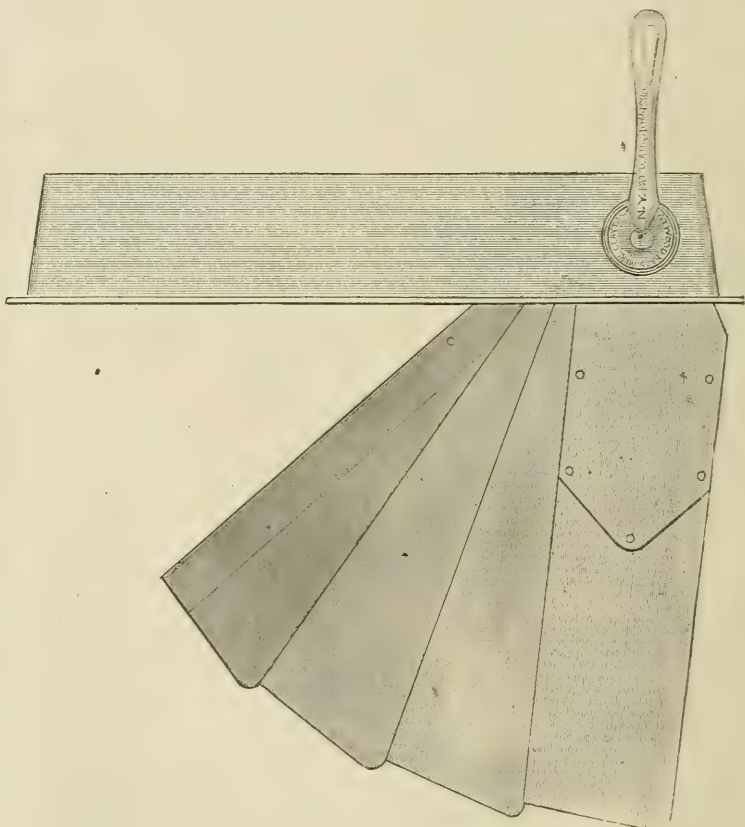
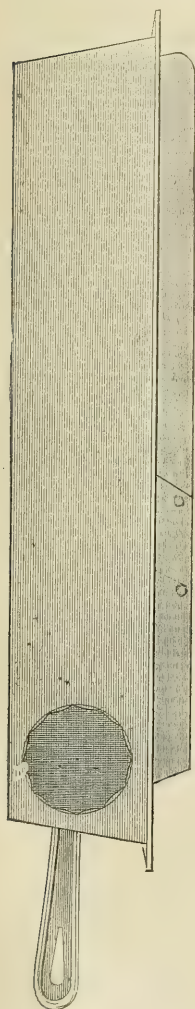
THE need of an adjustable centre-board in all kinds of small boat sailing must have been felt by every one who has tried it.

I have just been musing upon the various attempts in this direction through

which I have struggled in reaching the present perfected appliance; and with the hope that I may save some amateur sailor

close up in a metallic case, open only at the bottom, from two to four inches deep for small boats.

By raising a lever connected with the pivot upon which the blades swing, the leaves open down into the water, like the opening of a fan, presenting, in the case of a three-inch well and twenty-four inches long, 225 square inches to the water, and in a nine-inch well, 350 square inches. When applied to a boat, a slit from twenty to thirty inches long and one-third inch



from the disappointments through which I have passed, I desire to describe what I consider the most complete article of the kind yet devised. This is made by Atwood Bros., of Clayton, N. Y., and consists of from one to four blades of steel, which wide is cut through the bottom, and the consequent weakening is more than compensated for by the metallic casing, which is screwed fast, imparting great stiffness to this part of the boat. The cuts accompanying this article, showing the two ex-

treme positions of the blades, will be readily understood.

I have been in the constant use of these centre-boards during my two months' vacation for the last three years, and I can freely say that, fond as I am of it, sailing would lose half its charm if I were compelled to give up this latest and greatest improvement in skiff-sailing. They are also invaluable for rowing across the wind, enabling one to use both hands, instead of doing the entire work with one arm. The average weight is from seven to nine pounds for small boats, cost \$5, and require but two or three hours' time to put in by an ordinary mechanic. Dr. Bain, of Clayton, writes me a very enthusiastic letter in regard to them, saying that he would not use a skiff without one; that the best oarsmen on the river use them, etc. In concluding, allow me to assure you that I have not even a little hatchet to grind in this eulogium, but only wish that the members of the American Canoe Association may find in the Atwood centre-board the last finishing touch that shall make their happiness complete, when they gather next summer to sail among the beautiful islands of the noble St. Lawrence.

New York.

DR. C. E. LATIMER.

A NOCTURNAL TRIP.

MY canoe was carried from the builder's shop, in Williamsburgh, one Saturday afternoon early in May, by myself and one of the workmen, and launched in the East River. She was the third "Shadow" built. I started off in her with a coat to sit on, a paddle, and rudder lines run forward and tied to my feet. With a cheer from old Everson and the "boys" gathered to see her off, she started on her first voyage up stream with a strong flood tide. It was six o'clock, and I proposed to paddle to Harlem, leaving her there, and then to make the rest of the distance to Yonkers—the harbor for

which she was bound—a day or so later. In a few minutes after leaving the shore, the buildings on Blackwell's Island loomed up straight ahead, and with the strong, favoring tide the canoe was shortly off Hunter's Point, and very much in the way of a chance ferryboat. By quickly reversing the engine—of the canoe—no damage was done—to the ferryboat.

Kipp's Bay was now well astern, and Blackwell's Island—that historic ground—off the port bow, the east channel having been chosen. When the head of the Island was reached where the lighthouse is, the canoe was headed west and all steam put on to reach the New York shore to avoid being taken by the tide through Hell Gate into the Sound. Darkness now began to creep over the river, lights appeared, and the Harlem Flats came into view with rows upon rows of street lamps twinkling in the darkness. It was eight o'clock when the Harlem Bridge was reached, and quite dark. Feeling very fresh still, and seeing no light in the boathouse where the canoe was to be left, I decided to go on and try to make the whole trip. It being early in the season, very few pleasure-boats were seen, and my Shadow and I had all the river to ourselves.

McComb's Dam Bridge—looking like a great cobweb—was passed, and the row of lamps on High Bridge came into view. It was weird gliding under those great arches, with the echo from the splash of the paddle and the throb of the engine running the great pump up on the hill. The channel winds somewhat above the bridge, and at half tide even a canoe must keep in it to avoid running aground. Being familiar with its course from many a Saturday afternoon's row while at school, I had little difficulty in keeping in deep water by watching the many lights on shore and thus getting my points. When I neared King's Bridge, I remembered the strong tide running through it—against me this time—and from a previous experience

when I had to wade through and drag my boat after me with the water higher than my hips, I decided to take the short cut channel—a little stream running across from the river to Spuyten Duyvil Creek some half mile below the bridge, and originally made use of as power for a tide mill, now gone to ruin. The canoe was run close in to the road bridge, taken from the water, dragged over the road, and pushed into the stream above. A very narrow channel between high banks, against a strong current, made the most careful navigating necessary, especially as the place was as dark as a pocket. When the old mill was reached, it was found to have a shed or L attached to it, and extending clear across the stream, with its floor beams perhaps thirty inches above the water, and quite a rapid just below it. The place was very lonely and spooky, and my hair fairly lifted my hat as I put on all power to paddle up the rapid, glancing into the cellar of the mill through a great hole in the side wall as I stooped down to run under the shed. A very long breath was taken when the place was passed, and a sigh of relief escaped me. When I reached Spuyten Duyvil, a few moments later, a stiff spell of paddling was made necessary by the strong flood tide. The old tumbled-down iron work buildings and ore stagings, together with the rotting docks and marshes, made a dismal picture in the vague starlight; there was no moon.

When the Hudson was reached, the canoe was run well out into the tideway, and then the paddle was almost dropped for a time, and the surroundings—a broad river, perfectly calm, with the slightest shimmer where the sails of a sloop or schooner hung motionless from the gaff and mast, lights in the distance on shore along the railroad, and all sorts of sounds, coming now from one point and then from another—all these, I say, had the effect of carrying one away in thought from the little craft and her destination. Suddenly,

while in a brown study and just paddling enough to keep steering way on, a tall, straight, black object loomed up right ahead and seemed to be gliding over the water at a fearful rate right for me. It was but a moment before it flashed across me what it was, and, with a tremendous dip of the paddle on the starboard side and a kicking forward of the left leg that carried me clear under the deck and flat on the bottom, I managed, by thus steering the canoe, to avoid being carried bow on to a great shad-pole. Dreaming was over for the time, and the utmost watchfulness was found necessary to avoid an accident, as the river was full of these poles, which, being planted in twenty or thirty feet of water, are quite good-sized trees. A train coming along just then, with engine coal-ing up, and furnace-doors open, threw a broad band of light on the water, and showed in a few moments what a forest of poles was about me. A westerly course was now taken; the last part of the trip was made right along under the great dark cliffs and woods of the Palisades. Many vessels were passed near by—those bound down, at anchor; those bound up, drifting with the tide, and almost all with sail up. Long before a vessel could be seen at all, except, perhaps, her light, the voices of the crew on board could be plainly heard. Sometimes a violin, at others an accordeon, would sound over the water from the deck of a craft. A train would go along on the railroad and drown all other sounds, and then the wheels of a steamer would throb out, perhaps two miles off. At eleven, or a little after, the canoe was run alongside her dock, housed, and the crew started to foot it home.

Not a muscle was stiff the next day, in spite of its being the first long paddle of the season, in a new canoe, too, and a distance of fully twenty miles, if not more, having been covered. When the canoe was housed, not enough water was found in her to fill a sponge—a very creditable

fact to her builder, who stated she had never been in, on, or near the water before being launched by me.

Night trips are very often exceedingly enjoyable; but, if possible, get a companion. It is much pleasanter than going alone. If you can't get two canoes, go tandem—two in one. I have taken at night many a short trip, and, with a light on deck to warn steamers off, have almost always thoroughly enjoyed it. But take warning: only cruise over very well-known waters after dark. Two men at Lake George last summer paddled from an island in the lake to Caldwell, five miles, one afternoon, and started to come back after dark, and brought up at Fourteen Mile Island. They turned up next morning though, after a long paddle back to camp.

VERSES TO A CANOE-ESS.

Prithee, dearest maiden, hark
To my song on birchen bark,
When you write of a canoe,
Quite the proper thing to do
(As the first canoes were made
All of birch-bark, strong and staid)
Is some birch-bark for to use
('Tis suggestive of canoes).

THE CANOEIST.

I.

He paddles around in his little canoe,
Of such a convenient size,
That it fits to perfection the one-half of
two,
Now don't you consider that nice.

II.

He ever floats adown the stream,
He never paddles up;
His holidays pass as in a dream,
Oh, sweetish is his cup.

III.

He down the stream doth gently glide
And plucks the gaudy flowers,
That grow in tufts on either side,
Thus doth he spend his hours.

IV.

And when at dusk
He eats his crust,
Oh! he is so content;
For "Here," he thinks,
As his tea (?) he drinks,
"No landlord duns for rent."

V.

How pleasant too, to think in camp,
While eating his bread and molasses,
By the light of a student's lamp,
"I pay no high bill for gas."

VI.

The fuel and water rates give him no
thought,
For of each he has plenty to spare;
He pities those persons whom summer has
caught,
Breathing New York's de-oxidized air.

VII.

The canoeist's a wonderful man indeed,
This, I believe, is his practical creed.
That he ought to obtain all the health and
the speed
From his boat that he can, each will be
its own mead.

EDITORS CANOEIST:—The original of the enclosed doggerel is written on a piece of birch-bark received by a lady friend of mine. She, in pity to the author of them, refused to give his name, though it is fair to assume he is a canoeist. They were copied by me, with her permission, with the understanding that they were to be sent to you. I send them as I copied them in the pages of my memorandum book, knowing that time used in transferring to better paper would be wasted if they are to go to the printer, and if not deemed worthy, still more wasted.

I am in haste,

Very truly yours.

On second thought, I'll not sign my name, as you might think me guilty of the authorship.

PHOTOGRAPHY AGAIN.

PERMIT another beginner to pay a tribute to the delights of amateur photography as an adjunct to canoeing, and at the same time to thank Rev. Mr. Woodman for his article on "Canoe Photography" in the initial number of the CANOEIST, which first introduced the subject to the writer's attention. The canoe and the camera are natural allies, and my advice to every canoeist would be: *Don't* go on a cruise without a camera.

Mr. Farnham's recent article contained some good points; but I beg to differ with him on the subject of plate-holders. A new swivel-bed 4 x 5 camera, recently introduced, shuts up to a thickness of only two inches, and this with three double plate-holders (carrying six plates) packs into a box 5 x 7 x 9 inches. Is not this compact enough? Three holders, by the way, make the most convenient number, as the canoeist, when on a cruise, rarely finds time for more than six exposures per day. The plates are put up in packages of a dozen, and, dividing each in two parts before leaving home, prevents confusion about exposed and non-exposed plates. Developing is, perhaps, the most interesting branch of the art, and I prefer doing it leisurely at home, with proper facilities, rather than lose needed sleep in camp. My experience has been that, with ordinary care and judgment, nine out of every ten plates will prove successful, and the "Pyro" developer allows such latitude of exposure that very few failures need result on that score.

Unlike the canoe, the camera affords a source of amusement all the year round, and a winter ramble may be rewarded, as mine was the other day, with half a dozen choice bits of snow-capped scenery, which contrast finely with the views of river, lake, and mountain taken on the summer cruise.

VESPER.

CLUB DOINGS.

FOR the benefit of clubs just forming, the following is given as a suggestion. It has been amended from time to time, and much shortened since its adoption in 1872.

CLUB CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I. *Officers.*—The officers of this club shall consist of a commodore, vice-commodore, and secretary.

ARTICLE II. *Election of officers.*—The annual election of officers shall take place at the last general meeting in each year, and said election shall be by ballot only. Each officer shall hold office until the adjournment of the last general meeting of the following year. Vacancies may be filled at any general or special meeting.

ARTICLE III. *Quorum.*—Five active members to constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE IV. *Duties of Commodore.*—It shall be the duty of the commodore to take command of the squadron, to preside at all meetings, and to enforce the rules and regulations.

He may call a special meeting of the club at his pleasure, and he shall do so at the written request of two active members of the club.

ARTICLE V. *Duties of Vice-Commodore.*—It shall be the duty of the vice-commodore to assist the commodore in the discharge of his duties, and in his absence to officiate in his stead.

ARTICLE VI. *Duties of Secretary.*—It shall be the duty of the secretary to keep a record of all the proceedings of the club; to receive all moneys due the club, and pay all bills duly contracted by it, keeping a correct account of the same; and to make a report at the last general meeting in each year.

ARTICLE VII. *Voting.*—All voting to be by active members of the club: each member to be entitled to one vote.

ARTICLE VIII. *Election of Members.*—Any person shall be eligible to membership. Each candidate for admission must be approved by the executive committee, and elected at a meeting of the club (two negatives shall defeat an election). The executive committee shall have power to elect after having notified every member of the club. *Note.*—Associate members shall pay five dollars per year (no initiation fee), shall have all the privileges of the club,

except the following : right to vote, storage in club-house for canoes during winter, and benefit of insurance policy.

ARTICLE IX. *Dues*.—Each member, on his election, shall pay an initiation-fee of five dollars. If said sum is not paid within thirty days from the time of his election, such election to be null and void. The yearly dues shall be ten dollars, and shall be payable in advance. Members who are absent from the United States for a whole year shall be exempt from their dues for such year, provided they give notice of their absence to the secretary.

On the first day of November of each year all members whose dues for the year remain unpaid shall at once be notified of the same by the secretary; and if any member shall allow his dues to remain unpaid for a year, he shall be considered, unless he be absent from the United States, as having forfeited his membership. No member shall be entitled to any of the privileges of the club until his dues are paid.

ARTICLE X. *Honorary Members*.—Any person shall be eligible to be elected an honorary member who shall be approved of at a general or special meeting.

ARTICLE XI. *Executive Committee*.—The general government of the club, and the supervision of the club house and the property thereof, shall belong to an executive committee of five, of which the commodore, vice-commodore, and secretary shall be *ex-officio* members, and the remaining two shall be active members of the club, and shall be elected at the last general meeting of each year. All regattas shall be under the control of a committee of five, to be appointed by the commodore.

ARTICLE XII. *Amendments*.—This Constitution may be amended at any meeting; but no amendment passed at any general or special meeting shall be valid until approved at a subsequent meeting; and any amendment must be submitted at a general meeting.

BY-LAWS.

CHAPTER I. *Notices*.—Notices shall be sent to every member, of all meetings, at least five days before such meeting.

CHAPTER II. *Representatives*.—Any active member may authorize any other active member to vote for him by a written proxy, which shall be valid for that meeting only.

CHAPTER III. *Order of Business*.—1. Minutes. 2. Treasurer's Report. 3. Election of Members and Officers. 4. Committee Reports. 5. Miscellaneous Business. 6. Adjournment.

CHAPTER IV. *Pendants*.—The commodore's signal shall be a swallow-tail pendant, with two crossed paddles encircled by four five-pointed stars in white, on a blue field. The vice-commodore's shall be a broad pendant, with a similar device on a red field. The acting commodore will have a broad pendant, blue field, without device.

CHAPTER V. *Signals*.—The distinguishing signal of the club shall be a painted burgee, its width being two-thirds of its length (length, one inch for each foot of length of deck); the device being on a ground. Each canoe is required to have a distinguishing signal flag, such signal to be rectangular, and same width and length as club signal.

CHAPTER VI. *Senior Officer*.—In the event of the absence of the commodore and vice-commodore, the oldest member of the club, being at the time a canoe-owner, shall be considered the senior officer and acting commodore.

CHAPTER VII. *Expulsion*.—Any member may be expelled by the vote of a majority of active members at any general meeting.

CHAPTER VIII. *Amendments*.—These By-Laws may be amended at any general or special meeting.

THE Vesper Boat Club, of Lowell, Mass., organized in 1875 as a rowing club, is fast discarding the oar for the paddle, although as yet only two of its 100 members are A. C. A. men; but of the fifty-eight pleasure craft that comprise the club navy, eighteen are canoes, as follows: Two Racine Shadows, one St. Paul, one Birdie Kane, four Rushton open Lapstreaks, two canvas canoes, and eight Indian birches. Canoeing has practically killed the rowing interest, and the last annual regatta had to be abandoned for want of oarsmen. The club house is one of the finest in New England, and during the past year a room has been fitted up especially for the accommodation of canoes. More of the latter will be added to the fleet the coming season, and the next regatta will probably include some canoe races.

F. H. PULLEN.

A. C. A.

The Regatta Committee rise and explain in reply to Mr. Rushton's vigorous letter of last month. They entirely agree with his remarks, which would have been well-timed and necessary if any one had really proposed to do what he objects to. It only remains for them to state how it came to *appear* that it was proposed. The principal mistake—12 instead of 16 inches at crown of deck—has already been explained; and it may be added that at the very time the draft rules were mailed to the CANOEIST, the draftsman of the rules owned a canoe considerably over twelve inches deep at crown of deck, and had not the slightest intention of barring his own canoe out of the A. C. A. races. The other depth figures came to be inserted in this way: Some depth limit was thought desirable at the meeting of the committee in consultation with Commodore Edwards; but the committee had not proper data before them to enable them to determine accurately what should be the minimum depths for the various classes. It was decided to consult the principal builders, including, of course, Mr. Rushton, before the figures were finally fixed; and meanwhile roughly approximate figures were filled in, instead of leaving blanks, which would probably have been better. These were not revised in the hurry of going to press, and so were published in their rough approximate condition. The intention of the committee was to base the figures upon the majority of existing canoes, not to make any arbitrary alterations at all.

Iowa Canoe Club, Dr. Eugene A. Guilbert, Commodore; John Rix, D. D. S., Vice Commodore; Marcus C. Smith, Secretary. Executive Committee—officers ex-officio: C. H. Peters, Ben C. Wilkins. Regatta Committee, to be appointed. Active members: E. A. Guilbert, McGregor; Tac Hussey, Des Moines; B. C. Wilkins, Clinton; M. C. Smith, Davenport; A. Phelps, Washington; G. H. Tousey, Burlington; W. H. Atlee, Ft. Madison; John Rix, Ft. Madison; M. O. Warner, Ft. Madison; C. H. Peters, Ft. Madison; H. S. Putnam, Davenport.

IOWA CANOE CLUB, }
OFFICIAL NOTE, No. 1. March 1st, '83. }

I. It is with real pleasure and no little satisfaction that I announce to the broth-

erhood at large, and canoeists of Iowa in particular, that a number of active canoeists have effected an organization, to be known as the Iowa Canoe Club, to date from January 10th, 1883.

II. The following appointments are hereby announced:

Tac Hussey, Measurer; M. O. Warner, Bugler.

III. George B. Carpenter & Co., 202 S. Water street, Chicago, Ill., will furnish club burgee for \$1.25. By ordering from them, uniformity in color and design is preserved.

IV. To members not subscribers to the AMERICAN CANOEIST, published at No. 5 Union Square, N. Y., I can say, the CANOEIST is wholly devoted to canoeing, and ably edited by gentlemen of large experience, and worthy of our most generous support.

EUGENE A. GUILBERT,
Commodore.

MARCUS C. SMITH,
Secretary.

The annual meeting of the Toronto Canoe Club was held on Tuesday evening, March 6. Eleven members were present.

The officers of last season were re-elected, namely: Commodore, Hugh Neilson; Vice-Commodore, E. Leigh; Secretary, Robert Tyson; Librarian, Frank M. Nicholson; Treasurer, John Hague.

Three honorary members were also elected: Judge Scott, of Brampton; Rev. George Young, of Lisgar, Manitoba; and Mrs. E. Leigh, of Toronto, a lady paddler.

The Secretary reports twenty-three paid-up members on the rolls last year. Of these, one has been elected an honorary member, and about half a dozen will probably drop off the roll; some from having left the city, and some from other reasons. Three new applications for membership have been received. The paid-up membership of the club will probably be about twenty for the coming season. There is, however, no decrease in the active canoeing members of the club. There are sixteen canoes owned in the club, as follows: Three Pearls (one of them still on the stocks), one English Nautilus, one Rushton "Princess," one double-center boarder, special model, two Racine Shadows, one Jersey Blue, one Rob Roy, two 24-inch paddling canoes, and four open Canadian canoes. Six of the club's canoes will carry heavy iron center-boards.

A balance in hand was reported by the treasurer.

The librarian announced that the library had received some useful additions, and was "all there."

The following resolution was passed: "That it be a by-law of the club that the first year's subscription (\$2) be paid at the time of application for membership; the \$2 to be returned if the application do not result in membership."

Conversation took place as to the ensuing A. C. A. meeting at Stony Lake, and a general feeling was expressed in favor of a strong delegation going there from the T. C. C.

The Executive Committee were instructed to arrange for a race around the Island (about eight miles) on the 24th of May next, to be thrown open to small sail-boats outside the club, as well as to the club's canoes.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Although there is very little mention ever made of New England, especially the eastern part, I should like to let you know that she is not so very far behind the times in canoeing.

Here in Cambridge we have had a canoe club for the last eighteen months, and I am in hopes that this summer we shall make a good showing in the way of regattas and cruises.

The tide in the Charles River here is very swift, so much so that paddling against it is anything but a pleasure, and sailing against it, with any but the most favorable wind, absolutely impossible. This deters many persons, who would otherwise become active canoeists, from joining us.

At present we have a fleet of thirteen canoes on our list, and, when spring opens, hope to add several more to it. We have a large club-house at Old Cambridge, with a good wharf for landing, and I extend a cordial invitation to all canoeists to pay us a visit, and will try and make it as agreeable as possible for them. I should also like to correspond with other clubs.

CHAS. S. CLARK,
Com. C. C. C.

—The secretary of the Lake George C. C. reports that organization as having twenty-six members, all active, and every man a canoe owner.

DRIFTINGS.

A Strange Canoe.—A remarkable canoe—perhaps the largest in the world—has just been received by the Metropolitan Museum of Natural History, of this city. It is a war canoe made by the Indians of Queen Charlotte's Island, British Columbia. Possibly it is the only one of its kind, as the natives there make no more like them, now that the Canadian Government protects those Indians. This canoe was dug out of a log of cedar, something like pencil-cedar; its dimensions are: length, 62 ft. 6 in.; beam, 8 ft. 3 in.; depth (inside), 3 ft. 5½ in.; sheer at stern, 5 ft. 5½ in.; sheer at bow, 4 ft. 9 in. The sides are about 1½ inches thick, and the bottom is 3 inches thick. It will be seen that this dug-out is remarkably thin for its size; it is held in shape by a stout gunwale, 9 light ribs, and 8 thwarts or seats—two of which, higher than the others, cross from gunwale to gunwale. But, notwithstanding these braces, the hull has probably warped a good deal, as one side is fuller than the other along the gunwale, and the stern inclines to starboard. These thwarts can scarcely be regarded as seats, for they are covered with large carved images, most uncomfortable to see or sit on; they represent, in rude and grotesque forms, crabs, waterfowls, human figures praying, the head and arms of a man swimming; and, on the bow, facing upward to the sky, is the image of an owl's head with a human mouth; and these forms are set off by yellow, white, and black paint. The canoe is painted black, excepting at the bow and stern, where a yellow ground is covered with large, rude designs in black and red. The bottom of the canoe is flat, straight, and narrow; the stern and stem are cut well away, and end in high, angular forms, the use of which it is rather difficult to understand. The craft is very well shaped for running, and has a better clearance than entrance. She has several checks or cracks; one covered on the inside with a strip of rawhide tacked down, runs almost her entire length. The thwarts are not nailed in, but secured to the sides by withs. She was dug out and shaped with adzes, bought of whalers, and the lines of the chipping are carried out with great accuracy and grace. There seems to be no means of steering her, but her handling may be more readily under-

stood when her paddles or oars and her three sails arrive.

C. H. F.

—Mr. Frank F. Andrews, of the Rochester C. C., was in New York early in March, and called on several local canoeists.

—The constitution of the Lake George C. C., has been received, and for simplicity and strength it is a model. Clubs just forming will do well to send to Secretary E. W. West, Glens Falls, New York, for a copy.

—By passing rudder lines—before entering coaming—through a block (on continuation of line) and fastening the end on deck, allows of a single purchase and doubles the motion for rudder of that of the foot.

—Glens Falls members of Lake George C. C. are busy preparing for the summer's work. S. R. Stoddard's builder has just laid the keel for the canoe he is to use on his long trip around Cape Cod and the coast of Maine next summer. She will be eighteen feet long and thirty-six inches beam, clinker-build. Her rig will be lateen and a very ingenious arrangement for a down-haul and a reefing-gear, by which with one pull he lowers and reefs, and a pull in the opposite direction hoists and spreads all sail. Mr. S. "fathers" the idea. Our brethren across the line, look out! Watchword here is, "On to Canada!"

E. W. W.

—Rushton has sent us a very pretty photo. of his steering-gear. The yoke slides, upright, and section of bottom-board are shown. We regret we cannot reproduce it for our readers.

—The "Cruise of the Little Nan" 500 miles down the Mississippi, by Benj. C. Wilkins, of Clinton, Iowa, 1882, a little book written and printed by a canoeist, has been received. It is particularly interesting and cleverly gotten up.

—Mr. Charles W. Hedenberg, of Medford, Mass., is a canoeist, and, from a letter received from him, we infer that there are a number of other canoeists in Medford. Boston is not so far behind, after all—tho' she don't talk much.

—Now that Neide is home again, won't he say something?

—Warren S. Holt has joined the Springfield Club, and brings in a Racine Shadow.

—Mr Tyson's hatch article, on account of delay in getting the illustrations, will be published later.

—"Wachita" is the name of William A. Harris' canoe, omitted in the list of Springfield Club in March number.

—Through a printer's error, the name of Mr. Bradford's canoe (Springfield Club) was printed NASHUA in March number. It should have been NAHMA.

—We have received a second letter from Mr. Tomlin, concerning the Sharpie, and his opinion and that of his friends of her. They sail Racine and Everson Shadow canoes, and state that the Sharpie must take second place in point of speed and comfort—Mr. Clapham to the contrary.

—Whom the poem is by that appears on our first page we do not know. Mr. Wulsin presented it at the A. C. A. dinner, and Commodore Longworth read it. CANOEIST must apologize for not printing it before. It is now given for the novice to study and ponder over, that during the coming season he may be familiar with sea talk and use the nautical terms correctly. Look to it then.

—"Ye Amateur Photographer," a very pretty winter view—woods, path, lake, fields, and the artist himself in the foreground—has been received at our sanctum from F. H. Pullen, Lowell; also a copy of the *Courier*, with a report of the annual meeting of the Vesper Boat Club. From this we infer that the boating interest is not very lively, but that the canoeists, though few, are all active, and their number increasing.

—Canoe Tent cut and article, and an article on Tabernacle, with cut, we were obliged to hold over for May number.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR CANOEIST:—As the time draws near for getting canoes in sea-going trim, you will doubtless confer a favor on others as well as myself by giving your experience in varnishing or protecting canoes from the water.

I used, last year, Crockett's spar varnish, which was recommended to me, but I found it turned white whenever the canoe was kept in the water over an hour or so. It also cracked all over very fine.

Now this must decrease the speed of a boat perceptibly. Have you ever used English coach varnish? This is used extensively on shell boats, but I don't know as it would stand on a boat which, like a canoe, is sometimes in water for several days.

An early reply through your columns will be much appreciated. Yours truly,
D. W. TRYON.

This is the answer we get from an authority.—[Ed.]

Though the prevailing weather hardly warrants the hope, there will doubtless soon come a few warm sunny days, with a welcome; the almost forgotten odor of spring in the air, giving a start to the circles, causing the frogs and snakes to turn over and wonder whether it isn't almost time to get up, and sending hundreds of canoeists, from Kentucky to Canada, up in the garret, down in the cellar, into corners of artists' studios, doctors' sanctums, snug students' "dens;" or even if there are liberal-minded womenfolk around, into the parlor; to uncover and inspect the "wee bit barkie;" to pull down flags and paddles from the walls, and sails from some dry resting place; to hunt up the old straw hat for a new ribbon, and the well-worn "Knickerbockers," true and tried companions of many an "orgie," for sundry darns and repairs; to pore over charts, of evenings, and to make general nuisances of themselves to all their lady friends by a persistent "talking boat" on all occasions. Most probably it is only a false alarm, but it is none too soon to prepare for the coming season. First, let us take the canoe and clean her out thoroughly, removing all hatches, etc., and being especially careful to get out the last grain of that sand that is sure to be hiding somewhere, ready to roll down into the fresh varnish. Then if the varnish is not too thick already, the entire boat, fittings, and spars, are to be rubbed down perfectly smooth with sandpaper (with the grain of the wood) and carefully dusted off, all rough edges on keel, etc., being planed down, and all bare spots having a couple of coats of shellac varnish. For varnishing, either Crockett's or Pratt & Lambert's spar compositions are used, and two coats should be given, both very thin, and the first, *after allowing time to dry thoroughly*, being rubbed down with ground pumice-stone and water, using a soft flannel

or chamois skin, and washing well with clean water. If, as often happens, the boat has had many coats of thick varnish, it will be necessary to scrape her with a steel blade or glass until it is removed, care being needed not to scratch the soft wood, then the sandpaper and varnish follow as before. On all new wood a "wood filler," prepared by the above firms, precedes the varnish. Masts should be scraped and oiled. Of course, before varnishing, there will be some small repairs and alterations to attend to, and the brass-work to clean. To get and keep a bright polish on it is difficult, but if rubbed from time to time, and wiped off when wet, it will not turn green, but will take a rich color, more serviceable and ship-shape than the fleeting shop gloss. The sails will, of course, have to be overhauled, darned in places, washed and carefully dried in the autumn, and now will only require to be bent, but halyards, sheets, rope ends, lashings of blocks, must all undergo a rigid scrubbing and some repairs; and rudder-fittings, center-board and steering-gear should also receive attention, thus preventing dangerous or vexatious breakdowns. The sooner this is done, now, the better, and then one will not be tempted to launch prematurely, and be caught out in a leaky boat (by the way, it may not be amiss, if stored in a warm house, to throw a little water in the boat after varnishing), to stick fast in half-dried varnish. To have that block or cleat, which you know should have been fixed last summer, fail now, under April's squalls, with, maybe, a resultant spill in icy water, would be bad.

Do all that has to be done in good season, and thoroughly, and the results will be fully realized in your first sail.

BUILDER.

CANOE PILOT.

FROM WATKINS' GLEN TO THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

(Continued from March number.)

SENECA.

IF a canoe is sent to Watkins from New York by the Erie and Northern Central railways the freight charge is simply outrageous, unless special arrangements are made; but if you can send your craft on one or two weeks ahead of time, look up a canal-boat bound for Syracuse,

mark your canoe "Watkins, N. Y., care of steamer Elfin," and ask the canal-boat captain to leave her with Stephens & Co., forwarders, Syracuse. This is not only the cheapest, but the safest way to send frail boats.

The standing of Watkins Glen, as a summer resort for people who are *really gentlemen and ladies*, is, perhaps, well enough known to need no mention here, but I can say that there are one or two enthusiastic canoeists resident in the lovely little village, who will give the strange cruiser a warm welcome. They know what a canoe is here, too, for years ago William Jarvis, one of the pioneer canoe builders of this country, turned out Rob Roys and Baden-Powells from a little shop on the lake shore (Psyche is one).

Seneca Lake is nearly forty miles long, with high, rocky, and well-wooded shores throughout its length. Its water is like ice, too cold even in midsummer for bathing, and void of any fish that can be taken with hook and line. Its nearest neighbors, Cayuga and Keuka lakes, afford good lake-trout and bass fishing. Good camping places abound on Seneca Lake, where the cascades tumbling from the rocks above have formed gravelly points with the pebbles and earth washed from the cliffs.

Seneca River flows out of the north-east corner of the lake, and when you have entered it prepare to fight mosquitos. I forgot to say that these pests are totally absent from both Cayuga and Seneca Lakes. Between Geneva to Cayuga, a distance of about thirteen miles, are several dams, which may be passed in the locks used by canal boats, or the canoeist can shoot them when the water is sufficiently high. From Cayuga to Cross Lake, on the Seneca River—a distance of twenty-five miles—extends, a large part of the way, the great Montezuma Marsh, and the voyager should arrange not to be caught at night in its extent, as it affords poor camping-ground, and the mosquitos are fiercer and more numerous than anywhere else on the globe. At and beyond Cross Lake good camping places are plenty. Just below this lake are "Jack's Riffs," a stretch of rapids free from rocky obstructions except in very low water, and then ensues a free course to Three-River Point, with the one exception—a dam at Baldwinsville, where there are convenient locks. At Three-River Point the Oneida River joins the Seneca in forming the Oswego, and to its mouth (twenty-eight miles) is plain paddling, a few dams

and one natural fall being easily passed by locks.

The passage from Oswego city to Cape Vincent, on the broad Ontario, is attended with no danger to a careful canoeist who has plenty of time in which to make it. The shore should be closely hugged all the way, as storms have a fashion of springing up at very short notice on this body of water, and a snug harbor should be always in reach. The writer, who is so selfish as never to cruise "in company," found himself a prisoner in Little South Bay for eight days during a continued western blow; but nothing necessitated a speedy completion of the voyage, and, accepting the inevitable, the time was passed very pleasantly in trout fishing, collecting specimens, experimenting in camp cookery, and training my travelling companion—an intelligent cocker pup. If there are any pseudo-canoeists who would be afflicted with *ennui* when placed in a similar position, they had better avoid the possibility of such a thing by freighting their canoes to Cape Vincent by propeller.

If the canoeist is also a piscator, the very best black-bass fishing may be enjoyed at Stony and Galloup islands, in Lake Ontario, some twenty miles or so from Cape Vincent, and anywhere from the latter place down the St. Lawrence, good trolling for pickerel, pike and muscallonge may be had. My own trip closed at Alexandria Bay, but the paddler might continue thirty-five miles further among these charming islands to Ogdensburg, where canoe and traps could be advantageously shipped by rail to Rome, on the New York Central Road, as charges on the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad are very reasonable.

It has occurred to me that a trip to Lake George from Seneca Lake might be made feasible by ascending the Oneida River at Three-River Point to and through Oneida Lake, thence by Wood's Creek and a short portage to the Erie Canal, and east on this thoroughfare and the Mohawk River. Canoeing on the Erie Canal has little to recommend it, as I know by experience, so, perhaps, this cruise will not be attempted.

Any information I can give brother canoeists concerning the above, or any other routes they may select among the lakes or streams of central New York, will be cheerfully afforded. I am "personally acquainted" with every puddle big enough to float a boat, and an inquiry addressed me, in care of the CANOEIST, will insure a prompt reply.

THE AMERICAN

C · A · N · O · E · I · S · T

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

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No. 4.

WHITECAP'S FOAM.

SKIMMING along in my light canoe,
O'er the deep clear waters I glide,
As with gentle strokes of my paddle's
blade,

My swift moving boat I guide.

The laughing wavelets come rippling
round,

And softly the breezes blow ;

Far away the mountain tops are tinged
With the sunset's mellow glow.

As the fleecy clouds in the deep blue sky
Are kissed by the sun's last ray,
Their deepening colors—red and gold—
Shine out on the closing day.

* * * * *

I lie on the ground by the camp-fire's
light,

I list to the breezes sigh,

While the droning hum of the insect world
Comes out of the woods near by.

Wierd shadows my fire-light casts around ;
My canoe at the beach is fast ;
The night winds whisper strange thoughts
to me,

As they go murmuring past,

While the stars look down from their lofty
dome,

'Neath the rising moon's pale beams ;
With a heart from care and trouble free,
I sink to the land of dreams.

W. H. F.

FROM KENDALL DIRECT.

DEAR CANOEIST: While at Cedar
Keys I received several letters from
members of the A. C. A., asking me
to "report" through the columns of the
CANOEIST.

Had I supposed there was any who
cared to hear from the Wanderer, I would
have done so before. As you all know,
since leaving Pensacola, I have been alone.
I left the latter place on the 6th of February,
and paddled through Santa Kasa Sound,
reaching Choetawathee Bay on the 10th.
I remained at Marena Point until the 21st,
having a right royal good time hunting
and fishing. I made the sixty miles be-
tween East Pass and St. Andrew's Bay in
twenty hours. Left St. Andrew's on the
27th, made portage across Cape San Blas
on the 28th, and March 1st I entered St.
Vincent's Sound, through Indian Pass. I
found the Sound magnificent cruising
ground—smooth water, plenty of fish, and
acres of fine oysters.

Reached Apalachicola on the 2d ;
found it the most forlorn and delapidated
looking town that I had yet seen ; got
away on the 3d, and ran to Carrahela, an
enterprising little town on James' Island ;
made a halt over Sunday, getting away on
the 6th, and took my course through
Crooked River (it is crooked), where I saw
many alligators, but they were all too
quick for me, and I never got a shot at
one.

On March 7th reached St. Mark's, once
a flourishing little place, but now nothing
but the old Spanish fort and the fag end
of a railroad remain. Paddling up the

river I soon reached Newport, where my eyes were gladdened by the sight of a live canoeist—Mr. Monroe, of Okeechobee, fame. Spent one night with Mr. Monroe, and away for the South. Reached Rock Island, near the mouth of the Fenhalloway River, on the 9th—the day of “Wiggins” great storm; made the eighty miles between Fenhalloway and Cedar Keys in sixteen hours under sail; was in company with the cat boat “Wyna,” of the Keys, all the time, and beat her at that—at least Mr. J. E. Richards, agent of the Eagle Pencil Co., who was on the “Wyna,” said so. From Cedar Keys to this place is the finest cruising I have ever seen—beautiful islands, clear water, fine fishing, and all that the lover of water could wish. But the pearl of all is, “Tarpan Springs,” where I write this letter—(P. O. address, “Anclote”). It is six months’ old, thirty miles of avenues, two hotels, a regular steamer to Cedar Keys, and every prospect of business. I have purchased a lot, and would say to canoeists that the A. C. A. flag always flies; here is the finest cruising, salt and fresh water, good fishing and hunting. Any one contemplating a trip South, cannot do better than come here. Trusting I have not made my letter too long, I will say good-bye.

S. D. KENDALL.

THE BITTER WITH THE SWEET.

ITS APPLICATION TO CANOEING.

WHAT do you say to eight o’clock?” “Good; that suits us!” “Report in uniform at Winooski Club-house at eight tonight, sharp!” Such were the orders. The result: three club canoes, partly laden, lay at their moorings in the club-house slip, at the appointed time. A cruise of a day and two nights was about to be indulged in by three knights of the paddle and an invited guest. As the crews are not on board, we will take advantage of

their absence and inspect the fleet and outfits.

Here’s the Maudanna: Rob Roy model, built by her superior officer, Captain Howell. She measures fourteen feet, is clinker built, full-decked, and rigged with leg-o’-mutton mainsail and dandy. Opening the hatch, we find an entire set of necessary utensils—spider, coffee-pot, can-opener, two cups, two plates, knives, forks, spoons, etc., all fitted with spaceless economy into a granite-iron kettle covered with a buttoning lid; a tin box fitted with square cases containing “condiments, provisions, and mysteries.” Under the after-deck are stowed sleeping commodities, a “fly-tent” and a hatchet. (Like George Washington, Captain H. depends upon his hatchet.) Along the underside of the gunwale are suspended partly-filled canvas pockets; we dare not examine their contents. The Maudanna having been pronounced seaworthy, we turn to the Louie K., a Racine St. Paul, lateen-rigged, of which Dr. Pollock is the commander. She is the prettiest canoe in the club. As she dances upon the water, the waves seem to appreciate her beauty, as they kiss and re-kiss her glossy sides. On inspection, we find she contains only a closely-furled lateen, a pair of slippers, a hat which looks as though it had passed through some hard experience (its antiquity suggests the siege of Troy!), two very comfortable cushions, and an elegant double paddle of fine form, with a silver name-plate upon its ferrule. She looks inviting, and, not being able to withstand the temptation, we prepare to step on board, first adjusting a cushion, however—when, to our astonishment, a brace of miniature crimped hair-pins slip out of a fold, fall on deck, and tumble confusedly into the water. Innocently wondering for what purpose an unmarried canoeist uses hair-pins, we stand perplexed a moment; then, concluding that they form part of the paraphernalia of a canoeist’s outfit, we cross the slip and inspect the Racine double-

cruiser, Lorine, which we find heavily laden with tent and full camping equipments for two. Nor is the inspection completed any too soon, for the Doctor and the writer appear on the scene, immediately followed by the Captain, and the Maudanna and Louie K. soon "stand out to sea." Though it is nearly nine o'clock, the writer's guest, Adams, still fails to put in an appearance. Not being one of the club, he is the only plain "Mr." in the fleet; so that he may not feel embarrassed, however, we will call him Earnie. After the fleet has thoroughly patrolled the shore, under special orders to find him, alive or dead, he suddenly rushes down to the docks and endeavors to explain *how* he has been "looking for us for an hour." His excuses being taken in good faith, his paddle is placed into his hands, and the three canoes dart out into the stream. The slight breeze which all day has only breathed upon the water, now dies down; and while the full moon rises over the wooded bluffs and trails its silvery reflection upon our starboard quarter, we continue up the beautiful Rock River; winding among little verdant islands, then passing huge sandstone bluffs, that overhang the water and hide the beautiful greens and browns, that we *know* are there, in one dark shadow. Gliding steadily on, we reach the narrows, where the stream takes a sudden turn at an acute angle. Paddling to shore, we make our first halt at Fuller's Cave, where a gushing spring, which nestles under the brow of a huge bluff, pours its cooling and abundant stream over a moss-grown sandstone ledge to

"Ripple over stony ways,
And bicker down a valley."

There, in semi-darkness, with the queen of the night winking down at us through the overhanging firs, we drink long and deep from the beautiful stream; then filling a demi-john with nature's sparkling champagne, we continue on our course.

Thus far on our way the Captain had led our fleet; but now the Doctor took the lead, and immediately disappeared in the shadow of the willows along shore. Noiselessly the Maudanna and Lorine glided along side by side; not a sound broke the stillness, save now and then the "swish" of a catfish's tail, followed often by the thump of its nose against the canoe when passing through shallow water or near the shore.

"Listen! Voices ahead?" from Earnie. We paddle as fast and as noiselessly as possible, then stop plying the paddles an instant to listen, while the canoes glide swiftly on. "Doc.'s struck up a midnight flirtation," suggests the Captain, in a stage whisper, as his canoe passes ours, propelled by his vigorous strokes. Suddenly we reach an opening in the willows, where we find the Louie K. aground near a dark object, which lies partially imbedded in the sand. The Doctor is evidently entertaining the object, whatever it may be; for as he sits motionless in his canoe, his musical voice just reaching our ears, there is a romantic *pose* in his position, and a genuine Romeo and Juliet tone in his voice. As we take courage and draw a little nearer, the object grows more distinct — a broken hoop and stave-ends are defined in the bright moonlight, while the following drops from the Doctor's lips:

"Only a busted barrel, upon the shores of time,
Left high and dry by the retreating waves of destiny;
The last ripples of the ebbing surf break against it,
The crimson radiance of the setting sun
Glorifies its dislocated staves,
The ocean vapors oxidize its twisted nails,
And the winds moan softly through its crevices
As through an Æolian harp.

Wrecked, abandoned, forgotten!
What is it to the gay world which holds
Its revels far out upon the illuminated East?
As the gay world would probably say, "'tain't
nuthin'!"
And yet there's poetry in it.
There was a time when its slick, fat sides
Shone with fullness and rotundity;

When gold glittered and glimmered through its distended chinks,
When the world—"

Our feelings overcame us, and not wishing to intrude further, we left the touching scene. Side by side, in the middle of the stream, two canoes glided up the silent river; nor were their crews less silent than the surroundings. Fully a mile was won in this quiet manner, then a lively conversation ensued, which continued until we reached a little willowed isle, around the head of which the Louie K. suddenly glided into view. The Doctor had stolen ahead of us by taking advantage of the quiet water and dark shadows along shore. It was suggested that he had sought for other poetic subjects; but this he denied, however. Another half mile brought us to the grand old bluffs of Hazelwood, where William Cullen Bryant was said to have first conceived his "Forest Hymn." Choosing a grassy flat near the water's edge, sheltered by the umbrageous arms of an old elm tree, we prepared to camp for the night. Half-masts, ridge-poles, and tents were soon adjusted in position over the canoes, which had first been placed side by side upon the grass. Beds having been made up in the canoes, and sleeping preparations generally completed, all hands were "piped above decks," and according to a unanimous vote, refreshments were in order. The larders of the several boats having been explored, their contents were brought forth and spread before the hungry crews. When lo! the startling discovery! The proposed bread, which was to make up at least two-thirds of the bill of fare, was found wanting. Unfortunately, in place of one, *two* had been appointed to supply bread, and the confidence of each in the other's supplying bounteously had resulted in one small half-loaf, and a still *smaller* whole one. And these were to last four canoeists during five meals or more! With the average canoeist's confidence in the future, we took "no thought for the

morrow," but satisfied the "aching void," then packed away the butter, salt, and pepper for the future. A half hour was spun away in yarns, and then the kind arms of Morpheus gathered us in.

II.

The night having been cool, and mosquitoes not abroad, unbroken rest was enjoyed, so far as the others were concerned; but the writer deemed it necessary to lie awake, at times, and enjoy the nasal concert that consisted of a series of trios, in which his bed-fellow carried the heavy bass in an enviable manner.

At early sun-rise, while yet the competitive trio sang their ceaseless lay, the writer jointed his rod, and throwing a hook into the stream, began to make preparations for breakfast; and it was well that the beginning was made so early, for scarcely had the rod been adjusted in the crevice of a rock, when clouds hid the orb of day and quickly spread across the sky. Gathering a supply of wood for a fire, the fisherman "shook up" the sleepers, who had now relapsed into quietude, and entreated them to assist in the preparation of breakfast. One by one heads appeared above deck, only to be again withdrawn to take a final snooze. At last, however, after great effort, apparently, the crews actually sat upright; but had not the shifting wind driven the smoke from the newly lit fire directly into camp, who knows how long they might have stretched and yawned thus; under the circumstances, a sudden uprising was effected. A hot fire followed the smoke, and eggs soon boiled in the swinging kettle. While the Captain crossed the river to a farm-house for supplies of bread and milk, the Doctor busied himself washing the previous night's dishes at a spring near by, and Adams played chambermaid in camp.

Thus, with all hands at work, breakfast was soon ready to serve; nor was it ready any too soon, for scarcely had the "table" been spread, under the combined

tent, when the quiet, drizzling prelude to an all-day's rain began. Of course breakfast was thoroughly enjoyed, as breakfasts in camp always are. During the meal the probabilities of the day were discussed, and four different predictions submitted. Knowing that Dame Nature would have it her own way, no wagers were set on the result. As soon as the breakfast dishes were cleared away (washing them could not be thought of until the rain should cease), blankets were spread in Lorine, and the quartette, in stocking-feet, took their places in the close quarters of her cock-pit. After many changes and adjustments all were at last comfortably settled, like sardines in a box. Two daily papers and an old novel constituted the supply of literature in the fleet. To make the labyrinth of matter as enjoyable as possible, each read aloud in turn, while one smoked the pipe o' peace and the others a cigarette *a piece*.

But why dwell upon the details of as dull a day as four canoeists (Adams was now duly initiated !) ever spent in camp ! About once an hour a head would be thrust out of the tent, a glance thrown first around at the sky, and then toward the rod which held the undisturbed line in the water where no fish had ever been—at least so thinks the writer. The day wore on and the usual dinner hour arrived ; still the rain came monotonously down, so a postponement of dinner was indulged in instead. At last, however, one after another was overcome by the monotony, and in turn dashed out into the woods, gathered a few sticks of such dry brush as could be found, and returned to the tent, where they were broken in "fire-wood lengths," and soon a fire was blazing in a hollow tree near the tent. Several cooks, attired in rubber coats and rubber shoes, with pantaloons rolled up in a picturesque manner, were busy preparing dinner, while the rain trickled down their necks in a manner that drew forth expressions which added much to the ludicrous situation, though it

did not tend to add to the tranquility of the one most directly interested.

At four o'clock a boiled dinner—boiled eggs, *boiled* chocolate, and accessories—having been disposed of, all hands gathered below deck as before. Yarns were spun, sketches made, jokes perpetrated, and the time passed in the best manner possible until 6:30, when the rain suddenly ceased and the setting sun made a final effort to brighten the remnant of a dreary day for just a moment, then gloriously sank in the west. While the ruddy glow still hung upon the clouds, all hands were piped above deck, and without waiting to wash-up dishes, nor to pack methodically, the canoes were hurriedly loaded and the fleet started down the stream, bearing crews who were thoroughly disgusted, for the time being, with camp-life. How glad we were again to grasp the paddle ! In demonstrating the fact the canoes spun down stream with unusual speed, and in a remarkably short space of time the clubhouse loomed up in the gathering gloom. A few moments later the canoes were lifted to their places and the crews dispersed to their homes, where friends were made to listen how we had

"Paddled up the mighty river, upward, onward in its course ;
Had stemmed its rushing waters, from terminus to source ;
Had rowed against the current, with sturdy strokes and true,
With our trusty oaken paddle—in our birchen-bark canoe."

A BED FOR CAMPING.

THE canoeist who cruises from early till late in the season needs a bed, fit not only for a king but also for various degrees of temperature, of moisture, and of unevenness in the ground. The device that I used during the past season on the coast of Labrador gave complete protection against wet, and against cold, even when ice formed ; and from previous ex-

FIGURE 1

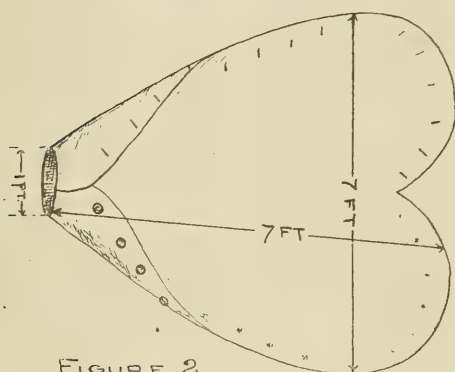
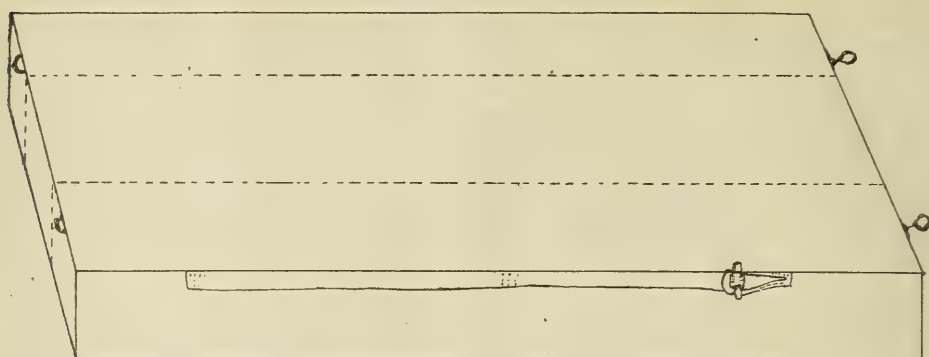


FIGURE 2



FIGURE 3

perience, with a device somewhat similar, in this latitude, I think this bed is well adapted to the warmth of our summer nights. The bed consists of a cork mat-trass, and a down quilt.

1st. The mat-trass serves also as cushion and life-preserver. The tick is 50 inches long—that it may encircle the chest—by 18 inches wide, and 4 inches deep. Its form is shown in Fig. 1; it is divided lengthwise into three compartments by two partitions—strips of muslin, 6 inches wide, sewed on to the inside of the upper and under side of the mat-trass, and across the ends, as shown by the dotted lines. Fine cork shavings, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ pounds, are put into each of these compartments, and left loose, without any packing. This mat-trass is then a bag about half full of shavings that can be shaken up and adjusted to any height or shape, to secure the softest and most comfortable seat. As a mat-trass it is

equally adjustable to the inequalities of the ground, and it is a good non-conductor of either the cold or the moisture of the earth. To make it into a life-preserver it is necessary to add two rings to one end of it, two snap-hooks to the other, and straps to one edge to serve as suspenders passing over the shoulders. One end of one suspender should have a button to pass through a loop on the mat-trass. The object of the partitions is to keep the shavings distributed about the body where they will exert their bouyancy in the water, and to prevent them from rising too much under the arms and impeding your action in swimming. The tick should be made of some very open texture, as burlaps or a very fine net, that will let the air in freely for drying purposes. Four pounds of shavings are able to sustain a man for an indefinite period, as they hold up, after soaking twenty-four hours, 20 pounds of iron.

2d. The quilt is made so as to be buttoned up in the form of a bag long enough to envelope the entire man, and thus prevent waste of warmth about the feet, sides, and shoulders. The dimensions and form when spread open are given in Fig. 2; and its shape when buttoned up and laid on one side are shown in Fig. 3. The outside and inside of the quilt should be either silk or fine, close silesia of a dark color. The quilt is to be wadded or stuffed with 2 or $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of down. To distribute it evenly, divide the quilt by rows of stitches into say 4 or 8 equal areas, and put into each an equal weight of down, which can be spread evenly, and then quilted or stitched. The oval bottom is sewed in after the quilting is all done. A strip is sewed along each edge of the quilt to strengthen the buttons and button-holes.

3d. A separate waterproof cover is to be made of the same size and shape as the quilt; it is to be of fine, close shirting, coated with boiled linseed oil; and a row of button-holes at each edge allows it to be buttoned on to the outside of the quilt. The edges of quilt and cover should overlap as the front of a double-breasted coat does. The advantages of this air-tight cover are that it secures you against all dampness, even when sleeping on a swamp; it keeps the bedding always dry, and it increases the warmth of the quilt to an astonishing degree, by preventing the loss of warm air and the entrance of moisture. The weights of the quilt and cover are: oiled cover, 2 pounds 6 ounces; down, 2 pounds; silesia quilt covers, 2 pounds 4 ounces; total, 6 pounds 10 ounces.

When it is snugly rolled up, the down is compressed very much, without injury, and the entire quilt forms a bundle smaller than the size of a pair of ordinary blankets, and very much lighter. The bundle is carried in a canvas shawl-strap. I used for some years, in this latitude, a bag-

shaped bed, in an oiled cover, in which the texture of a blanket took the place of this down quilt. This bedding answered pretty well until the nights became frosty: but it weighs 10 pounds. Very likely, three of these bags, the inner one of fleecy blanket, the middle one of fine, close silk, and the outer one of oiled muslin, would be warm enough for cold nights in May and September.

Now you adjust this bedding to a great range of temperature by sleeping under, first, the oiled cover spread out; second, the quilt spread out; third, the quilt buttoned up like a bag, over your head, the face alone being exposed between the buttons; and, fourth, the quilt enclosed by the oiled cover. This cork mattress and damp-proof bedding secure good rest in any canoeable weather and country, and also prevent the catching of colds and rheumatism.

C. H. FARNHAM.

THE CANOEIST.

DOWN the rivers and up the rills,
Through canals and over the hills;
Over the rapids and into the lakes,
That's the route the canoeist takes.

Sometimes he goes on the other tack,
And sails his craft via railroad track,
Or carries it on his shoulders broad,
And sometimes drags it over the sward.

He'll paddle a river from source to mouth,
Whether it runs either north or south,
From its very headwater down to the sea,
And send his canoe back C. O. D.

You find this fellow wherever you go,
From the River Jordan to Mexico.
For he paddles around in his light canoe
From kingdom come to Kalamazoo.

And now the soft spring months are here,
He talks about aprons and steering-gear,
While in August his paddle in hand he'll
take,

And "whoop her up" for Stony Lake.

Fair and free, bright and gay,
Look at 'em coming up Georgian Bay,
Bright and fair, gay and free,
They float the A. C. A. Burgee.

Down the rivers and up the rills,
Through canals and over the hills,
Over the rapids and into the lakes,
That's the route the canoeman takes.

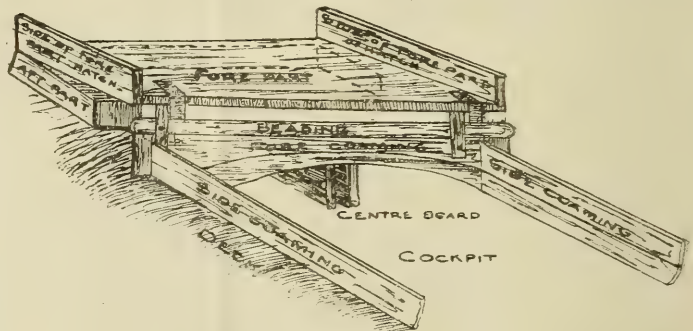
ORINOCO.

ON CANOE-HATCHES AND COAT-FLOUNCES.

LAST summer I tried a sliding-hatch forward, fitting on the outside of the coaming; but found it cumbersome and in the way, besides not properly keeping out the water from the forward end of my cockpit; the coaming of which was low at the crown of the deck. Anxious to have a convenient hatch which would keep out rain and seas, I asked information of Mr. Tredwen, with whom I am in occasional correspondence. He very kindly sent back full particulars of the hatches which are fitted on his 1882 Pearl, with pen and ink diagrams. I now share the information with my fellow-readers of the *CANOEIST*—except the diagrams. I do not want to trouble you with a number of cuts, and will try to explain as clearly as possible without them. I shall be happy to give any further information, written or sketched, to any canoeist who purposes fitting the Tredwen hatch. It has already been fitted on two canoes in Toronto. Our practical and conservative canoe-builder here, John Clindinning, and his foreman, Richard Jenkins, both say it is excellent.

For this hatch, the cock-pit of the canoe requires to be parallel or coffin-shaped, with corners nearly square—not rounded at all. By having the coaming parallel forward of the canoeist's usual seat, and of coffin-head shape behind him, the hatch can be used when there are two persons in the canoe, by removing the aft-hatch, and sliding the forward-hatch back between the two occupants, who sit facing one another. This, however, is only an occasional contingency; and where it is not desired to provide for it, the coffin-shape is better, except on sentimental grounds! We will suppose, then, a coffin-shaped cock-pit, about five feet six inches long, eighteen inches wide at the broadest part, where the canoeist sits, and narrowing to about fourteen inches at each end. There is no beading in the angle between coaming and deck; the absence of curves enabling a neat fit to be made without it. The aft-hatch is, say eighteen inches long (fore and aft length)

and the forward-hatch about thirty inches long; leaving an open, central space of about eighteen inches. The ends of the coaming are perfectly flat on the top; that is, they do not follow the curve of the crown of the deck; and they are left the thickness of the hatch higher than the coamings at the side. A bead projecting inwards is then screwed on the top of the end coamings, leaving a space of say three-eighths of an inch between the bottom of the bead and the top of the side-coaming. Into this the end of the hatch fits under the beading; making a joint through which the water cannot get. The coaming on the cockpit projects beyond the side-coamings far enough to cover up the joint between the cockpit-side coaming and the hatch-coaming. The forward hatch is in two pieces, say sixteen and fourteen inches respectively; the forward one being the largest. These two pieces are hinged together with ordinary hinges, and will be hereafter spoken of



as one hatch. There are, of course, only side-coamings to the hatches—no end-coamings; and the hatch-coamings* are outside of the cockpit-coamings when the hatches are in place. The grain of the wood in the hatch covers runs across the cockpit, projecting outside of the side-coamings of the cockpit; and the hatch-coamings are simply screwed on the hatch cover; so that the construction of the hatches is extremely simple. The forward hatch, besides being hinged in two pieces, is also hinged to the cockpit-coaming forward by a hook-hinge of a peculiar construction, which I will not attempt to describe. It has been proposed to substitute knobs and leather straps for it, where one does not desire to get the hinges specially made. The side-coamings of the hatches are the same depth as the side-coamings of the cockpit, and they fit close down upon the deck, thus giving three

points of resistance to the water. The end-coamings of the cockpit are brought out wider than the side cockpit-coamings, in order that the ends of the hatch-coamings may butt up against them. The forward hatch can be used either fully closed or half open. When used half open, you simply turn back the aft piece on the top of the forward piece, by means of the ordinary hinges spoken of. When the cockpit is to be entirely open forward, the forward hatch is simply folded on the deck forward of the cockpit, by means of the undescribed "hook-hinges"; with the after-part of it folded under the fore-part, and resting on the top of the centerboard-gear. Mr. Tredwen's hook-hinge also allows the hatch to be taken entirely away from the canoe in a moment. It has the joint high up so as to allow the hatch to swing clear of the beading before lifting. Do not confound the "after-piece" of the "forward-hatch" with the "aft-hatch"—of which I am not speaking at all at present. The aft-part of the forward-hatch should be from two to four inches shorter than the fore-part.

In conclusion Mr. Tredwen says: "Hatch-cloths or aprons I abhor. They always carry water in the hollow, they blow about, and cannot be made to ship or unship with one hand like the wooden hatch. They are troublesome and inefficient. The wooden-hatch cover makes a capital tray or table when turned upside down. It could be made strong and serve as a seat for paddling. I have one extra piece made to fit between the hatch cover and locker, so as to close up the whole well, and when cruising this serves as my seat. *Sliding hatches* always get jammed by weather or by cordage, and won't open with certainty in case of a spill or wanting to rise up hurriedly."

I also asked him in reference to the "coat-flounce." This, as you know, is a short skirt or flounce, tied or sewn to the waterproof-coat, just below the arms. Around the bottom of the flounce is a rubber cord, which springs over a beading on the hatches and deck. This contrivance enables the canoeist to paddle or sail through drenching rain-showers or driving seas, and still keep warm and dry below. Another still more important point is indicated by Mr. Tredwen. He says: "The flounce of the waterproof-coat, I think, would come all right in case of a capsize; if it did not, it would get torn—that is all. If the flounce is fitted properly to a well-ballasted

canoe with heavy centerboard, the canoe should *not capsize*, even when knocked down by a squall. My canoe, when thrown on her beam-ends, will always right herself again, unless filled with water. The coat and flounce keeps her from filling, therefore she may be thrown on her beam ends, and come up again; whereas, without the coat-flounce her well would be filled, and I should have to right her and then bale out."

ISABEL, T. C. C.

[See editorial on page 57 at bottom.]—ED.

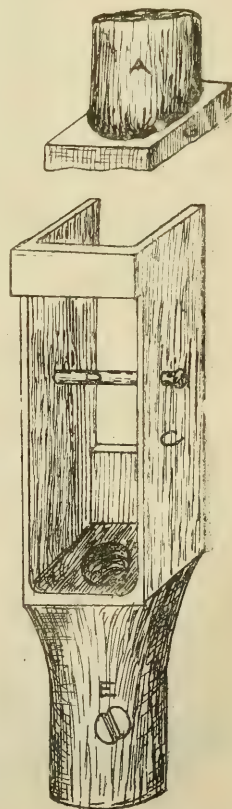
TABERNACLE USED WITH LEG-OF-MUTTON SAIL.

AMID all the rigs advised by your correspondents, I find no description of a good "leg-o'-mutton," made especially for cruising generally by the addition of a "tabernacle," which permits an immediate settling, or taking in of sail.

May I offer a plan found very practical in the experience of two summers, and well adapted to the use of canoeists not over-confident of their prowess as sailors, who have not a fancy for sitting outside the rail while the lee-scutters are under water and the boat ballasted to its utmost carrying capacity?

My mast is nine feet from step to head, intended to carry about sixty feet of canvas.

- Mast.
- Brass foot for mast to fit tabernacle.
- Tabernacle of brass.
- Pin to hold brass foot in place, with thumb screw to secure it.
- Part of tabernacle below deck fitted with wooden post to enter step in keelson.



The tabernacle proper, shown in the diagram, is nine inches from top to bottom, the "mast foot" being one and three-

quarter inches square to fit neatly, and six inches long, so as firmly to hold the mast within its cylindrical hollow.

At the rear of tabernacle (not shown) is a metal eye for a boom toggle, and at the sides are eyes (not shown) for halyards, if used.

About three and a half feet from mast-head is a strong eye, into which is clipped a stay running to the stem, or end of short bowsprit, through a sheave or pulley, and back to hand.

The mast is stepped, so that when lowered by loosing the stay from cleats, it comes down to the left of the crew and rests securely in a metal rowlock in the gunwale.

It there is entirely out of the way of paddle or left arm, and is ready for instant hoisting, when circumstances are favorable.

My reefing-gear is very simple, consisting of two ropes running from the tack and clew, severally through pulleys on boom, to a cleat at middle of it.

I lower mast, and let go halyard; unclip stay, and haul sail down on mast till rings are below the eye where stay is to be re-fastened; haul in to place tack and clew, and make fast at cleat; tie sufficient reef points, and hoist mast again, with halyard tautened to fit sail. Of course this necessitates putting boat's head to the wind.

Racing suits excluded, I do not know a neater, safer, or handier sail than this for a cruiser.

I have the patterns for the brass work of the tabernacle, and any canoeist is welcome to them to save expense of duplicating. The whole first cost of the tabernacle was about sixteen dollars. *With the patterns*, I am told it would be about ten or twelve dollars.

NEPENTHE.

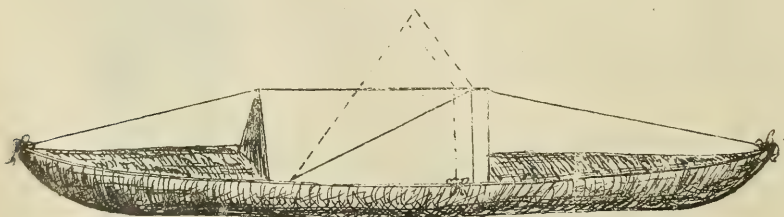
CANOEISTS AND MOSQUITOES.

AS the season draws near when the spirit of vagabondism will assert itself—that relic, it may be, of our primeval savage condition, which, bursting bounds as the impulse gathers strength, carries the cruising canoeist away from the luxuries of civilization, the smiles of the fair one, and out of reach of the typical lemon and into the haunts of the mosquito,—allow me space to quote from the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*: “* * But the application I have found most effectual is to smear the hands, when bitten, with a moist cake of soap, allow the thin lather to dry into the skin. I have frequently been obliged to resort to this for relief, and have found that all itching and pain disappeared in ten or twelve minutes after the application was made, and did not return again. Besides being effectual, it has the advantage of being always at hand and easy to use.” I have tried this for bites of the “skeeter,” and found it very serviceable.

CAMARADA, I. C. C.

CANOE TENT.

THIS tent is the common shape made to fit over the combing of the cockpit: wide hem at the bottom, with cord run through, except flap. The standards are two pieces of light wood, length to suit the height of tent, notched at bottom to fit combing, and at top to hold painter, riveted together at one end. There are two of these—one for each end of the tent. To erect tent, run your painter through holes made at apex, fasten at stern (taut enough to stretch *tight* when standards are raised), raise your standards full, draw strings



around combing and tie fast, buttons to flap on inside. When in, button flap, and there you are. No wind can effect it, no rain can beat in. Morning: crawl out,

untie drawstring and painter—down she comes; shut up standards, roll them up in tent, and stow away.

W. A. SPRAGUE.

EDITORIAL.

AT a recent meeting of the Philadelphia Canoe Club it was decided to call the chief officer CAPTAIN, instead of the usual *Commodore*. The object, it seems, was to bring about as great a simplicity as possible in the club organization, and to draw a distinction between the chief officer of the club and the first officer of the American Canoe Association. This is a step in the right direction. Who could read Mr. Alden's article, published in the March CANOEIST, and not feel that the asso. had too many commodores? Curiously, if we are not mistaken, Mr. Alden himself is responsible for this state of affairs. But probably little did he think in 1871, when he and a few others were drafting the N. Y. Canoe Club's constitution, that by 1882 some fifteen or twenty clubs would meet at Lake George, and, of course, each club, if possible, represented by its commodore—and others. On Lorna Island, last August, the commodores were altogether too numerous. Now, cannot each club consider this matter, and at their next meeting amend their constitutions in this one particular?—No, there is another point. What is the present vice-commodore to be entitled? First officer—second officer—mate—or is he to be left out? That won't do. Mate is a good word. Would any one misunderstand this if he were informed that Captain this and his mate did so-and-so? Why not—1st, captain; 2d, first officer; 3d, second officer, or secretary and treasurer? Would it not be well for the Executive Committee of the A. C. A. to look into this matter, and perhaps send an order, or request (if an order cannot be had without a full meeting of the association), to adopt this change? It should be done, if at all, before the Stony Lake meet. Let CANOEIST hear from you gentlemen in command.

THE classification matter seems to hang fire. Very few members are interested

enough to study the subject and give any help to the committee, yet it is a very vital question, and every one is at liberty—and takes it—to criticise rules once made. We hear nothing as yet about the suggestions made by Mr. Norton in his proposed remedy article in April number. How is this?

J. M. G., in his article on "Canoes, and Canoes," in April number, favors the Rob Roy above the Shadow and like canoes for cruising. Can he tell us why it is then that all, or nearly all, the long cruises made in this country have been accomplished in large canoes. Heighway, Farnham, Kendall, Neide, Munroe, Bishop, and Norton, all paddle canoes as large as the Shadow. This year many larger boats are being built—sixteen foot Shadows, and the Princess are favorites. Why? They hold more—are more comfortable—sail better, and stand more rough weather. Even Woodman, that enthusiastic writer on the Stella Maris, comes out with a sixteen foot, Atwood centre-board, balance lug Shadow. The Rob Roy is a jewel, but it is not the average American cruiser.

NEITHER Mr. Tyson nor Mr. Tredwin know Mr. Farnham's apron. It has been as carefully tested as Mr. Tredwin's folding hatch, and under the most severe strain and trying service has proved itself as near perfect as anything about a canoe can be. It is much lighter than the folding hatch and can be fitted to any kind of a canoe.

LOGS of the Connecticut and other cruises have been received, together with a map of Stony Lake. The corrected and revised rules and the programme of events during the meet, will be published in the June number; also a map illustrating the log given in this number will appear; the engraving having caused a delay.

MR. ARTHUR BRENTANO is now in Washington in business, and requests all personal letters to be addressed to him there.

DRIFTINGS.

SOME adventurous pioneer of canoeing in America, in 1855 travelled in a birch-bark canoe from Fon du Lac, up the St. Louis River and down the Mississippi to St. Paul. In an account of the trip given in the *St. Louis Republican* of that year, and signed with the initial G. he states that his outfit consisted *in toto* of "twenty pounds salt pork, ditto of flour and hard bread, camp kettles, some bad whiskey, and a gun." The closing paragraphs of his narrative prove him to have had the true qualities of a canoeist; and if yet living should, by all means, join the A. C. A. He says:

"It was with feelings of real sadness that I saw the lights of St. Paul glimmering in the distance, for here the unrestrained life of the woods and the sturdy enjoyment of the camp must end. And when I thought of the wild excitement of shooting over falls, clambering up rocks, camping on green islands, sleeping in the open air, and waking and gazing upon the stars, twinkling through the trees, I felt that I had left behind the true pleasures of life, undisturbed by disappointment; and so, with feelings of regret, I abandoned the little bark that had proved my trusty companion for over six hundred miles."

ORANGE FRAZER.

—*South Lake Weir, Marion County, Fla., March 25, 1883.*—One afternoon I was paddling down the river, when, far ahead, I saw a *row boat* coming rapidly up stream. It was painted white and looked like a canoe; but the oars puzzled me. It carried flags fore and aft, and as one of them looked like that of the A. C. A., I ventured to give the A. C. A. whistle signal. It was immediately answered, and in another minute I was shaking hands with Kendall. He had fitted the Solid Comfort with out-riggers and oars at Pensacola, after Neide left him, and was very doubtful whether he should continue his cruise beyond Cedar Keys. He spent the night with me, and, though the next day was cold and rainy, he left on a tug, the captain of which offered to take him and his canoe as far as Fenhalloway River, thirty miles from St. Mark's. I have since heard of his safe arrival at Cedar Keys.

The Psyche is enjoying Lake Weir near which I am now located. It is nine miles

by three, and a capital place for sailing. It is in the centre of the State, and about 200 miles due south from Jacksonville. I shall stay here until about April 15th, and then carry four miles to Upper Ocklawaha, down which, and the St. John's, I shall cruise to Jacksonville, on my way home.

C. K. MUNROE.

—*Jacksonville, Fla., April 22, 1883.*—I finished my cruise and got here last evening. Came in flying, with double-reefed mainsail and apron buttoned down around me, every other sea sweeping Psyche clean fore and aft. Left Lake Weir last Sunday. Carried to Upper Oaklawaha River—not over twenty-five feet wide and plenty of the largest alligators in Florida around. The twenty miles through the "big prairie," a vast expanse of marsh, was without shade and the thermometer 120°. If you don't believe it was warm, just wait till I get home and look at my nose. At last I ran into the timber and was grateful enough for the cool shade. As I rounded a bend I saw directly ahead of me what I supposed was a small floating island, and gave my rudder yoke a kick to starboard so as to pass it. To my amazement it began to wiggle a tail away down stream, and then I saw that my island was the head and shoulders of a huge 'gator—a real old mossy-back, and by far the largest I had ever seen. I hated to hurt him by running him down, and was glad when he disappeared with a mighty plunge, leaving a ring of water that tossed Psyche like a cockle shell.

The last day of the cruise I was badly lost for six hours in the great swamp near the mouth of the river. I finally reached the broad St. Johns, and then had a fine run of 100 miles, under sail, to this place.

C. K. MUNROE.

—Shadow and Rob Roy.—In reply to a query, we explain: The Shadow canoe is one that has wood ribs with canvas stretched on the outside of them. For travelling, this mode of construction is preferable. The Rob Roy is planked either lap streak, or of carve build; when lap streaks are used, she is called "clench work." The carve built canoe is preferable, as in rough water the lipping of the water under the lands of the planking of a clench work-boat is not an agreeable sound, and when used for gunning the

noise frightens the fowl. Any sort of a centre-board can be used in a canoe, but it is preferable to construct the boat purposely, as in that case proper provision is made for the centre-board. The best rig, for one used on travel, is a lug sail only, as the gear required is but trifling, compared to those with several sails.—*Forest and Stream*.

—The writer of the above had better use his first spare hour in calling on Everson, in Williamsburgh, and thereby learn what a Shadow really is.—ED.

—Commodore Edwards writes, that full particulars cannot yet be given as to the cost of tickets from New York to Stony Lake, as the New York Central Railway decline to make arrangements any length of time in advance, but they promise to carry canoes free, and say that the rate would not be over two cents per mile, each way, for passengers. The amount can easily be figured to Rochester. Steamer to Port Hope (Norseman) \$2.00, or \$2.66 for return ticket. Port Hope to Lakefield and return, not over \$1.75, perhaps \$1.30. Canoes and traps free, always. Further arrangements will shortly be announced.

—A letter to *Forest and Stream*, from C. A. Post, solicits inquiries of how to get to and from Stony Lake—he having been there several times. A letter addressed to him, care of *Forest and Stream*, New York, would no doubt bring out a number of good points to anyone wanting special information.

—"Tiphys" is the title of a book published by Norris & Wilson, 156 Minories, London, on canoeing. An article on canoeing in *Forest and Stream* for March 15th is evidently taken from it.

—The annual dinner of the N. Y. C. C., March 31st, was a pleasant affair. Twenty-one sat down to the long table. After the coffee, a few informal speeches were listened to from the guests of the evening—Mr. Norton, Mr. Farnham, Mr. Hull, Mr. Wilkin, of the K. C. C., and several members of the club.

—A mixture of one-sixth Stockholm tar and five-sixths castor oil, we are told by an authority, is about the best thing to put on the face and hands to protect them against the ravages of the mosquito.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I have much pleasure in reporting the formation of the Ottawa Canoe Club, now a week old, and a healthy looking youngster.

We have twenty members, and expect before long to number at least thirty. One condition of membership is that each man must own a canoe, so you see our "floating strength" will be quite respectable "when this cruel winter is over."

The officers for the ensuing season are: Commodore Col., G. S. Maunsell, a canoe cruiser of long experience; Vice-Commodore, R. W. Baldwin; Secretary, P. B. Symes. Our fleet comprises birch-bark, Peterboro, and Rice Lake canoes, and six decked canoes of various types. Our intentions include monthly meetings on the water and an annual regatta. A good contingent of the O. C. C. will, I trust, join in the A. C. A. meeting next August, and those who go once will, I know from personal experience, want to go again.

R. B. SYMES,

Ottawa, Canada.

Sec'y O. C. C.

EDITOR CANOEIST: At the annual meeting of the club, held March 9th, the following officers were elected for the season of 1883: H. Lloyd Thomas, Com.; G. P. Hilton, Vice-Com.; Rob't Shaw Oliver, Purser; W. B. Wackerhagen, Sec.

The slumbering enthusiasm of the members has been aroused by the recent arrival of Rushton's latest and most perfect Stella Maris, built for the Purser, and now they are impatient for the launch.

By the way, one of the members is having a canoe made on an entirely new plan. She is to be *smooth* inside and out, and *not* a rib in her whole frame.

You will probably have an opportunity to pass judgment on her next August, as the owner expects to be at the meet on Stony Lake.

W. B. WACKERHAGEN,

Secretary.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I would like to cruise back from Stony Lake next summer. Would you be kind enough to inform me of the best route (time not being a great factor) to take? RED ROVER.

See Canoe Pilot in this number for directions about return trip as far as the Thousand Islands. From Clayton by train to Albany, and then cruise down the

Hudson. You might come back by way of Lake Champlain and Lake George, and thus down the Hudson.—ED.

EDITOR CANOEIST: In your March number you publish a letter written by me to the Regatta Committee of the A. C. A. I did not intend the letter for publication, and I find that its meaning is not quite clear to some of its readers. The sentence, "As I understand the meaning of the proposed changes, they are unwise, arbitrary, and entirely uncalled for," refers to *depth limit*, and that alone. The Committee evidently intend to make such rules as will be fair for all and allow all reasonable latitude in dimensions, and will make such changes as will seem necessary to adapt them to the canoes now in use.

J. H. RUSHTON.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I am somewhat saddened by the article of J. M. G. on the orthodoxy of paddling canoes and the heterodoxy of sailing canoes. He is a canoeist, and I am a canoeist: yet between us he would fix a great gulf, because I am one of those iniquitous ones who use ballast and centerboards and big sails.

Yet after all the only ground of difference between us is that he is a muscular young chap who likes paddling, and that I am a non-muscular old boy who likes sailing. Surely, therefore, he ought to tolerate me, and not display so much aggressive enthusiasm on behalf of the paddle.

When I have an article to write on the beauty and perfection of heavy sailing canoes, and 60-pound centerboards, and reefing years. I will take warning by J. M. G.'s article: I will not display such aggressive enthusiasm as he does, lest the paddling fellows should think that I want to abolish them all and chop their canoes up into little bits!

R. T.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Please strike out "ad" as I have sold all the canoes. Com. Jones, of Hartford, C. C., called on me Monday in the interest of "Canoeing on the Connecticut River" for the coming season; also to arrange for one or two regattas during the year, between the H. C. C. and the S. C. C.

We opened the season with a short cruise on the river. Thursday, April 5th, and find that a long, tedious winter has not dulled our appetite for *the best sport of the*

age. Our float is nearly finished; hope to occupy it May 1st. During the winter, I put an Atwood centre board in my Stella Maris, and tried her yesterday in a heavy southwest wind, and the result is more than pleasing; she handles so much better in every respect. Received a letter today from E. A. Guilbert, commodore of the Iowa C. C., which shows that canoeing has "gone West to grow up with the country," and is about three laps ahead. Enlarge your paper, double your subscription, and I will subscribe now for a five years' term. Of all the reading matter I have, there is no one thing I wait for so impatiently as the A. C. The bicycle club of this city is making itself a power in the League, is wide awake and prosperous. Their annual meet this summer will show up a list of prizes amounting to over \$4,000. Now we of the S. C. C. propose to rush in a little excitement in our line, if such a thing be possible. Next week we hope to receive from Rushton two St. Lawrence, and one Stella Maris, to add to our fleet.

F. A. NICKERSON.

Springfield, Mass.

EDITOR CANOEIST: J. Z. Rogers has bought out the canoe business of J. S. Stephenson, and he is going to push it with vigor. He has bought a large building for the purpose, and he will employ a number of workmen.

The prospect for the coming camp is bright. Letters are coming in from all points, showing that canoeists are active. Your letter shows that New York is all right.

As to a cruise from some point in New York State, if a man has only ten days for it, as you suggest, the best plan would be to come right over to Canada and do his cruising on our waters. For instance, if a man has two weeks holidays, let him go direct to Stony Lake, or at most cruise from Lindsay (by the way, the name of that river is *Scugog*, not *Sengog*, as published) to Stony Lake. Then, the camp being over, cruise down our waters to Lake Ontario and out at the Thousand Islands. That takes him *down* stream all the time. I would not advise any one to waste time in paddling up stream. If any one wants to put in some time before the camp, he can go by train up to Coboconk and come down Balsam and Cameron Lakes to Sturgeon Lake, and thence to Stony Lake.

As I drove on Saturday evening to Lakefield, along the "River Road," and listened to the rippling of the fast-running stream, and caught here and there a glimpse of the white crest of the rapids, I could not help picturing to myself the scene, when perhaps half a hundred canoes will come dashing down there, one after the other, with shouts and songs breaking forth from the light-hearted canoeists. Hurrah! what fun we will have!

For those who want sport, the duck-shooting will begin on the 15th of August, and the rice-beds of Lovesick Lake and Deer Bay are just the place to get the game. For fishing bring trolling-baits for maskinonge, with a line of 80 to 100 feet, and strong hooks in triplets. For bass, a common stout hook and line and a cedar or bamboo pole, are all that you want. Some use fancy baits, flies, etc.; but frogs, craw-fish, pork, etc., are "good enough" for our bass. Trolling-baits of all kinds, in the shape of fish, screws, and spoons of silver, copper, and brass, may be got at our hardware shops.

The CANOEIST is very interesting. We must not let it die. Once a man begins to take it he will not willingly give it up.

E. B. EDWARDS.

EDITOR CANOEIST: On behalf of the Committee of the R. C. C. I have to thank you for the copy of the AMERICAN CANOEIST, a most interesting and valuable little periodical.

I append a list of our fixtures for the coming season. The sailing race for the £50 challenge cup, at Hendon in May, is open to all canoes sailed by gentlemen amateurs coming within our limits of size, and we shall be happy to see any of your members competing for it. There is also an open race for a paddling challenge cup at the regatta in June.

FIXTURES FOR 1883.

April 21st, sailing race at Hendon; April 28th, sailing race at Hendon; May 5th, sailing race at Hendon for challenge cup; June 2d, sailing race at Teddington; June 16th, long paddling race from Teddington to Putney; June 23d, annual regatta; July 6th, 7th, 9th, and 10th, sailing races at Erith.

I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

T. G. F. WINSER,

Secretary R. C. C.

72 Mark Lane, London, February 21st.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I fear that my idea of a "canoemeter" is not at all new, for in reading, yesterday, D. Frazer's "Practical Boat Sailing," I found, under the heading, "Log and Half-Minute Glass," the following: "The 'patent Log' is now almost universally used; it consists of a metal propeller, acting upon cog-wheels and dials." This is probably exactly the arrangement that I have made my model in; therefore I shall use the model for my own log.

I am preparing myself for a cruise of discovery upon either the Xingú River in Southern Asia, or the Congo in Africa. I shall practice cruising this year in order to get my canoe and appurtenances in proper order.

C. F. MILLSPAUGH.

Binghamton, N. Y.

CANOE PILOT.

STONY LAKE TO THE BAY OF QUINTE.

STRIKE your tents, pack your canoes, and let us be off for the homeward cruise. There are breezy lakes, galloping rapids, and quiet stretches of beautiful rivers before us yet, and our only regret at leaving Stony Lake is that the Camp of 1883 is over. And so with a last look across the lake, we turn our canoes through the labyrinth of islands which we have already thoroughly explored, and in a quarter of an hour we reach the open water of Clear Lake. Here we have a stretch of six miles open before us with a width of a mile, and with a favorable wind we have a fair chance to test our cruising-sails. We may keep pretty well down the middle or a little towards the right shore. The outlet cannot be mistaken, and a few minutes' paddling brings us to the lock at Young's Point. Passing through, we enter the Katchewanooka Lake and follow its turns for five miles, until we reach the wharf at Lakefield. Now we are coming to something new. We lighten our canoes, sending our traps down by the afternoon train, and running down the left bank we land above the dam and carry over on the left side, launching again a couple of hundred yards further down, just below the mill. Now we have before us six miles of a clear run, and if we do not stop to take a swim, or bail out, we should do it in a

little over half an hour. There are rapids here and there just to vary the monotony, but nothing to disturb the average canoeist. Arrived at the Red Mills, if the boom is not too full of logs, we carry over on the right side and launch below the mill. A lively run of a couple of miles follows, including an easy passage through the gap of an old dam, where we keep close to the left shore. Arrived at Hilliard's Dam, we carry over on the left side and launch below the Stone woolen mill. With a rapid current we pass quickly to Martyn's Dam, which may be run or carried over (very short) on the right side, launching in the tail race. As we approach the next dam (Dickson's), we keep to the right, and, just above the mill, we enter the raceway, down which we paddle a little way, and carry over into the river below the woolen mill. A short distance below we pass the bridge and soon turn in to the right to the club house of the P. B. C., where we leave our canoes, while we take a look over the town. We arrange to have any heavy things, not immediately required, sent by rail to Belleville.

Leaving Peterborough, about a mile below, is the Whitla Lock, where we lock through or carry over at the right side. From this point, we have twenty miles of river, with a current of from one to two miles an hour, and with no obstructions. Camping places are numerous on either side. Entering Rice Lake we turn to the left, and if the prevailing west wind be blowing we can take in a reef, fasten down the hatches and let her go. When we wake up, after a run of thirteen miles, we find ourselves at the entrance to the river, and six miles further on at Hastings.

HASTINGS TO TRENTON.

The run from Hastings to Trenton is one of the most delightful and interesting trips for the canoeist who has had some experience. The distance is fifty-five miles. The total fall of the river Trent, between the two points, is 365 feet. There are about twenty-two miles of rapids, and about thirty-three miles of still water, or slack current. Camping places are numerous and good, and necessary supplies may be got at various places along the river.

At Hastings there is a short portage over the dam. To Heeley's Falls, twelve miles, there is a slack current, the river trending in a north-easterly direction. At

Heeley's Falls (total fall seventy feet) we portage on the left bank about 400 yards. The rapid below the falls to Crow Bay (one mile) is a heavy one, and should not be taken by any but good paddlers. In the first part of the run, we keep close to the right bank, and about half way down after passing a long, smooth *chute*, close in-shore, we must strike sharply across for the left shore, which we keep until we reach the bay, keeping well out in the bay to avoid the central part of the eddy, which in high water is not safe. There is a good road along the left bank by which to have canoes taken, for those who do not care to run this rapid. From the head of Crow Bay to Middle Falls, there are three miles of still water, with the river half a mile wide. At Middle Falls we portage on the left bank about 400 yards. From this point to Campbellford, there are two and a half miles of easy rapids. At Campbellford we carry over the dam on the left bank. Another mile of rapids brings us to Ramsey's Falls, where we portage on the right bank about a quarter of a mile. From the foot of the falls to Percy Landing we have six miles of dashing rapids, running about nine miles an hour, and having a total descent of about sixty feet. Where the river divides, we keep the left channel. From here to Chisholm's Rapids, we have twelve miles of still water, the river widening out into a sort of bay, at the foot of which, five miles down, we take the right channel. At the dam we carry over on the right bank, and launch in the rapids, which, after one mile, we exchange for the still water, or slack current of the bay. Six miles of this will bring us to the head of the "Nine Miles" Rapids. The fall in the nine miles is ninety-six feet, and the current runs at the rate of nine miles an hour. This will probably be the most rollicking bit of the trip. Except in very high or very low water, it is safe enough, but the continuous rapid keeps up the excitement. In the old days, five trips a day were made by a pilot on the cribs of square timber, the return journey being made on horseback. At the mouth of the river, we find the thriving little town of Trenton, and before us lies the beautiful Bay of Quinté. A run of eleven miles east, brings us to Belleville, where we may pick up any goods sent on from Peterborough.

THE AMERICAN C. A. N. O. E. I. S. T

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. II.

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No. 5.

LAKE GEORGE.

1882.

These the lines were hummed to me, as I
dozed beneath a tree ;

Hummed by lazy, droning bee, winging
flight across the lea ;

E'en these lines were hummed to me.

A motley crowd had gathered by the lake
so deep and clear ;

Men of every creed and calling, from
country far and near ;

Each one a man of sinew, bronzed face,
and manly mien ;

'Round about them mountain, valley, lake,
composed a fairy scene.

In tents they laid them down to rest, 'neath
the moonlight's silvery bars,

Covered by nothing meaner than the bend-
ing dome of stars ;

And through the night the wood-fires'
sparks like glow-worms filled the air,

No sentinel save the white-ring'd birch,
whose leaflets breathe a prayer.

Called forth by sunlight's early beams,
these island campers rise,

And don their uniforms of blue in defer-
ence to the skies.

Now, as the ripples kiss the shore with
music soft and sweet,

Out from the jealous, wooded coves, there
glides a tiny fleet ;

Each man the master of his craft, its cap-
tain and its crew,

And each a seaman bold and free, ready to
dare and do.

Sails rise like magic from the decks, and
spread to catch the breeze ;

Strong arms are bared to allow bronzed
hands the paddles to seize.

One side the island, Britain's flag ; the
other, stripes and stars ;

Connecting link, midway between—the
pride of gallant tars—

Is a glowing red and white burgee, a glad-
some sight to greet,

And under these, their triple tie, the band
as brothers meet.

Then, as, with paddle and with sail, you
cruise without a fear

In ocean's mighty, restless waves, o'er
mountain lake so clear,

Or down the river's winding course, or
'cross the heaving bay,

Ne'er fail to fly the red and white—the
flag of the A. C. A.

ORANGE FRAZER,

TO THE COMMODORE AND EXECUTIVE COM- MITTEE OF THE A. C. A.

The undersigned members of the Regatta Committee for 1883 beg to make the following recommendations :

1. That the Sailing Rules of the A. C. A. be changed in accordance with the amendments herewith submitted.

2. That the draft programme, given below, be adopted for the meeting at Stony Lake.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

ROBERT TYSON,
April 30, 1883. H. T. STRICKLAND.

Mr. Wm. Whitlock, the third member of our committee, was unexpectedly called away to England after he had taken some part in our consultations. His signature is therefore not appended hereto.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE SAILING RULES.

Rule 1 to be struck out, and the following substituted :

A canoe to compete in any race of the A. C. A. must be sharp at both ends, with no counter stern, or transom, and must be capable of being efficiently paddled by one man. To compete in A. C. A. paddling races, it must come within the limits of one of the numbered classes, 1, 2, 3, or 4 ; and to compete in sailing races, it must come within the limits of either class A or B.

CLASS 1, paddling. Length not over 18 feet, beam not under 24 inches. Depth inside from gunwale to garboard-streak, and at any part of the canoe, not less than $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

CLASS 2, paddling. Length not over 16 feet, beam not under 26 inches. Depth (as above) not under 8 inches.

CLASS 3, paddling. Length not over 17 feet, beam not under 28 inches. Depth (as above) not under 9 inches.

CLASS 4, paddling. Length not over 16 feet, beam not under 30 inches. Depth as in class 3.

CLASS A, sailing. Length not over 16 feet, beam not over 28 inches.

CLASS B, sailing. Length not over 17 feet, with a limit of $28\frac{1}{2}$ inches beam for that length. The beam may be increased $\frac{3}{4}$ inch for each full six inches of length decreased.

The greatest depth of canoe in classes A and B at fore end of well, from under side of deck amidships to inner side of garboard next the keel, shall not exceed 16 inches.

The length limit in classes 2 and A has been increased to 16 feet, in order to admit the many existing Peterboro canoes, known as "single hunting canoes," measuring 15 feet 6 inches, and 16 feet long, by about 27 inches beam. This is a tentative measure, to avoid a separate classification of these canoes, and is not to be taken, by members or builders, as permanent, until at least it be adopted by the association at a general meeting. Special races are provided in the Regatta programme, for the present large number of class 2 and class A canoes, measuring only 14 feet, from which races the longer canoes are excluded.

Open canoes without rudders are allowed a foot extra length in class B.

In centreboard canoes, the keel outside of garboard shall not exceed $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches in

depth, including a metal keel-band of not over $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch deep. The total weight of all centreboards shall not exceed 60 pounds : when hauled up, they must not project below the keel, and they must not drop more than 18 inches below the garboard, nor, if over one-third of the canoe's length, more than 6 inches below garboard. Canoes without centreboards may carry keels not over 3 inches deep from garboards, and not weighing more than 35 pounds. Lee-boards may be carried by canoes not having centreboards.

MEASUREMENTS.—The length shall be taken between perpendiculars at the fore side of stem and the aft side of stern ; the beam at the widest part not including beading. The word "beam" shall mean the breadth formed by the fair lines of the boat, and the beam at and near the water line in the paddling classes shall bear a reasonable proportion to the beam at the gunwale. The Regatta Committee shall have power to disqualify any canoe which, in their opinion, is built with an evident intention to evade the above rules. As the minimum in class 4 coincides with the maximum in class B, a little latitude is to be allowed in measuring for these classes, in order that a canoe built to come well within one class may not thereby be ruled out of the other.

The "crew" of each canoe shall consist of one man only, unless the programme of the regatta states the contrary.

Members must paddle or sail their own canoes, and must not exchange canoes for racing purposes. A canoe which is not owned, or used for racing, by any other member present, shall be deemed to be the canoe of the member bringing it to the camp. In double canoe races the owner may associate any other member with himself.

Rule 4 to be amended by striking out the words, "and no other flag to be carried during a race."

In Rule 8, after the words, "in order to claim the race," add the words, "unless disabled beyond the possibility of temporary repair."

In Rule 9, at the words, "in all cases where a protest is lodged on grounds of foul sailing or paddling," changed so as to read, "on the ground of fouling."

In Rule 11, instead of, "if the stern of one canoe is clearly ahead of the bow of

another," read, "if the stern of one canoe is a canoe's length ahead of the bow of another."

In Rule 14, for the words, "and no fixed ballast shall be carried below the keel-band," substitute "and not more than 35 pounds of ballast shall be carried below the garboards."

AMERICAN CANOE ASS'N'S FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING AND REGATTA, at Stony Lake, Province of Ontario, Canada. Camp, August 10th to 24th, inclusive.

Preliminary meeting of the Association, Monday, August 20th. Gala day.

Regatta on the sailing and paddling courses east and north-east of the camp; Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, August 21st, 22d, and 23d.

Annual meeting and election of officers, Thursday, August 23d, at 4 P. M.

Closing day, Friday, August 24th.

PROGRAMME OF REGATTA.

Tuesday—1. Paddling, class 2; Juniors.

2. Sailing, classes A and B; for members who have never sailed a canoe previous to this year, 10 A. M. 3. Paddling, class 4; Juniors, 11 A. M. 4. Review of the whole fleet, in divisions, 1 P. M. 5. Sailing, classes A and B; Juniors; limited weight. In class A canoes not over 14 feet long, 1.30 P. M. 6. Sailing, classes A and B; limited weight. In class A canoes not over 14 feet long, 2.30 P. M. 7. Combined paddling and sailing, for all classes of canoes; Juniors, 3.30 P. M. 8. Upset race, all classes; half a mile under sail, with wind abeam or aft; upset at signal and, sail, or paddle in with all gear, 4.15 P. M.

Wednesday—1. Double paddling; two men in a canoe; all classes, 9.30 A. M. 2. Sailing, classes A and B; without ballast, heavy centreboards or keels not allowed; keels and centreboards must be of wood, except in the case of canoes fitted with Atwood or similar centreboards, 10 A. M. 3. Paddling, class 2; canoes not over 14 feet long, 11 A. M. 4. Sailing, classes A and B; Juniors; full ballast, 1.30 P. M. 5. Combined paddling and sailing; all classes, 2.30 P. M. 6. Sailing, classes A and B; full ballast, 3.15 P. M.

7. Upset race, all classes; under paddle; Juniors, 4.15 P. M.

Thursday—1. Paddling, class 4; three-quarters of a mile, 9 A. M. 2. Portage race, all classes; quarter-mile under paddle, half a mile under sail with the wind abeam or aft, portage about one-eighth-mile, and paddle one-fourth mile to finish, 9.30 A. M. 3. Double paddling; two men in a canoe; all classes of canoes not over 16 feet long, 10.30 A. M. 4. Paddling, class 3, 11 A. M. 5. Paddling, class 1, 11.30 A. M. 6. Paddling, class 2, 12 M. 7. Upset race; all classes; under paddle, 12.30 P. M.

REGATTA NOTES.

Prizes.—Flags only are given as prizes in the regular regatta.

Distances.—In the paddling races the distance will be one mile, unless otherwise stated; in the sailing races, one mile and a half to four miles and a half, according to strength of wind, etc.; and in the combined races, one mile under paddle and one mile under sail.

Simultaneous races.—In the sailing races, classes A and B do not compete against each other; there is a separate race for each class, but sailed at the same time. The canoes of the two classes muster together; class B starts five minutes before class A; and the finish of the two classes is noted separately.

Juniors.—The term Juniors is used in sailing races to indicate those who have never won an A. C. A. sailing prize; in paddling races, those who have never won an A. C. A. paddling prize; and in combined races, those who have never won a prize in an A. C. A. sailing, paddling, or combined race. Unless otherwise stated, the races generally are open to all members who choose to enter—Seniors and Juniors alike. If a member winning a Junior prize afterwards wins a Senior prize in the same kind of race—sailing, paddling, combined, or upset, being the four kinds intended—his Junior prize shall then pass to the man who was next to him in the Junior race; and if the latter also took a prize, it descends in like manner to his next man, and so on.

Limited Weight races.—In these races the canoe, with ballast, rig, etc., must not exceed in weight, 120 pounds in class A, and 150 pounds in class B.

Weather.—If there should be no wind on Tuesday or Wednesday, the paddling programme of Thursday will be substituted.

H. T. STRICKLAND,
ROBERT TYSON,
Regatta Committee.

LAYING OUT THE COURSE ON STONY LAKE.

AT 6.15 A. M., on Friday, March 30th, a comfortable double sleigh drove briskly over the crackling snow in the outskirts of the good town of Peterboro. In the sleigh were the Commodore and one of the Regatta Committee of the A. C. A. (the present writer), and we were just starting out to compass the twenty-two miles of snow-covered road that lay between us and Stony Lake. Our driver was Joe Vasseur, a shrewd, good-humored French Canadian, and an excellent teamster. Joe's broken English imparts a piquant flavor to the pithy and racy remarks he occasionally indulges in. His philosophy on the subject of horses may be summed up in his remark that, "They are very useful animal, and should be well look after." This embodies Joe's practice as well as his theory, judging from the way his spanking little team behaved on the long journey. On our way through the town we took aboard Mr. James W. Fitzgerald, a surveyor, with his needed accompaniments of theodolite, Jacob's staff and chain. Crossing the bridge at the Red Mill, our way lay along the turbulent waters of the Otonabee, with its high banks, resting on a limestone formation, here and there cut into steep, fluted cliffs, by the ceaseless action of the water. The road wound amongst groves of cedar, spruce, pine, and hemlock, through which we caught delightful glimpses of the rapid blue-gray waters, broke often by the white breakers of some small rapid. The river from Lakefield down, although safe enough for the average Canoeist, will offer plenty of

fun and excitement for those who run it. Much canoeing lore was talked by the Peterboro veterans to their greener brother from Toronto, as to the "points" in running the river—here to keep the left bank—there the right—and yonder to take the little smooth "chute" running right between the broken, angry waters on either side. Joe also had something to say, for he had been one of those half-amphibious creatures, known to lumbermen as a "river-driver," and many a wetting had Joe had in the Otonabee in the old times. One night he and two others came down the river in a narrow, log canoe, and ran the Red Mill "saw-log slide" for pure reckless fun—of course filling their canoe up level with water, but without upsetting. Nine miles traversed, and we are at the pretty village of Lakefield, where is the railway terminus for Stony Lake Camp. Here the Otonabee widens out, and is called Katchewanooka Lake; the greater width being accompanied by a proportionally slower current. Past Lakefield we encountered a dozen or two of those beautiful things called "pitch-holes." There are some ignorant southern people who don't know what pitch-holes are, and for their benefit I explain. When the snow is deep on a road the passing sleighs wear deep and sudden hollows here and there on the traveled track, into which your sleigh goes with a big jerk, and comes up again ditto—and you had better "go slow" down, or the coming up may be postponed indefinitely. The snow about here averaged three feet on the level. But don't think that is the normal condition of things. As a fact such deep snow has not been known for many years, and it will probably be many more years before it is known again. Five miles from Lakefield is the little village of Young's Point. Here the dammed-up waters of Clear Lake foam down into the comparatively quiet reaches of Katchewanooka Lake, the entrance to the lock and short canal being on the left, as

as you go up. A few minutes halt at Young's Point and a conversation with Messrs. Chalmers—father and son—the mill-owners, in which we get directions as to our further course; then on through a thick belt of pines; and we leave the firm land for the scarcely less firm ice of Clear Lake, along which our road lies. Faster still ring the quick footsteps of Joe's untiring little team, and more loudly jingle their bells, as the pair feel themselves on the level well-crusted snow of the lake-track. Around us stretches a wide plain of glittering white, bounded by gray distant shores. Vision of fleets of canoes bowing over under press of canvas flit through our mind's eye as the bracing, frosty breeze comes sweeping across the lake—tempered, however, by the rays of the bright April sunlight. Six miles from Young's Point we approach the Narrows, leading into Stony Lake. Here we leave the ice and betake ourselves to a road through the woods—first calling at Samuel Bryson's and at Choate's "lumber-shanty." We go in quest of McCracken, find him chopping, take him along, and alight on the "concession line" near his house, where our surveying operations commence. McCracken's dwelling is the nearest house to the proposed A. C. A. Camp, and will therefore be a point well known to A. C. A. men this summer. It is a small log farmhouse situated on the bold hilly bank of Stony Lake. Past it the "concession-road" runs down to the lake shore, terminating right opposite the Island, whereon the A. C. A. will camp next August. There are some unfailing springs of excellent water near by. McCracken knows all about them. He came along as surveyor's assistant, and proved himself a handy, willing, and cheerful worker. Men being scarce, Mr. Fitzgerald pressed his two A. C. A. companions into the service as chainmen and they went at it with all the ardor of novices. They looked at his "bearings" with deep interest; they

cast reverent glances at his mysterious "field notes"; they made bee-lines for his "pickets"; they learned to cherish carefully the chainman's most precious possession, his ten iron "pins," and they obeyed promptly the stern command, "Count your pins—every time!" Having chained completely around the Island, most of the time at a sling trot, a halt was called for dinner, and Chief Surveyor Fitzgerald was pleased to compliment his assistants on the alacrity and general all-there-ness which they displayed—so as to make them "feel good" and brace them up for the afternoon's work, you know. The Island is a charming spot, about ninety-five acres in extent, with a broken and indented coast line forming delightful little coves and nooks, in the smooth water of which a canoe may rest from her encounter with the rough waves of the open lake on a breezy day. On the north-easterly point of the Island, an ice-house has been erected, and stored with massive blocks of the summer luxury. We laid out a paddling course, half a mile long, in the lee of the Island on the south-east side, so as to be sheltered from the prevailing westerly winds. Then we chained out a triangular sailing course on the open part of the lake, taking small rocky islets for the two angles, Bear Island and Robinson's Rock, to wit. The boys won't have to hunt much for the buoys, there, in the sailing races. (Ah!) The third angle of the sailing course is at the corner of the Island, opposite Ice-house Point, the starting and finishing point. Here also is the start and finish of the paddling course. Mr. Fitzgerald has kindly made a small map of the *locus in quo*, especially for the pages of the Canoeist; and a glance at it will show the camp, the courses, and the immediate surroundings. There is an open and a sheltered paddling course of half a mile each and sailing courses of a mile and a mile and a half respectively. The south-westerly point of the A. C. A. Island is a quarter of a mile

from the shore on which McCracken's house is situated. That large Island to the right is Mount Eagle, the loftiest Island on the lake, from which a magnificent panoramic view is to be had. The writer hereof saw Stony Lake for the first time on this visit, and he thinks it admirably suited for the purpose for which it was selected. Seeing it even in its winter garb, he can form some idea of what its summer loveliness must be; whilst for situation and adaptability it is complete.

Well, to finish the account of our work. The party drove back to Young's Point—the nearest village to Island—intending to return on the morrow and survey another large Island on which it is intended to establish a ladies' camp. The Peterboro and Lindsay ladies, be it known, are experienced "campers," and many a jolly day do they spend under canvas and in canoe on the chain of lakes near their homes. Commodore Edwards had to return to Peterboro next morning on urgent business, so the writer went back with Mr. Fitzgerald. We obtained the assistance of Mr. Crow and his son Willie, who live opposite the ladies' Island, and the four of us finished up the business on Saturday morning—the writer of course putting on all the airs of a chainman of several years' experience. There was only one thing he didn't know—and that was, how his sunburnt face was going to peel off afterwards, and how sore and bloodshot his snow-dazzled eyes were going to be that same afternoon and next day. Your July and August suns compare not with the glare of a March sun upon a field of unbroken snow!

ROBERT TYSON.

THE A. C. A. flag was hoisted over the coming camp-ground at Stony Lake for the first time, on May 18th, by the Commodore. He paddled up thus early (for Canada canoeing) from Peterboro to the lake, and speaks of the trip most enthusiastically.

ASSOCIATION OF CRUISING CANOEISTS.

WHEELMEN have their bicycle clubs and National League, their long and short distance tournaments, their runs and meets; to me they have, also, something much better—the Cyclists' Touring Club.

We have our C. C's., and our A. C. A., the annual meet, with its jolly good fellowship, its regatta, and a cultivation of the racing element—becoming "model yacht clubs," as one aptly expresses it.

Is there not a growing tendency among American canoeists to build and rig racing machines? The big spreads and dandy lateens are carrying us out into the blue water; the paddle, the cruise along shore, and the highways and byways of inland waters, the doctrines of the founder of modern canoeing, are rapidly becoming things ancient.

Only three members of the A. C. A. report cruises, yet nearly two hundred attended the last annual meet. It is said that there is not one cruising canoe in the Royal C. C. fleet.

I am loyal to club and association, as a looker-on, enjoy the regatta, as a member of the A. C. A., proud of the fact that the "sporting element" has part in our being. I would have our meet and its races, and more—I would have an *organization of cruising canoeists*.

Every cruiser ought to be a member of club or association, and a racer if he pleases, but he must be a practical cruiser; one willing to write up his log, ready at any time to give information of cruising water with which he may be familiar. (Seneca is a good example.)

Several canoeists have suggested the ORDER OF CRUISING CANOEISTS. With few officers, and hopeful of many members. No fees nor fines, large or small. The advantages to be derived from such an organization are obvious.

All interested readers are solicited to correspond. Suggestions are wanted, and more explicit information will be given by letter. Address, care CANOEIST,

CAMARADA.

FROM OUR EDITOR IN ENGLAND.—I got off the first Saturday I was in London, and ran out to Hendon to see the canoe races. I introduced myself to Tredwen, who did the honors for me with all there; lent me his canoe, and managed so that I was allowed to start with them in the next week's race. From the *Field*, you have probably seen my ill-success. It was too bad to make so very poor a showing, but I believe my best would not have won from Tredwen, who is *the* best man in a small boat I have seen. I had all that Saturday morning to practice in, and used it, finally getting fairly used to the boat and her gear. In the morning it blew fresh, so I carried the full amount of ballast fixed, and could just keep her up with all sail. By three, it lightened a bit. Tredwen knowing the weather, sailed with only two 15-pound bags to shift, and as, by 3.30, the wind was almost gone, he walked right away, and was never caught. That and my awkwardness in the new position, lying down under deck, combined to work against me. I came home third, out of 4 starters; one withdrew when I caught him on the second round. However I was very well treated and enjoyed my day very much. They tried hard to get me a good boat for the challenge cup, to try again with, but failed; elected me an honorary member during my stay, and one and all were as polite as it is possible to imagine. Truly the heartiness with which aquatic lovers meet each other everywhere is very remarkable.

THE following has been received from the inventor of a new centreboard, which, from the model shown us, we should suppose would work well. When it has been

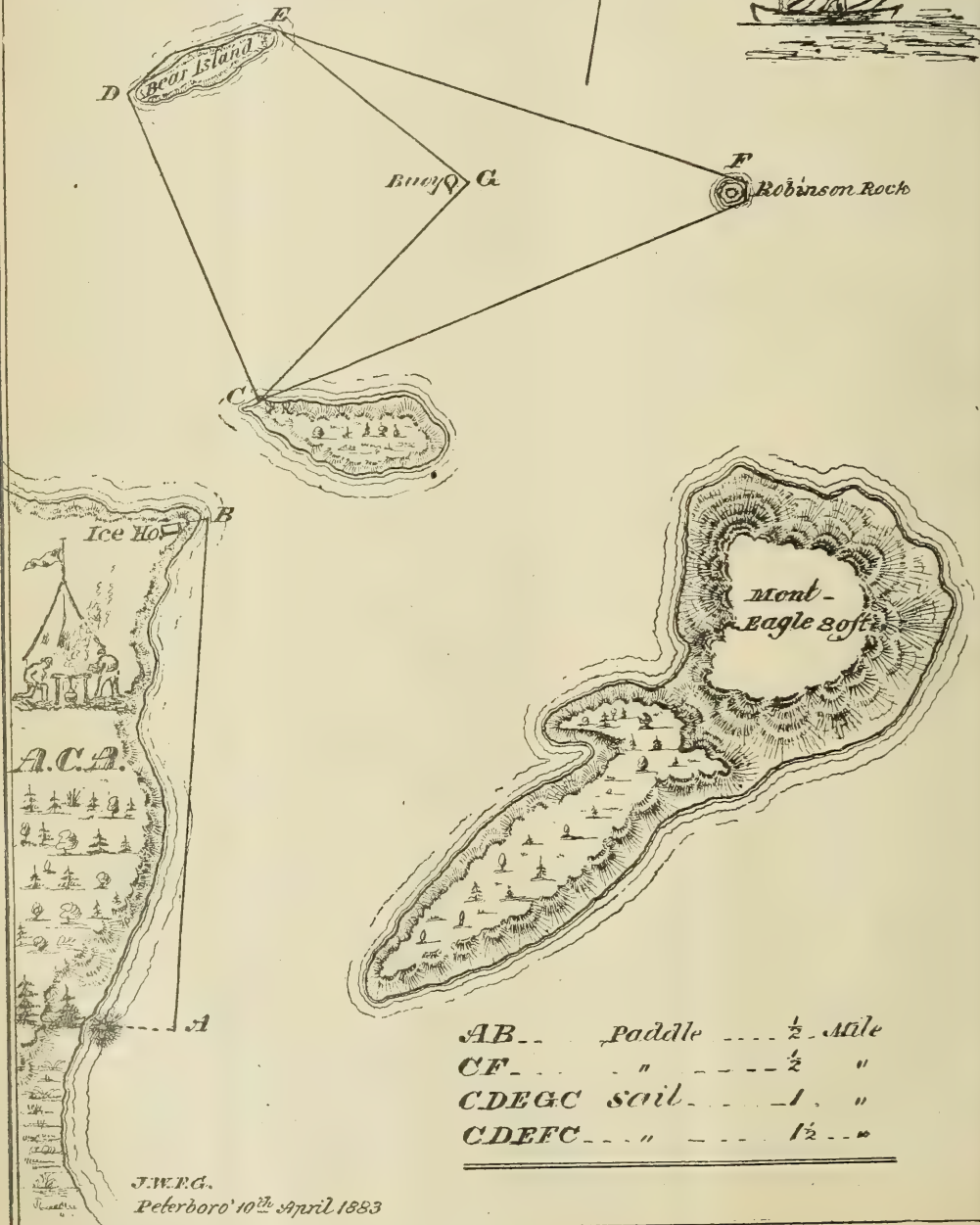
applied to a canoe and tried, we will be heard from again:

Folding Centreboard.—The board is 30½ inches long, with 17½ inches drop from bottom of garboard; made of hard rolled brass, weighing, all complete, 22 pounds. It is worked by a rod, jointed so as to fold in the boat, when board is housed, the rod working through a stuffing-box, which is screwed on the keelson, occupying the space below the floor, the floor freed out so as to allow the rod to lay in it, thereby keeping the floor without any obstruction whatever, whether the board is in use or not. The board is as smooth as a knife-blade—nothing projecting to cause backwater. It can be made of material of sufficient strength to weigh, complete, about 12 pounds. It is attached to the bottom of the keel, and housed in a casing screwed on the sides of the keel, to protect it when the boat is being hauled ashore. It is 1 inch wide when folded, and when it is down it graduates to 3-16ths of an inch from keel to bottom flange, the board, when opened, being a > shape. When attached with the metal case, the boat will draw about 2¼ inches more amidships.

The advantages are, it can be applied to any boat, either flat-bottomed or with keel without any expense or delay in laying a boat up, and without cutting into the boat, only boring a ½ inch hole through keel and keelson, to accommodate rod; it can be detached in a few moments, by just the use of a screw-driver, the hole plugged, and the boat same as before it was attached. Any further information on the subject can be obtained of the inventor, Wm. Childs, 114 Water street, New York, where a working-model can be seen.

Construction.—It is composed of twelve 2½ inch flanges, tapering to 1 inch, joined together by shouldered pins, put at sufficient distances apart, to insure its strength, each set working inside of each other, telescopic like, the lower flange, which the rod is joined too, being single, the rod being between the flanges.

SKETCH
CANOE RACE-COURSE
STONYLAKE, PETERBORO'
CANADA.



FROM THE COMMODORE.

May 25th.—A party from here yesterday, took the run from Campbellford to Trenton—thirty-seven miles—in two open canoes. Train to Campbellford from here; launched canoes 10:30 A. M. Five miles' rapids to Percy; boom, thirty-five minutes; lively, but not dangerous; lunch; sixteen miles' sail, with fair west wind; a fine stretch; canoes side by side; one sail on my canoe, two hours and three-quarters; most delightful time. Carry at dam very short; a very short rapid; then six miles of paddle; head-wind. Then came the nine miles' rapids. If these do not waken up the members of the A. C. A. to the realities of canoeing, then I know nothing about it. With the high water it was a grand scene. For the nine miles the river seems a continuous mass of white. I had no idea, even from what I had been told, that we had such a grand piece of water for canoeing so near us. My devotion to the "back lakes" had kept me from visiting these waters in front of us. Reached Trenton a little after six, thankful to be dry from the waist up. Bring on your canoes and try it!

Home again this morning by train. The local committee is at work. Amongst the sub-committees is one on camp-fire entertainment and music. I hope the different clubs will do their part in getting up club songs, etc. The classification will be submitted to the A. C. A. at large, at camp, after standing the test of this regatta.

All of our sub-committees are getting to work. Full information will gladly be given to all who want it. Send inquiries on separate sheet, leaving room for answers. Address, N. D. Beck, Peterboro, Ontario, Canada. We want to know, as early as possible, who are coming, from what points, by what routes, when, and for how long, etc., so that we may do all in our power to lessen the difficulties of those coming so far to visit us.

Yours,

E. B. EDWARDS.

ALL of the executive committee of the A. C. A. have approved of the Regatta Committee's report, both as to changes in rules and programmes for the meet. We publish their report with a map of Stony Lake in this number.

WITH the MS. of the article on "Association of Cruising Canoeists" came the following letter:

EDITOR CANOEIST: Please give the enclosed space in the CANOEIST, if you think worthy—into the waste-basket, if you don't.

Some of the advantages we expect to gain are special favors from railroads, as to transportation of canoes. (Many Western roads carry, free, hunters' traps and dogs.)

A register of the member, permanent address, etc., lithograph of private signal, and, as we have burgees, penants, and signal, *q. s.*, a modest insignia in bronze has been suggested.

Collating information concerning cruising and camp outfits, rigs, wants, needs, etc. Reporting contemplated cruises, filling the log when cruise accomplished, etc.

We canoeists of the West must draw together; we must become "acquaint." We cover a large territory, and can only keep close up by trading information.

McGregor, Iowa.

E. A. G., M.D.

If the A. C. A. is what it was originally intended it should be (see Article II. of the Constitution), there is no need of the A. C. C. If it is not, then drop it. That only three canoeists *reported* cruises proves nothing. Many more were taken—in fact, a majority of the A. C. A. are, if anything, cruising canoeists.

Few men have time for long cruises, and fewer care to report short ones. We scarcely feel that the danger from racing machines is so very great. In the N. Y. C. C.—essentially a "blue-water" club, if there ever was one—there are more cruising than racing canoes, and moreover all the racing canoes but one—a Pearl—have taken cruises.

DRIFTINGS.

The first swim has been reported in New York waters.

—Ex-Commodore Keyser, of the K. C. C., presented Mr. Van Zandt, of the same club, a very pretty medal, for having the longest cruising record for the year of '82—547 miles—of any member of the club.

—The Reception Committee of Peterboro, appointed by Commodore Edwards, of the A. C. A., for the August Meet, are H. C. Rogers and N. D. Beck. They are at work preparing camp, etc.

—Since the Association Book was put to press the following-named gentlemen have made application for membership in the A. C. A.: Allen C. Bakewell, Pittsburg, Pa.; Thomas W. Bakewell, Pittsburg, Pa.; B. Campbell Bakewell, Pittsburg, Pa.; W. H. Rintoul, Montreal, Canada; Wm. W. Durant, Saratoga, N. Y.; E. R. Coolidge, West Sterling, Mass.; E. W. Sawyer, West Sterling, Mass.

GEO. L. NEIDE,
Ass't Sec'y of A. C. A.

—The first race for the Junior trophy, N. Y. C. C., was sailed on Decoration Day, Schuyler, St. John, Gould, and Averili entering. Schuyler sailed the $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles in 21 minutes, and won the trophy, to hold till next race is sailed. It was a pretty race—the canoes keeping well together all the way, and a smart breeze blowing the while.

—A new member and an officer of the club, in a new 16-foot Everson Shadow, made heroes of themselves on the self-same day, by taking (an unlooked-for) roll over in the cool water.

—The Sturgeon Point Hotel, we hear, is visited by people from all parts of Canada and the United States who are in search of rest and good fishing, and moreover is not a "fashionable" place of resort. It is most convenient for members attending the meet to use as a general headquarters for themselves and "family."

—"Open canoes, without rudders, are to be allowed one foot extra in length in certain classes."—REG. COM.—This is a little more general than the rule as included in the report which says, Class B.

—The *Amateur Athlete*, published at 22 New Church street, New York City, has, among its various column heads, *Canoeing*. It is a weekly.

—RECEPTION COMMITTEE.—H. C. Rogers, Chairman, and N. D. Beck, Secretary and Treasurer. The duties of this Committee include the performance of all the work necessary to be done in preparing for the camp, giving full information to all visitors who may require it—and they are invited to send for any information they require—arranging for transport, etc. (This latter, by the way, is already getting into good shape, thanks to Mr. White, of the Midland Railway.) Members should send over to the Secretary, Mr. Beck, the points from which they are coming, so that all arrangements may be perfected. Mr. Rogers and Mr. Beck are members of our Peterboro party of two years ago, and are anxious to do something to show their appreciation of the many kindnesses we then received from our American friends.

—Several members have written asking what fishing-gear is required for Stony Lake. A trolling-line or two of from 80 to 100 feet, pretty strong, and trolling-baits, either in the shape of brass, copper, or silver spoons, or revolving fish, etc., with swivels and sets of three hooks. These can be got in great variety here or at Lindsay or Cobourg. For still fishing, any sort of rod and line, with good-sized bass-hooks. Maskinonge are caught by trolling only, bass in both ways. Duck-shooting season opens 15th August.

—FLUSHING, L. I.—The Flushing Canoe Club is, I am afraid, defunct. If there is any news later on, I will send it to you with pleasure. Yours truly, W. H. Clarke, late secretary to the *deceased*.

—Coast Survey Charts can be had of D. Eggert's Sons, No. 74 Wall street, New York, Government manufacturers, etc., and of T. S. & J. D. Negus, 140 Water street.

—The time for sailing races on the programme will be three-quarters of an hour for senior races, and an hour and a quarter for junior, full ballast and other important races.

—In Rule 8—Tuesday programme—the words, *or paddle*, should be omitted, leaving the sentence, "sail in with all gear."

—Mr. Whitlock has just returned from Europe as we go to press, and he gives his approval of the final shape of the Regatta Committee's report.

—Pennsylvania is the only State in the Union in which the country people are not canoe curious. You can cruise any where there, if you are an over-modest man, and not be bothered by being looked at. Try it.

—Three members of the Rondout Club (Hudson River) talk of making a trip down the Delaware, early in June, returning home by way of the Jersey coast—portaging by cars from the head of Barnegat Bay to the Shrewsbury river. They will no doubt drop in on us as they go by.

—We begin to see that army of poems on canoeing—moonlight, the ocean, birch bark, camp-fires, pine-woods, the great lakes, a river, bits, ripples, wave crests, drifting and waifs rising up and advancing on us from all the local P. O.'s, and only hope the craft will float when the height of the flood breaks upon us. We are now battering down hatches, reefing sail, and stowing ballast, preparatory to the rush of the flood.

—Mount Eagle, on the Stony Lake map, should read Eagle Mount. No name has yet been given to the island on which the camp is to be placed. The Commodore is looking up the old Indian name. Otter Island is the starting point for the races.

—Mr. Calcut, who owns a steamer running from Peterboro down the river to Rice Lake and thence to Hastings, informed us that he would offer the use of his steamer *free* to all visiting canoeists. Mr. Boyd, who owns a steamer on the back lakes about Bobcaygeon, and not a regular passenger boat, will also carry members free for a trip around these lakes.

—We have received a large tracing from an atlas map made by Commodore Edwards, showing the water-ways between Lindsey, and the Thousand Islands with several local spots on a larger scale. We will try and reproduce it in CANOEIST later, instead of the tracing spoken of last month, illustrating the cruise in Pirlot then given.

—A SAD ACCIDENT—The drowning, at his own mill dam, of George C. Rogers, one of the strongest, heartiest, and best young men—an enthusiastic boating man, and one who would have done much to make the camp a success, has thrown a gloom over Peterboro.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I take pleasure in reporting for CANOEIST the organization of the *Pittsburgh Canoe Club*, with a membership of fourteen to begin with, seven canoes in commission and three more to be launched shortly. The titles of the officers, in accordance with the suggestion of your May number, have been changed from the old standard, and, with their present incumbents, are as follows: *Captain*, William H. Rea; *Lieutenant*, James K. Bakewell [he ought to be cook.—ED.]; *Purser*, Reade W. Bailey. The club took a short trip on Decoration Day, and the first annual club cruise—from the headwaters of the Allegheny to Pittsburgh—during the month of June. The fleet will embrace five Everson Shadows, and five Racines from St. Paul and a double cruiser, and I will forward a list of their names and owners in time for July number, if you can spare the room.

YOURS, READE W. BAILEY.

P. S. I have about completed the rigging of my canoe, the *Katrina*, and already have a "Baptismal Episode," affecting two high officials, to record.

R. W. B.

EDITOR CANOEIST: At the meeting in April, of the Rochester C. C., my term of office expired, and Mr. Henry Ward was elected to fill the place. He has since left the State, and the office is vacant. At the regular meeting in June it will be filled, and I expect I will go back to my old position.

When the date of A. C. A. approaches, I will send CANOEIST schedule of the times of arrival and departure of trains, and the time of departure of the Canada boats, together with such other information as may be of use to persons intending to reach Peterboro via Rochester, Charlotte, and Canada boats.

Very truly,

MATT. ANGLE.

EDITOR CANOEIST: May CANOEIST is a beauty. I am strongly in favor of a general admixture of scientific points as to sails, etc., but we also want information as to tents, and other camp trappings. I congratulate you on the improvement in the CANOEIST.

What think you of the plan of having a freight car run on the siding at our (Knickerbocker) boat-house, and then pack all the

New York canoes in one car there? Possibly the Philadelphia boys would also like to join us in that way. There is no other good place to get our boats on the train, nor one so handy to all. The N. Y. C. C. men could come to our house and put them all in there. However, let me have your opinion.

ROBERT J. WILKIN.

It is a capital idea.—[Ed.]

EDITOR CANOEIST: After June 1st, we shall have races every Saturday afternoon, and have made arrangements with the Hartford Canoe Club to meet each other at the mouth of the Farmington River, which is about half-way between Springfield and Hartford, and camp over Sunday. Say, on Saturday afternoon, about four o'clock, we leave here, and paddle down the river at the same time the Hartford boys start to paddle up, so we can arrive at the place stated, about the same time; we then propose to make a camp and stay until Sunday afternoon, then break up and paddle or sail home. We hope to meet in this way several times during the season, and think it will help both clubs. We have finished our new canoe-house, and think we have the best floating canoe-house in the country; we allow nothing but canoes to be housed in it; our house is 55 feet long, by 25 feet wide. The float is built of Southern pine, and has six air-tight compartments to prevent its sinking, in case of accident to any part of its planking. Every member has a rack for his canoe, also a closet for his clothes. We have a bath-room, and think we are pretty well fixed, for a club about one year old. We expect a fleet of twenty birch canoes to come down the river in a few days. But they won't get past this place without stopping.

Since I wrote you last, we have added four new names to our club—all canoe owners. They are, F. L. Safford, First National Bank; Paul A. Knappe, Hampden Watch Company; H. W. Robinson, Robinson & Sons; W. B. Medlicott, Medlicott Manufacturing Company—and more to come. Our men are out every day. We have just received from Rushton two St. Lawrence's, and two "Stella Maris" canoes with Atwood's centre-boards. They are perfect beauties. Will write you again, soon.

Respectfully,

C. M. SHEDD,

Sec. and Treas. of S. C. C.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Will you please give me the address of some parties who handle canoe fittings? I have built myself three boats, and intend building a new one this spring, and I found great trouble in finding the brass-fittings I wanted for said boats. I think an advertisement in your paper would pay anyone handling these goods.

Respectfully,

W. JAMES HARTE.

[Any of the canoe builders would gladly give you address, where particular articles wanted can be got. Stephens (W. P.), West Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y., we feel sure, could help you out.—Ed.]

EDITOR CANOEIST: Is there any rule governing size and shape of club-flag?

Albany.

H. L. THOMAS

[The clubs have generally adopted the pointed burgee as their club signals—size 10x15, same as A. C. A. signal. Colors, of course, and design, to be different for every club.—Ed.]

The following notice was received with Mr. Shedd's letter to us, printed on a large poster sheet, in large type and numerous colors:

JOIN THE CRUISERS!—Sporting! Grand canoe cruise, from Canada to the Sound! Most novel, delightful, and exciting of aquatic sports!

A party of canoeists, under good and safe management, will start for the headwaters of the Connecticut River, Thursday, May 24, 1883, for a three weeks' trip down the finest of New England rivers. A fleet of twenty birch canoes, of the best make and pattern, built by the Penobscot tribe of Indians at their reservation, Old Town, Maine. Two Indian guides, an experienced cook and cookee, tents, blankets, and all the paraphernalia of camp life. Three weeks healthful recreation. Three weeks of fun on the water, and by the camp-fire. First, and finest cruise of the kind ever attempted on inland waters in New England. Same course over which Captain Paul Boynton swam in the fall of 1879.

Write or telegraph for berth at once. Only a limited number of tickets sold. For further particulars, or, for terms, out-

fit, etc., address, L. Ed. Philbrick, Captain, City Hotel, Keen, N. H.

N. B. A second cruise, over the same course, and under the same management, starts June 25, 1883.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Davenport—not that misty and befogged Devonshire hamlet, but the noble “Hawkeye” city, located on the Mississippi River—has organized a Canoe Club, and the following officers have agreed to paddle the craft as an organization for 365 $\frac{1}{4}$ days: Marcius C. Smith, Commodore; S. B. Lafferty, Vice-Commodore; H. S. Putnam, Secretary. The talented and witty Secretary has originated a constitution for the guild that is peculiar in its glistening peculiarities. I will insert a few of its articles, as perhaps some forelorn and shipwrecked canoe club seeing may take heart again.

Membership—No one is eligible to membership who is not a canoe owner, capable of preserving his centre of equilibrium and temper, a practical cruiser, and a jolly good fellow, despising the simplicity and awkwardness of the land-lubber.

Officers—The officers shall consist of a Commodore, Vice-Commodore, Secretary, Surgeon, Cook, Scullion, and as many other officers as the increasing membership of the club shall demand.

Signal—The club signal shall consist of a gyrating, vibratory movement of the vocal organs, with great intensity of sound and with such variations and amplification as the powers of endurance of the members shall permit.

Shakespeare must have been one of us, else how could he have written: “When the sea is calm, all boats alike show *mastership* in floating.” How sarcastic the words, “*mastership* in floating.” The bard probably had a heavy shadow canoe that was a good sailer, and as the calm closed in upon him, and forced him to float along with dug-outs, flat-boats, and such stuff as competitors, he wrapped himself up in his own thoughts and muttered, “What cannot be avoided, ’twere childish weakness to lament and fear.”

MARCIOUS C. SMITH,
Commodore, Irrawaddi Canoe Club.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Can you give me your opinion of the canoe made in Glens Falls, N. Y., by F. Joyner, called the “Diamond”? Whether she is all that her

maker represents, or not, and if she is a good reliable canoe for cruising purposes? By so doing you would confer a favor on

Yours,
ALFRED W. DODD,
Secretary, H. C. C.

[The canoes at the meet last summer, made by Joyner, were very pretty boats and seemed well made. Never having owned one, nor knowing any one who has, we cannot say positively what their true value is. Will not some owner of the build write us as to the merits of the craft? —ED.]

EDITOR CANOEIST: It may interest your many readers to know that canoeing on Lake Michigan is rapidly attaining the popularity it deserves.

The suburban town of Evanston, situated on the shore some twelve miles north of Chicago, boasts a vigorous boat-club, and a fine boat-house overlooking a pretty reach of lake.

In April, 1882, the Qui-Vive, a canoe not unknown on New York waters, was installed in the boat-house. The charm of canoeing was illustrated before the boatmen's eyes. Many caught the fever and were converted. Shortly, three of the most ardent appeared in cruisers of their own. The antics of these on pleasant summer evenings, plying their double paddles in a calm, skimming under sail, athwart a gentle breeze, or cavorting around in the huge swells of a northeaster, and coming ashore at last triumphant, on the back of some huge “white horse,” induced others, in order to participate to build; and the advent of the coming season will witness the launching of no less than eight canoes, four of them new, built by their owners after the Qui-Vive model and plans.

I. F. WEST.

Evanston, Ill., March 17, 1883.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Probably few owe more to canoeing than myself. During the last three years I have traveled alone a thousand miles; the past summer paddling through Lake Ontario and Canada some 500 miles. After considering my experience, I can think of no way in which a summer can be passed more pleasantly and profitably. There are many weary people looking for some healthful way to spend the summer, who, if they had the advantages of canoeing presented to them, would gladly take to the paddle.

Numbers of people do not live near water. Others that are more or less familiar with boats look upon canoeing as a dangerous sport. "What can such little boats stand?" they ask. I would suggest that all those interested in canoeing would try to interest friends. When a novice has once used a canoe, his eyes are opened. He not only realizes that he won't have to swim, but that a field of novel amusement is opened to him—an innocent and health-giving pastime that won't wear out. I would therefore recommend that every canoe owner, besides edifying friends with his experiences, would induce them to try his canoe. Let club-houses welcome visitors, and members explain the practical management of canoes. Such a method would be likely to swell the number of recruits.

R. K. WING.

Hamilton, Madison Co., N. Y., March 18, 1883.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I do not know where the Paget rocking-cleat can be had. I can furnish brass screws, screw eyes, small cleats, single and double *brass* blocks, for $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{8}$ inch cords; also, braided cord for reef-lines. I am trying to get a larger braided cord for halyards made to order.

Yours, STEPHENS.

CANOE PILOT.

TORONTO TO PORT HOPE.

Cruise of Frank M. Nicholson, in the Racine Shadow, Sadie N.—Friday, July 29, 1881.—To insure an early start on the morrow, I decided to make my first night's camp on the eastern point of the Island, and accordingly left the "Queen City" at 9.25 P. M., under the kindly escort of Commodore Bridgman, Mr. Neilson, and Mr. Stinson, who, after seeing me safely settled for the night, wished me "bon voyage," and left me *a la* "Robinson Crusoe."

Saturday, July 30th.—I breakfasted decidedly early, put things "shipshape," and got under way at 5 A. M. The lake was as tranquil as a mill-pond, and I was obliged to settle down to a steady paddle. In the cool air of the early morning, the exercise was exhilarating; but the heat of a few hours later made it irksome indeed, and the Scarboro' Heights seemed to stretch themselves to an interminable length, as I plied the paddle vigorously, in the hope of soon making port.

I reached Port Union at 11 A. M. The heat was intense, and not a ripple disturbed the glassy smoothness of the lake; so I loitered ashore till 2 P. M., in the vain hope for a favoring breeze. Again I took to the paddle, but, under the circumstances, the effect on the paddler was much the same as taking a Turkish bath, and unpleasant thoughts occurred to him of what would become of the lonely voyager in a case of sunstroke.

About 6 P. M. I went ashore at Duffin's Creek, for tea, which refreshed me considerably, and I then decided to make a "big push" to reach Whitby before turning in for the night.

The disappearance of "old Sol" behind the western horizon caused some moderation in the temperature, and enabled me to make better progress with the paddle. The night was gloomily dark; but presently, on rounding a point, I caught sight of Whitby light, which cheered me on, and ere long my canoe was beached within a short distance of its friendly ray, 20 miles being my record for the day.

The Sadie N. was speedily converted into comfortable sleeping-quarters, and I was soon enjoying "balmy sleep."

Saturday, July 31st.—Another early start. An almost dead calm still prevailed, with occasional light puffs of wind, of which I tried to take advantage and secure a brief respite from what had now become the tedium of the paddle. Progress was slow, however, only making Pohawa by noon, which was but 4 miles covered by the morning's manœuvring. After lunch and a siesta, I paddled out of Oshawa Bay with an east wind blowing; but this soon dropped, and I had smooth water again. A hard three hours' work brought Bowmanville in sight at 6 P. M. Now on for Newcastle, where I intend to avail myself of the hospitality of some friends, instead of running my own caravansary. What a long $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles it seems! "The shades of night are falling fast," and, unfortunately, not a glimmer of light is to be seen at the port. Presently the dim outline of the pier is made out, and I then easily groped my way ashore. How luxurious a Christian bed seemed, after the narrow confines of the canoe, and the roof only a few inches from your nose. But the bed aforesaid was certainly not so conducive to early rising, and the following morning I felt loath to leave it at 8 A. M.

Monday, August 1st.—After a sumptuous breakfast, my friend proposed a drive, to which I assented; but while this was in progress a brisk west wind sprang up at last—the very thing I had been waiting and longing for. Eager to be afloat with such an auspicious breeze, we drove at once to the moorings of the Sadie N., and soon her white wings were set for our destination—Port Hope, 16 miles. We scud along merrily; but as the wind freshened, the sea kicked up on the lee-shore, became rather lively for one's comfort, and the canoe required constant watching to prevent broaching-to. We have the satisfaction of knowing, however, that we are making good time, as Port Hope looms in sight, and there is a prospect of our reaching it in time for dinner. How the big waves toss the tiny craft, as we swing round the pier-head, and what a sensible relief is experienced in our breathing as we find ourselves in the smooth water of the harbor! This ended my first experience as an aquatic "tramp," and, with Oliver Twist, I long for "more." To those who have not tried it, I would say (to borrow the words of the bard of "Thanatopsis"): "Go forth under the open sky, and list to nature's teachings, while from all around—earth and her waters, and the depths of air—comes a still voice . . . The hills, rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales stretching in pensive quietness between; the venerable woods—rivers that move in majesty, and the complaining brooks, that make the meadows green."

I am, dear sir, yours fraternally,
FRANK M. NICHOLSON.

CONNECTICUT RIVER.

From Springfield to Long Island Sound.—Saturday, May 27, 1882. Left the Springfield C. C. house at 8 A. M. Wind strong from southwest. River high, and current swift. Canoes: Racine, St. Paul, Rushton, and Stella Maris. The river, from Springfield to Thompsonville, is free from rapids, rocks, or dams. The west shore is the best. From Thompsonville, eight miles south of Springfield, until the canal lock is reached—about one mile further down—canoeist *must* hug the west shore, and approach the raft, near the gate, cautiously, as the current makes a turn at that point, which, at high water, would carry canoe over the dam.

The appearance of the river here is very deceptive. The current suddenly increases, and one is in quick water—beyond control before he knows it, unless caution has been exercised.

Generally you can lock through, but a carry requires less time; and when two or more are in company, the labor is light. One can enter the canal, or take the rapids, below the dam, as he chooses.

In the spring and fall freshets it is dangerous. At low water there is very little comfort. We prefer the canal, until the railroad bridge is passed, just below which a very short carry brings you to the river. If the canal is entered, and pay (\$1.00) demanded, be sure and take a receipt, else you will be obliged to pay again at the south-end locks; our advice is to leave the canal before reaching the lower locks, as it requires an hour to get through them. The water in the canal is quite swift, and the scenery very fine.

After passing Windsor Locks—during a freshet—the western shore should be followed, as there are several of Uncle Sam's stone walls built out from the eastern bank, which makes canoeing unpleasant, for they form whirlpools around their ragged edges, damaging one's planking if too closely interviewed. We met one of these, saw it, or rather didn't see, passed it, landed, dried our effects, bailed out, and concluded that we would go around the next one if it wasn't more than ten miles. During low water, the river, from Windsor Locks, is just a bed of bars and shoal spots, made from sand or mud; generally free from rocks, but now and then a stump, or an old tree, is thrown in free. There *are* places that wont float a canoe.

The best method is to get out and drag canoe over shoal. Two miles above Hartford there are two jam-booms, constructed by the Connecticut River Lumber Company. They commence on the eastern shore, and extend diagonally down stream to west shore. At the centre there is an opening; but as the line of boom-logs laps, the canoeist must keep a sharp lookout, or find himself land-locked—at least that's where we found ourselves, and hear of others who have suffered the same way. Distance from Springfield to Hartford twenty-eight miles.

We reached there at 4.30. Dinner at Merrill's. Left Hartford at 6 P. M.; pad-

dled to Grastenburg, seven miles below, arriving at seven. Placed our canoes in the freight-house on steamboat dock; found good accommodations at the house of Mr. E. Beach, and can recommend him highly to canoeists. The weather was too cold to camp out or sleep in canoes. Did most of our paddling with heavy coats on. During the night there was a heavy rain, which raised the river about a foot. Started for Middletown at 8:30; wind still southwest against the current, making a heavy sea, which troubled the St. Paul not a little. Thought her a trifle *wet*. Here the river is open and free, and one can go where he pleases; scenery is delightful. After a long, tedious paddle, fighting this never-ending south wind, Middletown was reached at noon—distance from Hartford eighteen miles—where we were entertained by Canoeist J. B. Wetherbee. At 1:30 we were off again, trying to out-last the southwest wind, but it was no use.

The river is free, and no difficulties to encounter. We reached Goodspeed's Landing about dusk, where we remained Sunday night; distance from Middletown nineteen miles.

Monday morning, at 8 o'clock, we started from this place, with everything favorable. High wind from north'ard; found it difficult to keep the canvas from acting in the capacity of diving-bells. Dandy stepped forward, and proved equal to our immediate requirements. Had heard of 100-foot mainsails, with 60-foot spinnakers, and "sich," but a 10-foot dandy looked larger on our masts, that morning, than the above-mentioned sails did on paper, when reading of them last winter. This was our reward for our faithful and disheartening labor performed during the last two days.

By 8.30 the wind had freshened until it was almost a gale; but we stood our ground, ploughing through heavy seas—sometimes over the waves, but generally through them. This has reference mostly to the St. Paul, which is not intended for sailing, and ought not so to be used; yet, under the careful management of our commodore, she carried him through.

At Essex, cross to the eastern shore, and when the Shore-Line Railroad bridge is in view, keep to the west. Having passed under the railroad bridge, the heavy wind and high seas were too much for even dandys. So we stowed them below, and

raised our forward cockpit-hatches, and sailed to the steamboat dock at Saybrook Point, arriving there at exactly 9.55.

We were obliged to repair slight damages done to the canvas at Essex. Remained about ten minutes; therefore our actual sailing time was one hour and forty-five minutes—distance twenty miles.* The remainder of the day was spent at the lighthouse, along the beach, and at Pease's Hotel, near the dock; the only place then open, and can recommend it highly to canoeists.

We returned to Hartford that night on the steamer, and, when we arrived, found the river had risen five feet since we came down. While waiting to launch canoes, and paddle up to Springfield, we were approached by a slick-looking native of Hartford, who addressed us in a decidedly foreign language. We did not exactly catch his meaning, and told him so in good, substantial English, which rather alarmed the interviewer, who exclaimed: "Oxcuse me, my tear friends, I tink you vas belonging to dot emigrants party vot vas sent away from Ny Yorrick last night." Fact is, we did not look handsome; nevertheless we were comfortable, and that's half the pleasure on a cruise.

SHEDD AND NICKERSON.

Several members of the Springfield Canoe Club start for the Sound on Saturday, May 26th, at 3 P. M., on a four-days' cruise. If good time is made to Saybrook Point, shall continue the cruise on Long Island Sound, going eastward to New London. Shall be pleased to pilot any canoeists desiring to make this pleasant little trip. For particulars, write to

F. A. NICKERSON,

Springfield, Mass.

Com. S. C. C.

—W. P. Stephens, the well-known canoe designer and builder, member of the New York C. C., and the A. C. A., has taken charge of the Canoe column in *Forest and Stream*. The numbers published since his trick at the wheel have been wonderfully interesting, and have contained much more matter on the specialty than the paper has before allowed to it. The issue of May 24th gives the lines and measurements of one of Everson's first Shadows, besides much other information.

* This seems pretty good time.—ED.

THE AMERICAN C. A. N. O. E. I. S. T

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. II.

JULY, 1883.

No. 6.

THE MEET.

CANOEIST has just received the advance sheets of the little book giving details of the arrangements for the meet. Commodore Edwards sent it. Below will be found extracts from it, for the benefit of those few subscribers of ours who do not belong to the A. C. A.; for each member is to receive a copy, and others can get them by sending to the committee. The pamphlet has a neat cover with A. C. A. burgee on front page and a photograph on fourth page, of local scenery, and altogether it is a little gem:

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION—THE CAMP FOR 1883, AT STONY LAKE, PETERBORO, ONT. A DESCRIPTION OF THE LOCALITY, OF THE MEANS OF REACHING IT, AND OF THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE MEETING, WITH A MAP SHOWING THE WATERS AND THE CONNECTING RAILWAY ROUTES. CONTAINING 24 PAGES OF READING MATTER.

REGATTA COMMITTEE.

Robert Tyson, Toronto.
H. T. Strickland, Peterborough.
William Whitlock, New York.

PETERBOROUGH RECEPTION COMMITTEES.

General Committee—Chairman, H. C. Rogers;
Secretary, N. D. Beck.
Intelligence Committee—Chairman, E. J. Toker;
Secretary, R. E. Wood.
Transport Committee—Chairman, F. J. Jeffers;
Secretary, J. Hawkins.
Membership and Finance Committee—Chairman,
R. E. Wood; Secretary, W. H. Budden.
Commissariat Committee—Chairman, G. M.
Roger; Secretary, J. Emmerson.
Works Committee—Chairman, J. Z. Rogers;
Secretary, J. H. Burnham.
Entertainment and Music Committee—Chairman,
C. W. Ewing; Secretary, W. H. Budden.

THE CAMP AND COURSE.

Stony Lake is one of the chain of lakes which are connected by the river known in the upper part of its course as the Otonabee, and in the lower portion as the Trent, the latter falling into the Bay of Quinte, an arm of Lake Ontario. Though really of large extent, it does not seem so to a visitor till he has had time to explore it, for it is filled with almost countless islands, varying from some of considerable size to mere granite rocks, the scenery resembling in miniature the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence.

For the camping-grounds, a large island suitable for pitching tents has been secured, and a separate locality has been selected for a ladies' camp and family parties including ladies. There is ample space for a good sail, or for trying conclusions as to the skill of the paddlers, or the capabilities of their different craft. There are so many channels, sudden turns, and secluded nooks, that weeks may be spent in exploring them without monotony. Another great advantage is that even the novice need not be storm-bound, for in any weather some sheltered cruising-ground can be found.

During the winter, when the ice facilitated the measurement, courses for the regatta were marked out both for sailing and paddling races, so that no delay need be occasioned by rough weather.

CAMP SUPPLIES.

Arrangements have been made for that important department, the commissariat. There will be a store on the camping-grounds, where all the necessary provisions, such as groceries, bacon and ham, canned meats and vegetables, potatoes, bread and biscuits, butter, milk, and eggs, coal oil, candles, etc., may be procured at city prices. The camp store-keeper will also be prepared to supply hot tea and coffee when required. A stock of ice has also been laid in for the free use of members.

No arrangement has been made for regular meals at the camp or in its neighborhood. Any large parties requiring cooks should communicate at once with the secretary of the Local Committee, and endeavors will be made to supply them.

POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS.

Letters addressed A. C. A. Camp, Lakefield, Ont., Canada, will be forwarded to the camp daily.

EXCURSIONS FROM CAMP.

While in camp though, as we have said, there will be no lack of variety in the cruising ground of the immediate vicinity for many paddlers, yet the more adventurous and energetic may prefer longer excursions, and there are plenty of points of interest. Following the lake to the eastward, Boshink Narrows lead by a picturesque channel into another expanse of the same lake, which thus assumes the form of an hour-glass. On the north shore of this inner portion of the lake are the mouths of two streams, Eel's Creek and Jack's Creek, which, with their rocky banks, gleaming falls, and secluded pools, are well worth a visit.

About three miles from the head of the lake is the Blue Mountain, with the picturesque Lake Koshkabogamog (Scattered Waters) at its foot, both well worthy of a visit by those who care to make a long portage.

In another direction, going up stream to Burleigh, we come to the big *chute* of that name. This is one of the spots where works are in course of construction for the opening of navigation through these waters from the Georgian Bay to the Bay of Quinte. A not heavy portage for light canoes leads into Lovesick Lake, a favorite camping, fishing, and hunting ground. Here, too, a visit should be paid to the "Roll way."

Fairy Fern Lake might be the object of another excursion, and there are other points to which some old frequenter of the waters might act as guide.

Of course every one will climb Eagle Mount on its island, and Mount Julien on the main shore, not Alpine heights, but sufficiently elevated to afford a good view of the island-dotted waters.

ROUTES BY WHICH STONY LAKE MAY BE REACHED.

The location selected for the camp may

be reached by many different routes, but the most direct and convenient will be found to be by the Grand Trunk Railway to Toronto, and thence by the Midland Railway to Lakefield, for all coming via the Niagara frontier, or who have to cross the Detroit River; while those from the east and south can come via Montreal and G. T. R. to Port Hope, or by steamer to Port Hope, a town on the north shore of Lake Ontario, almost opposite Rochester, thence by the Midland Railway, passing through Peterborough to Lakefield, a distance of 40 miles, from which the camp can be reached either by steamer or canoe, the distance from Lakefield being 13 miles.

The Grand Trunk Railway.—It need scarcely be mentioned that this railway connects directly with all the cities and all the towns of any importance along the boundary between Canada and the United States, as well as with Chicago, Portland, Boston, and many other places of lesser importance in the United States, and by its branches with nearly all points in the Province of Ontario and the principal cities in the Province of Quebec.

The Midland Railway, which has absorbed the Grand Junction, Whitby and Port Perry, Toronto and Nipissing and Victoria Railways, touches the Grand Trunk at Belleville, Port Hope, Whitby and Toronto, and by means of its various branches and cross-sections forms a network covering the central part of Ontario, and reaching the chain of lakes at many points, such as Hastings, Lakefield, Lindsay, Fenelon Falls, Cobocok, Port Perry, and Haliburton. Its northwesterly terminus is at Midland, on Georgian Bay, and it touches Lakes Couchiching and Simcoe, at Orillia and Beaverton.

From Rochester.—The magnificent side-wheel steamer Norseman (G. Crawford, Port Hope, Master) plies daily between Charlotte, the port of Rochester, N. Y., on the south shore of Lake Ontario, and Port Hope on the north shore, leaving Rochester at 9 P. M., reaching Port Hope in time for the express trains north on the Midland, leaving Port Hope at 10.20 A. M. Fare on steamer, \$2.

Cobourg to Stony Lake.—This route, although not so direct as that from Port Hope, has attractions which make it preferred by some. Trains leave Cobourg daily at 7 A. M. and 1 P. M., for Harwood, on the south shore of Rice Lake, from which the journey

to Peterborough, 24 miles, may be made by Calcutt's line of steamers, or by paddle and sail; and from Peterborough by Midland Railway to Lakefield, 10 miles; and to the camp as before.

Montreal, Prescott, Brockville and Kingston, to Port Hope.—The Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company (Royal Mail Line) runs a daily line of steamers from Montreal, touching at all intermediate points on the north shore, including Port Hope, going on to Toronto and Hamilton; arriving from the east at Port Hope about 2 p. m., and on the return trip arrive from Hamilton and Toronto at 7 p. m.

Ogdensburg and Clayton to Belleville.—To the canoeist this part of Lake Ontario and the waters connected therewith offer an opportunity for a most delightful cruise. This route lies through the far-famed Lake of the Thousand Islands, and up the Bay of Quinte to Belleville, and unless in very stormy weather the journey may be made in an ordinary canoe with safety. The steamer Armenia plies on this route, making the journey each way on alternate days. Apply to F. S. Rathbun, Deseronto, Ont.

Belleville to Stony Lake.—Belleville, on the beautiful Bay of Quinte, an arm of Lake Ontario, is connected with Peterborough and Lakefield by a branch of the Midland Railway, formerly known as the Grand Junction Railway—two trains leaving Belleville daily; the distance being 75 miles to Lakefield.

This branch of the Midland traverses the valley of the Trent River most of the way, and at Campbellford or Hastings the journey by rail may be changed to one by canoe, passing up the Trent River from Heeley's Falls, six miles above Campbellford, or from Hastings to Rice Lake, a beautiful sheet of water 20 miles long, then through the eastern portion of Rice Lake, 12 miles, to the mouth of the Otonabee River, 24 miles to Peterborough.

The journey from Hastings to Peterborough may also be made by Calcutt's line of steamers.

Through a Chain of Lakes.—For the canoeist who has a little time at his disposal a very interesting route lies through a long chain of lakes and rivers connecting Balsam Lake with Stony Lake, and leading through Balsam Lake, Cameron Lake, Fenelon River, Sturgeon Lake, Bobcaygeon River, Pigeon Lake, Buckhorn Lake, Deer

Bay, Deer Lake, Lovesick Lake, and past Burleigh Rapids to Stony Lake. This chain of lakes can be reached at several points by rail, viz., at Coboconk, above Balsam Lake, by the Midland Railway from Toronto; at Port Perry, on Scugog Lake, then down Scugog River through the town of Lindsay to Sturgeon Lake; also by Midland Railway at Lindsay. A number of steamers ply on these waters.

Of the above routes, that by way of Coboconk, through Balsam Lake, will be found the most inviting.

Midland City to Peterborough.—The Midland Railway runs daily trains from Midland City, a point on the Georgian Bay, to Peterborough and Lakefield, a distance of 115 miles, passing through Lindsay.

Chicago to Midland City.—There is communication between Chicago and Midland City by propellers and schooners, for particulars of which apply to Mr. F. A. Howe, First National Bank Buildings, Chicago. Canoes forwarded to Midland will be taken care of by the agent of the Midland Railway, and forwarded free to Lindsay or Lakefield.

Lakefield to the Camp.—A couple of small steamers will ply daily between Lakefield and the camp, through Katchewanooka Lake and Clear Lake, leaving Lakefield on the arrival of the noon train, or the same journey may easily be made by paddle and sail.

FARES.

The following railway companies have generously agreed to issue to all members of the association and their families attending the camp, tickets for the return journey at one and a third fare, canoes and outfits free, on presentation of a certificate which will be furnished to member upon application to Dr. Neide, Schuylerville, N. Y., Secretary of the Association:

The Grand Trunk Railway Co.

The Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway Co.

The Intercolonial Railway Co.

The Canada Pacific Railway Co.

The Passumpsic Railway Co.

The Central Vermont Railway Co.

The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Co.

The Chicago and Alton Railway Co.

The Delaware and Hudson Railway Co.

The Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railway Co.

The Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railway Co.

The Midland Railway will carry members and their families at one fare; canoes free.

The proprietor of Calcutt's line of steamers has generously offered to carry all members and their canoes and outfits free from Hastings or any point on his line. The Norseman will carry passengers at a fare and a third for return tickets; canoes free.

CUSTOMS.

Instructions have already been sent by the Commissioner of Customs at Ottawa to the customs' officers at the following points to admit members' canoes and kit free of duty or interference on production of certificate of membership signed by Dr. C. A. Neide, the Secretary, viz., Rouse's Point, Montreal, Prescott, Gananoque, Kingston, Belleville, Cobourg, Port Hope, Peterborough, Lindsay, Toronto, Suspension Bridge, Windsor, Sarnia, and Midland. Members intending to enter Canada at any other point should communicate at once with the Local Secretary, N. D. Beck, Peterborough, Ont., Canada. Lest there should be any difficulty about duties on returning to their own country, American members should obtain a certificate from the customs' officer at an American port covering their canoes and kit as being taken temporarily to Canada. Canoes shipped by freight will come through to Peterborough and pass the customs here.

PROGRAMME.

The camp will be held from the 10th to the 24th of August. The regatta will take place on the 21st, 22d, and 23d, according to the programme herein. Special races may be arranged for during the camp. It is hoped that by spending a couple of weeks under canvas members will have ample opportunity to enjoy a genuine holiday, as well as to become thoroughly acquainted with each other. In addition to fishing, etc., those who cannot content themselves with doing nothing may make cruises in various directions from the camp, and may practice both paddling and sailing.

Though easily accessible, Stony Lake is removed from the sophistications of civilization. Visitors to it must expect no summer resort hotels, no ball-rooms, banquets, or brass bands, but a backwoods

camping-ground, with paddling and fishing for amusements in the daylight, and the song or tale around the camp-fire at night.

The preliminary meeting of the association will be held on the morning of Monday, the 20th, the rest of the day being made a general gala day, and including the taking of photographs of the A. C. A., when every member should endeavor to be on hand. The election of officers will take place on the afternoon of Thursday, the 23d, following the regatta. The regatta is intended to afford the means of testing in a friendly way the relative merits of various styles of canoes, rig, etc., and furnishing a bit of pleasant sport at the end of the camp, rather than to promote the fastest racing in the world, and thus give rise to personal jealousies. To this end the prizes are simple and inexpensive, consisting chiefly of flags, badges, and other articles not likely to tempt any one to the systematic training necessary for an oarsman's race.

SPORTING.

The fishing in these waters is usually very good, varying of course at different seasons. Maskinonge, averaging 6 to 10 lbs., and occasionally running up to 20 or 30 lbs., are caught only by trolling, a line of 60 to 100 feet being used with spoons and spinning baits of various sorts, and stout sets of triple hooks. Black bass from 1 to 4 lbs. are caught either by trolling or still fishing, with artificial flies or frogs, minnows, crawfish, etc., as bait. In Rice Lake and the waters below Peterboro, a permit from Charles Gilchrist, Fishery Inspector, Harwood, is necessary. In other waters no permit is required. Duck shooting commences on the 15th of August. The rice-beds of Deer Bay, near the camp, afford excellent shooting for those who understand it.

CRUISING HOMEWARD.

On the conclusion of the camp, it is expected that a large number will cruise in company down as far as the Thousand Islands. The practiced canoe man will find on this trip waters to test his skill in every form, whilst even the novice may safely accomplish most of the journey, leaving out one or two of the liveliest rapids. The run to Lakefield is through the usual lake waters. From Lakefield to Peterboro there are nine miles of easy rapids, with occasional portages at dams near the latter town. Then comes a slack current and a

pretty winding stream for 20 miles to Rice Lake, followed by 13 miles of open lake and 7 miles of river to Hastings. Those who are pressed for time may take the Cobourg Railway at Harwood at 4 P. M., and go from Cobourg to Kingston or the Thousand Islands by Royal Mail Line Steamers, arriving early the following morning, or may take the Midland Railway from Hastings to Belleville. Twelve miles further of still water below Hastings, Heeley's Falls is reached. From this point to Percy Boom, 12 miles, there are three falls and continuous rapids, the latter six miles in particular affording a fine run. From Percy Boom to Chisholm's Rapids, 16 miles clear sailing, lock and short rapids, and 6 miles more of paddling; and last but not least, the 9 miles' rapids, bringing the bold canoeist to Trenton, at the head of the Bay of Quinte. A beautiful sail down this bay brings us to the Lake of the Thousand Islands, where the visiting canoeist will probably feel sufficiently at home to be able to take care of himself.

Then follows the programme of races, amended sailing rules, and a capital map which shows all and more than the one which CANOEIST was arranging to place before its readers, and which now will be omitted to make room for the large amount of reading matter received daily by the Editors.

CRUISERS VERSUS RACERS.

THIS distinction between canoemen has cropped out in the CANOEIST several times, noticeably in the June number. We are invited to form an association of cruising canoeists. The distinction is a true one to some extent; but I, for one, see no occasion therefore for a division of canoeists. Few could be found who are either mere racers or strict cruisers. And as there is no yacht so delicate and fast but her owner takes his vacation trip in her, and none so safe and slow but she will fill away her sails in the local yacht race, so there can hardly be a canoe which can be put down strictly as fit only for racing or for cruising.

If there be danger to the integrity of our association, it looks as if it were to be apprehended rather on the cruising side. The racing canoeist may lose capacity for the exquisite enjoyment of lone cruising through Nature's realms, but he will certainly make advance in self-reliance and enterprise, and experiences in a lively race a certain exhilarating enjoyment that equals that of running a wild rapid. To appreciate the feelings of a racer, let one read Mr. Whitlock's admirable article in the CANOEIST, Vol. I., No. 2. I have read of huge batten-lugs and lead-keels, and even tried to lift one of the latter, but my fears were not aroused until the June CANOEIST arrived. What shall we say of canoeists who enter on an advertised cruise with guides and under "good and safe management?" Perhaps no member of the A. C. A. is concerned in this. Let us hope that is the case.

Let the racers go on in their enterprises. They will give us many ideas useful in cruising. Cruisers want to know what rig will make the most of the wind, and what size and form of paddle is most efficient. Friendly competition is the life of business and sport. Even cruisers compete in length and danger of tours. The races at the A. C. A. meet form a wholesome stimulus and a social basis.

A combined effort to collect valuable information about routes and to make special arrangements with transportation companies all over the country, would indeed be good, and might well receive the active consideration of the association.

But is not the very idea of a closer association repugnant to many a true canoeist who early imbibed the spirit of Father MacGregor? Such a cruiser wants to know but little about his course and the experiences of others. Give him a map, a staunch boat, and supplies, and his chief delight is in the uncertain future. Companionship is sometimes desirable for mutual help, but in full sympathy must companions be,

"That ever with a frolic welcome take
The thunder and the sunshine, and oppose
Free hearts, free foreheads."

The finest experience of the cruiser is not when with shouting company he dashes through the boiling rapids, or at night with a merry crew tells stories around the dying campfire, but when in solitary contemplation he enters into Nature's quiet moods and bows alone in her great temple.

A. S. FLINT.

TOWING THE CANOE.

IN all good canoe books where the canoeist is obliged to tow his craft up through rapids, he is pictured waist deep in the water, boat-hook in one hand, and tow-line in the other, struggling manfully against the current. This does well enough for a picture, perhaps, but it has the fault of not being founded on fact.

After long experience we have found the following method of towing quite satisfactory:

Get an eighth inch cotton cord, from 100 to 150 feet long; make one end fast to the stem, the other to the stern post. Now, standing on shore, let the canoe drift out into the strong current. Grasping the cord about the centre and hauling in on bow or stern line, as the case requires (care being taken to keep the bow pointed slightly away from you), the canoe can be kept almost half the length of the line from shore, and towed with ease against a ten mile current. With a little practice the canoe can be worked through tortuous channels and around boulders in a surprising manner.

"V."

American Canoe Association—Local Reception Committee.—The demand for information from men who are proposing to join the association, as well as from old members who are coming to the camp this year, being greater than was expected, the Local Committee have thought it best to

send the circular giving information as to Stony Lake, and the map, to those who are likely to come, or who may wish to get a copy by writing for it, instead of sending them out to all members, as at first intended. Therefore, if any member who does not receive a copy of the circular wants it, it will be sent on receipt of a card or letter by asking for it. The address of members is in some cases not complete as given in the A. C. A. book. Four hundred copies of the pamphlet were struck off.

A small view of scenes on Stony Lake adorns the cover of many of the pamphlets sent out. Mr. G. B. Sproule, an active member of the Local Committee, has kindly put on these views without charge, in order to embellish the circular and give visitors some idea of the scenery of the lake to which they are coming. Mr. Sproule sails next week for England, but hopes to be back in time for the camp.

PETERBOROUGH, Ont., Can., June 28, 1883.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Our club is in a very flourishing condition, and we shall take at least eight to Canada in August. We propose to leave here on Friday, Aug. 17th, at 8.25 A. M., reaching Lindsay next day (via Rochester and Port Hope) about noon; dine there and start for camp Aug. 18th, making the lake trip. We shall stay about five days at Stony Lake, then cruise to Rice Lake, and fish for three or four days; and then take at Cobourg the "Royal Mail Line" steamers for 1,000 Islands, leaving Cobourg at 7 P. M., and arriving at Kingston next morning at 6.30. We propose to cruise about there for several days, and come home in the night train from Clayton. This will make a charming trip of two weeks. Our plans may be somewhat modified, of course, later. We hope that the New York and River and Springfield Clubs, and all others who feel so inclined will keep us company, at least from Lindsay to Stony Lake, or home.

"MARION,"

Purser M. C. C.

Albany, June 11th.

THE CLUBS.

—KNICKERBOCKER—

The season of '83 was opened by the Knickerbocker Club on May 30, by the holding of the annual review and opening sail on that day. At nine o'clock the house and grounds of the club were the scenes of busy preparations for the day. The programme was : First, the review of the fleet by the commodore; second, the inspection of club-house, lockers, etc.; and third, the opening sail.

These exercises are peculiar to the K. C. C., and the members take a just pride in them, as was shown by the full attendance of those who happened to be in the city. The club's fleet numbers about twenty canoes. Ten canoes participated in the ceremonies, among which were "Jennie," Vice-Commodore W. S. Allen; "Oceanic," C. Van Zandt; "Coquago," Jas. L. Greenleaf; "Horicon," Mr. Graham; "Palisade," ex-Commodore Keyser; "Coquette," E. A. Hoffman, Jr.; "Saskatchewan," R. J. Wilkin; "Nettie," W. L. Green; and the "Jennie D.," B. Mitchell. The commodore, Ad. Loewenthal, sat in his new canoe, "Halcyon."

After completing a number of manœuvres in the canoes, the "inspection" of the house and grounds was made.

At 11 o'clock orders were given to set sail for Englewood-on-the-Hudson, and the fleet careened away. The destination was reached at about 1:30, and the respective captains and crews repaired to the festive board at the Palisade Mountain House, and there refreshed the inner man. At 3 P.M. the start for home was made; but, with the wind and a "Hudson River" tide against them, the club-house was not reached till 6:30 P.M. Here some more refreshments were partaken of, and then each man hied himself away to his humble cot, feeling that, of all sports on land or water, canoeing "took the biscuit."

R. J. W.

—HARTFORD—

The Hartford Canoe Club held their first meet on Saturday, June 5, at 5 P.M. By 5:30 the entire fleet was under way. It consisted of ten canoes, carrying twelve members of the club. On a signal from the commodore, the canoes squared away before a light southeast wind, holding well

together, and making a fine appearance as they passed through the bridge above the city.

The run to the mouth of the Farmington River was made in one hour and a quarter, canoes arriving in the following order: Double canoe, under vice-commodore and ex-commodore; Commodore Jones, in his new canoe, "Grayling;" the secretary, in a Racine canoe; treasurer, Mr. Davidson, next, and the entire fleet soon after. A camp was established at once, and supper eaten—hurriedly, I fear, as news crept into camp that there was a strawberry festival in the village of Windsor, which meant pretty girls and a jolly evening. The hospitality of the Windsor people can be vouched for by many a canoeist, and was only ratified on this occasion. On returning to camp, we found three members missing. This of course caused us much anxiety, for the safety of a canoeist on shore is always a doubtful question, and is especially so on occasions of this kind. A meeting was called and a searching party organized for the morrow, after which the members attempted sleep. I say attempted, because sleep was out of the question. What with the merry mosquitoes and the many musically inclined members of the club, it was not till the small hours that any member found the long-sought rest.

Sunday morning opened cloudy; but this did not deter the commodore, secretary, and treasurer from starting at 4:30 A.M. on a trip up the Farmington River to the State fish hatchery of Mr. Fenton. Here may be seen the boxes full of shad eggs and young fry soon to be turned loose into the Connecticut. We had the good fortune to meet Mr. Griswold, who is working in the interests of fish culture, and who gave us much entertaining information in regard to the habits of the lamprey and silver eels; also giving us a practical illustration of the method of stripping the female lamprey and with the male impregnating the eggs.

The trip up to this point on the river involved about three hours' paddling; but we felt fully repaid. The return was made in one hour, and on rounding the last bend the camp came into view, where everything was in a state of great activity: swimming and practice sailing were in order, and a general good time. At 3 P.M., the time set for returning, we found three of our number

still anxious for another night in camp (or so they said ; we had our doubts). To these we were forced to say farewell, and with an admonition to the vice-commodore not to go near the village, we paddled out into the Connecticut, and with the rapid current and exhilarating air of a bright June afternoon were soon at home.

L. Q. J.

—LINDSAY CANOE AND BOATING CLUB.—

President, Adam Hudspeth ; vice-president and captain, J. G. Edwards ; secretary, F. Dobbin.

MOHICAN CANOE CLUB.—All the canoes have been repaired, revarnished, and some of them re-rigged and furnished, with the Atwood board. Quarters, in Captain Pipenbrink's spacious boat-house. New members : Guy S. Baker, Ed. Bowditch, S. M. Ballard, C. C. Chapman, R. W. Gibson, B. I. Stanton, and Berthold Fernow. Messrs. Oliver and Fernow took a cruise down the Susquehanna in June. [The Editors of CANOEIST would like to know if Dr. Moser, of Albany, is a member of the Mohican Club, and if not, why not ? He was one of the original starters of the N. Y. C. C., way back in the early seventies, and has always been an enthusiast on the subject.] Mr. Ballard is cruising on Skaneateles and Owasca Lakes.

NEW CANOES AND NEW BUILDERS.

ED. CANOEIST : The Rambler was built by Graves, of South Boston. She is carvel built, fourteen feet long, beam thirty-two and one-quarter inches ; is fitted with the usual water-tights, with door in bulkhead instead of hatches on deck ; has also a twenty-four-inch five-fan Atwood centre-board ; ribs about six inches apart and all of natural crook (Hackmatac) ; somewhat fuller forward than the Shadow is, and as she is built strong, she will weigh more. The siding is of one-quarter inch cedar, copper fastened, eight streaks strongly fastened to ribs by two brass screws through each lap on every rib. She is eighteen and one-half inches at bow and seventeen inches at stern, and weighs, without fittings, eighty-five pounds—balance-lug main and dandy. Have increased the length of paddle every year, and now use a nine-footer with a screw joint of composition ; I have patterns for

the same. It is much stronger than the common ferrule, and I use a thin washer to feather.

CHARLES W. HEDENBERG.
Medford, Mass., June.

ED. CANOEIST : Believing that anything new in the way of canoes is interesting to canoeists, I will endeavor to give you some idea of the construction of the Thetis, which, so far as tried, contains all the requisites of the "Perfect Canoe," viz., "smooth skin, no ribs, perfectly watertight, light, and very strong." Her method of construction is in this manner : Half-inch square strips of basswood passed from stem to stern, joined by the hollow-and-round joint laid in shellac and doweled with shoe pegs, each dowel passing through three or four strips. Muslin is then shrunk on with shellac and ironed, binding all tight like the hoops of a barrel, allowing as fine a finish as a paper shell, and making her perfectly dry. The inside is merely painted and rubbed down and is as smooth and clean as a wash-tub. I use no bottom-board, sitting right on the bottom of canoe ; she is fully as strong as the Peterboro boats, so much admired last year at the meet, and I think as light. She could be made much lighter and be as strong as necessary for any canoe. Can be built on any model desired, and, I think, so far as method of construction goes, she is simply perfect. Have had her in use about a month, and so far can discover no imperfections, though I may before next August, in which case I will let you know at the meet, in Canada. The Thetis was built by C. W. Smith, of Lansingburgh, N. Y., whose style of canoes I can cheerfully recommend to all the brethren. Very truly yours,

P. M. WACKERHAGEN.

—The new "Kittiwake," of the Philadelphia C. C. (Chas. Ledyard Norton, commander ; H. W. B. Howard, lieutenant), is a Rushton tandem shadow, sixteen feet long, and latteen rigged for cruising, with main and dandy, aggregating about eighty square feet in area. She gives her crew great satisfaction, being fast, and very easy under paddle.

C. L. N.

—The Iowa Canoe Club, McGregor, Iowa, proposes to second the action of the Philadelphia C. C. in the matter of rank, making its highest officer a captain, instead of a commodore.

C. L. N.

EDITORIAL.

The Canadians evidently intend leaving no stone unturned to make the Canoe Meet a success. The way they have made all their arrangements, the committees appointed, the attention given to the camp ground and railroad matters, show conclusively that if any man goes to Stony Lake and fails to thoroughly enjoy himself, it will not be the fault of our energetic brethren of the paddle over the border. The little pamphlet sent us by Commodore Edwards is a gem, full of information and suggestions, and so prettily gotten up, with the A. C. A. burgee right across the front page of cover, in its true colors, too, and a beautiful photograph of Stony Lake scenery on the last page of cover. We publish a large part of the book in this present number, believing nothing can be of more interest to the canoeists who support our little sheet.

In August it will be our turn in some way to show that we (canoeists of the U. S.) are not behindhand in appreciating all that has been done for us. It is hoped that every man who can go will, and when he gets there will enter into the spirit of the thing and thoroughly enjoy himself, and do all in his power to make it impossible for any of his companions to do anything else—in fact, be a true canoeist.

The commodore, busy man as he is, yet finds time to send CANOEIST, besides his pamphlet, most enthusiastic letters, parts of which we cannot help letting our readers share with us.

The next time CANOEIST calls on you, bronzed reader, let him find you in too much haste to be off for Ontario even to open the manila wrapper that covers him.

EXTRACTS from letters to the Editor from Commodore Edwards on the Local Reception Committee Paper with its neat script A. C. A. heading. Truly everything they do is in most excellent taste:

Already the members are beginning to send in information as to their coming. Orange Frazer starts the beginning of July. Albany has announced seven to nine members as coming. Saratoga Springs three. The Albany men come by way of Lindsay. The only trouble is that they start too late, as they will barely reach the camp in time for the regatta. This is one of the points

in regard to which I hoped to see a "new departure" taken at this camp; that is, I would like to see members longer in camp together, making it a point, where possible, to come early and make more of a grand camping-out party than a hurried regatta. I suppose the Albany men cannot help it, but where time is short it would perhaps be well to come direct to the camp. What with excursions and fishing by day, and a camp-fire that *will be* a camp-fire at night, I think we can have lots of fun to keep the first week or ten days before the regatta free from monotony or *ennui*, and then after lots of time to settle down and get used to things, the regatta will be taken hold of with the greater zest. Our Music and Entertainment Committee do not propose to make any very elaborate preparations. They will, however, provide the music of some good pieces, and the words in a little pamphlet of a lot of the best popular songs with choruses, etc., so as to do away with the too common excuse, "I forget the words." They will also probably have some sort of musical instrument—an organ or melodeon—in a marque, so that some of the singers can, if they choose, spend an odd half-hour in practicing some new piece for the evening's amusement. Everybody will be expected to contribute. Where clubs have special club songs they will be able to give them with good effect. Those who can't sing had better have a story ready. Even a sailor's yarn or a big fish story may find listeners around the camp-fire. Do you remember what a capital story Taylor gave us at our one camp-fire last year? I do not know whether or not the Editors of the CANOEIST will be willing to take up the "Camp-fire Canoeist," or will, as is probable, strike for holidays, but I think we can make an interesting thing of a paper read from the manuscript at the camp-fire, say two or three times a week, giving all the amusing and interesting details of the camp with original poems, legends, and veritable histories. I think if all work together and do their part, the camp-fire will be a never-to-be-forgotten feature of the Stony Lake meet. [The Editors will do what they can.]

The little map in the upper corner of the map at the end of our pamphlet—a small part of Stony Lake—shows the position of Juniper Island, on which we propose to camp. The paddler coming up Clear Lake will pass by Big Island (marked twenty-

four on the map and having as a landmark a tall pine-tree noticeable on its summit) on the right side, if he wishes to take the shortest course, and paddle round either north or south end of Juniper Island. The main camp will be at the east side, about the projection in the centre of the island near the figure three in 1883. The half-mile line of the paddling course runs past it. The foot of the island—the two points with the bay between—will be reserved for the camp for ladies and family parties, so that members who wish may take their wives or sisters. The neck of land forms a good dividing-point beyond which the ladies will not be allowed to pass, or gentlemen who do not belong there go to the ladies' side, except on such special occasions as may be set apart for a visiting day, or a special invitation may be extended by the "officer in command." A good many ladies from here will camp out, and they will be glad to welcome any American ladies who may wish to camp. I hope a number will come over. Baldwin writes me that some are coming from Ottawa. For the ladies coming from the United States who might not have tents, we will endeavor to furnish tent room, so that they need not bring tents, etc. They could then either have their cooking arrangements by themselves, or club with our ladies' parties. A married sister of mine, who lives near Ottawa, is going out, and will probably get up a party, and I know a great many others who are going.

By the way, in speaking of the Reception Committee, you speak of it as "appointed by Commodore Edwards," in the June CANOEIST. I am happy to say that the committee is the outcome of a general movement along the line. It was appointed by a general meeting of those who took an interest in making the camp a success.

[The commodore is too modest, but we accept the amendment.—ED.]

DRIFTINGS.

—We are much indebted to B. J. Wickstand, of Ottawa, for several guide-books and excellent maps of Lower Canada.

—A canoe trip on Trent waters was described in *Peterborough Review*, June 8th. It is an extremely interesting article to any one planning a Stony Lake trip for August.

—The N.Y.C.C. Spring Regatta has been indefinitely postponed. It seems impossible to get a regular spring regatta and make it a success in most of the clubs. Hardly a report has reached us of a club regatta or of fixtures for future dates. Why is this thus? Will September show better results? We hope so.

—The instructive experience detailed in "The Bitter with the Sweet," in May number of CANOEIST, shows how necessary a part of the canoeist's outfit is a "coat-skirt" or "storm-apron." With it he need spend no dreary days in rainy camp. Some of not the least pleasant days of my trip down the Mississippi in 1879-80 were spent in rowing or sailing on rainy days, warm and dry, while the rain was pattering and pelting on my Mackintosh coat and waterproof hatch-cover. I have provided my apron at least as much for rainy days as for heavy seas. ROBT. TYSON.

—Mr. Van Zandt has invented a thumb-screw clamp, to hold the ring on a latteen spar, that laps any lashing yet seen by us. It can be adjusted at will—moved up or down the spar in a moment—and is always perfectly secure. We regret we cannot show an illustration of it to our readers—it is so clever.

—The Ontario Canoe Company's circular has come to hand. Its points are "pat. cedar-rib canoes," "pat. longitudinal rib canoes," "basswood canoes," "tent and camping utensils," "extras," etc. Peterboro, Ontario, Canada.

—This from Commodore Edwards: "I am greatly pleased to announce the formation of the Lindsay Canoe Club (F. Dobbin, secretary), not yet fully organized, and the Lakefield Canoe Club—(R. C. Strickland, president; Wm. M. Graham, secretary)—each numbering at the outset between twenty and thirty members. New members of the A. C. A. are sending in their names to our local secretary. We have quite a number already. You can hardly imagine what an impulse the proposed visit of the A. C. A. has given to canoeing in this neighborhood. I quite approve of your ideas as to the superabundance of commodores at camp. The members will doubtless see from your remarks the advisability of endeavoring to avoid confusion when in camp. All join the A. C. A. as individuals, and are there on an equal footing except so far as the

A. C. A. officers are concerned. I like the title 'captain' for an officer of a club. Our club officers have been elected as follows: Rev. V. Clementi, president; R. E. Wood, vice-president; E. B. Edwards, captain; C. S. Shaw, secretary; Alex. Elliott, treasurer."

—Three members of the Crescent Canoe Club of Trenton, New Jersey, start July 13th for a cruise of several weeks' duration. The route is as follows: From Trenton to New York via Delaware and Raritan Canal, Raritan River and Bay, Staten Island Sound, and New York Bay; from New York to Rondout via Hudson River; Rondout to Arkville (railroad); Arkville to Trenton via Delaware River.

—Charles A. Neide, secretary A. C. A., left Schuylerville, June 11th, for Boston, where he was to meet Mr. F. Stanton Hubbard, A. C. A., as his companion in a cruise. They go in a double canoe, proposing to follow Arnold's route to Quebec via the Kennebec, Dead and Chaudiere Rivers. Downright hard work is expected; poling as well as paddling, and portaging rather than sailing. Notwithstanding that the rivers are running low, and the rapids vicious, they hope to get their canoe safely to Quebec.

—Grant Van Dusen, of Rondout, passed through this place this P. M. on his return from his cruise down the Delaware. Took water at Arkville on upper waters of Delaware and cruised to Belvidere. Cars thence to Newburgh. River from this place to Rondout. He was accompanied as far as Belvidere by C. C. Hitchcock, of Ware, Mass. Reports having had a splendid time.

N. S. SMITH.

Newburgh, June 11th.

—The canoe Coquago—James L. Greenleaf, of the K. C. C., captain—left Delhi, N. Y., June 13, for a cruise down the Delaware to the Bay. He was to be met by Mr. R. P. Martin, of the K. C. C., further down the river, and the combined fleet were then to paddle for tide-water. They have not reported their return yet.

—"Canoe items" that would be likely to interest the readers of the CANOEIST are rarely found in Newburgh. We are too near the "Wards" and "Donoghue" and other shining lights in the rowing firmament for anything but rowing to flourish. I think Knight and I are the only A. C. A. men in the place.

N. S. SMITH.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR CANOEIST: The greater part of the canoeing done by the Cambridge Club is evening work—paddling up the river three or four miles, and floating back with the tide. On this account the club seems to favor double canoes more than single; but when a member does prefer a single canoe, he seems to want a very small one.

CHAS. S. CLARK.

EDITOR CANOEIST: The remarks in my "hatch" article, in May CANOEIST, on the undesirability of aprons, were of course not intended to apply in any way to Mr. Farnham's admirable invention, as they were written by Mr. Tredwen, and forwarded by me, before the publication of Mr. Farnham's descriptive article. I state this, because it might be implied from your editorial note and from my silence that I thought Mr. Tredwen's hatch so much better than Mr. Farnham's apron that the latter was not worth remark. This position I do not for a moment take; and I hope at Stony Lake to have an opportunity of inspecting Mr. Farnham's invention, which I shall do with much interest. At the same time, I must challenge your dogmatic statement that Mr. Farnham's apron is "much lighter" than the folding hatch. I don't think you ever weighed the two, did you, Mister CANOEIST? If we have an opportunity of comparing them at Stony Lake, you may be surprised to find that my light cedar hatch does *not* make the Farnham apron "kick the beam."

ROBT. TYSON.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I send a list of the members who own canoes in the Pittsburgh Canoe Club, viz.:

J. K. Bakewell,	Racine St. Paul, No. 1,	Electa.
A. C. Bakewell,	Racine St. Paul, No. 3,	Lady Jane.
B. C. & T. W. Bakewell,	Racine Double Canoe,	Alice.
G. H. Singer,	Racine Shadow No. 3,	Marguerite.
W. W. and J. J. Lawrence,	Racine Shadow No. 2,	The Lotos Flower.
W. H. Rea,	Everson Shadow (keel),	Mary C.
H. R. Rea,	" "	Idler.
G. A. Howe,	" "	Reba.
W. H. Nimick,	" "	Solitude.
R. W. Bailey,	" "	Katrina.

(Atwood board).

All the above except "Solitude" are now in commission, and all except that canoe and "Katrina" are now away on the first club cruise; going by rail to Salamanca,

N. Y., and from there following the Allegheny River back to Pittsburg. All except "Electa," "Alice," and "Marguerite" are now in their first season, and "Reba" and "Katrina" represent Everson's latest, with pointed cock-pits and foot-gear below deck.

Yours,

READE W. BAILEY.

Pittsburg, June 23, 1883.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I am crushed. If any member of the association wants to buy a "Shadow," let him communicate with me. What I sigh for is a "Queen Charlotte Island." If they have got tired of that one in the museum, send it to me. A fourteen-foot Shadow is too small. I want something that will "hold more," be "more comfortable, sail better, and stand more rough weather." If the "Queen Charlotte" is not available, send me a steam yacht. Tell the poet who sings—

"Down the rivers and up the rills
Through canals and over the hills,
Over the rapids, and into the lakes"—

that the canoeist of the future will take an entirely different route. Let him stop that sort of thing, and sing something about "heavy sailing canoes and sixty pound centre-boards." Tell Munroe that the next time he sees "a row-boat coming rapidly up stream" looking "like a canoe" he need not feel at all puzzled. Let him give the A. C. A. whistle, and if it does not prove to be Kendall he may have the pleasure of shaking with some other of the equally distinguished septette who "all paddle canoes as large as the Shadow" and make long cruises.

Seriously, however, there are "canoes and canoes," and though I am strongly of the opinion that the paddling fellows, with their light portable craft and their ability to reach those otherwise inaccessible spots where Nature hides her choicest treasures, carry off the cream of the sport, there is no reason why we should cherish anything but the kindest feelings toward our brethren of the "Heavy Dragoons." I. M. G.

Halifax, May 26th, 1883.

The Editor would here state that he is possessor of a Stephens Rob Roy, as well as a Shadow, and has had many charming hours in her—but he never uses a sail. For anything but *portaging* cruises he prefers the Shadow.

The Deseronto Navigation Company (Limited).
Canadian Mail Route.

F. H. TAYLOR, ESQ.

Dear Sir:—You no doubt know that the American Canoe Association meet at Stony Lake in August. Now I wish to get as many as possible of the canoeists to come via Ogdensburg or Clayton, and take the *Armenia* there and go to Picton, and stay all night at the new hotel there (*a good one*), then take our steamer, the *Quinte*, for Belleville, where they will take the train on Midland Railroad for Lakefield, the point they have to go to to reach Stony Lake. The time would be about as follows: Leave Ogdensburg about 5 o'clock A. M., Clayton about 11.15 o'clock A. M.; arrive at Picton 7.30 P. M. (the *Quinte* is there then for the night, and all their canoes would be transferred from one steamer to the other without any trouble); next morning they would leave Picton at 6 o'clock A. M., arrive at Belleville at 10 o'clock A. M., and at 2 o'clock take the train for Lakefield. This would enable them to see the Bay of Quinte by daylight, and see Picton and Belleville also. I really believe this is the best way they could come. I will have customs officer on land, so there need be no delay on that score. With regards,

Yours sincerely,

F. S. RATHBONE.

Deseronto, Ont., June 4, 1883.

[Mr. Taylor will please accept CANOEIST's thanks for the above.—ED.]

ED. CANOEIST: Farnham has a plan for waterproofing, using white lead mixed thin with turpentine, applying to the canvas with a brush, giving a second coat after the first is quite dry. I think this is as good a plan as any. Yours, s.

—Detroit is said, by our correspondent, to have gone mad over base-ball, and the slightest mention of anything else in the sporting line is sure to jeopardize one's scalp. Consequently canoeing, or in fact boating of any kind, is neglected as though it was a wet kitten with sore eyes. When the public deign to pay a little attention to boating and canoeing, then, and only then, can he send us any news.

—Mrs. N. H. Bishop, it is expected, will be at the ladies' camp during the August Meet with her husband.

CANOE PILOT.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I have seen in the "Pilot" many routes recommended. I propose to relate my experience, to warn canoeists away from one.

In the first place, never make the mistake of traveling with a sail-boat. When there is a wind, you are left behind; when there is no wind, the sail-boat is behind. The result is, you have nominal company only.

After paddling the length of Lake Ontario, and camping with some friends near Clayton, they started in their sail-boat, and I in my canoe, a Racine St. Paul's, for Kingston, Canada. This is a short trip of twenty miles. From here, as part of our cruise, we were to go via the Rideau Canal, about 150 miles long, to Ottawa. The name canal brought up a picture of a narrow ditch and a tow-path; but events proved our mistake.

We intended to remain all of the following day; but in the afternoon, a fair wind springing up, my friends were anxious to be off. I had some repairs to make; and so, promising to wait for me the next day, my companions went ahead. Starting three hours later, I paddled six miles through a stagnant, marshy inlet of the St. Lawrence to Kingston Mills, the beginning of the canal. Here there are four locks. With some trepidation I tried to get a pass. Walking up toward the canal office, I inquired of a small boy where I could find the lock-master. He informed me that he was the lock-master. A blank was then filled out, giving the name of canoe, owner, character of cargo, etc. This pass cost \$0.25, and allowed a passage through all of the fifty-seven locks of the canal.

On getting above the locks, a small lake lay before me. Where was the canal? This was it. It was nothing but a large number of lakes of various sizes, connected by overflowed land and a few short cuts. The canal-boats were wood-scows and tows of barges.

Learning that the yacht was but a short distance ahead, although now after sunset, I hoped to overtake it that night. I was told to beware the stumps. In half an hour I was among them. Carefully seeking what appeared to be the channel, I slowly advanced, to at last find further progress cut off by a raft of boards. I tried to retreat, but night had come; and after re-

peatedly running against snags I found retreat was impossible. I got on to the raft, pulled up my canoe, wrapped myself in my blankets, and then the fun commenced. Thousands of frogs close to my resting-place made a deafening racket, often slimy bodies slipped into the water, and the mosquitoes settled down in clouds for a royal feast. I accepted the situation, wound a rubber blanket around my head, and lay awake till morning. When it grew light, I saw on all sides whitish green slime inches thick. As I gladly paddled away, the sun lifted clouds of sickening poison-tainted vapor. The channel was regained. It was about 200 feet wide with half a mile or so of stumps on either side. A few miles farther on, at Brewer's Mills, all the locks are somebody's mills or falls. I learned that my companions, discouraged with the difficulties of navigation, had hitched on to a tow. From here I paddled twenty miles through the bewildering intricacies of the channel to Jones' Falls. At this place I put my canoe aboard the steamer D. C. West, and late that afternoon passed the tow. At the next lock, waiting until the tow came up, I embarked, canoe and baggage, and had the satisfaction (?) of greeting my company.

The crew were the roughest set of men among which it was ever my lot to fall. From their appearance and talk they seemed capable of anything. But appearances are sometimes unreliable, and it was so here. I not only received the best of treatment, but at Ottawa, upon offering money for my passage, the captain was offended! In general I would speak of the uniform hospitality of Canadians. I venture to predict that those who go to the "meet" this summer will substantiate my testimony.

My journey from Jones' Falls to the capital belongs properly to the log of the barge, not to that of the canoe. Most canoeists feel the disgrace of a "lift." Especially is it true of him who is so enthusiastic as to disdain even the assistance of a sail. However, I was already glad of the refuge; and now advancing, as I had nothing to do but observe, I became still better satisfied with the change. With the exception of the region near Ottawa, which is cultivated prairie, the entire country along the "canal" is hilly, generally wooded, rocky, and desolate. The

houses are far enough apart not to be at hand when you want them, but near enough to prevent there being any game. But there are a few quite large lakes, fifty or seventy miles from Kingston, that are said to afford superior fishing. The water is all more or less impure; none of it is desirable for drinking—the water of the different levels of different degrees of filth. It improves from Kingston Mills to half the length of the canal, where there are some quite clear lakes; from this point it steadily grows worse, until near Ottawa it is fairly black. Owing to the vegetable matter in the water, the mosquitoes are everywhere an intolerable pest. The novice forms a great respect for the pilot. Now you are headed for a little stream which, when you arrive, is just wide enough to let the boats slide through; again, you are steered for a solid bank when at the nick of time the steamer doubles on its track and you find yourself on an entirely new stretch of water; or you may be going straight down a broad lake, and the boat will turn into some side bay and leave the big sheet of water behind.

These are some of the reasons why the Rideau Canal is unpleasant and unsafe for the freshman canoeist.

R. K. WING.

HAMILTON, Madison Co., N. Y.

ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

Report of the Cruise by the Marion and the Acorn, Mohican Canoe Club, Albany, N. Y.—Left Binghamton at 4:50 A. M., May 26, 1883; river in good condition, but banks very muddy. Went over first rapid or broken dam at 5:30, several others following within a few miles. In going through rapids at the railway bridge, take right arm of river. At 6:30 A. M. landed for breakfast, and partly re-arranged luggage. Started again at 7:30 under paddle; wind in our faces; growing more blustering at every mile, and blowing a regular gale while we crossed the lake-like expanse near the Hiawatha House. Whenever the river made such a turn—it turned constantly—that the wind was abeam, sails were used, but only sparingly. Made the Ah-Wah-Gah House at Owego, twenty-three miles, in time for dinner, and were mistaken for bicycle fiends going to the meet at New York. In the afternoon the wind

was too strong to battle against, and a camp was made three to four miles below Owego. The Marion's canopy tent proved a success.

From Owego to Athens, Penn. (twenty-five miles in five hours), the river is a succession of swift reaches, which assisted us materially. The distance from Barton to Sayre, ten miles, was made in exactly sixty minutes, no sail being set. Members of the A. C. A., at Athens, told us that they had made the run from Binghamton at a lower stage of water in July, and found no difficulty, the current being more clearly defined at low water. Escorted by some of the Athens canoeists, we went ten miles farther down and camped, the Athens men going on to Towanda to catch up-trains for Athens.

We reached Towanda (six miles) at 3 A. M. next morning, being then already fifteen miles ahead of our time-table, and from Towanda to Wyalusing (eighteen miles) we were well favored by the wind. Wyalusing Ferry was made in a pelting rain-storm. If we had known the topography of the country, we could have gone up Wyalusing Creek to the heart of the village, which is three-quarters of a mile from the ferry. The creek empties above the ferry. Left Wyalusing at 4 P. M., and with a very fair wind reached Laceyville (ten miles) at 5:30. Both Wyalusing and Laceyville, especially the former, are said to be favorite resorts for disciples of Izaak Walton, and have fairly-conducted country inns and very good (Towanda) beer. Camped that night two miles below Laceyville at Skinner's Eddy.

The event of the next day was going down the water-slide near Homet's Ferry, where the river is narrowed in by the mountains and forms a natural chute. If the wind had served, we could have gone down this half mile at the rate of the "flying Scotchman." At 12:30 P. M. we had made our forenoon run of about twenty miles by reaching Tunckhannock, the only place where the small boy was *unduly* curious and attempted to handle the boats. We found, wherever we landed, the Pennsylvanians more canoe-curious than is reported in the June number of the CANOEIST, but they never importuned us. Camp was made about six miles below Tunckhannock, and next day, Decoration Day, Pittston, twenty-five miles from Tunckhannock, was reached about noon. Notwithstanding

parade and rain, we left shortly after dinner and came to Wilkesbarre Falls at 4:40 P. M. Let all who go over these falls keep well to the right in the steamer channel, for in the middle of the river is a huge rock, upon which keel-boats of the Nautilus pattern, like the Acorn, are apt to hang, as the Acorn did, compelling its captain to step out. The Acorn captain had to swim about one-eighth of a mile in tow of the Marion, a Stella Maris, which had gone over the rock without noticing it. Clothing was changed in sight of Wilkesbarre, likewise the water swallowed by the Acorn captain exchanged for or altered with something better. Wilkesbarre held out too many temptations, and we fled to a camp three miles below, at the foot of a swift rapid, with the current and deepest channel on the left side. Rain and storm during the night, and more storm, headwind, during the next day. The wind was so strong that this forenoon run to Nanticoke was only nine miles. Nanticoke Chute appeared not practicable at the then stage of water, though, after going over Berwick Falls successfully, we regretted not having tried the chute.

After dinner at the Penn. Coal & Canal Company's house—the village and hotel is about three-quarters of a mile from the river—the passage over the dam was made. First paddling across the river to its western bank, where the Pennsylvania Canal begins, the crew landed and towed the canoes, one after another, around the abutment of the canal embankment to the dam; there the boats were lifted over and carried down to the water, the inclined sides of the dam being almost dry, then put into the river again and carefully guided through the abounding rocks, to a place some forty yards further down, where they would float with the crew aboard. The river below the dam is full of rocks, and, upon a view of the situation, made before, it had been decided to make, as soon as aboard again, a dash diagonally across the river for its eastern bank, as the deepest water seemed to run in that direction. This course was taken, and can be recommended to other parties going over Nanticoke Dam.

The wind not abating in the afternoon, but rather gaining in strength by being forced into a channel narrowed by the hills, we had a hard time of it, until about 6 P. M., when we reached Shickshinny, nine miles

from Nanticoke, and went to camp a few miles below at the foot of a long and swift reach.

A few miles above Berwick, twelve miles from Shickshinny, the river shallows considerably and is full of rocks, more or less visible. The deeper water is on the left side until within about 100 yards above the railway bridge, where a sharp turn to the right must be taken, so that you can pass through the second span and get as close to the left side of the V (which all these rapids seem to form, the angle pointing down the river) as you dare. On the right side of the V, which seems to swing in and out, the angle being the pivot, the water falls several feet over large invisible rocks, and boiling up in the return nearly swamped us. We had to land and bail out. From Berwick to Bloomsburgh, eleven miles, we had smooth water, with only an occasional swift reach. Arrived there at 12, noon, we engaged a carter, hauled our canoes to the railway station (Del., Lack. & W. R. R.) and shipped them and ourselves back to the Mohican Canoe Club-house at Albany, after a run of 200 miles in six and one-half days.

B. FERNOW.

Albany, N. Y.

—[The barest outline of the Susquehanna cruise was published in April CANOEIST, 1882. The cruise was made early in May, 1880, and took in from Binghamton to Harrisburgh—nearly 300 miles—occupying nine and one-half days. Three canoes composed the fleet, the Editor's being one of them.—ED.]

THE DELAWARE.

The Coquago of the K. C. C., which left Delhi on the West Branch of the Delaware some two weeks ago, is now lying at anchor during rainy weather at Lackawaxen, and her captain takes the opportunity of advising the canoeing fraternity through your columns to try the Delaware, for a better stream cannot be found. The scenery, especially on the West Branch, is fine, and there are just sufficient rapids, or rifts as they are called, to give variety and excitement to the cruise.

The two branches which unite at Hancock on the Erie to form the main river, are nearly equal in size, some 200 feet wide with a strong current, say 12 inches deep over the rifts, but in low water the

twelve inches may fall to two or three in places. The Delaware proper is of course much larger, but there are rifts on it which will grate the keel of a canoe when the river is down. Above Cochection Falls on the main river there is nothing to try the nerve of the canoeist, unless in very high water; but at the Falls and some places below the current is over ledges of solid rock, which mean shipwreck unless care is used. Cochection Falls, Mast Hope, West Calaug, Lackawaxen Dam, Butler's Falls, with its cellar hole, where a canoe swamped two years ago, Well's Falls, and Foul Rift, are noted among the raftsmen, and will handle a canoe without ceremony unless rightly approached; but so far as the Coquago has gone, reasonable care will insure against much danger. The excitement is immense. At "Lackawack Dam" the water pours in a solid mass with railroad speed down the apron, and then breaks into foam and waves. At Foul Rift, which is the crisis of the trip, raftsmen say to keep the Pennsylvania side, but it is best to inquire at this and other points before making the passage. In high water rafts frequently run a distance of three miles at Foul Rift in less than fifteen minutes, and it has been made inside of ten; so the name is deserved.

Regarding scenery, the best advice is to go and see it.

The West Branch of the river runs through a beautiful, fertile valley, with hills and mountains on either side clothed with woods, and the river now dashes along the foot of a slope covered with overhanging maple and hemlock, and then runs in deep "stillwater" and eddy through meadow and cornfield.

With the Pepacton, or East Branch, I am less familiar, but it is an excellent stream for canoeing. The valley is not so fertile, and the hills are more rugged. The country is not so much settled as along the West Branch. On the West Branch and the main river fine camping-grounds abound, dry, shaded, and secluded; but if desired, a person can easily arrange to stop at Hamden, Walton, Deposit, Hancock, Equineux, Callicoon, and at Lackawaxen, where the Delaware House, a summer hotel on the shore of the river above the dam, is very convenient and comfortable. More detailed information might be given but for fear of the editorial scissors; and my closing advice is to start from Delhi, if the

river is not low; from Hancock, if it is; and to talk with the raftsmen, who are always found around the villages, about the stream. They are uniformly good-natured, and take an interest in giving *useful* information.

JAMES L. GREENLEAF,
Knickerbocker C. C.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Will you give me your opinion as to the proper handicap for a tandem canoe, of Everson's make, if allowed to enter in a free-for-all paddling race of half mile and return? Also, in a sailing race of same kind, one mile to windward and return? An early reply will oblige

L. Q. JONES,
Com. H. C. C.

[The handicap matter is a problem never yet solved for the canoeist. It has always to be given up. For a local club race, however, if two crews—tandem—cannot be mustered, the time allowed could easily be arrived at by placing each man of the crew in a single canoe—the same one at different times, and taking their time over a given distance, then the time of the tandem, and average a result. The sailing time can hardly be arrived at, for in many cases a single boat can easily beat a tandem, unless they were worked perfectly together. So our advice would be to allow no time to single boats competing with the double, but start all at the scratch.—ED.]

—The Editorial staff of the CANOEIST received an invitation from Henry Monett, General Passenger Agent of the N. Y., West Shore and Buffalo Railway, to accompany the press excursion to the Catskills on the special train opening the road. They went, and enjoyed the trip greatly, seeing two canoes from the window of the train on their way up the Hudson.

—Mr. H. S. Strickland was in New York in June for a flying visit, but he stayed so short a time only publisher Brentano had the pleasure of meeting him. He was interested and took active part in canoe regattas over 25 years ago in Canada, and he is now a member of the A. C. A. Regatta Committee.

—The Peterborough Club have their first '83 regatta July 2d.

THE AMERICAN C. A. N. O. E. I. S. T

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. II.

AUGUST, 1883.

No. 7.

SINGLE OR DOUBLE.

AS I sat with a friend on the deck of a Coney Island steamboat on a trip down New York Bay, a few days ago, we sighted a solitary canoe making its way from Staten Island to Bay Ridge. We had been discussing canoeing, and, as the little craft just mentioned hove in sight, my friend pointed it out as an illustration of his argument.

"There," said he, "as I was saying, the sole drawback to canoeing, that I can find, is its selfishness and lonesomeness. See that fellow out there. How much better off he would be if he had a companion. When I build a canoe it shall be large enough to hold two comfortably."

I could not agree with him, and the result of our disagreement was a discussion that was only interrupted by our arrival at Coney Island and the presentation of a question of more immediate importance than the comparative merits of single and double canoes, viz., that of where we could dine best and most cheaply.

It seems to me, however, that in view of the number of double canoes that have been built and launched this year, the question of their general utility is one worthy of discussion. At present I am strongly in favor of single canoes for either long or short cruises, and for general work. If, however, the double-canoe men can prove the superiority of their craft over mine for these purposes, I will cheerfully "acknowledge the corn," and will at once have Psyche rebuilt, to conform to my more recent convictions.

It is seemly and becoming that the mar-

ried or engaged canoeist, whose wife or sweetheart shares his enthusiasm for his favorite pastime, should invest in a double canoe; and to these gentlemen I will cheerfully admit all that they claim for their boats. But, my dear unmarried, unattached fellow cruisers, what on earth do you want of the big sixteen-footers, when smaller and lighter craft will answer your every purpose as well—aye, and much better than they?

To begin with: your big canoe costs more than my small one, and occupies more room in the club-house. You must have assistance to launch it and restore it to its berth, while the owner of a lighter canoe can easily perform both of these tasks unaided.

While under sail you can probably extract as much enjoyment from your craft as I can from mine; but when the breeze deserts you, and you must perforce take to the paddle, I fancy you wish your boat were lighter. This is, of course, when you are alone. Now, how often can you find a congenial companion who is ready, when you are, to go on a cruise, or even for an afternoon's sail or paddle? I know of at least two double canoeists who, at the time of this writing, would be better off if their boats were smaller and lighter than they are. One is cruising lonesomely up the Sound, and the other is vainly offering inducements to any one who will accompany him to Stony Lake, and assist him to paddle his big boat from there to the Thousand Islands. Do you experience the same sense of self-reliance when you have another man with you in the boat? Do you act with the same quickness and freedom in an emer-

gency when another is to be consulted as when you are alone? If your companion is utterly inexperienced, does not the added responsibility of his presence detract from the pleasure of his company?

All these, however, are but minor considerations, and are insignificant as compared with the difficulties attending the long cruise of two men in one canoe. By a long cruise I mean a cruise of months—such as McGregor took in his *Rob Roy*; such as Bishop took in the *Maria Theresa*; such as Neidé and Kendall took last winter in the *Aurora* and *Solid Comfort*; such as Farnham takes in the *Allegro*; and such as I have taken in the *Psyche*.

Do you, my esteemed advocates of the sixteen-footer, know what it means to spend months with a single companion?—to eat, drink, sleep, and divide the labors of the day with him? to endure a wearisome repetition of his stories, songs, or jokes? to learn by heart his opinions upon all subjects? to be obliged to conform to his tastes in food, and his inclinations as to how, when, and where you shall go, at what hours you shall lie down and rise up, pitch camp in the evening, or make a start in the morning? If you do not know what all this means, you had better learn it before starting with him on your proposed cruise, or it will surely end in disaster.

No double canoe, coming within the limits of the name, can afford the same accommodation or room for freedom of motion to two men, that a single canoe does to one, and in consequence the prolonged cruise in a boat of this class must become a tedious affair. No matter if your temper and disposition are those of an angel, I defy you to find more than one man in a thousand with whom you can take a cruise of a month or more in the same canoe and not quarrel, or at least toward whom you will not entertain bitter feelings.

While I would much rather cruise alone than not cruise at all, I would rather never

cruise at all than to cruise with my dearest friend in a double canoe. I admit the value of a companion on a cruise; it is almost inestimable. But let him have his own boat and separate outfit, let him be absolutely independent of you, even to the cooking of his own meals and the occupying a separate tent. In this case an exchange of courtesies, the transfer of tit-bits of your cuisine to his plate, the various aids that may be rendered in pitching camp, foraging for provisions, or in a hundred other trifles, will serve to cement your friendship, and in more ways than one your cruise will be a success.

KIRK MUNROE.

ORDER OF CRUISING CANOEISTS

OBJECT.

SECTION 1. The organization of practical cruising canoeists for their mutual benefit.

SEC. 2. Collecting information concerning canoeable waters; the preservation and publication of "Logs;" announcing contemplated cruises; obtaining rates from railroads for canoes and kits; issuing a Register giving permanent address of Fellows; establishing a code of signal, and the discussion of topics peculiar to this health-giving sport.

MEMBERSHIP.

Only canoe owners and practical cruisers are eligible to membership; those willing to execute the requirements set forth in the application for membership, and who have been accepted by the Committee on Applications.

FEES AND DUES.

The initiation fee shall be 50 cents. No annual dues. Each Fellow will be obliged to possess the Insignia of the O. C. C., which will not exceed \$1.50.

Blank applications and further information can be obtained of

EUG. A. GUILBERT, M. D.,

McGregor Iowa.

This printed announcement has been received, and also information, that officers are being appointed for the States. That CANOEIST did not quite see the need of the organization, as set forth in June, will not prevent it from doing all in its power to further canoeing, and seconding such enterprising and progressive men as Mr. Guilbert, by printing what information of interest they may send, with comment, if necessary.

TO THE CRUSHED HALIFAX CANOEIST.

I.

For the sake of the poor, crushed canoeist I write,
To say there is hope for him yet,
Though "Queen Charlotte's" been rented, and in
her will ride
His friends - the "Distinguished Septette."

II.

Take heart ! J. M. G., and listen to me,
While I spin you a yarn that will suit yer—
Of a boat on the stocks, near the Hoboken docks,
And is called the "Canoe of the Future."

III.

She's forty feet over all, by fifty-foot beam,
With a centre-board "steen" feet deep,
And a cock-pit which holds full twenty-five men,
While there's plenty of room for to sleep.

IV.

She's a gun-deck, a poop-deck, a bridge, and a
wheel-house,
Set-tubs, and a wash-bowl, a wide open hall,
Telephonic connection betwixt all the state-rooms,
And bless you, dear fellow, that's not nearly all.

V.

She's propelled by six eighty-foot electrical paddles,
Run at an exceedingly high rate of speed ;
No storage is wanted to keep up "lectricty"—
Something else has taken the place of that need.

VI.

You see, it's just this way : they get up the motion
As soon as the "Future's" afloat ;
A circuit is formed from the paddles to bulwarks
By the action of water on the wails in the boat.

VII.

I've told quite enough to show what's a "comin',"
And if J. M. G. don't get him a seat,
It's because he gave up "canoeing forever,"
And probably won't be at the "'84" Meet.

"ORINOCO,"

DRIFTING AND RACING.

DRIFTING by moonlight, either with tide, wind, or current, on river, stream, lake, or bay, is as charming an occupation as one can very well find. Even of a hot day to recline in a canoe under the shade of overhanging boughs, and read, smoke, think, or talk to a pleasant companion, is as restful and enjoyable to the business man off for a holiday or vacation as can well be imagined.

In the late afternoon, when the shadows on the west bank are long and inviting, take a quiet paddle, search the corners and nooks, and the poetry o'it is yours.

To paddle a race without training is fool-hardy ; not that defeat is certain, but the tax on muscle, heart, and lungs, though not so severe as in rowing or running, still is too great. The attempt to "make time" on a cruise, is to lose the possibilities of enjoyment the situation affords. Take it easy and see all that is going on—clouds, grouping of foliage, or the fine horizon effects seen on broad reaches of water. For the man of little leisure, paddling races are undesirable, but he may sail ; here there is no effort, but simply skill in handling, and the closest observation necessary. The exhilaration is most fascinating and the lessons learned very useful. Nearly all the improvements and modifications to sail and rig are due to the desire of the canoeist to get to "windward" of some other fellow, and that other fellow's desire not to be the leeward man. First principle : have the sail small enough to cause no uneasiness, and only increase it as severe experience prompts. Second point : never use a sail you cannot carry in a good, stiff breeze without a reef. Depend more on losing no chance of gaining an inch, than on carrying more sail than any one else. Too much sail is ten times worse than not quite enough. What can compare with the jolly scrub matches for a couple of miles, or so, in a good breeze—

two or more canoes competing—unless it be running rapids, with plenty of water. It is rarely that many of us can get to the rapids, unfortunately. Regatta days are often stormy, or don't afford any wind. The wise fellows have their regattas, not minding whether they have observers or not, when the wind does serve, and without any elaborate preparation—being always ready for the contest. It is wonderful how many slips, accidents, and errors the best of us have to endure, and how frequently an inferior boat will win a race simply by being skillfully handled. What satisfaction it gives a fellow to win such a race, don't it?

THE CLUB-HOUSE.

LIKE the man of small family and smaller income, boast that you have a spare room. Follow the example of the fond parent, who, instead of making stringent rules for the son to obey that he may not wander from the fold, makes home so attractive, the boy brings his companions there. This can be done inexpensively. Encourage the fellows to meet there, and, if possible, have sleeping accommodations and a place for cooking. There are clubs and club-houses where the members provide simple folding cots for the wanderer returning late from a cruise, and if he gets room in which he can stretch it, he is supposed to be satisfied. Let each man provide his own kit and traps—club utensils are apt to be badly used. Is there such a thing as a club canoe? If so, few of us have heard of it, thank goodness. A house committee of two, with absolute power, can do much, if efficient, to keep the house in order, attractive, and in repair. Every canoe should have a berth with place for sails and belongings by it, and the committee should see to it that the canoe is always there when in the house. The possession of a good-sized locker raises one's self-re-

spect, and, by a little adjustment, can be so arranged as to take very little room. A staff and halyards, for flying the club colors (or dark-blue flag to announce an impromptu spill) add much to the jauntiness of the place. More important even than the house itself, is the float, dock or landing, for this is the first step in the ladder of comfort from the savage state.

PRACTICAL CANOEING; *a treatise on the management and handling of canoes (illustrated).* By "Tiphys." Published in London by Norie & Wilson, 156 Minories, E. C.

Contents: *Canoeing considered as a sport—of the hull of a canoe—on fittings connected with the hull—sails: the working lug—the balance lug—the batswing sliding gunter—on deck fittings—management—seamanship—living accommodation—tents—on dress—general advice.*

Extract from preface.—This little book is intended to meet the wants of those who are taking up canoeing for the first time, or who, having canoes, wish to fit them out for cruising. I have almost entirely avoided the subject of building, thinking it undesirable that beginners should attempt to build for themselves, which is likely to lead to disappointment. With very few exceptions, nothing is recommended which has not stood practical trial.

To the "Elder Brethren" of the paddle, if any such should be among my readers, I must apologize for stating positively some few things which may be regarded as debatable. It is impossible in a small compass to guard every statement by an "in my opinion." I have, however, endeavored, as far as possible, to distinguish between my own views and those of others, and, where mine diverge from those generally accepted, have given my reasons as far as space would allow.

Extract from chapter 1.—Canoeing is one of the earliest of human inventions, and one of the most simple, inexpensive, and enjoyable amusements of the present time. No doubt by giving way to the modern tendency to make a canoe a kind of toy yacht, capable of nothing but what

a twenty-foot sloop could do more effectually, one may make jettison of cheapness and simplicity, and introduce an amount of difficulty and trouble which is fatal to enjoyment.

But, if this snare is avoided, nothing can beat the canoe. One day paddling among the lilies, perhaps in a stream too narrow for oars; on another spreading white sails to the sea breeze, and safely contending with the waves; now carried over obstacles, now housed in boat-house or shed, in a room of the inn, or in fact anywhere that there is room to swing the traditional cat; and again at anchor in the tide, or hauled up on beach or grass, she is herself the nightly home of her crew.

"But if canoeing has all these virtues," one is often asked, "how do you explain the fact that it is less practiced now than formerly?" I will endeavor very shortly to answer this.

It is the fate of many pastimes to "die of their own too much." Comparatively simple at their first introduction, they are practiced with success by the numbers whom their novelty attracts. After a short time, improvements, some real, some nominal only, are introduced, which add to the difficulty, and often to the expense, of the pursuit. This, occurring just as the effect of novelty has died out, goes far to reduce the numbers of those who practice the pastime in question to a few enthusiasts, the old hands finding themselves left behind by the "march of events," while outsiders are deterred from "taking a hand in the game," by the difficulties which have been introduced.

This has been, to a very great extent, the case with canoeing in England. At its introduction, nothing was more simple. Even those who could not row found that the management of a canoe was within their power, and in it acquired at ease sufficient watermanship for ordinary purposes.

At present, the extraordinary skill of some few canoeists, and the no less marvellous complexity of the rigs in which they indulge with impunity, through their skill, and even with advantage for racing purposes, have led most people to suppose that canoeing, except in its most elementary form of paddling, is something quite beyond the powers of ordinary human beings.

It is the object of the present writer to show that canoeing is not, or at all events

need not be, so difficult an art, and to endeavor to select from the numerous inventions of the time those which may advantageously be adopted for general purposes, or by a beginner in the art.

In the first place as to difficulty. I cannot quite say, "There is none," but certainly there is, or need be, very little. Any one can paddle a canoe at the first attempt, and in two days, can learn to paddle *well* and neatly, though to paddle long or fast requires practice. But for real canoe cruising, one must be able to sail as well. "Surely a man must be a first-rate sailor before he can handle such a craft as a canoe under sail?" "Not by any means," is the answer, and the proof is that in several cases I have known people, who had never sailed any craft before, sail a canoe very fairly indeed after half an hour's explanation on shore, and a couple of afternoons' coaching afloat.

Of course, the niceties of sailing cannot be appreciated in that time, but it is enough for a man of ordinary activity, and not frightened of water, to learn to handle a canoe sufficiently well to make one of the party in a cruise, during which, of course, he will be continually adding to his skill and experience. I will even go so far as to say that the canoe is the best craft in which to learn sailing. A canoe has also the advantage, for this purpose, that if things go wrong, the paddle is always at hand to extricate her from difficulties.

It may be of interest to describe the means by which a man may so quickly acquire the first elements of sailing a canoe, and, having instructed several people, including one or two ladies, I think my method cannot be far wrong. First, of course, the beginner should learn to paddle the canoe, with double and with single paddle, and to steer with foot-gear or lines, preferably the former. The next thing is to explain the general principle of the thing, how the sheets must be eased off before the wind, and hauled flat when close-hauled, etc., which may well be done by a sketch or two, or with the sails of a model. The next thing is to go on board, and, in as steady a wind as may be, to start on a reach. The mizen should be small, so as to be safely neglected in a puff, or in altering the course, and if the canoe carries centre-boards, they should be made fixtures of for the time.

The instructor should sail or paddle

alongside to leeward, and explain the man-
agement of the sheet, and how it may be
eased in a puff. Then luff a little, and as
the sails shake, haul them flat, and notice
that if they shake after that the helm must
be put up a trifle. As soon as a clean full-
and-by is attained, it is time to try staying,
for which the usual instructions should be
given. Then take the wind a little free or
quartering. The sheet can no longer be
eased for puffs, so the use of the down-
haul should be shown. If there is any
strength in the wind, this point of sailing
should not be attempted the first day.
The next and hardest lesson is running
before the wind, and to do this without a
jibe often takes as much learning as all the
rest of sailing. Perhaps in this the use of
a vane or burgee might be allowed, but,
generally speaking, in learning to sail, no
such aid should be permitted, especially
when close-hauled, or it will lead to a habit
of depending on the flag, which is fatal to
good sailing, and will be found very ob-
jectionable when night sailing is attempted.

—Commodore Clark of the Cambridge
C. C. sends us a two-column clipping from
the Boston *Transcript* of July 18th, on
the "Rivers around Boston," and how a
vacation can be spent on them in boat or
canoe. The Charles is the first described,
and the advice is given to start at Dedham.
It is necessary to wade now and then, and a
carry is unavoidable in places. At South
Natick a carry is made to Cochituate Lakes
—three bodies of water of nearly equal
size, with very narrow connecting channels,
somewhat covered by trees and brush.
From Saxonville, on the lakes, a carry is
made to Stone's Bridge on the Sunbury
River. After Wayland meadows are reached
the mosquito reigneth, so don't camp.
The river widens into Fairhaven Bay.
At Concord the Assabet joins the Sun-
bury and both form the Concord. At
Lowell a carry is made to the Merri-
mac, which is followed to Newburyport.
After leaving Newburyport the marshes
are crossed at high water and the mouth of
Plum Island River reached. Plum Island
is a long, narrow sand bar lying between
the ocean and Newburyport marshes. The
river flows into Ipswich Basin. Ascending
the Ipswich River and navigating the canal
into the Essex, a further cruise can be made
down the Essex to its mouth, and so to the
Annisquam and Gloucester.

PIERS.

THE CLUBS.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Mr. Secretary is at
present absent with two other members
of the Crescent Canoe Club, of this city,
on a cruise. They do not expect to return
home before the latter part of next week.
I enclose notice of their departure, clipped
from *State Gazette*, of date 14th inst. (pub-
lished in this city).

M. CARTER.

TRENTON, N. J., July 20, 1883.

—CRUISE OF THE CRESCENT CANOE CLUB—

Messrs. F. W. Sigler, R. G. Lucas, and
W. M. Carter, of the Crescent Canoe Club,
of this city, commenced a canoe cruise of
half a thousand miles, yesterday noon, at
the State street dock of the Delaware and
Raritan Canal. The course being through
the canal to New Brunswick, thence to
New York, via Raritan River and Bay,
Staten Island Sound, and New York Bay;
up the Hudson to Rondout; railroad to
Arkville, back of the Catskills, on the Po-
pacton branch of the Delaware River;
thence to Hancock, and home again by
the Delaware.

The "Florence" and "Lenore" were
flying forward the burgee of the Crescent
Club, and aft the private signals of the
crews; the "Vivace" carrying in addition
the flag of the American Canoe Associa-
tion.

The canoes are well adapted for the
work laid out for them, and behave hand-
somerly at all times, either when the blue
water is under their keels, or when, in the
rifts of the rivers, the rocks are barely
covered with water. Running rapids, how-
ever, is the strong point of the canoeist,
and the upper Delaware is the beau ideal
of a river in this respect—notably, Foul
Rift, below Belvidere, where the current
has almost the speed of a railroad train.

Provisions for two weeks, and the most
complete fishing tackle and camp equip-
page, are among the impedimenta, while
hammocks, awnings, camp-stools, and in-
numerable small conveniences, stowed
away in nooks and corners of the
canoes, will add materially to the comfort
and well-being of the voyagers.

Among the pleasures of the trip, the
trio count largely on casting the fly for
trout in the tributaries of the Upper Dela-
ware, and fly and minnow fishing for the
gamey bass in the Delaware proper.

—IOWA CANOE CLUB—

First annual meeting and regatta, at Spirit Lake, Iowa, August 15, 16, and 17, 1883. Encampment near Hunter's Lodge. Eugene A. Guilbert, *commodore*, McGregor; John Rix, *vice-commodore*, Fort Madison; Marcius C. Smith, *secretary*, Davenport.

Programme—Wednesday, August 15th.—10 A. M., Annual Meeting; 2 P. M., Review Under Paddle; 3 P. M., Sailing Race, Classes A and B; 4:30 P. M., Double Paddling Race.

Thursday, August 16th.—10 A. M., Paddling Race, Class A; 11 A. M., Paddling Race, Class B; 2 P. M., Review Under Sail; 3 P. A., Double Sailing Race; 4 P. M., Upset Race Under Paddle.

Friday, August 17th.—9:30 A. M., Combined Sailing and Paddling Race; 11 A. M., Portage Race; 2 P. M., Review, and Cruise to Hotel Orleans; 6 P. M., Banquet and Awarding of Prizes at Hotel Orleans.

Regatta Notes.—All Sailing and Paddling Races will be governed by the regulations adopted by the American Canoe Association.

Distances.—In *Paddling Races* the distance will be one mile; in *Sailing Races*, one mile and a half to four miles and a half, according to strength of wind; in the *Combined Race*, one mile under paddle and one mile under sail; in the *Portage Race*, one-half mile under paddle, portage one-eighth mile, and one-half mile under sail; and in *Upset Race*, one-half mile under paddle, upset at signal, and one-half mile under paddle to finish.

Classes.—Class A includes all canoes under 28 inches beam (St. Pauls and Birdie Kanes). Class B, 28-inch beam and over (Shadows).

Prizes.—Gold medals are given as prizes in the regular regatta.

Flags.—*Paddling*—I. C. C. signal carried on staff stepped in mainmast hole. Private signal or officers' signal on staff stepped in dandy-mast hole. *Sailing*—I. C. C. signal at mast-head or peak of lateen. Officers' signal will take place of club burgee in one-masted canoes. Private signal on dandy, or on staff stepped in dandy-mast hole.

Regatta Committee:

H. S. PUTMAN, TAC. HUSSEY,
S. B. LAFFERTY.

EDITOR CANOEIST: The rarity and general underdone-ness of the June days proved a wet blanket to collective canoeing in this vicinity. Now and then, weather-wise individuals have taken advantage of the few dry hours we have had, to do a little sailing and paddling, and get their rigs and muscles in working trim. The movement to abolish the top-heavy titles of commodore and vice-commodore seems to be gaining ground. Last year, at the organization of the Rochester C. C., the titles of captain and first officer were adopted. The CANOEIST, in publishing the data of the organization, and following the name of our chief officer, parenthetically remarked, "Why not Commodore?" Accepting the hint, at the April meeting, when a new and simplified constitution was adopted, the names of commodore and vice-commodore were assumed. Popular opinion having set the other way, a change seems imminent—possibly king and prime minister will be taken up, and in that case we will abandon canoes and take to cat-boats, basing the innovation on the proverbial familiarity of cats and kings.

Regarding the coming camp of the A. C. A.—If any canoeist wishes information about passing through, or stopping, at this point, it will give me pleasure to answer any inquiries sent to me.

Our clubs will most likely have a committee to look after any wanderers coming our way, and if any of the aforesaid wanderers chance to see a pointed burgee of red, with a blue center stripe bearing the letters R. C. C., it is hoped they will make any requisition on the person under it, which time and the place demands.

MATT ANGLE.

Rochester, N. Y.

[The asterisk in CANOEIST (Vol. 1, p. 167) was placed after the word *president* in the article referred to—not after *captain*. The point was: Why *president* for a canoe club, and not commodore, the usual title? Commodore, vice-commodore, and secretary being the usual officers, it was worthy of note, at the time, to call attention to the five officers of the R. C. C.—president, vice-president, secretary, captain, and first officer. Does the club still have five offices, if we might venture the question?

CANOEIST entirely agrees with Mr. Angle as to the top-heavy title, commodore, and certainly has placed itself on record as being in favor of a more modest title. The N. Y. C. C., not having had a regular meeting for many months, has not yet taken action on this point.—ED.]

—A meet and short run occurred on the Connecticut, July 21st and 22d, the Hartford C. C. and Springfield C. C. participating. (See page 109.)

—Messrs. Carter, Lucas, and Siglar, of the Crescent Canoe Club of Trenton, N. J., who have been in camp for the past two days at Denning's Point, were in town last night as the guests of one of our canoeists. They departed for Rondout this morning, from which place they will take cars for Arkville on the Delaware, down which river they will cruise to Trenton. They each have a "Shadow" canoe, with all necessary articles for a two weeks' life in camp.—*Daily Register, Newburgh*, July 17.

—James L. Greenleaf, of the Knickerbocker C. C., rounded Cape May and beached in front of the hotels, after a 400-mile cruise down the Delaware River and Bay, from near the source to the Atlantic. He will either sail across to the Breakwater, and take the steamer there for New York, or go up the Jersey coast through the Narrows.

Cape May City, N. J., July 18, 1883.

—Purser W. H. Byrnes, of the San Francisco C. C., sends us a copy of the club-book containing the constitution and by-laws of the club, sailing rules, and a signal code. It is compact, of convenient size, and neatly printed with a blue border round each page. A little cut of a canoe under full sail (balance-lug fore, and mutton mizzen), in rough water, with "Brooks, 10-1-81" in the lower left-hand corner, graces the cover.

—The club burgee of the Iowa Canoe Club is a red field with letters I. C. C. in white thereon. The annual regatta announcement has been received by us, and appears elsewhere. It is the neatest piece of printing of the kind yet sent to the CANOEIST.

—The Knickerbockers have everything arranged. Expect to have about twelve men go to Stony Lake Meet.

—Canoeing at Cambridge quiet. Canoes either in the club-house with captains away till September, or else with their skippers on river, lake, or at the sea-shore. Few members, it is reported, can get away to join the A. C. A. in Canada.

—A full report of the meet on the Connecticut, July 21st, appeared in the Hartford *Evening Post*, July 23d, but our report published in the "Pilot" department is from a Springfield paper.

—Secretary Neid  is awaiting the arrival of his canoe here in New York now (July 27th). It has been nearly a month en route from Pensacola.

—MONTREAL, QUE., July 25.—Dr. Wordan, of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club of New York, has arrived here from Cape Vincent after a voyage of thirteen days. He ran all the rapids in the St. Lawrence except those between Lachine and Montreal.—*N. Y. World*, July 26.

—Grant Van Dusen, of Rondout, reports having had a most charming time on his Delaware cruise, and brings back with him many views of bits along the river. These are of great interest to those of us who have seen them and have had to stay home.

—Commodore Lowenthal and his brother Simon, and Messrs. H. T. Keyser, Wm. L. Stone, Jr., Geo. H. Sullivan, J. D. Butler, E. A. Hoffman, Jr., Arthur Brentano, L. A. Bernheimer, W. L. Green, and R. J. Wilkin expect to arrive at the camp on the 11th inst., and will remain probably until the 26th.

—The canoeing activity of several members of a New York club who are on the shady side of fifty is most encouraging to many of the younger men, giving them the assurance that there is plenty of time yet. Truly, the fondness for the water and the canoe does not grow less with increasing years. What other sport can boast as much?

—The Hartford and Springfield canoe clubs seem to be in a prosperous condition, and occasional runs (m. m. mutual meeting) are reported. An account of a cruise on Trent waters (Canada) gives the time for five miles down a rapid as twenty-five minutes. This is the time mentioned in the *Connecticut Pilot* article, in June number (12 miles per hour), and to which the Editor called attention as being "pretty good time." Springfield take note.

EDITORIAL.

WHEN you go to Stony Lake, remember that the point will come up: Where shall we meet next year? and be sure not to make up your mind till after you get there, but do it then. It helps the business of the meeting along very much to have matters talked up beforehand, and an intelligent vote taken, and the best arguments—pro and con—given on all points that come up.

IN *Forest and Stream*, of July 26th, there is a long article on the A. C. A. rules, and as Mr. Stephens, the writer, was one of the original committee that framed the rules, it is well worthy of careful perusal. Few canoeists, it has been found, will take the trouble to get familiar enough with the subject to have an opinion on any point till actually brought up against it all standing at a regatta; and therefore any committee having the revising or framing of rules in hand have to depend entirely on their individual experiences. It certainly is hoped that the coming meet will give the present rules a fair test, so that another year the canoeist will not have to take the extra labor of studying up a new set, but be able to live up to those now in existence. To get the rules simple, yet covering every point, is a most difficult thing to do, and Mr. Stephens's suggestions and criticism on the present ones will be of very great value to the man who earnestly wishes to know them. Too much cannot be said in praise of the present revising committee's devotion to the work and the care they have taken to investigate every step and hold on to only what is essential. The test of their work is near at hand.

THAT canoeing is making great headway can be judged by the space the papers and magazines are giving to it. Hardly a cruise of any note is taken, or a meet or regatta participated in, but the local paper

reports in full the affair. A month ago many of the newspapers had arranged for correspondents to attend the Stony Lake Meet, so full reports could be published; and the magazines are engaging artists to picture the deeds and life. Truly we are having greatness thrust upon us—modest though we be.

WE would ask our readers to notice on second page of cover, the request to send all subscriptions, business communications, and so forth, to 5 Union Square; contributions only to the Editors, 27 Rose street. Advertisements, subscriptions, and renewals, are continually being received in the editorial office, and contributions, notes, items, etc., by the publishers, and much extra labor is thus unnecessarily given both departments; delay and chances of loss are also increased.

THE canoe is the poor man's yacht. Canoeing affords more pleasure, healthful exercise, and jolly, social experiences than any other out-of-door sport for the same outlay. And yet there is not a book on the subject that is proportionately reasonable in price. "Dixon Kemp," with a chapter on canoeing, costs \$10.00. Tiphys "Management and Handling of Canoes," from which we quote a few passages on another page, \$2.50. Both of these are English books. Other books there are, treating of various branches of the subject—voyages, sailing, camping out, cooking, building, etc.—all pretty expensive. Is there not room for a concise work on the subject at a reasonable price—say one dollar—thoroughly American in its scope, and covering the whole ground? CANOEIST, during the year and a half of its existence, has given much that is new and useful, of permanent interest, together with local items and information soon out of date, respecting clubs and club doings, etc. Why cannot this be made use of, collected in compact form, edited, amended, added to, and brought down to date?

DRIFTINGS.

—The sailing rules, as published in the association book, have since been amended and considerably changed. They are correct as published in the June CANOEIST, and in the tasty little pamphlet sent out by the committee in charge of the coming meet arrangements. When the association book was published, the revising committee had not finally agreed on their recommendations.

—Boyle O'Reilly, the poet-editor of the Boston *Pilot*, started from the head of the Connecticut River to paddle a canoe to the Sound. He capsized, lost his paddles, and took the cars.—*N. Y. Sun*. See p. 109.

[What a B. O. Re.—ED.]

—Secretary Newman (N. Y. C. C.), family, and canoe are now at Round Island, St. Lawrence, for two months. Mr. Frank H. Taylor is also there. It is hoped they both will run up to Stony Lake during August.

—Word came too late for publication last month that the Rome, Watertown, and Ogdensburgh Railroad refused to cut rates to canoeists. Therefore go by Utica and Black River Railroad.

—The Cincinnati men cannot sail in Ross Lake much after the middle of June; as the water is about six feet deep, the grass grows up so thickly that it greatly retards the progress of a canoe.

—Dr. Heighway, it is reported, will not be able to go to Canada this year to the meet, for want of time. He made four trips last year, occupying as many months: one to Iron Mountain, Missouri; again to St. Paul, Manitoba, Farago, Miles City, Montana, etc.; Richmond, Va., New York, Boston, etc.; and again to Lake George, Montreal, Boston, New Haven, New York, Philadelphia, etc.

Enough, he says, for any two years, and so it will have to be.

—The canoeing department in *Forest and Stream* is conducted most admirably, and the amount and quality of the matter is specially worthy of note. The paper, coming out as it does every week, can publish much material of interest that is not readable a month old. One point, however, we don't quite see the value of—the date of a fixture, May 14th, in the July 5th issue.

—Secretary Neid  writes that he goes to Stony Lake, not later than August 1st, and will be—as he always has been—*on the ground* when the others arrive. If any man breathes a word about electing any one else in August, secretary of A. C. A., follow General Dix's advice, and shoot him on the spot. The secretary returned from his Kennebec cruise the second week in July.

—C. V. R. Schuyler (N. Y. C. C.) in the "Freak" has gone for a short trip down the Sound. Fred Read is off somewhere—at a hotel. What he has done with "Theresa"—his shadow—is not known.

—The far-famed "Wraith," winner of the first prize for third-class sailing canoes at A. C. A. meet, last August, against seven rivals, has changed hands, and now sails on the Connecticut, having gone from Staten Island to Hartford.

—The "Natalie," M. G. Foster, will be at Lake George in August.

—At a call of Commodore N. H. Bishop, of Lake George, a special meeting of the Lake George Canoe Club was held in the directors' room of the First National Bank of this place, Wednesday afternoon, July 11th. Officers for the ensuing year were chosen: Captain, Dr. Chas. A. Neid , of Schuylerville; Mate, E. W. West, Glens Falls; Purser, J. E. McDonald, Glens Falls. The old titles of commodore, vice-commodore, and secretary were abandoned, and captain, mate, and purser adopted in their stead. The club hopes to have a good representation at Stony Lake.—J. E. McDONALD, Purser (Glens Falls, July 16th).—*Forest and Stream*.

—The club member who noticed his name spelled SERGE in the printed list of canoes, wrote as follows to the responsible man: "Can't you give me credit for more taste than to name my canoe after a piece of dry goods—serge—when, *per contra*, to show you I have higher ideas, I will quote:

'For I am as a weed, flung from the rock, on ocean's foam to sail
Where e'er the surge may sweep or tempest's breath prevail.'

Childe Harold.

"There! I think it is rather rough on a fellow who has surged diligently for a name to have it vilified in the manner in which mine has been."

The responsible man thought so too.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Please send me a copy of the CANOEIST, and let me know if I could get a *bargain* at times in the matter of buying a canoe second-hand. Here the Caribs are natural sailors, or rather canoeists. They make their canoes out of logs, and can manage them to perfection. They run to even fifty feet in length. One, say thirty feet long, four wide, and three deep, with jigger, main, and jib sails, will cost about \$125. One, ten to fifteen feet, for paddles, about \$12.50. They can stand any amount of rough usage, too. I saw an advertisement of a Chicago firm that made seamless canoes by gluing three strips of thin boards together, one lengthwise, and two transverse the boat, and then pressing into shape. I want to get a *good* canoe, suitable for sail as well as paddle, as I am engaged in the cultivation of tropical fruits, and the company's estate (of which I am general manager) is some twenty miles from this seaport, on the Rio Dulce. The scenery on the Dulce is *grand*. It has a slow current, is a hundred yards wide, and has vegetation to its surface and even into its depths. It is deep. Some seven miles up it from this port (free) it widens into what is called the Golfete, a sort of lake, which is dotted with coys, or islands. I am no canoeist, but desire to be, and want an inexpensive boat to begin with, as my ignorance would cause it a severe ordeal. I am a (prize) graduate of the N. Y. College of Dentistry, Class 1877.

J. R. BOYD, D.D.S.

Livingston, Guatemala.

P. S.—I should not want the boat to cost me here over \$15 or \$20.

J. R. B.

EDITOR CANOEIST: If any of the fraternity want to visit the most delightful spot in America, send them up here. The Wisconsin and owner arrived yesterday, after a journey which, though long, was brimful of enjoyment. To-morrow we hoist the A. C. A. flag for a two hundred and fifty mile trip down the St. John, one of the loveliest rivers for a canoe trip in existence. If you think I exaggerate, come and do it, and then see. Send canoes by boat to Eastport, and thence to St. Andrews, thence coming up to the Falls or to Edmundston, by the New Brunswick Railway, or go to St. John and go up

the river by steamer as far as Fredericton, and thence by rail, as before. The latter route is the pleasantest, though by the the former you may enjoy a preliminary cruise on the Passamaquoddy Bay. There is a capital hotel at Grand Falls—the Grand Falls Hotel—kept by Mr. Olive, who will give any information in reference to fishing, of which there is an unlimited amount within easy reach. An application to N. J. Greathead, Esq., general passenger agent New Brunswick Railway, Woodstock, will probably secure favorable rates for canoe, though I would suggest an application through the Secretary for a rate for all members. The St. John can be canoed all the year round, though now it is at its best, and wild strawberries, freshly picked, only thirty cents a bucket. Yours fraternally,

J. M. GELDERT.

Grand Falls, N. B., July 6th, 1883.

P. S.—Passenger fares from St. John to Fredericton, \$1.00; to Grand Falls, \$4.00; to Edmundston, \$1.00.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Having read several recent articles relating to the abolishing of the title of commodore and substituting that of captain for the highest officer of each canoe club, the undersigned wishes to offer this suggestion:

If the chief officer of each club is given the title of captain, the owner and handler of a canoe will be deprived of the distinction which is rightly his.

Is it not better to follow general custom, and each club retain its commodore, if only for the reason that its change affects so many?

When the A. C. A. was organized, there were comparatively few canoeists, and the titles of the officers of the N. Y. C. C. were adopted for the officers of the A. C. A.

The commander of a fleet of from 200 to 300 canoes, and that number constantly increasing, is entitled to a greater distinction than the commander of a club of a score or so—and rightly—but at the same time without affecting the standing of the club officers.

Since there must be a change, why not confer on the present *Commodore* of the A. C. A. the highest distinction in naval parlance—that of Admiral? "ANNIE O."

Mohican.

Albany, July 16th.

[We fear if the above was ratified, the

A. C. A. would be without a chief officer. Think of such a modest man as our present commodore—active and splendid officer that he is—carrying round the title, Admiral. He couldn't do it. Clubs may have men strong enough to stand up under the weight of a commodore's head-gear, but we don't believe the association can boast a man up to the weight of Admiral. But let us hear more on this point. We certainly hope the association will make some suggestions in regard to it, at least, at the meet, or the clubs form a syndicate and agree upon titles.—Ed.]

Utica and Black River Railroad Company.

Utica, N. Y., June 29, 1883.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I am requested by Mr. Frank H. Taylor to write to you and say that this company will transport upon its freight trains the canoes belonging to the members of the Am. Canoe Association free from Utica to Clayton and return. I understand that your people will go mostly via Clayton and the steamer Armenia. If this is of sufficient interest, you might announce it, and, if you do make such an announcement, please say that we cannot carry the canoes in passenger baggage-cars, nor upon passenger trains, but will take them free if they are shipped via freight trains. Very truly,

THEO. BUTTERFIELD,
General Passenger Agent.

[The A. C. A. is much indebted to both Mr. Butterfield and Mr. Taylor for the above offer of free transportation for canoes, and the editor, in thanking him, echoes the sentiments of all the members for the courtesy.]

—Farnham is cruising in Allegro on southern coast of Gulf of St. Lawrence. He was last heard from at Quebec just before starting.

—Rushton has lately completed a Stella Maris after a new pattern, having a dagger centre-board of wood amidships, with wooden trunk. It is now cruising on the St. Lawrence under the command of the

original inventor of the Stella Maris canoe. Secretary Newman cruised with him for a short time, starting from Round Island.

—A very excellent lantern for a canoe is a small cubical one of brass—green and red flat glass side-lights, and bulls-eye front—white—with brass door at back to keep light out of the eyes of the skipper when fixed on deck as a signal-light. The sides can, of course, be of plain glass for camp use, if so desired. Signal or kerosene oil is burned according to the burner and wick used. The address of the firm making them will be given to any one interested by addressing the Editor. The can holding the oil is also of brass, and very strongly made. A handle of straight brass wire is on top; also one an inch wide of brass riveted to the door at back, so it can be carried in two ways. By fixing slides on deck, the bottom projecting a little beyond the sides, the lantern can be firmly placed on deck forward in an instant and be perfectly secure. No wind will blow the light out, and the flame has been known to remain brilliant after the bow of the canoe has been run a foot under water through a breaker.

—The September CANOEIST will probably appear a little later than usual, as the Editors are going to take in as much of Canadian good health as they can, and also get a full report of the meet for the benefit of the poor fellows who have to stay at home.

—Don't forget Commodore Edwards' request, any of you readers who are going to Canada, to get there primed with music and good stories; and those of you who stay at home are expected to send something, even if it is only a dirge, for the CAMP FIRE CANOEIST.

—For canoeists from New York and further south wishing to reach the head waters of the Delaware, the best way is to cruise up the Hudson to Kingston, or ship on the West Shore R. R. or night boat. Take the Ulster & Delaware R. R. to Dean's Corners and launch. The West Shore R. R. connects directly with the Ulster & Delaware, and the transfer is very easy. An excellent map and Catskill pamphlet can be got by writing to Henry Monell, General Passenger Agent, No. 24 Bridge street, New York City.

CANOE PILOT.

A TRIP ON THE TRENT.

[This article first appeared in the *Peterborough Review* in June, and was copied by *Forest and Stream* July 5th. It is now reprinted for those of our readers who do not see the *Review* and are not subscribers to *Forest and Stream* and who are going to the meet, to induce them to take the same waters on their way home after camp.]

The Queen's birthday was a lovely bright day, more noticeable and enjoyable probably on account of the three or four preceding days of down-pouring rain. By the 7 A.M. train on the Grand Junction, a contingent from the Peterborough Canoe Club, consisting of four, shipped their canoes and took their seats for Campbellford, there to take their positions in the cedars for Trenton via the Trent.

Arriving at Campbellford, without anything of special note, about 9:30, we carted our canoes to below the paper mill, distance one mile, though we were strongly advised not to launch until we had taken them five miles further, below the rapids. The wandering Campbellfordites looked at us with open mouths when we informed them that in those frail-looking barks we intended to run their angry rapids, and quite a little crowd gathered to see us start, including some lady friends, who took their positions on "The lover's leap," a most romantic spot of solid rock, jutting out over the rapids, about fifty feet above us, as we sailed out into the roaring torrent. The ladies advised us to make our wills before starting; and, as sailors, we did, nuncupative ones, leaving our bodies and canoes to the River Trent, and our hearts with the girls we left behind us. The men suggested that we should stow our valuables, including matches on our persons, and overcoats, satchels, etc., in the bows and sterns. This we did also.

Our highly polished canoes, with the boating costumes of the occupants, and flags of the A. C. A. and P. B. C. flying at the bows, made quite a picturesque sight as they glided out into foaming and rushing waters.

In canoe No. 1 was the commodore, dressed in his blue serge suit and shirt of same color, with the initials A. C. A. tastefully worked in the collar, and a rakish hat. Bowman H.'s headgear was lively

and striking enough to do away with the necessity of any further description of the rest of his attire; it consisted of a Turkish fez, with a white handkerchief tucked three parts of the way around, a la Havelock. No. 2 canoe carried B——n in the stern, with a white flannel boating suit, and a blue and white cap; while B——k in the bow, with his large, black felt hat much the worse for wear, his lower garments tuckd to his knees, and without covering for his feet, had a "make-up" decidedly villainous in appearance, and showing that he possessed a soul above clothes, and a mind that was bent entirely upon "getting at those rapids," and on getting out if he got a dip. We waved an adieu to the ladies on the bluff, soon to be forgotten for a time. Ladies' men, as all true canoe men are, these four were no exception to the general rule, but it was "out of sight, out of mind." Our work was cut out for us for five miles; the rapids were in good working order, swollen by a four-days' rain, they seemed glad to see the sunshine, and roaring out an angry defiance, set to work with a will, as if determined to make those four daring canoemen know their power and respect it.

It was a queer sensation as we rushed into those white surges, and skipped by the boulders and glided with a swish around a point, only to see a white foam with a curling black wave directly in front. To get into that was "good day." These were the exciting times, coming without any word of warning on one of the pools of soapsuds, and the bowman's "where now, commodore? quick," and the answer "to the right," or "to the left," and just at the right instant his roar of "paddle," and then how those paddles did flash and glance for about fifty yards, and then idle again, but ready for the next. Coming round one of these sharp turns we narrowly escaped running on a low, shelving flag stone, and feeling sure that the second canoe, which kept about 500 yards behind, would have a narrow escape there, we turned our heads to look. Round they came like an avalanche right on to it. "They are over;" no, not quite, but shipped a good deal, and slipping in behind an island they got out and had the first empty. This was about half way down, or two and a half miles from the start. Canoe No. 1 kept on, its occupants feeling more at home and battling more

on an even footing, and without further incident got through. "Time," shouted the commodore. Exactly five miles in twenty-five minutes. It was short but sweet. We congratulated ourselves on getting down without mishap. Little did we know what was before us. The "five miles," to tempt which we were called lunatics, were but as babies to the "nine miles" we met later on.

Landing on a pier at Percy boom, just at the foot of the rapids, we baled out, spread ourselves out to dry, had lunch, and just a few thimblefuls of "Cherry Pectoral" to keep off the cold, though it is but due to the self-sacrificing commodore to say that feeling his cold to be not very dangerous, he insisted that the others should take the "medicine," and he would risk his cold. After about an hour, there being a wind blowing, we hoisted a sail, with a twelve-foot boom, and, holding the canoes side by side, we just bowled along. This was really enjoyable, reclining at full length, except the ubiquitous B—k, whose duty it was to keep the bows together, but who could never stay put, and finally sat bolt upright in his canoe, hanging his legs over the other, and, with a lazy back, prepared to take a snooze. All feeling a little sleepy, this was scarcely noticed by the ever-watchful commodore, when suddenly a puff struck us, the canoes parted, and the biggest part of B—k, by a large majority, to wit, his feet, dumped with a loud splash into the water. Both canoes were nearly over, and the stern commodore severely reprimanded the man with the feet. Now singing, smoking, and half dozing, we sailed along side by side to Chisholm's Rapids without putting the paddles into the water, except to steer by. The distance was sixteen miles, and the time two hours and three-quarters. Portaging at the dam at Chisholm's Rapids, we shot them in four or five minutes; then after a short distance, the river turning nearly due west, we had a severe head-wind for six miles, with lively little white-caps. This was where the elbow-grease was used, and we longed for the roar of the "nine miles." After our successful coping with the others, we boastfully said we would rather tackle a twelve-foot mill-dam than a head-wind any day. We got to the rapids in about an hour and a half, and one of the quartette prefers the head-wind—head-winds for a week—but no more nine-mile rapids.

The first sight from above Frankfort was not reassuring; about half a mile of white surge, rushing, tumbling, and roaring, with banks of solid rock forty to fifty feet high, chiselled straight down from the top to below the water. How to get around, over, or through these billows, or how to get out, in case the cedars and the waters refused to fraternize—that was the question. However, there was nothing to do but face the music of the waters, and we got a taste of what we might have expected right on the "go in." It was a "full hand" against "three of a kind." Thinking that we could paddle over before meeting the waves, we put all our muscles to the task, but the current from the shore took us in broadside, and it washed clean over us; the next one took us the same as the first, and we were just about filled. Paddling with all our might and main to escape the next, canoe No. 2 struck our stern just as the third wave washed over the commodore. The staunch little craft shivered and seemed to stay just where she was, but with the energy of despair we worked her through; getting to shore we waded out and emptied.

Canoe No. 2 had had but little better luck, as she was nearly filled. Putting out again, we rushed past the village of Frankfort like an express train. From there down, with the rolling, billowy surges before, behind, and around us, with the high, steep stone walls on our right, the crack crash of the bushes as we rushed through them, the roll and roar and turmoil of the angry waves, flinging the canoes like nutshells through the snowy crests; it is something not to be described, but must be felt to be appreciated. We at last reached Trenton wet and hungry, and proceeded to ransack the trunk and bureaus of our friend, F. A. H., who happened to be yachting, and who returned about 9:30, as much astonished, as he was pleased to see his bed and easy chairs graced with four forms of his Peterboro' friends enjoying his clothes and tobacco, the commodore, with a short shooting jacket, which came down to his fifth rib, was vainly trying to draw his feet up to the bottom of the trousers he had cabbaged, while the shortest man in the party with a dress coat and flannel shirt and lower garment which fitted him too soon, and made the hotel keeper, anxious when they saw what they were expected to fill. We wore the clothes home on the train next morning, and they,

taken in conjunction with our burnt-red nasal extremities, made some tough-looking citizens.—*Droflaw, in Peterboro' Review.*

KENNEBEC AND MEGANTIC.

Messrs. Neidé and Hubbard have returned from their cruise up the Kennebec and Dead rivers, Chain Ponds and Lake Megantic, and report many portages over dams and log-jams, the longest one six miles. Plenty of mosquitoes and black flies made life in the wilderness lively if not interesting. Game is plentiful about the Chain Ponds and Lake Megantic—few caribou but many moose and deer, and trout in all the streams. The trip down the Chaudine was abandoned, owing to the low water. Dr. Neidé will go to Stony Lake about August 1st.—*Forest and Stream.*

CAMPING BY THE RIVERSIDE.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPING.

Gathering of the Springfield and Hartford Canoeists at the Mouth of the Scantic.—The sloping bank, shaded by giant trees, where the little Scantic flows into the Connecticut, eight miles up stream, was the scene, on Saturday, of the first large canoeing encampment ever held on the river, and the camp was as novel as the sport of canoeing is delightful. The affair was arranged by the Hartford Canoe Club to meet their canoeing brethren of Springfield for a day's and night's fraternization, and it was carried out with complete success. The Hartford fleet of a dozen boats sailed up and the canoeists pitched the camp, and had everything in readiness for the reception and entertainment of their guests from Springfield, who arrived with nine boats. The members of the New York Club, who had been invited to take part in the "meet," were unable to be present. The graceful boats were drawn up on the bank by their masters, on arriving, and the afternoon was spent in an interchange of ideas on the fascinating amusement, and in gossiping on canoeing topics generally. With the acquisition of a pedestrian party, and a few members of

the Connecticut Bicycle Club—all from Hartford—the camp became a convention of devotees of out-door sports. There were various friendly tests of paddling and sailing speed among the canoeemen, followed by a massing of the boats under full sailing rig, and with their skippers in their places, to be photographed by Stuart, of this city, who made several fine negatives. In the evening, having built an enormous fire, the forty campers surrounded two of their number, who are adepts at banjo-playing, and for hours the quiet of the rural neighborhood was destroyed by their songs. It was so unusual an occurrence for the tranquil old village of East Windsor Hill that many of the dwellers went to the river bank and enjoyed the music until an hour considerably past their usual retiring time. The villagers were very courteous to their visitors, and did many things for their comfort. The attentions of the ancient ferryman especially pleased the canoeists, and the hardy old mariner was christened "Captain Cucumber," and given the freedom of the camp, and it was at a very late hour that the commander of the Mary Jane—as he calls the little scow ferryboat—started across lots for home with a lighted lantern on his arm, the rays of which were drowned by the bright moonlight. The camp broke up yesterday, and, after a few fleet manœuvres, Commodore Jones, of the Hartford Club, signalled "farewell" to Commodore Nickerson, of the Springfield party, and the clubs separated under full sail, and with a spanking breeze blowing from the south. Over \$2,000 was represented in the boats participating in the "meet."

Mr John Boyle O'Reilly, of the Boston *Pilot*, abandoned his canoeing cruise at Springfield, on Saturday, and will return to Boston to-day.

A POET CANOEING.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPING.

An Interesting and Adventurous Paddle Down the River by John Boyle O'Reilly and Dr. Guiteras, with an Upset among the Logs.—People who have seen John Boyle O'Reilly only on the lecture platform, recalling his fair skin and clean-cut features, would not recognize the poet and editor in the athletic, nut-brown canoeist of cropped

head stopping yesterday at Father O'Keefe's in West Springfield. Flaky bits of sun-burned cuticle lie on his nose, cheeks, and ears, and through a lightly fitting suit of blue flannel his biceps and shoulder muscles bulge like those of his distinguished fellow-citizen, John L. Sullivan. This change from the scholar's delicacy to the prize-fighter's sturdiness is largely due, at least as regards the bronzed face, to a delightful 11-days' voyage, without hat, tent, or umbrella down the Connecticut, a river that to us Springfielders regularly suggests malaria, seldom pleasure, almost never health.

Mr. O'Reilly's voyage was full of adventure and interest. He and his companion, Dr. Ransom Guiteras, of Boston, also a strong and experienced canoeist, launched their boat, July 10th, into the upper waters of the river. Their only guide was an imperfect chart of the stream, and this they soon lost in an accident. For propelling power they had their paddles and a small sail, but logs in the river soon rendered the latter dangerous, and it was shipped to Boston. Their canoe, a light but strong Racine boat, in which they did the Merrimac and rounded Cape Ann; last summer, was packed with a wagon-load of things needful, including edibles, drinkables, blankets, an oil-stove, a gun and boxing-gloves. Thus equipped, they proceeded rapidly down stream, shooting almost all the falls and rapids in their way, and sleeping at night in the open air under the shelter of trees on the river bank. The beauty of the river scenery was a constant surprise and delight. A hundred times a day, as Mr. O'Reilly puts it, they cried, "This beats the Rhine," or, "This is ahead of anything on the Merrimac." But soon their attention was diverted from the scenery by the appearance of numerous and troublesome enemies in the stream—rolling, pushing, stubborn logs. The two voyagers in all their canoeing had never met and conquered logs, and were at first irresolute. If they tried to push a log from their course, it simply pushed them from its course. They noticed that the logging-men talked to logs as to persons, swearing at some, coaxing others, playing with the little fellows and wheeling the big—giving to all a personality. The canoeists had no more trouble with logs. They found that by pushing it end on they could move the most hulking log as they pleased. "No

wonder the loggers personify them," says Mr. O'Reilly, "Why, they are like ignorant men; you cannot crowd or force them, but you can guide them gently wheresoever you will." From fearing the logs they grew to like them, and now they consider their presence in the Connecticut by no means against it as a canoeist's stream. "First of all," according to the canoeing poet, "a canoeist must know how to swim; secondly, he must master the habits and dispositions of logs."

The next serious adventure came in the night of Sunday, the 15th. All along the full moon had tempted them to keep their seats till a late hour. The sudden storm of that night, which was felt here, caught them in the midst of rapids, hid the shore in darkness and blinded them totally with its driving rain. Unable to make the shore they were forced to go on with the current. Suddenly a drive of logs came down upon them and before they had time to speak or plan for safety the end of a big log swept over the boat striking both men and upsetting the canoe. Dr. Guiteras's legs were tightly wedged in by a new stock of provisions. After sinking several times and almost giving up hope, he freed his legs from the canoe and swam ashore. When Mr. O'Reilly arose after the tipover his head bumped against logs, and he finally came to the surface at some distance from the boat. Diving again under the logs he got hold of the boat and clung to it, being swept down with the current, till his friend had run half a mile up stream, swam across, borrowed a farmer's lantern and boat, and rowed down to the rescue, picking up paddles, coffee-pots, and stray bottles on the way. This accident cost them their chart of the river and many of their traps.

Mr. O'Reilly is full of enthusiasm over the Connecticut's charm for the canoeist, as well as over the general charm of the canoeist's life. He and his friend agree that there is no river in the country that has the Connecticut's advantages for canoeing, or that so fully repays the voyager. Mr. O'Reilly marvels that he passed and heard of no other canoeist on a river so beautiful with cities and towns full of sportsmen on its banks. The Connecticut ought to become, in his opinion, the principal canoeing stream in America and bear many hundred canoes on its bosom every summer.

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THE MEET OF '83.

REGATTA COMMITTEE REPORT.

THE Regatta Committee report the awards of prizes at the recent meeting of the A. C. A. at Stony Lake, as follows:

AUGUST 21, 1883.

First Race—Paddling, Class 2, Juniors, 1 mile.—Arthur Blade, first prize; J. S. Weller, second prize.

J. M. Adams won, but his prize passes on, under the junior and senior rule in force at this meeting. Ten started.

Second Race—Novices' Sailing Race, 1 1-2 miles.—J. E. Hawkins, first prize; W. B. Cottingham, second prize. R. W. Gibson was first, but prize passes. Eight started.

Third Race—Paddling Class 3, Junior, 1 mile.—G. A. Strickland, 3d, first prize; M. F. Johnston, 1st, fouled bouy; J. S. Weller, 2d, not eligible, having won second prize in a junior race.

Fourth Race—Limited weight, Sailing Class A, Seniors, 120 lbs., 1 1-2 miles.—H. L. Willoughby, first prize.

Fifth Race—Limited weight, Sailing Class A, Juniors, 120 lbs., 1 1-2 miles.—C. K. Munroe, 1st; F. A. Nickerson, 2d; R. W. Baldwin, 3d. Eight started.

Sixth Race—Sailing Class B, Seniors, weight limited to 150 lbs., 1 1-2 miles.—R. W. Gibson, 1st

Seventh Race—Sailing Class B, Juniors, weight limited to 150 lbs., 1 1-2 miles.—Chas. A. Neide, 1st.

Eighth Race—Combined Sailing and Paddling, any class, 1-2 mile each way.—R. W. Gibson, 1st; R. W. Baldwin, 2d.

AUGUST 22, 1883.

First Race—Double Paddling race (two men), 1 mile.—G. Fitzgerald, A. Blade, 1st; M. F. Johnston, J. L. Kerr, 2d.

Second Race—Sailing Class A, no ballast, 1 1-2 miles, Seniors.—F. A. Nickerson, 1st; C. K. Munroe, 2d.

Third Race—Sailing Class A, no ballast, 1 1-2 miles, Juniors.—E. W. West, 1st.

Fourth Race—Sailing Class B, no ballast, 1 1-2 miles, Seniors.—R. W. Gibson, 1st; Wm Whitlock, 2d.

Fifth Race—Paddling Class 2, 1 mile.—E. W. West, first prize; T. S. Westcott, second prize.

Sixth Race—Sailing Class B, full ballast, 3 miles, Seniors.—Entries all capsized. Senior prize awarded to 1st Junior, Hugh Neilson.

Seventh Race—Sailing Class B, full ballast, Juniors.—Hugh Neilson, 1st (senior); prize. C. Fraser, 2d; prize.

Eighth Race—Sailing Class A, full ballast, 3 miles, Seniors.—H. L. Willoughby, 1st; prize. F. A. Nickerson, 2d; prize.

Ninth Race—Upset race, Juniors.—Wm. Whitlock, first prize; M. F. Johnston, 1st, but prize passes on.

AUGUST 23, 1883.

First Race—Paddling Class 4, 3-4 mile.—M. F. Johnston, 1st; prize. J. M. Adams, 2d; prize.

Second Race—Portage race.—G. W. R. Strickland, 1st; prize.

Third Race—Double Paddling race (2 men).—G. Fitzgerald, A. Blade, 1st; prize. J. S. Weller, J. M. Adams, 2d; prize. Claim of foul disallowed.

Fourth Race—Paddling Class 1.—J. M. Adams, 1st; prize.

Fifth Race—Paddling Class 2.—J. S. Weller, 1st; prize.

Sixth Race—Upset race, Seniors.—M. F. Johnston, 1st; prize.

Seventh Race—Upset race, open canoes.—J. S. Weller, 1st; prize.

Third prizes have been awarded where the starters exceeded six in number, except in some few instances, where by reason of the existing junior and senior rule such prizes would, if awarded, have gone to the fifth or sixth man in actual order of finishing. The committee believes it but expresses the general feeling of those present at the meeting, in recommending to the proper authorities the abolition of the term "junior" and the substitution at coming meets of a sailing and a paddling race for novices who have not been sailing or paddling a canoe for a longer period than one year. By this course we believe a multiplication of races can be avoided, and that the novice will be able to compete on fairer terms than under the present definition of junior and senior; and that such races as take place will have fuller entries, be less hurried, of greater interest, and afford better tests.

REGATTA COMMITTEE.

WM. WHITLOCK, *Chairman*.
ROBT. TYSON,
H. C. STRICKLAND,

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

At the general meeting of the A. C. A., held at Stony Lake, Aug. 23, 1883, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Commodore—F. A. Nickerson, Springfield Mass.

Vice-Commodore—C. K. Munroe, New York City.

Rear-Commodore—Col. H. C. Rogers, Peterboro, Ont.

Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. Chas. A. Neide, Schuylerville, N. Y.

Executive Committee—H. Neilson, Toronto, Canada; R. J. Wilkin, New York; W. B. Wackerhagen, Albany, N. Y.

After pleasant speeches from the newly elected officers, the secretary's report was presented, showing a membership of 450 (an increase from 215 last year), and a balance in the treasury of \$360.18.

An appropriation of \$150 for clerical services was voted for the treasurer's use, and his report adopted with a vote of thanks.

Commodore Edwards, in response to a vote of thanks, made a speech expressing his great pleasure in seeing so many from over the border, and thanking those present for their appreciation of the hard work necessary to prepare successfully for such a meeting as had just been finished, urged on all members the necessity of supporting the organ of the Association as a means of interchange of new ideas on subjects of common interest, and then called for informal discussion as to the place of next year's meet. The Thousand Islands, Lake Memphremagog, Lake George, and Long Lake, in the Adirondacks, were all suggested, and the matter left to the Executive Committee, the general idea being in favor of some place accessible to the large contingent of recent Canadian members.

The meeting then adjourned with many wishes for such another meet, and cheers for Commodore Edwards and the Canadians, which were heartily given, and the compliment as heartily returned.

STONY LAKE SONG.

What's a canoe without a sail?

Adieu, my lover, adieu.

What's a monkey without a tail?

A dude, my lover, a dude.

OUR NEW OFFICERS.

COMMODORE F. A. Nickerson, of Springfield, Mass., is also commodore of the Springfield Canoe Club, and the most enthusiastic canoeist in New England. He has done more than any one man to arouse an interest in canoeing in his section of the country, and declared at the time of his election that he was more proud of the honor than if he had been made mayor of his native city. Commodore Nickerson first became known to the members of the association a year ago at Lake George, where by the skillful handling of his canoe, Girofla, and by his genial good fellowship, he produced a most favorable impression. His nomination and election at the Stony Lake meet, were unanimous, and were made without a dissenting voice.

Vice-Commodore C. K. MUNROE (O. K. chobee), was among the earliest members of the association, and has for the past six years been an active member of the New York Canoe Club. He was also the first president of the New York Bicycle Club, and the first commander of the League of American Wheelmen. In his canoe, Psyche, he has made some notable winter cruises in southern waters. One of these was 1,600 miles in length and extended along the entire Floridian coast of the Gulf of Mexico, and northward through the interior waterways of the Florida Peninsula. During this cruise the Psyche and her owner were lost for eight days among the wild and lonely swamps surrounding Lake Okeechobee, hence our vice-commodore's nickname, O. K. chobee.

Rear-Commodore COL. HARRY C. ROGERS, of the Peterborough (Ont.) Canoe Club, is not only pleasantly remembered by those who attended the Stony Lake meet, but by all who were present at the Lake George meet, two years ago. He is colonel of volunteers, and postmaster of the city of Peterborough, as well as an enthusiastic canoeist and lover of all manly out-door

sports. The success of the Stony Lake meeting was, perhaps, more largely due to the untiring and well-directed efforts of Col. Rogers than to those of any other one man excepting, of course, ex-Commodore Edwards.

Treasurer and Secretary DR. CHAS. A. NEIDE, commodore of the Lake George Canoe Club, is of course too well known to all members of the A. C. A. to need an introduction. No point in the last convention or business meeting of the association was so heartily cheered as the announcement of his re-election to the important office which he has so well filled for the two preceding years. Dr. Neide sails a Princess, the Aurora, and in her he made a cruise last fall and winter from Lake George to Pensacola, Fla., on the Gulf of Mexico, via the Mississippi, one of the longest canoe cruises on record.

Of the *Executive Committee*, Mr. HUGH NEILSON, of Toronto, is commodore of the Toronto Canoe Club, and ably expounds the theories of Baden Powell in his big Pearl canoe, Boreas.

Mr. R. J. WILKIN, of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club, of New York, was one of the founders of his club, and had previously been a member of the old Jersey City Club, Mr. Wilkin is an enthusiast, and at a canoe meet the first note of "Roll a Man Down," delivered in his rich baritone voice, is the signal for a rush to the waters' edge to welcome the Saskatchewan and her popular owner.

Mr. W. B. WACKERHAGEN, familiarly known to his intimate friends as "Willy Whack," is, as one of them puts it, "one of the nicest fellows you ever met." He is a prominent member of the Mohican Canoe Club of Albany, and regards his canoe, Henrietta, as his most valued possession.

It is doubtful if a more judicious selection of officers could have been made. They form a strong team, and one that will pull so well together that the prosperity of the A. C. A. is assured at their hands.

ECHOES FROM STONY LAKE

THAT those members of the A. C. A. who did not take part in the recent Stony Lake Meet missed a tip-top good time, is the generally expressed opinion of those who were there. That this "good time" was the result of the happy combination of the Canadian and American elements of the association is also admitted. With their practical ideas of comfort, and with admirable foresight, the Canadians, who had charge of locating the camp and preparing it for occupancy, had built and stocked a large ice-house for the gratuitous use of canoeists, had established a store, where all necessary articles could be purchased, had provided cooking facilities and a large mess-tent for those who preferred to rely upon the culinary efforts of somebody else, rather than upon their own, and had arranged for a milk-man, a baker, a dealer in fresh butter and eggs, and a post-man, to visit the camp daily. With excellent good taste, they had also established their families and many lady friends in comfortable tents within half a mile of the association camp, so that the visiting canoeists should not be tempted to forget their civilization through a lack of refining feminine influence. All this and much more did the Canadians contribute towards the "good time."

The Americans, for their part, contributed an unceasing flow of high spirits, songs, stories, jokes, and a thorough appreciation of what had been done to make them comfortable. The experiment of a two-weeks' meeting, of which only the second half was devoted to the annual regatta, and other business of the association, also proved a success. The first week of comparative idleness gave those who were there the opportunity to become acquainted with each other, to make their camps comfortable, to prepare their boats for the races, and to study the course. During this first week, several scrub races were sailed and paddled

for minor prizes offered by individual members, and a night exhibition of "fire canoes," or canoes decorated with colored lanterns, was given with superb effect.

The holding of this meeting in Canada resulted in a great increase in the membership of the association from that section; and of the three hundred members present at the meet, more than two-thirds were Canadians. The American clubs represented were, the New York, Knickerbocker, Mohican, Springfield, Rochester, Lake George, Philadelphia, and Saratoga. It is especially regretted that no members from either the Cincinnati, Cleveland, or Hartford Clubs were present.

Among the most interesting features of the meet were the canoe tents of the Albany and Springfield men, which they used during their entire stay at Stony Lake, preferring to sleep under them in their canoes, to occupying more commodious, but, as they claimed, less comfortable quarters. These little tents of striped awning canvas, are so admirably adapted to the requirements of a canoe camp, that it is to be hoped that General Oliver, who caused the first one to be made, will furnish drawings and a full description of it for a future number of the CANOEIST. In this connection, it is but just to state that that veteran canoeist, Mr. C. L. Norton, designed and used a very similar canoe tent some years ago.

Of course everybody who saw them here for the first time was delighted with the Peterboro' canoes, which are so perfectly adapted to the uses for which they are intended, that but one improvement in their construction can be suggested. It is, that they be provided with small water-tight compartments at each end, the need of which was strikingly illustrated in the upset race for open canoes which was, after great effort, so closely won by Weller, of the Peterboro' Club.

The canoe which won the greatest number of prizes at this meet, and which con-

sequently attracted the greatest amount of attention, was the Snake, owned and sailed by Mr. R. W. Gibson, of the Mohican Club, of Albany. She was built by Rushton, and is the happy combination of the Nautilus and Shadow models, to which her builder has given the name of "Ellard," out of compliment to the late Vice-Commodore of the association. She is 14 feet 6 inches long, and of 31 inches beam, clinker built, and provided with an Atwood centre-board. In depth she is one streak higher than a Stella Maris. For the present she carries two lateen sails and a jib, but her owner is going to try her under balance lugs. In all the races he sailed her without ballast, and handled her with consummate skill.

Although the Snake and several other boats were beautifully sailed during the races, the prettiest piece of work was that done by Mr. Hugh L. Willoughby, of Saratoga. The manner in which he handled his Racine Shadow, and kept her right side up, when canoes on all sides of him were capsizing before the furious squalls that prevailed during the last sailing race of the regatta, was the most skillful bit of seamanship that has been exhibited at any A. C. A. meet.

The Albany men were designated by a local paper as the "amusers of the camp;" but in this they must divide the honors with the Knickerbockers, who were, as usual, on hand in force, and vied with the Rochester men in the ingenuity of their expedients for making a noise and producing an unlimited amount of rollicking fun. Much of this fun surrounded the nightly camp-fire, which was kept blazing to such a late hour that the early rising, demanded of those who live in camps, proved to some of the canoeists a most difficult task. No one who camped with the A. C. A.'s on Juniper Island will forget the stentorian tones with which, each morning, Billings, the cook, strove to arouse the drowsy Mohican and Knickerbocker men who belonged to

his mess: "Breakfast, Morcans! Nigger-boggers, breakfast! Dod rat them sleepy Yankees!" were among the mildest of the persuasive terms with which the veteran sergeant endeavored to entice the sleepers from their blankets.

When they did get up, what a plunging and splashing there was in the lake; how good the cool water felt, and how thoroughly it awakened them and prepared them to do justice to Billings' breakfasts.

A number of the Americans, who were best qualified to do so, formed themselves into a minstrel troupe, which they named the "Centipedes," after the most conspicuous occupants of the camp. The Centipedes rehearsed diligently under the leadership of Mr. Brentano, and would have achieved an overwhelming success upon their first appearance before the public, had not a terrific thunder-storm burst at a most inopportune moment, and frustrated all their plans. However, the songs and jokes prepared for this occasion will keep, and visitors to the next A. C. A. camp must not forget to call upon Falkner and Westcott, of Philadelphia, for their original duets; Eaton, of the Rochesters, and Wilkin, of the Knickerbockers, for "Larboard Watch;" Plummer and Andrews, of the Rochesters, for the songs that they sing so capitally together; Baldwin, of Ottawa, for "Robinson Crusoe;" and last, but not least, upon the Commodore for "The Tree." Do not, however, let next year's canoeists make the sad mistake of shouting in chorus, "Ladies, please, sing," if they really want the ladies to sing, for nothing will so effectually silence the feminine vocalist as this.

Let the A. C. A. meet for 1884 be made as great a success as this year's meet at Stony Lake. If this is done, those who attend it will experience the same regrets when it is over as did those of us who were aroused for the last time in this year's camp by the call of, "Breakfast, Morcans! Niggerboggers, breakfast!"

O. K. CHOBEE.

THE NEXT CAMP.

IT is none too soon to discuss in the organ of the Association the pros and cons of the various suitable camping-grounds for next year. In fact there is no time so well suited for such discussion as that just succeeding a camp. Then the essentials can be best looked for in the light of recent experience, and the disadvantages carefully weighed.

For next year an accessible central location near the border, is what is first to be thought of. With this in view the writer, coming home from Stony Lake, paid particular attention to that part of the St. Lawrence above and between Clayton and Gananoque. Here the river is about ten miles wide, and though full of islands this expanse gives ample room for sailing. Strong, steady breezes are prevalent, generally following the course of the river, or from southwest to northeast. The current here is a four-mile-an-hour stream, which, in the two days spent sailing and fishing, was not found an obstacle of any serious moment. Towards the Canada side there are still unoccupied islands which would serve as good grounds, and supplies are near at Gananoque and Clayton. Through trains run without change from both of these places to all important points.

The hotels—those great bugbears—are in fact nothing but a bugbear. The larger ones are at Alexandria Bay, fourteen miles away; while those at Clayton are small, and are best described as sporting houses for fishermen, but well-kept and largely filled with the wives of those off on the river. The scenery is not unlike Stony Lake on a larger scale, islands large and small, but none very high, and all appearing flat in the expanse of water in which they are. The fishing, of course, is excellent. On the whole the place impressed me most favorably. Now let us hear from others who have been there, and from other places.

WM. WHITLOCK.

THANKS TO THE ROCHESTER C. C.

MR. R. J. WILKIN writes CANOEIST, expressing the appreciation the (Knickerbocker) Club feels at the kind reception that was tendered them by the members of the local canoe club at Rochester, as the K. C. C. passed through on their way to the Stony Lake meet last month.

The Rochester men, headed by Commodore George Harris, and Messrs. Matt. Angle, Andrews, and Plummer, on the arrival of the New York delegation, at once welcomed them and drove the whole party to the New Osborn Hotel, where an inviting supper was served. Appropriate menu cards were provided for the occasion. After being refreshed, the Knickerbockers were escorted back to the depot where all took the train for Charlotte. Here the visitors embarked on the steamer Norseman, to cross Lake Ontario.

He further says, that he also expresses the feelings of the Mohican (Albany) and Springfield Canoe Clubs, who were similarly treated in passing through the city on the Genessee.

CENTRE-BOARDS.

THE late regatta demonstrated conclusively the great advantage which a light folding centre-board possesses over a fixed keel, or an unwieldy, heavy-board.

A study of the several kinds now in the market gives the palm without question to those metal boards built on the fan principle. These have long been tested on the St. Lawrence, where their merit is acknowledged by all the boatmen, and it is from that quarter that the only needed improvements now come. A new board—in general working the same as the well-known Atwood board—is now furnished by his former foreman, who has patented it, and is making two most decided improvements on the old instrument.

In Mr. Couch's fan the first improvement in the eyes of canoeists is, that with two turns of a thumbscrew the whole machine can be detached or put on, and the perfect tightness of the boat, when again launched, not endangered in the least. This is accomplished by the application of two side pieces of hard wood, one on each side of the well, so shaped that the ends come under the pressure of an iron clamp, and the whole *sprung* down by screwing up the two thumbscrews above mentioned. These pieces of wood press the flanges of the centre-board box tightly down on any good packing. Screw-holes through the flanges and packing—the present method—are done away with; while the necessary packing can be simply laid on, and all cutting and fitting obviated, as the final pressure is regulated by the two end thumbscrews, which, acting on the spring of the wood, distribute the pressure evenly where required. The importance of this is evident to all who would gladly use their boats for sleeping in when cruising—as the Albany and Springfield men did at Stony Lake—they, undoubtedly, were the most independent and comfortable men in camp—and also for purposes of cleaning out sand or temporary rust, from which many of us have suffered with the present board.

In another respect, also, the board is improved.

By a patented device of slots, not seen from the outside, but the perfection of simplicity when in action, the length to which the steel blades are extended is absolutely controlled, and the blades when open are all and each of them absolutely immovable, except as parts of the whole.

All danger of cutting out the front of the box, by sudden jamming down of the steel fan-blades against the wrought-iron case—a well-known trouble—is thus avoided; nor can single blades get out of place.

Mr. Couch also believes it possible to move the handle to the after-end of the box, thus removing a great objection of

canoeists to present fan-boards, and will soon present a board with such an attachment. All canoeists on their way from the meet should stop at Clayton and examine the merits of the new board. I believe it to be perfect in essentials, while as yet not quite as finished in detail as canoeists have been accustomed to expect; and report that conviction in the interest of all other members of the association.

WM. WHITLOCK

A COMFORTABLE SEAT BACK.

OFTEN I want to take a companion in the canoe with me; perhaps a fellow with great big feet, which he does not know where to put. Sometimes a gentler being who may, perhaps, wear a No. 3. Some lubbers make a back for a passenger by stretching a piece of line across the cockpit from cleat to cleat, and resting a board against it. This makes a comfortable back, but takes time to get ready, and, worst of all, is apt to spring the deck or coaming. I have made, for the Helena—a Rushton Stella Maris—a simple, light, portable, folding seat, with a back that can be placed at any angle, and when not in use can be folded up, and stowed in the bottom of the canoe, taking up no valuable room, weighing but two pounds, and costing but one hour's time and fifteen cents in money. The following are the dimensions of my seat, and manner of working: bottom board is 22 inches; back, 14 inches; brace, 10 inches.

Two strap hinges near the middle of the bottom board join it to the back. Two small hinges join the brace to the back, and a button is secured to the bottom board for the brace to bring up on.

By removing the after bulkhead and hatch, abundance of room can be made in a small canoe for the whole affair to be placed and seat a passenger. G. V. D.

—Tandem sailing, up to date, has not been made a great success.

ARE THEY WATER-TIGHT?

NO. Bulkheads usually built in the ends of canoes, and supposed to be water-tight—whether used for stowing traps and opened by means of hatches, or all closed in—are very far from being water-tight. Moreover, no builder's art can make them so. The various degrees of temperature and dampness on the different parts at the same time—constantly varying relatively—so tend to draw the pieces apart, that even if the construction is perfect in the first place, which it rarely is, it never remains so long. Therefore, practically, when a canoe is swamped, the compartments are sure to fill with water in a comparatively short space of time.

Are water-tights of value? Certainly, if safety is of any consequence; and no one will deny that it is, and of primal importance too. What is the remedy, then? By all means have *zinc tanks* made to fit the ends, and built into the boat. Perhaps other metals could be used. Have the tanks large enough to float the canoe, including ballast and traps, and full of water, high enough to permit of bailing the water out when the capsized canoe is righted. Try this by experiment near the float before venturing into dangerous waters. It is a good plan to have nothing loose in a canoe to float away in case of an upset; even the paddle should be lashed when sailing, but so placed that it can be got at and used at an instant's notice.

A canoeist of seven years' experience in all sorts of winds and boats, and on many waters, who had never upset in his own canoe, only a few days ago had the water-tight matter unpleasantly brought forcibly to his notice. He was upset in a borrowed canoe, with a passenger and 75 lbs. of ballast on board, in the roughest kind of canoeable waters, a mile from shore, with a strong tide running and a gale of wind blowing. Time, sunset. The canoe would have gone down in ten minutes after up-

setting, it being impossible to get the ballast out—in a particularly nasty squall—if help had not arrived. Take warning; attend to this matter: you know not when your call may come. The sadder but wiser man of the narrated experience tells you so, the present writer, and a —,

COMMODORE.

MR. S. R. STODDARD, the Glens Falls canoeist, who started last month to make a water voyage of about 1,800 miles around New England, has abandoned the project for this season, and put his canoe into winter quarters.—*Evening Post*, Sept. 12, 1883.

A report of Mr. Stoddard's trip between New York and Boston appeared in the *N. Y. Evening Telegram* of September 5th.

The trip taken by Neide and Kendall last year was a *canoe trip*. The route laid out by Mr. Stoddard was over waters where it is next to foolhardy to venture in a small boat, being in great part very dangerous coasts for even much larger craft. A canoe is not a boat built or intended for such cruising as one gets even on Long Island Sound, though many pleasant and safe trips may be made on its waters. The *Atlantis*, not being a canoe, was, no doubt, large enough for such waters, but out of her depth beyond Point Judith. Does Mr. Stoddard know what the Bay of Fundy is? We have been there in a sailing craft. And what it means to cruise in the Gulf of St. Lawrence? Mr. Farnham speaks very feelingly of these waters, and gives *Punch's* advice (to the young men thinking of marrying), "Don't," to any one intending cruising for pleasure on the Gulf's southern coast. CANOEIST can hardly agree with Mr. Munroe as to the safety of the trip, though it thoroughly agrees with him as to the bad taste of advertising so extensively a cruise which has proved a failure. See letter on page 119.

Mr. Stoddard originally planned going round Cape Cod. Provincetown is nearly thirty miles from the town of Plymouth due east. Did he intend cutting across there?

By the note, copied from the *Post*, above, it will be seen that the cruise was abandoned just as open water was reached. A cruise might be made over part of the waters. Mr. Stoddard planned trying. The rough water around Cape Cod could be avoided by crossing the Cape from Hyannis to Yarmouth on the railroad, and the coast of Maine traveled along by keeping behind the island. But to do this, the dangerous waters should be navigated in June or July, or first two weeks in August.

UPSET.

AN upset occurred in New York Bay, on Saturday, September 8th, which was reported in all the Sunday papers, dressed up in most glowing colors, and made out to be a very narrow escape and dangerous adventure. The *World*, of Monday, published the following:

WHY THE CANOES WERE UPSET.

A WRECKED VOYAGER EXPLAINS THE CAUSE OF THE MISHAP.

A member of the New York Canoe Club, at New Brighton, S. I., speaking to a reporter about the upsetting of the two canoes Saturday evening in the upper bay, said: "I have sailed in the bay almost daily seven months out of the year, since canoeing became a popular pastime, and never saw the water so rough as it was on Saturday. The cause was a heavy squall, with the wind beating dead against an ebb tide, just when the tide was running the strongest. That caused the waves to not only run high, but to give them a remarkably unfavorable and unreliable action, the crest being choppy and dashing with unusual violence, as well as constantly breaking, while the trough of the billows—for billows they were, and several feet high—would be running strongly in the opposite direction or with the tide. It is not often that these conditions of the weather happen, but we had the full benefit of the experience.

"The reason the first canoe upset was because the owner had on board a green voyager, who had never been out in a canoe before. When the squall came, the inexperienced sailor was told to sit perfect-

ly still on the windward side. He did so faithfully, and when the craft happened to get caught on the crest of a heavy wave, and listed somewhat as it broke under her, although the steersman jumped to the opposite side, the weight of the other man carried the canoe over. The second canoe might have been all right, but the occupant was in too much haste to render assistance, and stood up too strong against the gusts of wind, when his boat also went over. I was in the third canoe, and was entirely safe, because my sails were in. I did not board the ferry-boat, as alleged, but aided to get the old gentleman from the canoe where the two were, and toward the ferry-boat. I also towed the third man astern of my boat until he was lifted out of the water by the crew in the life-boat from the steamer. One of the swamped canoes I towed ashore, and did not leave my own craft, which was beached at New Brighton. The third canoe was lost in the bay, and we have not heard from it yet. The three men did not even catch cold from the wetting. I have cruised 2,000 miles in the Gulf of Mexico on one voyage in my boat, and have never yet been upset."

(See also note on page 126.)

THAT LAMP.

AT Stony Lake the preference seemed to be for candle lanterns, thus avoiding the carrying of oil which is likely to penetrate into the other stores.



We have just been able to get a cut illustrating the lamp for canoes mentioned in last number of *CANOEIST*. It is given herewith.

The retail price of the lamp is \$3.50. It gives a good camp light, with white side-lights, and is an excellent thing for night-cruising placed on deck near bow.

If a sufficient order were given the maker, he could no doubt adapt them for the use of a candle. The red and green side lights are pretty ornaments on a small lake or river even if no danger exists of being run down.

DRIFTINGS.

—A statement in the *Montreal Star* of July 24th, as to a recent canoe trip, has called forth considerable comment from Ogdensburg and Watertown papers.

In the *Star's* statement, Dr. Woodman, of New York, was credited with having left Ogdensburg with a party of members of the Knickerbocker C. C., who shortly after left him to proceed alone. He is further credited with having run the Long Sault, Coteau, Cedars, Split Rock, and Cascade Rapids, or all but the Lachine. The Ogdensburg *Journal* of the 4th of Aug., and the Watertown *Times* of 15th Aug., give the following version: "A party of three, consisting of Dr. Woodman, of New York, J. B. Ellsworth, and F. W. Scribner, of Canton, N. Y., left Ogdensburg on July 19th, each in his canoe. After running the small rapids just below Ogdensburg, called the Du Platt and the Galoupes, under Mr. Ellsworth's guidance the voyage was continued and the canal taken, as each of the rapids was approached. The two last named gentlemen finished their cruise to Quebec, the Doctor stopping at Montreal." That canoes have run rapids is well known, and there is no necessity to bolster up the sport by fictitious narratives of exploits accomplished. We therefore ask the *Star* for its authority. That running the larger rapids of the St. Lawrence is possible, we believe, but on that account do not quarrel with any who may deem the exploit foolhardy, and only hope for the credit of canoeists in general that the *Star's* report may have originated in the fertile brain of some marvel-hunting reporter.

—Frank H. Pullen, formerly of Lowell, Mass., is now in business in Chicago, with A. S. Gage & Co. His welcome contributions during the past year to these columns, are familiar to all, and his letters to the *Lowell Daily*, on the A. C. A. meet of 1882, comprised one of the most complete and interesting accounts of that event.

—The sailing race, for Junior Trophy New York C. C., was sailed September 15th. The regular autumn regatta of the N. Y. C. C. is set for September 22d, and the final trophy race, and challenge-cup race will be sailed September 29th. It is needless to state the wanderers have come home.

—Everson has just completed a fourteen-foot Shadow for the Rev. C. E. Woodman.

—That the compartments, called "water-tight," in the ends of a canoe are next to useless, in case of an upset, has been demonstrated again and again. They fill almost at once. A zinc box fitted to the space, and closed in with deck and bulkhead, is one of the surest methods of making the canoe SAFE.

—MR. ORANGE FRAZER has a long article on the Association Meet, in the *Sunday Morning News* (Columbus, Ohio, September 2d). He gives a general account of his cruise to Canada, and a few details about those who were at the meet, and describes accurately several prominent canoeists whom he has met, though not with him this year at Stony Lake. It is an interesting account of canoeing events, and of those who call themselves canoeists.

—L. L. COUDERT (N. Y. C. C.) writes from Bellville, Bay of Quinte, August 30th, that he is cruising home. A party of eight started from Stony Lake—Dr. Neide, his brother, the Rev. Robert Neide, West and McDonald, of Glens Falls, Wing, of Brooklyn, Green, of the K. C. C., Chas. F. Earle and himself composing the party. Mr. Robert Neide and Mr. Earle dropped out of the party at Rice Lake. Messrs. West and McDonald remain in Belleville, and four are continuing the cruise. Their route from the A. C. A. camp is by way of Lakefield, rail from there to Peterboro', canoeing it to Hastings, rail to Bellville. They propose to cruise to Ogdensburg, then take the cars to Rouses Point, cruising from there to Ticonderoga, and then up Lake George to Cauldwell. Taking the railroad route to Troy they will cruise down the Hudson home. Dr. Neide will probably drop out at Cauldwell.

—THE CANOE MEET.—The coming together of more than two hundred yachts, large and small, in Massachusetts Bay, last week, was deservedly a subject of general comment. This morning we publish a letter announcing that about three hundred canoeists are at Stony Lake, Ont. This gathering is the more remarkable of the two, for some members of the association have, with their boats, traveled thousands of miles to be present at the meet. Unlike most aquatic events on inland waters, the

attendance consists solely of owners of boats; everybody goes into camp, and the fun lasts for a full fortnight. The formal racing, which begins to-day, is but a small item of the general sport; "scrub" races, under paddle or sail, are numberless, and as the officers and crew of each boat consist of a single person, there never can be any doubt about the owner being in command. Pools on canoe races are unheard of, and the collective prizes offered would not make any winner a penny the richer; but the persistency with which the members attend the annual meetings, and the distances some of them travel in order to be present, prove that the sport has enduring attractions—*New York Herald Editorial, August 26th.*

—A PROPOSAL.

"Paddle your own canoe,"

They told me long ago;

In mine there's room for two,

Will you a boating go?

—*Life* (New York, Aug. 3, 1883.)

—The Racine Shadow canoe Janet, of Rondout, N. Y., has been sold. The new man will join the A. C. A., and is made of the stuff of which good canoeists are—neither sugar nor salt. This canoe, in the return voyage from Lake George, in 1881, made the run from Fort Ti. to Waterford, going through all the locks, in two days.

G. V. D.

—Mr. J. H. Ware reports from Chicago that three or four Everson Shadows are to be ordered from there during the coming winter. His own canoe, the Artful Dodger, he speaks of as being greatly admired, and he is now sailing her with batten lug sails of large size. An upset has not yet been reported; but his time will come. He took a cruise on the Upper Mississippi, and had a glorious time, and tells of being caught in some very heavy squalls on the Lake.

—*Canoe Clubs Represented at the Lake.*—Toronto, Springfield, Albany, Saratoga, Ottawa, Peterboro', Port Hope, Lake George, Rochester, Lakefield, Deseronto, Philadelphia, Lindsay, Bowansville, Knickerbocker, New York, and several others not registered.

—Full reports are not in as to the condition of canoes returning from Stony Lake on their arrival home. Two boats of the N. Y. C. C. have turned up rather the worse for rough handling.

—*A Newspaper Clipping.*—"There is no end to the things a canoeist needs when making a cruise, and enthusiasts are constantly at work perfecting little labor and space saving devices. There is a place in a well-regulated canoe for everything that is needful for comfort, and every thorough canoeist keeps everything in its place.

"One of the most recent of the many contrivances is a sort of housekeeper's box, which is made to fit in a special locker in the canoe. It consists of a light tin box 8 by 12 by 5 inches, divided into compartments. One section has three movable trays for bacon and crackers. Next are two boxes for oatmeal and rice respectively. Then there is a large box for flour. Next is a compartment in which can be packed three pails, a frying-pan, a sauce-dish, a boiler, and some small tin pie-plates. All these utensils are made so that they fit into each other. The four corners of the main box are for pepper and salt. In the middle of the whole thing is a place for ice, with a compartment for butter next to it. All this takes up considerably less than a cubic foot. Then there are perfectly made stoves, all complete, which can be packed in a space of about ten inches square. A modern canoe carries every necessary for a cruise in a remarkably small space. It is not to be wondered at that canoeing is popular."

—Juniper Island Camp, Aug. 18.—"The 17th was a red letter-day in camp. The morning boat brought a large party, and among them John Edwards (brother of the Commodore), of Puget Sound, who left Canada twenty-one years ago. On his arrival he gave his name as John Smith, and kept up the deception for several hours, until a lady of Peterboro, who had known him well in his boyhood, recognized him. Commodore Edwards, as well as other members of the family, did not recognize him. Upon the discovery being made he was decorated with all the honors of the camp, and became the lion of the day."

—Mr. Whitlock reported for the *New York Herald* the Stony Lake proceedings, and the *Sun* was represented by Mr. Munroe. Mr. McClure, of the *Wheelman*, was on the ground, and Mr. Rogers, an artist sent by *Harper's*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Can you tell me what there is in Mr. Stoddard's voyage in the alleged canoe "Atlantis," that makes it so hazardous or remarkable a feat, or one worthy of being so minutely reported by the daily press? As I am informed, the "Atlantis" is a boat eighteen feet long, by thirty-six inches wide, and is propelled by oars. Such a craft is certainly outside the limits fixed by the American Canoe Association as those of a canoe. If these figures are correct, she is nothing more nor less than a small yacht, and not such a very small one at that. Her cruise is being made along a well-settled coast, marked by buoys and light-houses, of which every inch is covered by coast survey charts. The voyager is in almost constant mail and telegraphic communication with his friends, is never far from a boat of supplies, can always make a safe port and escape threatening weather, and has been so extensively advertised that along his entire route a sharp look-out will be kept for him.

It seems to me that under these circumstances the making of such a voyage as this is a very simple matter; and, while it will certainly prove a capital advertisement for Mr. Stoddard and his business, I cannot see that it will do anything to encourage true canoeing, or, in fact, that it has anything whatever to do with canoeing.

Hoping to see in the CANOEIST some comments upon this matter.

I remain very truly yours,

C. K. MUNROE.

Office of J. H. RUSHTON, (CANTON, N. Y., August 6, 1883.)

"Rushton has lately completed a Stella Maris after a new pattern, having a dagger centre-board of wood amidships, with wooden trunk. It is now cruising on the St. Lawrence under the command of the original inventor of the Stella Maris canoe. Secretary Newman cruised with him for a short time, starting from Round Island."—*Aug. Canoeist*.

Will the editor of AMERICAN CANOEIST kindly inform the *builder* of the "original Stella Maris," who the *inventor* of the "original Stella Maris" was, or is.

It is about time that men who spend their lives building canoes, perfecting their lines, adding from time to time those little trifles which go toward making them perfect, understood whether they have any right to recognition or not. What though they do labor for a consideration, so do

the men *they* work for, in some other field.

But my purpose was to ask, not discuss, a question.

Yours truly,

J. H. RUSHTON.

[Mr. Rushton must know we would not intentionally do him an injustice. We have always been glad to note anything new or interesting coming from Canton. In this case we had not the least intention of ignoring his due, but supposed, from what we had been able to learn, that the Stella Maris was a joint production—Rev. C. E. Woodman giving the builder his ideas and wants, and Mr. Rushton building up to them. If we are wrong we plead ignorance and apologize.—ED.]

EDITOR CANOEIST: Canoeemen, as a rule, prefer to cruise on the wild and unfrequented streams that are so abundant in this broad Union of ours, and all who have made such tours can testify to the utter unreliability of the information gleaned from the natives.

On a recent cruise of mine, I started at early dawn to make a run down stream of what was represented to be eight miles. I paddled faithfully for two hours and then asked a grizzled old man in a dug-out how far it was to my destination. He was not certain, but thought it was about nine miles. Two hours more hard paddling under a hot July sun and another inquiry made the distance eleven miles. Each subsequent inquiry put me still farther off. I then made a careful investigation to make sure that I was not going *up stream*, and again set to work. The most reliable and satisfactory information that I got was from a young African. He would not commit himself, but said that it was a "long ways off." I arrived at 4:30, tired, worn out, and disgusted.

Now, Mr. Editor, is there not some reliable way of measuring the distance covered by a canoe? Would not a light pattern of the Patent Log used by sea-going vessels fill the bill? Would they register correctly when going down stream with a strong current? From whom could such an instrument be obtained?

If we had some reliable means of determining distance, and A. C. A. men would exercise a little care in making notes, etc.,

and then file them with Secretary Neide, the lot of future cruisers would not be so hard. This is a subject of vital interest, and deserves the most careful consideration of all canoeists and boatmen.

R. S. WITHERS.

Maloto.

Lexington, Ky., Aug. 9, 1883.

[For reply, see p. 126.]

IOWA CANOE CLUB.

EDITOR CANOEIST: The August CANOEIST is at hand. I note, on pages 96 and 97, what you say regarding the O. C. C., and it is with pleasure that I tell you very many of valued and active members of the A. C. A. seem to favor the organization, and also to think there is not only room but need of such an organization.

Then, too, quite a number of active canoeists, who are unattached, have written me. In answering them I have always advised immediate application for membership to the A. C. A.

The O. C. C. does not seek to enroll members merely for the sake of having a large roll; it needs and, to be a success, must have workers—just such men as the Editors of the CANOEIST have proven themselves to be.

Your criticism in the June number, was accepted in the friendly spirit that it was intended, and right here let me impress upon you, in behalf of my fellow C. C.'s and myself, that we are loyal to the A. C. A. first, last, and all the time.

The future of the Iowa Canoe Club is bright indeed. When I began the correspondence which resulted in organizing, I could learn of but 8 canoeists in Iowa. The agitation has resulted in a fleet of 17, and probably 20. Not so bad for eight months' work—is it?

Four of the I. C. C.'s are members of the A. C. A.

EUG. A. GUILBERT.

As Dr. Guilbert has been ill, he has not been able to send us a full report of the club regattas held during August as announced in August number. Hope to have a report for the October number.

EDITOR CANOEIST: The writer, an A. C. A. man, who has done some cruising but never yet entered a race, begs to enter his protest against the formation of the new "Order of Cruising Canoeists," for the reason that he believes one association enough to further the best interests of canoe-

ing in this country, and the A. C. A. fills the bill. "Too many cooks," etc., should be remembered. Better abandon the idea, gentlemen, and devote your energies to increasing the effectiveness of the old organization.

VESPER.

Chicago, Sept. 7, 1883.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Four canoes of the Evanston Boat Club fleet have recently completed a cruise on the rivers Iron, Brule, and Menominee, in Michigan and Wisconsin. Incidents and accidents, pleasurable and otherwise, alternately cheered and depressed. The commissary department became demoralized by a capsized. Provisions grew scarce. Rapids and falls abounded. The expedition was placed on rations. One after another, sugar, bacon, flour, meal, etc., gave out. Starvation threatened to annihilate the tried explorers. One after another the shoulder yokes were broken, till only one remained.

The severe exertion of carrying without yokes drove the several captains to recklessness in running every fall where a possibility of getting safely through existed. A certain canoeist narrowly escaped death. That evening a bear was sighted. Rifles and shotguns were drawn forth, and once more a "square meal" invigorated the tired muscles, so that next day the railroad was reached. A wagon, returning across country, conveyed the battered cruisers to the train.

If your readers would like some further information regarding these streams and the trip, perhaps later it may be supplied.

I. F. WEST.

[If the editors can speak for them—by all means let us hear more.—Ed.]

—Our thanks are due to Capt. Coffin, of the *World*, for a careful and correct report (a rare thing for canoeists to get) of the Seawanhaka open boat and canoe race on August 29th.

—One of the most amusing scrub races of the meet was a novice race in Peterboro boats. The crew, sitting amidship, was given a single-bladed paddle, and obliged to work on one side of the canoe only. Two of the canoes kept going round and round, and their skippers were well laughed at. W. B. Wackerhagen, of Albany, won the prize: a pair of paddles presented by the ladies.

REGATTAS.

FROM THE OSHKOSH DAILY
NORTHWESTERN.*Thursday Evening, August 13, 1883.—*THE ISLAND RACES. FRANK GARY WINS
THE CANOE RACE.

THE REGATTA.

AS stated yesterday, the steamboat race did not come off in the forenoon; but in the afternoon a start was made after the usual delays in fixing buoys and determining the order of the several races. The day was beautiful and the breeze just the kind most desirable for picnicing, but not for yachting, being very light from the southeast. Some three hundred spectators were gathered from Oskosh, Appleton, and the surrounding country, and the Island presented a gala appearance.

THE CANOE RACE.

The first race on the programme was the canoe race, the entries being the *Reine*, skipper Will Sessions, the *Genevieve*, skipper Frank Gary, and three others without names sailed by skippers Willie McKoy, Otto Schloerb and one other. The buoy was placed some three and a half miles southeasterly, and the wind being from nearly the same direction rendered several tacks necessary. The *Genevieve* with her square sail led off, but the buoy was first rounded by Willie McKoy. On the home course, Frank Gary closed up before the wind and came in number one, closely followed by McKoy.

THE SEAWANHAKA CANOE RACES.

THE annual open boat and canoe race of the Seawanhaka Y. C., on August 30th, brought to the line but four entries in the latter class, as most of the canoeists are still on their way from Canada. The Dot not having returned, Mr. Vaux sailed the Elsa, with such sails as could be found, while Mr. Whitlock entered the Theresa with but one small lateen sail. The entries were as follows:

Elsa, C. B. Vaux.....	16ft.	Allows.
Freak, C. V. R. Schuyler.....	16ft.	"
Theresa, Wm. Whitlock.....	14ft. 4in.	1min. 2sec.
Tram, C. P. Oudin.....	14ft.	2min.

Course, from a line between the clubhouse and a stakeboat, thence around a stakeboat near Clifton, thence around buoy 18, thence around buoy 17, thence to starting-line; all marks to be left on port hand. Owing to the light wind, the larger boats were ordered to make but one round instead of two, making the same distance, ten miles, for them as for the canoes. At 2:15 the preparatory signal was given, and at 2:20 the starting signal, the Theresa having already crossed at 2:21:39, taking a good lead. She was followed by the cat-boat Truant at 2:22:52 and the cat-boat Pet at 2:23:56. The remainder of the fleet were handicapped, the canoes being the last to cross, the Elsa at 2:25:52, Freak 2:26:22, and Tramp 2:26:20.

The larger boats at first opened the lead they had made at the start, but the Elsa set her spinnaker and was after them before a light wind from the north. After rounding the mark, she steadily overhauled not only the Theresa, but the larger boats as well, until at the Bay Ridge Buoy the order stood—Cruiser, 3h. 13min. 2sec.; Elsa, 3h. 14min.; and Fedora, 3h. 15min. 15sec.; the Truant and Freak following close together, and the remaining boats well bunched, the Theresa with her single sail making a brave though hopeless fight. The varying breeze made exciting work of it on the next stretch to buoy 17, the Tramp finally passing the Elsa and having second place to Cruiser, the latter rounding at 3h. 36min. 19sec., the others being so close that it was difficult to distinguish them as they crossed. From here home it was a beat against the freshening S. E. wind and a strong flood tide, and though the smaller craft could hold their own well with boats of much greater length with sheets started, as soon as they hauled on the wind size began to tell.

The second and third class boats were also able, owing to their loftier sails, to keep well in shore, working short tacks, and out of the tide, while the canoes, be-

calmed under the hills, ran well out in search of wind and of an eddy supposed to exist toward the centre of the bay. With a light wind and in a strong tideway the little fellows were shown at their worst, as tack after tack saw them thrown back, the *Elsa* being the only one to finish, coming in at 5:20:23, 55 minutes after the *Pet*, a cat-boat of her own length, the lost ground all being in the beat to windward, a pretty conclusive proof of the value of size against length in windward work. The *Freak* kept up a stern chase until it proved fruitless; while the *Tramp*, following the large boats, worked short tacks inshore, but after many efforts to stem the swift tide off the cotton docks, gave up. The *Elsa* wins the prize in her class, a cup valued at \$30.—*Forest and Stream*.

N. Y. CANOE CLUB.

The second race for the Junior Trophy, for 1883—held by Mr. Schuyler—was sailed on Saturday, September 15th. The *Freak*, sailed by Mr. Schuyler, again won. The entries were: *Surge*, Mr. Bailey; *Will o' the Wisp*, Mr. Stokes; *Fanny*, Mr. Crane; *Hiawatha*, Mr. Taylor. Mr. Crane and Mr. Taylor non-members. The wind being very light a short course in front of the boat-house was decided on, half mile and return—to be sailed over twice. *Freak* took the lead, and was once overhauled by the *Surge* very neatly in rounding the buoy at the turn. The *Will o' the Wisp* and *Fanny* had a close race of it for third place, passing and repassing each other several times, *Will o' the Wisp* finally crossing the line first. *Hiawatha*, by an unlucky shift of ballast, in jibbing round the buoy for the home-stretch, upset.

If the *Freak* wins the Trophy at the regatta on the 29th, it will become the property of Mr. Schuyler. If another canoe wins it, a second race will be sailed for it between the winner and the *Freak*. Three of the canoes had centre-boards—an *Atwood*, a *Rushton* dagger-board, and an

ordinary galvanized iron drop-board. The other two were keel boats. Three of the canoes carried balance lugs—one, standing lugs, and one two latteens with a small jib; this was the *Fanny*—a *Rushton*, 14ft. Shadow.

While the sailing race was in progress a scrub paddling race was started, four canoes of about the shadow lines entering: "*Dot*," "*Mosquito*," "*Jersey Blue*" and "*Minx*," quarter-mile and return—turning a boat. The canoes all bunched at the turn, and considerable fouling was the consequence. After getting underway again, the "*Dot*" and "*Mosquito*" were neck and neck, "*Minx*" third. "*Dot*" finally won by half a length, after a very close race all through.

The Club's annual regatta will take place on the 22d. The result of the races will be published in October number.

September is the racing month for the clubs. Let them send *CANOEIST* full reports of all regattas for the next number.

—*What They did at STONY LAKE of an Evening. From a Local Paper.*—A magnificent procession of canoes, decorated and illuminated, was held in the evening. Sixty-five canoes, by actual count, illuminated with Chinese lanterns, fastened up on the masts and on ropes, strung the whole length of the boats, were marshaled at the ladies' camp, under the command of Commodore Edwards, and as they slowly made their way in single line up the lake, the sight was beautiful. On their arrival at the main camp, the command was given to pass completely around Otter Island in single file. The blending of colors, motion of the boats, and the reflection of the light from the waters, combined to give an effect charming in the extreme. Having completed the circuit of Otter Island, the fleet was formed in a solid square, and proceeded back to the main camp, when the prizes of the day were presented, and three cheers given with a right good will for the Commodore. The camp fire was then surrounded, and the jolly song and running tale went around with a vim and sparkle that surpassed all former efforts.

—*Harper's Weekly* gave a page illustration of the pictorial items at the Lake, and an essay on the affair will appear in October Outing (Albany), written by O. K. Chobee.

—For views of Stony Lake, and other Canadian points of interest, send to G. B. Sproule, Hunter street, Peterboro, Ont., Canada.

—*Forest and Stream*, of September 13th, has an interesting article on steering-gears with illustrations, and comments on different inventions.

—Canoe *Fanny*, Rushton Shadow, Mr. Crane, of Jersey City, owner, is rigged after the *Snake* plan—two latteens and a small jib.

—*Forest and Stream* gives the following account of the upset—it is the correct one :

"*Canoe Upset*.—Two canoes of the New York Canoe Club upset in a squall near the Robin's Reef Lighthouse, in New York Bay, last Saturday. The reporters for the daily papers, in duty bound, worked it up into a thrilling fancy sketch for a sensation. The facts are given to us by one of the canoeists, who 'was there,' as follows: *Editor Forest and Stream*: A garbled report of Saturday's upset having been sent by an enterprising reporter to seven New York dailies, and the publicity thus given to the matter, together with the exaggerations contained in the article, being calculated to injure canoeing as a sport, I send you the facts: A canoe was upset by the squall; the two young men, both good swimmers, were preparing to right her when the ferryboat was seen bearing directly down on them. Fearful of being run over, they waved and shouted. Their signals were taken for signals of distress, and Capt. Braisted most kindly stopped and lowered a boat. During the excitement a second canoe upset, her sail having jammed

in lowering. The third canoe was at no time in danger, either from sea, or, as the papers had it, 'rain,' nor did her captain leave his boat for the ferryboat's friendly asylum. The other boats were left 'in the bay,' only because a rowboat from the club was by this time on the ground and could better tow them home than delay the steamboat longer." ROWBOAT.

—The Fall Regatta of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club will come off on the 29th, 3 P. M. Their club-house is foot of 86th street, city; elevated station, 81st street. A stage will be run between the station and the club-house. Appropriate and useful prizes will be offered. Two sailing, two paddling, and a combined race, will make up the bill. It is unfortunate that the N. Y. C. C. have a race on the same day, and therefore forces cannot be combined. The K. C. C. talk of building a new and larger house.

CANOE LOG.

Answer to R. S. Wither's letter on page 122.—The subject of a canoe log for measuring distances traveled has been written about several times in CANOEIST during the past year, and no very satisfactory result arrived at. The only sure way to get at the distance between two points is to measure it on a good map. No locality in the United States is without such a map, and one can easily be obtained. A light Patent Log might be used, but its records for the rate at which a canoe goes would not be accurate. Of course any such device would give only the rate the canoe traveled over the *water*, leaving out the action of *current* or *tide*. The rate of the current could be computed, if of an even strength, by testing it with the log—the canoe being at anchor. Information as to the Patent Log can be got from ship supply dealers in any of the larger seaport cities.—ED.

THE AMERICAN C. A. N. O. E. I. S. T

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1883.

No. 9.

IN CAMP.

'Tis night upon the lake. Our camp is made
'Twixt shore and 'hill, beneath the pine-trees'
shade.

'Tis still, and yet what woody noises loom
Against the background of the silent gloom !
One well might hear the opening of a flower
If day were hushed as this. A mimic shower
Just shaken from a branch, how large it sounded,
As 'gainst our canvas roof its three drops bound-
ed!

Across the rumpling waves the hoot-owl's bark
Tolls forth the midnight hour upon the dark.
What mellow booming from the woods doth come ?—
The mountain quarry strikes its mighty drum.

Long had we lain beside our pine-wood fire ;
From things of sport our talk had risen higher.
How frank and intimate the words of men
When tented lonely in some forest glen !
No dallying now with masks from whence emerges
Scarce one true feature forth. The night wind
urges

To straight and simple speech. So we had thought
Aloud ; no well-hid secrets but were brought
To light. The spiritual hopes, the wild,
Unreasoned longings that, from child to child,
Mortals still cherish, though with modern shame—
To these, and things like these, we gave a name ;
And, as we talked, the intense and resinous fire
Lit up the towering boles, till nigh and nigher
They gathered round, a ghostly company,
Like beasts who seek to know what men may
be.

Then to our hemlock beds, but not to sleep,—
For listening to the stealthy steps that creep
About the tent, or falling branch, but most
A noise was like the rustling of a host,
Or like the sea that breaks upon the shore.
It was the pine-tree's murmur. More and more
It took a human sound. These words I felt
Into the skyey darkness float and melt :

" Heardst thou these wanderers reasoning of a
time

When men more near the Eternal One shall
climb ?

How like the new-born child, who cannot tell
A mother's arm that wraps him warm and well !
Leaves of His rose ; drops from His sea that
flow—

Blind, deaf, insensate, they nor see nor know
Here, in this breathing world of joy and fear,
We can no nearer get to God than here."

—Richard Watson Gilder, *Scribners', April 1, '81.*

THE CANOE PILOT.

THE subject of collecting information
for canoe-cruisers is one that has re-
ceived some attention of late. It is recog-
nized in the by-laws of the association, and
seems to be the principal occasion of a re-
cent movement in the West to form an ad-
ditional association.

The Canoe Pilot has been hitherto a
indefinite institution. A number of articles
have appeared in the CANOEIST under that
title, but they have varied in character all
the way from a genuine brief chapter for
the pilot, like that on the Richelieu in the
first number, to mere detailed narratives of
cruises. It is pleasant to read the full story
of a trip, but it should hardly be published
under the title "Canoe Pilot." On the other
hand, a report should not be too brief and
statistical. To know, for instance, just
where to find a cold spring of water along
a certain shore is much more important to
the thirsty canoeist than the distance some
one else traveled in that region in one day,
or where that someone else made camp.

Again, all reports handed in to the Sec-
retary of the A. C. A., should be arranged
suitably and fully indexed. It is a question
whether this would not be imposing too
much labor on that officer if it should be-
come common for members to comply with
the by-law calling for reports. Also, the
documents or copies of them should be
available to members at a distance. To
print them in one volume, the Canoe
Pilot might involve more expense than the
treasury could bear, and would call for
considerably more labor from the Secre-
tary. He might, however, keep all canoe-

logs on file, and any member desiring to gain what information he can about a contemplated route might receive by mail from the secretary such reports as bear on the subject. To guard against loss by negligence, such member might be required to deposit a small sum with the Secretary to insure the safe return of the documents. Or assistant secretaries could be elected or appointed for each section of the country, whose duty shall be to receive, arrange, and have printed all canoe reports from their respective sections. Thus, there might be one for the Atlantic slope and coast, one for the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, one for the Ohio and its system, and so on. Perhaps some such arrangement would satisfy our Iowa brethren of the O. C. C. A sufficient number of copies should be printed in each section to supply one to each member in that section and to respond to all probable applications from outside that section. This would reduce the expense somewhat, and distribute the labor.

But, if only what belongs properly under the title "Canoe Pilot" is printed, there can hardly be, for the present at least, any great bulk of matter presented. As a motion toward securing a good form of Canoe Pilot, and canoe reports generally, the following suggestions are offered:

In the first place, a distinction should be made between a Canoe Pilot and a Canoe Record. All cruises furnish something for the latter, but not all do for the former. The Canoe Pilot should contain only that which can be of use to others, either in deciding on a cruise, or in carrying it out. The mere story of a cruise, with all its incidents, however interesting, should not encumber or cover up the important information which is desired, first of all, by some inquirer. Yet it is desirable that a record of all cruises should be kept, and at least a summary of them published from time to time. Hence a given cruise may furnish two distinct reports, one for the Pilot, and the other for the Record.

For the Canoe Pilot, a narrative form would perhaps be best. In this way there is a continuity in the presentation and an association of objects in time and place that would be helpful in comprehending and retaining the whole. The following points should be noted especially: 1. Routes. 2. Maps used or obtainable. 3. Good camping-places (including good places at cities to put up canoes). 4. Location of settlements. 5. Springs (for a spring is always much more satisfactory than a well or running stream). 6. State of water in rivers at time of cruise, and any information as to its height at other seasons. 7. Prevailing winds and weather, and local winds. 8. Healthfulness of region. 9. Special river or tidal currents. 10. Extent and general character of rapids. 11. General character of scenery.

The Canoe Record might best be tabulated. Printed forms might be distributed to members, to be filled and returned, or members might be requested simply to follow a published form and write on a uniform sized paper. The following form is suggested: 1. Title, giving points of beginning and end of cruise. 2. Canoes and men, with brief description of former. 3. List of stopping places for the successive nights. 4. Total distance, in statute miles. 5. Average distance per day, of days actually occupied in canoe-traveling. 6. Maximum distance in a day. 7. Dates of beginning and end of cruise. 8. Number of days' delay, on account of bad weather or other causes. 9. Average time per day spent in canoe-traveling. 10. Maximum time. 11. Total distance sailed. 12. Distance paddled. 13. Wind and weather. 14. Novelties in camping outfit. 15. Same with respect to cooking and provisions. 16. Remarks — adventures, health, peculiarities of scenery and people, articles which one would take on another similar cruise, articles which proved useless on this cruise, other points of interest.

It is hoped this subject will receive discussion. The Canoe Pilot especially might be made of considerable use to those who have but a limited time for cruising, and cannot afford to lose the benefit of others' experience. In the meantime, as there seems to be no prospect of an immediate deluge of reports, the columns of the CANOEIST may answer all purposes.

WATER-TIGHT COMPARTMENTS AGAIN.

I WAS glad to read the communication from "Commodore" in your last number, as voicing a conviction which I reached a good while ago. And the conviction is one which was strongly impressed upon my body as well as my mind on the same occasion when it came home so forcibly to "Commodore." At that time, my canoe, having no ballast on board, would doubtless have kept afloat, and aided me to keep afloat for a long time by the buoyancy of its material, even after its compartments had filled—but that they *would* have filled very shortly, I am quite assured.

We cannot afford to expose either ourselves or the reputation of canoeing as a safe and delightful amusement by taking unnecessary risks; and I hold it to be no cowardice to decline risks which can readily be avoided. It seems to me that the risks that one has a right to run in the pursuit of amusement are those risks which can be offset by experience, prudence and skill. Most of the risks of canoeing are of this character. The risk of sinking when overboard in a heavy sea at a distance from shore I do not esteem to be one of these. It is one, however, which can almost certainly be provided against, and this the prudent canoeist will consider before he sets sail.

I vote therefore, emphatically, for the zinc water-tights; but, while we are about it, we might as well do the thing thoroughly. I suggest that a couple of cross-plates soldered in each and making several separate cells would add very little to the weight, and would furnish protection in case the canoe should be run into, or should strike violently on some pointed object producing thus an ugly leak. The chance of the occurrence of such an accident as would cause the canoe to sink would then be infinitesimal, and canoeing would become what it ought to be,

one of the safest as well as one of the pleasantest of recreations. Of course, no true canoeist cares for a wetting; but neither does he like to be drowned, for that ends his canoeing.

This, from one who is at present, he is sorry to say—

MINUS A CANOE.

CANOEBIAL BLISS.

A MEMBER of the A. C. A., lately married, gives the following description of his bride and her apparel, which, we think, will put some of the "society papers" to the blush: "My wife is just as handsome a craft as ever left milliner dry dock, is clipper-built, and with a figure-head not often seen on small craft. Her length of keel is five feet eight inches; displacement, 27 cubic feet of air; of light draft, which adds to her speed in the ball room; full in the waist; spars trim.

"At the time we were spliced, she was newly rigged, fore and aft, with standing rigging of lace and flowers. Mainsail, part silk; forestaysail, of Valenciennes; and stu'n'sails trimmed with orange blossoms. Her frame was of the best steel, covered with silk, with whalebone stanchions. This rigging is intended for fair weather cruising. She has also a set of storm sails for rough weather, and is rigging out a small set of canvass for light squalls, which are liable to occur in this latitude sooner or later. I have been told, that in running down street before the wind, she answers the helm beautifully, and can turn around in her own length if a handsomer craft passes the

"WREN."

—We are informed that a club is being formed at East Orange, N. J., where there are sprinkled some six or seven canoeists. Dr. W. B. Graves, whom all will remember as being at this year's camp, is the leader in the movement. Well done, New Jersey; you already have little bands of "Pilgrim Fathers" at Bayonne and Trenton. Let the Passaic also boast of her "batten lugs and lateens."

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Allow me to make a few remarks as to the outcome of the last meeting and regatta of the A. C. A.

1. I would suggest another classification of paddling canoes, the existing one being somewhat complicated, and failing to meet all the requirements for which it was intended. The following one might be found to be a better one:

"Paddling cruising canoes to be not less than 8 inches in depth and 26 inches in beam, nor more than 18 feet in length. For racing purposes to be classified as follows:

(a) Light paddling canoes, under 15 feet in length; beam, between 26 and 28 inches; minimum depth, 8 inches.

(b) Long paddling canoes, under 15 feet in length, and over 28 inches beam; minimum depth, 8 inches.

(c) Heavy paddling canoes, under 15 feet in length, 30 inches and over in beam, and 12 inches or over in depth.

This would include nearly all existing canoes and exclude the long narrow craft which can only, by a stretch of the imagination, be called cruising canoes.

2. That a long distance paddling race, of at least three miles, form part of the programme, as a test of the endurance of the paddlers; it would be better than the mile races in vogue, and would not be as great a strain on the wind, just as a runner finds a mile run less severe than that of one-quarter of a mile.

3. That the winner of a paddling or sailing race be excluded from competing again in the same class at the same meeting. This would prevent the monstrosity of seeing the same sailing or paddling canoe win race after race, check the professional men, and equalize the chances of the others; if this rule were adopted a man might win four flags, one for sailing, paddling, portage, and upset, and surely this ought to content him. How say you, messieurs, the cruising canoeists, would these alterations be an improvement on the existing regulations, or not?

Yours truly,

C. M. DOUGLAS

[Them's my sentiments.—ED.]

EDITOR CANOEIST: How many existing types of canoes are there in use? What

others are there in use besides "Rob Roy," "Nautilus," "Clyde," "Mersey," "Shadow," "Jersey Blue," "Stella Maris," "Racine," "Racine Shadow," "Everson Shadow"?

The TYPES are as follows: (1) *Paddling*, Kill von Kull. (2) *Sailable-paddling*, Rob Roy. (3) *Paddling and sailing*, Shadow. (4) *Paddleable-sailing*, Pearl. (5) *Sailing*, Nautilus, No. 8. The subdivisions (MODELS, we might call them) under the above types are somewhat as follows: (1) Birch, Kayak, Dugout, the lighter Peterborough, and the civilized eighteen-foot racing canoe. (2) Rob Roy (original), American Traveling, Birdie Kane, St. Paul, Peterborough (Rice Lake, etc.), Mersey (light). (3) Nautilus (No. 3), Shadow, Clyde, Jersey Blue, Sandy Hook, Stella Maris, Ellard, Princess, Racine Shadow. (4) Pearl, Nautilus (No. 9). (5) Nautilus (No. 8).

Is not the above the simplest grouping, and does it not cover the field?—ED.]

EDITOR CANOEIST: A gentleman lately visiting on the St. Lawrence near Clayton, who was also at the Canada meet, in a private letter, dated the 21st September, describes a spot very suitable for a camp next year, should the Executive Committee decide on that section for our '84 meet. If desired, I can give owner's name and further particulars.

He writes: "In the afternoon we [self and another canoeist] rowed over to Gananoque, and examined the camping spots on the way. We both agreed on one place, viz., the lower end of Grindstone Island. This is a very large island with several farms on it, but no houses near the point mentioned. There is a fine grove of large trees along the shore with nice sod under them, all underbrushed and clean. No matter which way the wind blows, a quiet course can be had, and plenty of open water for sailing. Good shores for canoes. This is about five miles from Clayton and four from Gananoque, just inside the U. S. line.

"I am promised a traced map of this ground, which, when received, will be at the service of canoeists, editors, or the committee, should they care to consult it.

"Respectfully yours, "BREEZE."

EDITOR CANOEIST: On the subject of canoe conveniences, I should like to impart and obtain a little information.

Of *camp stoves*, the most convenient, as well as the cheapest and simplest I have ever seen, was one used by me on my last trip.

It consists of a sheet iron cylinder, about as long as its diameter, with a door to admit the wood and the draught cut from the bottom edge, and several pieces of strong wire stretched across the other end to hold the cooking utensils.

Mine is ten inches in diameter and height, and will, when reversed, contain all of the kitchen and dining ware, resting on the wires, as the bottom of a bucket, the whole kit being then carried by a handle hung, like that of a bucket, from the bottom—now the top rim. The door is about 5x5 inches. I have also, to increase the draught, a small hole opposite the door, but the draught is so strong that it is not needed.

The heat is concentrated, and the most obtained of your fuel.

They can, of course, be made of any size, that from which I copied mine being but the section of a small stove-pipe, and boiling but enough coffee for two or three cups. Weight, about 3 pounds.

In the absence of a *canoe kit* I carried my dry groceries in small bags, similar to salt bags, made of light but closely woven linen, carrying them all in a covered tin pail.

The advantage they possess over tin boxes is that the unoccupied part of the bags can be rolled up tight, thus occupying no more space than their contents.

Pepper is so fine it is better to have it in an oil-silk bag.

Fresh and salt meats can be carried in tin pails, butter in china or glass jar better than in tin, and potatoes, onions, etc., in a large bag.

Split or torn rubber goods can be mended by soldering with chloroform. Drop the chloroform on the torn edges, and almost simultaneously press them together.

As a substitute for the pockets I necessarily lay aside with my coat and vest, I wear on my waist belt three pockets of canvas, somewhat like cartridge boxes, the largest 4x6 inches, right in front, to hold miscellaneous articles; the other two, 4x4, on either side, one for money and the other

for my watch. I have found them exceedingly convenient.

Do you know anything about iron tent pegs, such as Kemp recommends, and whether they are better for rocky ground than wooden ones?

Do you think it practicable to have the lines of the running rigging of different colors, to aid in quickly distinguishing them?

G. H. S.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Looking over your issue for Sept., 1883, I noticed an article respecting "Water-tight compartments in the ends of canoes," and in which it was stated they were next to useless, if not made of zinc or some other metal. In justice to the maker, I would say that two seasons ago I purchased a "Racine Canoe" which had already been two seasons in use, and although constantly used by myself since coming into my possession, is almost as good as when it left the manufactory, and I am positive not a drop of water has ever entered either compartment. The canoe has given me every satisfaction, and is very fast both in sailing and paddling.

I am told it was said at "Stony Lake" they were not durable, were liable to crack, and get out of shape; such is not my experience. Owing to a leaky boat house, my canoe is often found to contain more or less water, and even after all the rough usage canoes are liable to undergo, still retains her original symmetry and is without a blemish. I remain,

Yours sincerely,

W. MCLEOD MAINGY,
Ottawa Canoe Club.

Ottawa, Sept. 26, 1883.

[In the upset recorded (September number) one of the canoes was a Racine—a letter from the owner appears in this issue—and it was lost partly on account of the "water tight" filling. Salt water may not be as conducive to the health and long life of a Racine as fresh water. That the bulkheads do often remain tight in Racine canoes we admit, but how about the deck hatches into them? And, if we might ask, has Mr. W. McLeod Maingy found them easy of access, and did he ever mislay his screw-driver?—ED.]

EDITORIAL.

THIS month a serious change takes place in our management, and only time will show whether our internal arrangements will be as efficiently conducted as when the late triumvirate editorship had the tiller ropes in hand.

It can only be expected that the efficiency will be two-thirds as good (and lucky if that), seeing that the staff is reduced one-third.

Looking back on these many months of quiet existence since our birth, it is indeed strange that we should have lived through several childhood degrees, passing from wet to dry nurse, once creeping, now walking, and anon trying a race.

Clubs and their members are our life and support, and yet how few outsiders seem to be aware that we are what we are, or that we *are* at all.

How quietly canoe club life steals down the great crowded stream of human life. Almost as silently and peacefully, it seems, as the canoes themselves, as they drift along shady inland rivers and lakes, or rock softly upon the playful, rippling waves of the long reaches of, say, the Hudson. One does not hear much about canoe clubs. Their members seem quite content to be left to enjoy themselves in their own way, best pleased when most secluded, and happiest when out of sight. Many people, probably, never know there is such a thing as a canoe club. They have, perhaps, seen tiny white sails away in the distance, as they were on board a river, lake or deep-sea steamer. They have inquired what those little specks upon the water were; and, as likely as not, one of the crew had told them "as it's one of them gentlemen, miss, what paddles their own canoe." But, beyond this, they know nothing. One would as soon expect the seagulls to form an association, or the sandpipers to organise a news room, as these independent units on the waters to enroll themselves

members of any known club, with any known rules, and any known secretary and subscription. The thing seems monstrous; nevertheless, it is true. A club there is, and clubs there are; and we have actually glanced only lately, at what, if sandpipers, seagulls and canoeists can keep such a thing, we may call their "diary."

What a panorama that page revealed! Traces there were of many a pleasant paddle off the Palisades, Newport, and Norfolk; of days on the Appomattox; of amphibious holidays around sand-banks and light-ships; of daring expeditions round Cape Cod; up (or down) the St. Lawrence; off the Golden Horn—in short, as much in and outing about the coasts as the aforesaid seagulls could themselves record. More than this, however. There are names of bold pioneers who have battled with the breeze and swell on the Gulf of Mexico; who have explored the Red River; to whom such words as Thousand Islands, James River, and Cape Hatteras conjured up old associations which the uncanoeing mind can never hope to revel in, or realize. One canoeist has paddled his tiny ship from "Baffin's Bay" to "Key West," has been seen off the "Banks," or Cape Judith or May in a norther, behaving as boldly and cheerily as the veritable Old Man of the Sea could have conducted himself under similar circumstances. Others have traced out the sinuous windings of the "silvery and limpid!!" Mississippi; others have dashed the spray from their paddles on the buttresses of Brooklyn Bridge, Suspension Bridge, and New Orleans Quay.

Others, again, have rollicked on Lake George, and doubtless passed, with a merry salute, many a brother of aquatic instincts on their watery road. Inland and out at sea, the little craft seem to have knocked about with equal impunity and success. The hands of an old boating man positively

contract at the mere mention of such wanderings. He shakes the ink from his pen as he would the spray from his paddle. There is the drip of the water, the splashing of the waves, the sound of the wind, the sight of the broad sunny meadows, and the silver blue streams around and before him, as he writes. Here might be happiness, indeed, were the world but given over to canoeing. Were there no sterner things in this life than the managing of a "portage" and the tying of an apron, what a jollier and healthier, a purer, and, perhaps, damper world it would be. Talk about athletics and manly sports, and skilful tests of judgment and endurance! What a fund for all this one would find in a short trip in a canoe. There could be no battering out of bone, no rough insensibility to pain or prudence. But the whole thing would be beautiful, placid and calm. Imagine, too, the opportunity provided for reflection when a man paddles his canoe a mile from land, and then lays his paddle down and finds himself wholly, utterly and completely isolated. What a salutary effect such a "think" might have upon many a public man. If he came to review his last night's speech on a dead level with the sea and a mile from anywhere, how different that buncombe, and those flowers of oratory, and those brilliant attacks, and those terribly indiscreet statements when one is inebriated with the exuberance of their own verbosity. How the salt air would deodorise the buncombe. How healthy lungs and a good digestion would clear up "which party must go." Ah! surely it would be well for us if there were more canoeists, in more senses than one. For the canoeist is certainly a philosopher in his way, paddling his own canoe in his own fashion. Whereas, many of us in this world are merely paddles ourselves; making a great deal of splashing and dashing, but only moving at other men's wills, and driving forward other men's canoes. And so life goes

on. When the "opposition" takes "office," thanks are seldom accorded to the "have beens," but in the present instance every yard from "Baffin's Bay" to the "Gulf," "Cape Cod" to the "Golden Horn" is named. Flags are flying, and salutes of one hundred and one guns going off, ensigns three times thrice dipped, and, amid the hearty cheers *and regrets*, our late officers go ashore.

More power to their paddles, is sincerely wished by the "Girls they left behind them."

PERSONAL.

—We are glad to learn that Mr. Smith, of the K. C. C., is convalescent. He took a three-mile paddle the other day, and was much benefited by the healthy excitement.

—Last Friday, Mr. Jones, of the Wayback C. C., took an eight-foot paddle, but the owner made him put it right back where he took it from. The excitement produced in this case was not so healthy.

—It is with pleasure that we learn, through Captain W. H. Falkner, of the Phila. C. C., that our old friend, the first editor of the CANOEIST, is to return to New York as a permanent resident, "Our Continent," with which Col. Norton is connected, having removed from Philadelphia to this city. The question naturally arises, what is he going to do with his half of the Tandem canoe?—and further, which half is his? Is half a canoe any good, any way? We venture to say he will retain the "forred" end and keep the name plates—Kitty-wake.

—Secretaries of all the canoeing clubs in the States are requested to send a sample of their club flag to Editor CANOEIST.

—"Vesper" is right. A. C. A. embraces everything and everybody—who is willing.

REGATTAS.

THE NEW YORK CLUB.

ANNUAL FALL REGATTA, SEPT. 22D, 1883.

It was apparent early in the day that an unusual amount of interest was taken in the contest by the members who were to participate. Unlike some former occasions, the men were at the house several hours before the starting time putting final touches to rig and boat, and long before the word to "go" was given, the fleet was sailing about, trying amount of sail best to carry, force of tide, and working of all gear.

At four o'clock, the open Class B sailing race was started over a three-mile course. The wind was strong from the southeast, and an ebb tide running down against it, making a nasty sea. No notices having been sent to the papers, only members and their immediate friends were present.

ENTRIES.

CANOE.	MODEL.	OWNER.	BUILDER	RIG.
Freak	30in. L 16ft.	C. V. R. Schuyler	Byles	Balance lug.
Elsa	16ft. Shadow	F. F. Newman	Everson	Balance lug.
Dot	14ft. Shadow	C. B. Vaux	Everson	Balance lug.
Minx	14ft. Shadow	F. St. John	Everson	Balance lug.
Surge	14ft. SandyHk	H. D. Bailey	Stephens	Balance lug.
Esmeralda	14ft. SandyHk	Wm. Whitlock	Stephens	Balance lug.
Fanny	14ft. Shadow	S. B. Crane	Rush-ton	Lateens.

The canoes were all started together at a signal given by Mr. Monroe, the officer in charge, and squared away dead before the wind for the first turn—a bunch of piles a mile across the Kill near the Jersey shore. *Minx*, with small sails perfectly balanced kept well in along shore out of the tide-way and heavy sea, and thus at once got a good lead. *Elsa* did much the same, but the steering gear giving way before the first turn was made, she dropped out of the race. *Surge*, *Esmeralda* and *Dot* were forced out into the rough water by not wishing to jibe, and had a slow time of it against the tide. *Dot* finding it absolutely necessary, took in a reef and dropped dandy. The *Freak* started off with flying colors and full sail set, but came to grief half way between the start and first turn, by the sail jibing and causing a capsized.

The *Fanny*, too, just behind *Dot*, not being able to reef quick enough after getting out of the lee of the shore, upset, dropping 50lbs. of ballast overboard. A heavy flaw later struck the *Esmeralda*, laying her over so the sails were flat on the water. The skipper slid over the windward side, stood on the keel, righted the canoe, shaking the water out of the sails, slid in again, and went on his way, using the bailer to very good purpose for some time. After first turn the *Minx* had a long lead till almost up to buoy 17, the second turn, having laid a beautiful course close to the wind all the way from the piles, when, the lee deck flap springing open, she suddenly filled, and boat and skipper were brought back to the float on board a catboat which was following the race. The other upset canoes and skippers were picked up and brought in by boats near by, the *Fanny* being rescued by a passing tug. At the second turn—only three boats then being in the race—the *Dot* led and won easily. The *Surge* and *Esmeralda* had a very close race for second place and came in only a few seconds apart. The *Esmeralda* having the shortest distance to go just at the end, won—the finish line being at an angle to the course, though the boats were almost even on the true course. The *Surge* won the Junior prize.

The paddling race for Class A brought out six canoes. *Lark*, *Osceola*, *Ripple*, *Red Rover*, *Pathfinder*, and *Shorty*, a ten foot Rushton Rob Roy; course 3-4 mile with turn. The *Lark* led from the turn, and came in an easy winner. *Osceola* (W. P. Stephens), second, with *Red Rover* (A. Mc Murray), first of the Juniors. The *Pathfinder*, 26in. Racine single-bladed paddle, had a hard time of it against the doubles.

A scrub one-mile sailing race was next in order. Course, a half mile free against the tide—rounding a spar buoy—and close haul back with the tide. *Freak*, *Surge*, *Dot*, *Ripple*. The boats got off well together and were bunched till after the turn, when the *Dot* and *Freak* had a close tussle for the first place, *Freak* winning, though the *Dot* lapped her over the finish line; *Surge*, a few seconds later, third.

The Tandem paddling race—*Jersey Blue* (McMurray and Stephens) against *Freak* (Schuyler and Vaux), was won easily by the *Freak*. One-mile course.

A scrub paddling, single, between *Jersey Blue* and *Freak*, later resulted in a victory

for Stephens in the *Jersey Blue*—so honors were easy.

The prizes were distributed (flags) to the winners. After things got settled the canoes were all put in marching order, and a descent (of two miles paddling) made on host Stephens' ranch, and a most jolly evening spent, the chowder pot being fairly polished by the hungry scrapings for more. This same ranch—built over the water—has been the scene of many a canoe jollity this last year; and the exceedingly expressive

Is this Mr. Riley
They speak of so highly?
Is this Mr. Riley
That keeps the hotel?

chorused out in front of his hospitable front door before landing from the canoe—never fails to bring the old man out with his hearty "come ashore." On the quiet, now! The countersign, if you want to get in, is—BEER.

SAILING RACE AT ALBANY.

The three-mile sailing race of the Mohican Canoe Club for the gold pin presented by Commodore Thomas, was sailed in a very strong and squally west wind on Wednesday afternoon, October 3d.

The canoes entered were Annie O. (Shadow), H. L. Thomas; Snake (Ellard), R. W. Gibson; Marion (Stella Maris), R. S. Oliver; Thetis (Albany), P. M. Wackerhagen; Uncas (North River), G. P. Hil-ton; and Henrietta (North River), W. B. Wackerhagen.

Time was called at 4.17, and was only taken at start and finish. The line was crossed in following order, Annie O, Marion, Thetis, Henrietta, Uncas, Snake. Passing under the railroad bridge, the last four were thrown into confusion by the antics of the Henrietta, which had become unmanageable by the parting of a portion of her gear. The Snake was the first to draw away as the wind swept around the abutment, and shot out for the Annie O., which had opened quite a space between her and the others. Uncas followed close on the heels of Snake, and was himself crowded hard by Thetis struggling under heavy load of sail.

Before buoy was reached, Henrietta had overhauled and passed one after the other till she gained the lead, but poor judg-

ment had sent her so far to windward that she was compelled to fall off considerably, giving Annie O. chance to crawl past. At this point, just as both were coming round, a heavy squall struck them, and to avoid running Annie O. down, Henrietta hauled in sheet and came up. Before she could again get way on, the strong tide carried her stern first on the buoy, where her steel center-board became fast, and the Thetis, Uncas, and Snake went by. In going round, Thetis broke tiller short off, and as she had no foot steering gear, drifted helplessly for a few minutes, allowing Uncas and Snake to pass and get about on the home stretch. Latter went to windward of Uncas and scud away for Annie O. who had now a splendid lead. Henrietta had in mean time extricated herself and was after Uncas, whom she overhauled, and strained every spar and rope to reach Snake. The Bath ferry detained Annie O. long enough to allow Snake to overcome the lead, so from there to finish the race was most excitedly and closely contested.

At the bridge the Annie O. held the lead over Snake by a few feet only, while Henrietta was rapidly closing up on both.

Passing between the bridge abutments the Snake narrowly escaped a capsized. Rapidly recovering, she fairly flew and as she crossed the line poked her nose ahead of Annie O., thus winning by 1-4 second.

Time: Snake, 37 minutes.

The other canoes paddled to starting point half filled with water.

W. B. WACKERHAGEN,
Secretary.

ALBANY, Thursday, Oct. 4, 1883.

THE KNICKERBOCKER CLUB.

Fall Regatta and Annual Dinner.—

The dark clouds overhead threatening rain, and the many mist squalls, without doubt, kept a large number from attending the third annual fall regatta of this club. As it was, however, about two hundred ladies and gentlemen were present, and as they seemed loath to leave when the darkness made it necessary to postpone the last competition, it is reasonable to suppose that they enjoyed the sports. The management was in the hands of the regatta committee, consisting of Messrs. E. A. Hoffman, Jr., R. P. Martin, and J. D. Butler, and great credit is due these

gentlemen for the success of the meeting, in spite of the bad weather.

The steam launch *Pioneer* had been secured to convey the guests over the course, and as the captain brought his boat to the dock in good season before the races began, no delay was occasioned. Unfortunately, however, the races were set too late in the afternoon, and after the sailing race was over it was dark, therefore the tandem paddling struggle was postponed for a week.

No. 1 on the programme was for a paddling race for Class B, in which were included Shadows, and the larger boats with 28-inch and over beam. Messrs. W. S. Allen, in the *Jennie*, H. T. Keyser, in the *Palisade*, and Ad. Lowenthal, in the *Manche*, started. At the pistol shot all went away together, Allen a little to the front. He kept this lead to the finishing line, and won in 4m. 25s. Lowenthal, second; time, 4m. 42s. Distance, half mile.

The next race was similar, except, that it was open only to Class A boats, or the smaller types, and the distance was one mile with turn. The entries and finish, with the times, were as follows:

1. James Greenleaf, in *Coquago*; time, 14m. 13s.
2. A. Lowenthal, in *Halcyon*; time, 16m. 9s.
3. W. Dornitzer, in *Shatamuc*; time not taken.

The start was an even one; from the club-house up the river, against the tide, for half a mile, turning a boat off Ninety-sixth street dock, and return to the starting point. Greenleaf had this race all his own way, and landed home an easy winner. The second man, having just competed in the previous race, was hardly in fair condition, but after a tough fight got his place.

The second and third competitions were started together. This was a sailing race in classes, as before described, and proved the most exciting of the day. The summary is here given:

Sailing Race. Distance about one mile. Classes A and B.

CLASS A.

Name of Canoe.	Captain.	Start.	Finish.	Correct'd time.
		H. M. S.	H. M. S.	M. S.
1 Nettie (I).....	W. L. Green...	4 59 00	5 25 20	26 20
2 Coquago.....	J. L. Greenleaf	5 00 32	5 32 00	31 38

CLASS B.

Name of Canoe.	Captain.	Start.	Finish.	Correct'd time.
		H. M. S.	H. M. S.	M. S.
1 Argo.....	A. Brentano....	4 59 20	5 25 35	26 25
2 Nettie (II)....	Prof. E. Fowler	4 58 40	5 25 15	26 35
o Manche... ..	W. Dornitzer...	4 57 00	Not timed.	
o Edith Adele..	R. P. Martin...	Disab	led at	start.

The breaking of the rudder of the latter craft, at the outset, robbed the race largely of interest, as it was to be a maiden tug between this boat and the winner, both having lately added new batten lug sails. The course was similar to the second paddling race, and all went over the line with sails wing and wing, a good wind blowing, but with it enough rain to dampen the ardor of less enthusiastic tars. The *Manche* went by first, closely followed by the *Nettie* (II); then came the *Nettie* (I), *Argo* and *Coquago*, in the order named. On the way up the river the *Argo* gained perceptibly, and was the first to get round, but a miscalculation after turning lost valuable time, and when she started again the two *Netties* were on their way home. Then came the tug of war, and each man sailed for all he was worth, or as well as he knew how. It was a pretty finish, all on the same tack; and the little *Stella Maris Nettie* (I) did well to come in five seconds after the big winner.

This closed the racing, and quite a number adjourned to the floor above to witness the distribution of prizes, many of which were very handsome, and at the same time practical. Mr. Hoffman acted as judge, Mr. Butler as starter, and Mr. Charles Reed, of the N. Y. Athletic Club, as time-keeper.

The invitations for the evening's round of fun said that "trouble began at 8.30 o'clock;" but it was nearer an hour later before all had arrived, and the third anniversary dinner of the K. C. C. had fairly gotten under way. About twenty-five were present, among whom was Mr. C. Y. King, who made a very happy response to the toast of the "Royal Canoe Club of London, England"; Mr. W. P. Stephens, who spoke for the "N. Y. C. C.," and Mr. Charles Reed, who told "what the N. Y. Athletic Club was doing for canoeing and canoeists." Short addresses were also made by Mr. Wilkin, on behalf

of the "A. C. A.," Mr. Brentano, on "The American Canoeist," Mr. Keyser, on "The Ladies," and many others. The Rochester Canoe Club sent on a representative to adorn the festive board in the person of "Mr. Huff," who appeared in true canoeist uniform, and spent most of the evening upholding the emblem of the "craft." "Mr. Huff" was a large stuffed bull-frog, and standing upright with a double-bladed paddle trenchant, he was much admired.

In the middle of the table was a handsome tribute from another friend, Mr. Allen, a birch bark canoe, about three feet long, filled with flowers.

At a late hour the festivities closed by the "Stony Lake Knickerbockers" singing, in memory of the pleasant times on their namesake, the commodore's song of "Knickety knickety, noo droo noo."

MORE ABOUT THE MEET.

A Very Successful Meeting at Stony Lake.

— On Saturday last the fourth general meeting of the American Canoe Association came to a regretted end.

From the 10th to the 25th of August the islands in Stony Lake were the camping grounds (or rocks) of some five hundred happy persons.

The Association was organized in 1880, with a membership of twenty-three.

At the present time about 450 active canoeists are enrolled as members of the A. C. A., this remarkable and rapid increase being mainly due to the healthy and manly attractiveness of the sport itself, but also in no slight degree to the charm of congenial society afforded by the canoe congress.

This summer, "at the height of the season," Jumper, Bear, and Otter Islands, in Stony Lake, sheltered, or rather kept above water, some 150 members of the association, about 100 ladies from Peterboro' and vicinity, relatives and friends of the members, and nearly 250 outsiders besides.

The Canadian members had worked long and earnestly to make the camp enjoyable to their American brethren and creditable to themselves and country. They succeeded. The arrangements were excellent, and the innumerable details of direction, finance, government, and execu-

tion were thoughtfully carried out. Few people in civil life are aware of the difficulty of furnishing the mere creature comforts of such a host at a distance of about 30 miles from the base of supplies; but all were provided for; even the excursionists who came in crowds from the bustling city of Peterboro' to witness the races did not cause a famine or suffer hunger. What sources of delight to the true canoeist were here offered and enjoyed—the friendly sailing or paddling race, the quiet cruise, the daybreak trol for maskinonge, the examination of new sailing gear or outfits, the cruising yarns, and the paddling *tete-a-tete* of "the merry, merry maiden and the tar." But in the evening, when the moon rose "round as my shield," then the camp-fire minstrels were specially delightful, and quaint and humorous choruses were sung by voices which would have made the fortune of Mr. Christy, of burnt cork fame.

The most beautiful watery panoramas ever witnessed in lakeful Canada were the canoe fleet in grand divisions, and the feast of lanterns. The last was marvelously beautiful; dozens of bonfires blazed on the surrounding islands; scores of canoes flitted in all directions on the still waters, every boat carrying one light, and some as many as seven, while the full moon shone over all. Add to this the songs, music, and ripples of laughter—but language fails in description. The readers of the *Citizen* must attend the next meet and ask the association officers to give an encore.

The boys of Uncle Sam were highly delighted with Canada's sons and her daughters. The goodfellowship that exists among the members of the American Canoe Association, the courtesy and kindness shown by all to all, the total absence of anything to shock or wound the purest minded or most upright person—all these combine to make such congresses productive of much moral as well as physical good.

The next canoe meeting will be held either at Lake Memphremagog or the Thousand Islands, in August, 1884. No matter which of the two places is chosen, our local canoe club will send representatives. Muscle nourished by Ottawa Valley beef cannot fail to drive their canoes to the front in all competition.—*Ottawa Citizen*, August 28th, 1883.

CANOE CRUISES.

On Saturday, September 29th, Messrs. Foster and Chapin, in canoe Natalie, made the circuit of Manhattan Island in seven hours. Starting from boat-house, foot of 152d street, they dropped down the Hudson with the last of the ebb, caught the flood in the East River, and held it to King's Bridge, which had to be carried over. Bucked the tide in Spuyten Duyvel Creek, and by keeping in shore on the Hudson, managed to avoid the strongest force of still running flood from Spuyten Duyvel to their boat-house. Paddled tandem all the way.

—THE ROUND TRIP, 35 MILES—

On the following day six members of the New York Canoe Club, in three canoes, made the round trip of Staten Island, starting from their club house at ten A. M., with sails set and a fair breeze to Tottenville, taking the bay side of the island first, and paddling back through the Kills against a gale of wind in the afternoon and evening, and during a very heavy rain and thunder squall they were mighty glad to pull up at Stephen's fire, nine P. M., and hung themselves over clothes lines to dry.

SEVEN DAYS OF IT.

About fifty miles northwest of Albany lies the village of Northville, along whose borders the Sacondaga River flows on its way to the sea.

In the high waters of spring logs are floated down by the wood-cutters in such numbers as to render the stream impassable; but at this season it presents the appearance of a smooth creek winding in and out among its grassy banks with a peculiar serpentine course, which adds greatly to its beauty.

At Luzerne it joins the Hudson, there only a small stream. The Amsterdam Canoe Club has only been organized a few months, but the plans of its first trip had been seething for many years in the brains of some of its members, when, as small boys, huge maps were pored over, tracing the pleasures and possible dangers of such a voyage in row-boats, for the era of canoes was not yet.

But "all things come round to him who will but wait," and July 13, 1883, saw the Wizard, a Jersey Blue, built by Stephens; Gypsy, a Racine Shadow; and Taffy, a Racine St. Paul, shipped for Northville, the numberless necessary articles packed, and the party en route for a cruise.

On our arrival at Fonda we found our baggage reposing in the freight-house, some distance from the desired train. Impressing three brakemen into the service, the canoes were safely transported to the Northville train.

Just as a sweet peace was stealing over our tired frames, and the aroma of cigarettes quieting our nerves, crack went the hatch of one boat. An inquiring man, weighing some two hundred pounds avoirdupois, was trying its strength as a seat.

He was satisfied.

Our whiskey flask having been smashed, we started free from all possible entanglements with civilization.

On Saturday morning, July 14th, we launched our canoes, and set sail from Northville with flying colors, and many good wishes from those on shore. For some ten miles the current was fair and paddling easy, but we then came upon the canoeist's greatest trial—a carry around a boom of logs. Before this was done, however, we served in appetizing style our first camp dinner, and it must be confessed, our last. The current now ceased, and all breezes blew in an opposite direction, so paddling for muscular development was the order of the hour.

We slept very comfortably in our canoes, but breakfast not satisfying the vigorous appetites of some of our club, we stopped at Huntsville for reinforcements for the inner man.

At Conklingsville the river breaks through the mountains, giving six miles of rapids, reports of the impassability of which had followed us all the way from Amsterdam. But as to the canoeist rapids are the "path of glory," we decided, after some preliminary conversation with the natives, to run them, dry if we could, wet if we must. Wizard led the way; Taffy followed, Gypsy bringing up the rear.

The people of the town gathered on the bank some five hundred strong, and with shouts of derision offered to wring us out at the foot of the Horse Race, where they expected to see us overturned.

With only a slight entanglement on a rock by the Wizard, we cleared the Horse Race in fine style, and amid the cheers of our friends on the bank neared Auelian Rock.

Below this the water becomes so shallow and the rocks so close, we were obliged to get out and let the canoes float in front of us for a good part of the way. Just at this time a heavy rain set in, and we were glad, after several unsuccessful efforts, to find shelter in a farm house.

This part of our trip was through very grand scenery, mountains of quite a height rising precipitously from the water, in place of the quiet farms and meadow-lands, through which we had previously passed.

The next day we sent our heavy baggage to Luzerne, and continued down the rapids. The captain of the "Taffy" broke a paddle near the bottom, and was obliged to take a short swim before he reached water smooth enough to repair it. At Luzerne we found a good supper and bed at the Rockwell House, and made an early start next day down the Hudson. This was a hard paddle against head winds. Indeed, all our dreams of lying quietly in our canoes, with sails spread, and wafted along by favoring gales, must be left for fulfillment to a trip, when winds are not all in the wrong direction. At Jessup's Landing a fall, a rapid, and a boom decided us to make a "carry," and procuring hay wagons a portage of thirteen miles was made over Queensbury Mountain to the Glen's Fall Feeder. In crossing the river, we encountered two pretty naiads, whose business it was to push the strange old ferry-boat from side to side. As they worked their irons in the rain, clad in rubber coats, their blonde and brunette faces, flushed with exercise, made a very pleasing picture in the wilderness.

The view from this point was very fine. A large valley of the Hudson, nearly encircled by mountains, spread before us, with its farms and villages, while the river, like a silver thread, wound through the meadow.

On the top of this peak we were surprised to find a summer resort called the Queensbury Mountain House. On reaching the Glen's Falls Feeder, we launched our boats and entered the town at eight o'clock, and there spent the night.

From Glen's Falls to Champlain Canal there are thirteen locks, so we availed our-

selves of a passing canal boat to reach Fort Edward. Here the Gypsy was obliged to leave us, and returned home by rail. Taking the paddle again, Wizard and Taffy reached Schuylerville on the evening of July 19. Next morning we paid our respects to Dr. Neide, Secretary of the American Canoe Association, who received us very cordially, and gave us valuable information. A delightful morning was added to the pleasure of our trip, enjoying his hospitalities and the society of his genial family.

Paddling on to Mechanicsville, that quaint town of post stations and cobble stone houses, we spent the night.

The next morning bright and early we started for the last day of our cruise. As our time was limited, we took the cars to Schenectady and at noon launched for the home stretch on the Erie Canal. About the time we began to recognize home scenery and our muscles to grow weary, we were hailed from a canal boat by a party of acquaintances returning from a picnic. We soon made fast, and joining forces, enjoyed a pleasant ending to the first cruise of our club.

This is but a meager record of all the beauty through which we passed and the pleasure we enjoyed, to say nothing of dreamless sleep, strengthened muscles, and voracious appetites, many of which benefits we have no doubt are still to be experienced.

Already chaotic plans are working in the brains of the club for more trips, since this pleasure does not satiate, but rather "grows by what it feeds on."

Amsterdam, N. Y.

CRUISE DOWN THE HUDSON.

From Troy to New York.—A canoe cruise down the Hudson from Troy to New York, despite the talent composing the officers of the fleet, must ever seem tame, in the way of interesting incident and adventure, when compared with those to which great length, danger and consequent excitement or isolation, lend additional charm.

My humility then, and the knowledge that this number is to contain some report of the Stony Lake Meet, and narratives of cruises to and from the Meet, will be my only and sufficient apology for the following account of a cruise over the above-

named route, taken by Dr. Swinburne, in the canoe "Wawa," and Dr. Warner and myself, in the canoe "Mildred."

The purpose of the "Canoe Pilot" is, as I understand it, to furnish such accounts of cruises as will enable the reader to select a pleasant route, and to give him the advantage of the experience of the narrator in rendering the difficulties of the selected route less burdensome.

With this object in view, as also the clock—for my time and allotted space is limited—I shall proceed.

Having shipped ourselves and canoes to Troy on the previous night boat, we began our cruise on Thursday morning, August 30th, by paddling, with everything roughly stowed, over to Centre Island, opposite the boat landing, where a sandy beach offered conveniences for a more careful packing, not to be found on the water-wall of the Troy side.

Owing to our unused muscles, the length of time which, in our inexperience, we occupied in camping at night, and breaking camp in the morning, and the insatiable thirst of the "Wawa," which necessitated frequent stoppages for the purpose of bailing and caulking, we were for three days obliged to content ourselves with contemplating the bare hills, marshy islands, channel dykes, and numberless ice-houses, which constitute the scenery from Troy to Hudson City. Great, then, was our satisfaction when, on Saturday afternoon, from our camp, we saw the sun set behind the distant Catskill Mountains.

From this point (a beautiful camping-ground on the east shore, about two miles above Catskill Landing), our trip, in the way of scenery, was one of constant delight. I therefore would advise anyone following this route to begin the trip at Catskill.

The "Wawa," in spite of the sacrifice of sundry handkerchiefs for caulking, continued to leak in a manner I cannot too highly commend, because a suggestion that her captain should apply his medical learning and tin bail to removing all evidence of dropsy could at any time obtain for my tired arms a brief respite, and now furnishes an excellent excuse for the slow progress made, when that of a head wind is not available.

During these three days we had acquired experience in attempting to pitch our tent after dark, in driving the tent pegs

an inch or into two solid rock, in searching for various articles when the lantern refused to assist; by discovering one morning the charred remains of some fence-rails amid the debris of a fire we had the previous night imagined made of drift-wood, not knowing we had gathered the wood far above where the highest tide reaches; by bruising our shins in the endeavor to convey the milk pail to a light in the distance; by discovering, early one morning, that the noises we could not account for during the night had been caused by wagons passing along the road on which we had just escaped pitching our tent. So, when, on the morning of September 2d (the reader will kindly remember to forget the *name* of the day), having arisen even later than usual, we beheld before our tent a broad mud flat, left by the receding tide, which would necessitate our wading out some distance before entering the canoes, we, with an unanimity unusual among canoeists, agreed that we had been too indulgent to ourselves and determined to begin our reformation on that day.

Before starting, the sun, shining on their white walls, called our attention to what we had the evening before supposed to be singular and abrupt precipices on the mountain ridge, and disclosed that they were the two large Catskill hotels. As we occupied four days in crossing their line of vision—a distance, on the river, of about seventy miles—some idea of the extent of the view from them may be gathered.

The flood-tide (for even here, 110 miles above New York, the upward current has some strength), against which our late start compelled us to paddle, did not leave us until it handed us over to a head wind of such vigor that we were obliged to seek the shore some two miles below German-town, on the west side.

Our experience of the morning of September 2d taught us to examine the land under water as well as above when seeking a camping ground, and having found one to our satisfaction, we landed and camped in a large field, where the pitching of the tent and preparation of dinner interested several young ladies, who assembled in a summer-house a short distance off to witness the proceedings.

Their modesty, fortunately corresponding to our desire for solitude, forbade

their nearer approach, and, night coming on, enabled us to eat our dinner without the fear that the terrible retrogression we had made in table manners would be discovered by their mischievous and inquisitive eyes.

On Monday morning, dissatisfied with making only sixty miles in four days, we made an early start, and thus caught some of the ebb tide.

My recollection of Hudson scenery, as seen from the steamboat, is confined to the distant mountains; but as seen from the canoe, the river below Germantown to Poughkeepsie developed an unexpected beauty in its steep and thickly-wooded banks, that divided our admiration with the more distant scenery.

I don't doubt its beauty was much enhanced by the luncheon of cold, rich milk, and deliciously sweet bread, secured by our deputy at a neighboring farm house, and eaten in the cool shade of one of these banks.

The deputy declared that the maid whom he interviewed in this operation on the produce market, was even sweeter than the bread. His superiors, convinced by the strength of the simile that he *must* be exaggerating, nevertheless regretted that the necessity for pushing ahead rendered the purchase of more produce from the same maiden impossible.

The heart of even a canoeist is not of necessity adamant.

The breeze up the river, which, during the early hours of the following day, served to cool our heated brows, as the day wore on gathered sufficient strength to induce us to seek the shore with the intention of towing along the Central's track.

We towed about three miles until the track turned inland.

The absence of good camping grounds is noticeable all along here, almost all of the good beaches left between the water and the precipitous banks are either occupied or cut off from the river by the railroads running along the water on either shore.

Resuming our paddles, we took advantage of the shelter offered by numerous inviting little bays, paddling along the shores of which we gathered strength for turning each successive point.

Late in the afternoon we reached the boat-house of the Apokeepsie Boat Club, the use of which for storing our canoes

over night was hospitably offered us by Dr. Osborn, and gratefully accepted by us.

As the boat-house keys were loaned to us, we were enabled to make a start before sunrise on Wednesday morning, sleeping at a hotel, and thus doing away with the usual morning work.

Having the tide with us, we reached Newburgh about noon, and as the wind, this time down stream, freshened, we reached Cornwall landing, about twenty miles from Poughkeepsie, at one o'clock.

From Poughkeepsie to within a short distance of Cornwall and the Narrows, above West Point, the Catskill Mountains find no rival in the river scenery, which is to a great degree marred by the ungainly manufactories and depots crowding the water front of Newburgh, like the homely feature of an otherwise pleasing face, occupying one's attention if only to wish for its absence.

The unenlightened condition of the river communities, made sufficiently patent by having our deputy, when sent to farm-houses for milk, on several occasions spoken of as "This 'er gentleman," and on one, requested to remain outside the door, as the family was very particular, was more unpleasantly brought to my personal notice at Cornwall by having my new suit of blue Jerseys mistaken for a bathing suit, presumably worn in the expectation of frequent capsize.

After luncheon, before leaving Cornwall, perceiving that the wind had freshened, I hoisted my mizzen in the bow and scudded along pleasantly until we entered the Narrows at the foot of Storm King. The squalls here were so numerous and violent that this spot shall henceforth be my criterion of a squally place.

When the squalls struck the sail, only a fifteen foot mizzen, the canoe would stay where she was on the wave, on the crest or in the trough, until the squall passed, when the wave, of course, passed ahead.

We congratulated ourselves upon seeing Storm King to such advantage, as well as feeling the weight of his royal blow. On the mountain side, opposite West Point, can be seen through the surrounding foliage several villas that add to the interest of the scene. One, most noticeable, is perched on the very summit of the ridge, commanding a view unsurpassed in the neighborhood. The charm of the mountain scenery

is derived in a great degree from the precipitous banks and consequent sacrifice of good camping ground.

As we were passing these hills until six o'clock, it may be inferred that during the last hour we would gladly have welcomed a little spot of homely, flat scenery.

The desire for some execrably ugly spot, with a camping ground whose excellence was measured in adverse ratio, became more intense, as the proprietors of Iona Island informed us that the rules would not permit of our camping there, and the creeks to which they referred us proved to be surrounded by mud-flats.

About seven o'clock, we found a good beach on the east side, half a mile below Peekskill creek, where we uncomplainingly pitched our tent on an incline of twenty-five degrees.

It was a beautiful, quiet evening, such as often follows a stormy day. At other times we might have lain awake for hours watching, but now our fatigue, hunger, and the increasing cold admonished us of the practical necessities of life; and after a hasty supper, we slept.

Our hasty and equally light supper was followed by correspondingly ravenous appetite for breakfast the next morning. Having therefore appointed our deputy, he was sent to a neighboring farm house to obtain milk. With unblushing affrontery asking for nine quarts of milk, he only realized that he had forgotten the expeditionary pail—(holding two quarts)—when the farmer inquired how he meant to carry it. He proved his official capacity by undauntedly replying, "Give me three now, and I'll show you, and then bring up the two other demijohns for the remainder."

The saline character of the river water at this point, was indelibly impressed upon our memories by our unsuccessful attempt to swallow coffee made with it. Salt, though somewhat of a novelty as an ingredient of coffee, is not much of an improvement.

The cook had evidently forgotten that, since his last culinary gymnastics, we had advanced about forty-five miles towards the sea. Our satisfaction at having made thirty-four miles the previous day was, on Thursday, somewhat lessened by another headwind, which was the more annoying on account of the necessary crossing of Haverstraw and Tappen Bays. None of the numerous sailing vessels beating down stream could have envied the independence

of the passing steamers more than we.

Reaching the headland separating Haverstraw Bay from Tappen Zee about three o'clock, we rested in its lee. We would gladly have camped here, and spent the remainder of the day in admiring the grandeur of the river which here asserts itself, the widest point being five miles across, but the necessity for pushing on obliged us to follow the advice of some fisherman, and make use of a short carry over to the marshes at the head of Tappen Zee. Although at first bewildered by the intricacy of the waterways, we finally, by observing the direction in which the ebbing tide bent the weeds under water, found an outlet with ease.

After gaining the open, we had a very long two miles' paddle to Sing Sing. While resting under the lee of a boat-house, the owner, Mr. Benj. Moore—something in whose genial face and manner betrayed his love of sport—accosted us, and, realizing the situation at a glance, offered us the use of his boat-house, and entrusted us with the keys.

Such kindness and courtesy enables one to examine in the mirror his peeling nose and unshaven face with much self-complacency after having his self-appreciation sadly lessened by the suspicious glances and one-sided conversations received from village boors.

And for thus increasing my self-esteem, as much as for the lodging for the canoes, I, for my part, sincerely thank Mr. Moore and Dr. Osborn.

Having again camped at a hotel we were enabled, by the possession of the boat-house keys, to make an early start on Friday morning. The light breeze blowing down the river, which struck us as we issued from the dock, for a moment inclined us to paddle up stream, so deeply seated had the habit of paddling *against* wind become.

One of the party had received at Sing Sing a letter requiring his presence in New York that (Friday) evening. This meant a thirty miles' paddle unless I could persuade my companions to accept a tow. My proposition was received with reproaches, but nevertheless accepted.

It only remains to be added that we arrived at the K. C. C boat-house about 2 P. M., having cast off about two miles up the river, lest any canoeist should see us undergoing the ignominy of a tow.

GEORGE H. SULLIVAN.

THE AMERICAN

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ORIGIN OF SOME CANOES.

IT may not be uninteresting to your readers to hear something of the origin of a few of the popular American canoes.

A fine canoe is never the result of chance. The designer or builder does not go to bed at night, and awaken in the morning to find his craft ready for the water. Neither is his first attempt likely to be quite successful. Little by little the canoe approaches perfection.

First, we had the Kyac, the Birch-bark and the Dug-out; then the English Rob Roy and Nautilus. These last two formed the germ of modern American canoes, except the Canadian canoes which are modeled after the Birch.

The Rob Roy was faulty because of lack of sheer, small floor, and short manhole. The Nautilus had excessive sheer.

The writer's first attempt at canoe building was in 1876, when he built, to dimensions given, the hulls of two canoes. They were 13x30 with full floor "tumble home," and about the same sheer as the Nautilus. They were decked with canvas by the purchaser and cruised to Philadelphia, via. the Delaware and other streams.

After a trial of these canoes, their purchaser advised, as the best model for inland work, a modification of the Rob Roy. The changes were to be greater bearings, more sheer and longer cockpit. Other trifling changes were made, and in 1880 the canoe as thus perfected was called the American Traveling Canoe. Several of these canoes, among them the Betsey D., and Kleine Fritz became noted for their long cruises. The

former is said by her owner to have covered over 8,000 miles by rail, river and lake. The latter served the Racine Boat Co. as a model from which their "St. Paul" was built, she being placed in their hands for that purpose by her owner who claimed to be her inventor (?), though all he had to do with her construction was to make the suggestions above mentioned.

Though very popular for a time, actual use for several seasons showed the weak points in her model, and time and study suggested to her builder important changes which could be made to advantage. The plans for the new canoe were yet imperfect when a correspondence was commenced with Rev. C. F. Woodman with regard to a light sailing canoe for himself. During the succeeding weeks the Post-office Department was benefitted muchly, and work on the new canoe progressed. When her woodwork was completed, at request, an accurate measurement of her dimensions was sent her purchaser. Probably this did not convey a correct idea of her beauty, as he expressed himself as disappointed; but when her builder offered to keep her and build another to any given dimensions, he declined, would have no other, and the canoe christened the *Stella Maris* was sent forward. She more than satisfied Mr. Woodman, at once became popular, and to-day is the finest and most perfect canoe of her class, as well as the best sailing one in the world.

Of course she has her imitations, as what popular canoe has not. Take for instance the Shadow. There are scores of Shadows, many of which are shadows of a Shadow.

In 1880 the writer met Com. Alden at

Lake George, and with his permission and only upon his assurance that no one else could claim proprietary rights in the Shadow, took accurate measurements of his canoe and later worked them up.

The Princess originated at Cincinnati, and differs from the Shadow in having fuller lines, a dagger centerboard and other little changes in shape of cockpit, etc. She is a good paddler and a fine sailer, particularly in a stiff breeze, as she rises quickly to the seas.

The *Grayling* is simply the *Stella Maris* with a center board, though it was found advisable to increase the beam about one inch on that account. She was designed to, and does fully, meet the wants of those who prefer a small centerboard canoe.

The *Ellard* was built to dimensions given by the then vice-commodore of the A. C. A.

With about the same beam as the Shadow, she has the lines of the Grayling, as nearly as may be with her increase of six inches in length and about three in beam. She is proving herself an able sailer, and doubtless will become very popular. Many changes are made in canoes to meet the wants or fancies of canoeists. Some of these are hobbies of the individual, no one else would have one like it. Others are real improvements which may be used to advantage by others.

The builder is constantly indebted to the individual canoeist for ideas of greater or less value. Sometimes they are just what he needs to enable him to perfect half-formed plans of his own. Again they are the germ to which he adds his own practical knowledge with good results. He also has offered many plans and theories which if worked up would produce nondescripts of the worst kind.

It is doubtful whether any first-class canoe is the result of any one person's study. The builder's shop is the mill, he is miller. The ideas of others are grists,

and whatever their proportion of wheat and tares he is expected to make good flour. This it is his study, his wish to do. It is his life work, and often it is a labor of love as he spends many a day and many a dollar in experiment.

Then sometimes just as he begins to feel assured of his success he is told he is simply a tool in the hands of the mechanic. Such seemed the tone of the item in August CANOEIST, and on the impulse of the moment was penned the letter published in the September number. The writer begs to assure the editor that he feels no injustice was intended as he has ever received kind consideration from the CANOEIST.

Before closing this article it might not be out of place to say a word about air tight compartments in canoes. Since last January the writer has not built a canoe, unless so ordered or made necessary from the instructions of the purchaser, without *air-tight compartments*. He uses canvas drawn tight over a framework of cedar and shaped nearly to fit the ends of a canoe. These are painted outside and *tested* under pressure. The two in the *Stella Maris* require 75 pounds of iron to submerge them; those in the larger canoes about 100 pounds; either is ample. They are much lighter than metal, and will not rattle, rust, or corrode.

J. H. RUSHTON.

THE ST. LAWRENCE RAPIDS.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I am not a canoeist. My craft is a cedar Whitehall boat, 17 1-2 ft. by 3 3-4 ft. In her, last August, I had the pleasure of running every rapid in the St. Lawrence River from Ogdensburgh to Montreal which includes all there are to run. But it is not my intention to tell your readers what I did in my boat, for they would be as indifferent to what any one

might do in such a craft as they would be to the cruise of a steam launch; my object is to tell them what they can do. They need not fear that I may advise them into danger. It is true that I know very little about a canoe, but I have great faith in its crankiness; so when I say that a course is safe, the canoeist must be very much of a lubber if he can't take his canoe through. The St. Lawrence is perfectly smooth till the Gallopes Rapids are reached, about seven miles below Ogdensburgh. Here a canoe, by keeping to the right of the islands, but close up, will find perfectly safe water. The rough water is north of the islands. The Deplau Rapids are two or three miles below; the south channel is perfectly smooth, but there is a dam to pull over. By taking the north channel and keeping close to the right bank, the water will be found very swift but smooth. If the cruiser wishes to try some rougher water, he can easily find it by pulling over to the north bank. The river again becomes perfectly smooth, though the current is very swift. There is hardly a ripple on the river till the Long Sault is reached. Through the North Sault nothing but steamers and rafts can run, and keep right side up. Small craft must take the South Sault. There is a magnificent run of six miles, then comes *business*. As the canoeist comes rushing around an abrupt bend he will see some very rough water; that is the South Sault, proper. He must run up to the right bank looking out for the eddy that rushes up here. Now he must walk an eighth of a mile down the river; first, to see one of the grandest sights on the river; second, to use his own judgment as to whether he can run through. In my opinion it is pretty rough water for a canoe. If he concludes to run it, he will find the smoothest water close to the right bank, and he must keep *close* up till he reaches the point, then port with all his might, or he will get into mighty rough water; the chances are that he will anyway. For a boat, the best course

is through the middle of the channel. If the canoeist thinks the water too rough, he can easily carry his canoe below the rough water. There is a tremendous current for three or four miles below the Sault, but there is no danger.

There are no more rapids till Lake St. Francis is crossed. Then comes the Coiteau Rapids. The north channel must be taken, keeping pretty well over towards the islands. A canoe can run without any danger down to the little village of Cedars. Here again the canoeist must judge for himself. My own opinion is that he had better pull his canoe out of the river and let some other fellow run the rest. If, however, he concludes to risk it, he must hug the north shore till he comes to a point upon which are the ruins of an old mill; after he has passed around the point, so that he can see the old mill again—and he won't be long in getting around—he must make for the middle of the river. If he gets there, which is somewhat doubtful, he will see some very rough water on the left, and more mighty rough water on the right; straight ahead it is not quite so bad. My opinion is that in less than half a minute his canoe will appear smaller than it ever did before. He will find some very savage breakers come tumbling over his bow, and some more equally savage ones rushing over his stern; great walls of water will rush at him from every direction, and unless he keeps his bow over them and his head level, a canoe will be found a few days after floating bottom upwards through Lake St. Louis.

At the best, he will begin to feel that he is getting enough of it; and then he gets out of it, if he gets out at all, for the very rough work doesn't last long. Now, if he looks straight ahead, he will see a large island, and to the north he will see a very small one, not much more than a mere rock with a few bushes growing on it. He must point north of the small island; he won't get north of it, but he must point there. He must now paddle with all his

might, and then redouble his efforts. He will find himself crossing a tremendous current, that rushes like lightning towards the larger island. Paddle as he may, he will seem to creep across that current. But he must get across it; if he once gets fairly into the current that sweeps around to the south, some canoe club will have a chance to fly its flag at half-mast. Just as he is about to give it up, he will hit the north current—perhaps—and he will go rushing between the two islands, and then go tumbling down through the Cascades. By keeping near the middle of the river, the Cascades, though pretty rough, can be run without serious danger, if the Cedars have been run.

Paddling through Lake St. Louis the famous Lachine Rapids are reached. These rapids are much more famous than dangerous. By keeping down the south channel, and close to the south shore, a canoe can run with perfect safety till the point just below the long, straggling village along the shore is reached. Just above the point a landing can be made, and again the canoeist must use his own judgment. Away out in the river, almost on a line with the city, is a long narrow ledge of rocks, projecting just above the water. If he runs the rest of the rapids, he must make that ledge, and then run close down on the south side of it. It will take hard paddling to reach the ledge, and there is some rough water, but if the Cedars have been run this can be run, to half a mile of choppy water below the ledge and the Rapids of the St. Lawrence have been run.

W. J. BALLARD.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

THE cold weather is upon us. The melancholy days have come. For six months the editor will have no regatta notices to put in, or races to report. This past canoeing season—for it is gone for all but the very few hardy ones, who still keep their canoes in commission for a sunshiny day, the writer among them—the fourth year of the association has wrought many changes, and broadened our views and scope, has it not? What time then more fitting to begin planning for next season?

Let us discuss points acquired during the active time, and digest them in the passive months—if I may call them so.

Last winter a cooking-class was to have been started in New York for canoeists. It fell through. Now, Mr. Editor, cannot you start a *galley* fire in some out-of-the-way corner of your columns, and the rest of us will try and supply enough fuel to keep things warm till May? Why not have a *GALLEY* column? Certainly the cruiser would be glad to enlarge his *menu*, and perhaps through some other fellow's experience, lessen the very modest sum he now spends *en route* by a little down-stair's economy in operating. Eggs, you know are easy to cook, and can generally be found in the formations a fellow is likely to encounter on a river bank. The average paddler not uncommonly eats too early and often of this fruit for the reason given above. Tell him of something else, simple in preparation, compact in its raw form, and muscle-producing, and how he is to prepare it.

Where fresh water is scarce, it has been known that the cook often found himself hard put to manage. To use a quart of water when boiling—first for warming up a can of soup dropped into it, then for boiling the eggs, and finally running it through a French coffee-pot for the morning beverage, is no doubt economical—and it has been done—but can hardly be recommended.

We have from time to time picked up hints of how these long-distance men manage their kitchen department. Tents, spars, and sails, stowing-rooms, etc., have been talked of, but how is the man to live if he don't eat? To live well, the food must be very largely cooked—and well cooked too. Consider the fire going; who offers to cook the first dish?

DOT.

Secretaries of clubs are requested to send samples of their burgees to Editor CANOEIST. Thanks are accorded for burgees already received.—ED.

EDITORIAL.

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

Much comment has been occasioned by the appearance, in various newspapers throughout the country, of an announcement that our friend, Rev. C. E. Woodman, had run all the dangerous rapids of the St. Lawrence River, except the Lachine, near Montreal. The article first appeared in the *Montreal Daily Star*, and was widely copied, and drew forth from many quarters various views of those *who* had either run the rapids in the regular steamer, or had viewed them from the shore.

It was generally contended that no boat as small as a canoe could safely go through them. As rumor spreads a story and enlarges it, it was not long before the "yarn" was further fabricated by adding that Mr. Woodman had written the account himself. Newspaper assaults were then made against the innocent victim of this cruel hoax, and were sent to many of his friends.

The article appeared in the issue of July 24th last, and by degrees it increased to the above proportions. Mr. Woodman, thinking that silence from him would the sooner bury the matter, refrained from replying to the many insulting and annoying publications and letters that appeared.

At last patience ceased to be a virtue, and it was found necessary to take the bull by the horns, and demand that justice be done, and the truth of the whole matter be told.

We here reproduce a letter from Mr. Woodman, which appeared recently in the *Montreal Star*, and also the explanation from the editor:

CANOEING THE ST. LAWRENCE RAPIDS.

To the Editor of the Star:

SIR,—In your issue of July 24th appeared an item concerning a canoe trip in which my name appeared prominently. Where your informant obtained his infor-

mation is a mystery to me, as I saw the item *in print* for the first time. I would not notice such a trifling matter now, if I had not found—to my surprise and infinite annoyance—that I am charged, in certain quarters, with being the *writer* of this item. Will you, then, have the courtesy to do me the simple justice to deny this charge; and thus clear me from this unjust suspicion.

C. E. WOODMAN.

[We cheerfully comply with the above request. Dr. Woodman never wrote a line to the *Star*, on that or any other subject. Our reporter had no conversation with him, nor did he see him or obtain any information from him in regard to the item, which was written from information obtained in the ordinary course of street gossip. Dr. Woodman is not, therefore, responsible for the item in question, or for a single statement contained in it.—EDITOR *STAR*.]

We are very glad that this very unpleasant business is thus settled, and regret exceedingly that there is not some way by which those who started this malicious scandal could be punished.

We regret that the absence from home of Secretary Neide on official business prevents our publishing in this number a report of the meeting of the Executive Committee, which was held at the Delavan House, Albany, N. Y., on Oct. 13th. The full attendance showed the active interest taken in A. C. A. matters by the members, some of whom traveled over five hundred miles to be present. Several important subjects in connection with the annual camps were discussed, but final action as to fixing dates, location, etc., of the "Meet" for 1884 was deferred until a later meeting to enable a committee, which was appointed by the Commodore, to visit several places and report. The Regatta Committee handed in their report with suggestions as to the carrying on the races,

which was received. After other routine business the meeting adjourned. In the next issue we will give the full details.

A SOCIAL REUNION.

"The Lower House moves to adjourn" is the message that was received by the Executive Committee of the A. C. A., when in session on the 13th of October at Albany, and was sent by about a dozen Mohicans, who were awaiting the closing of the meeting in the parlors of the Delavan House. There was much important business to be transacted, and therefore it was not until the third or fourth notification of the action of the "Lower House" that the Committee's work was concluded and the members were permitted to join the waiting friends below.

The capital city of New York State has always been renowned for its hospitality, and the Mohicans had made ample arrangements for the continuance of its reputation. The Executive Board were at once escorted to the Windsor Hotel, where a collation was served. Commodore Nickerson, of the A. C. A., presided, while at his right sat Captain H. L. Thomas, of the Mohican C. C. Among others present were the members of the Committee, Vice-Commodore C. K. Munroe, Rear-Commodore H. C. Rogers, Secretary Neide, and Messrs. W. B. Wackerhagen and R. J. Wilkin, Mr. Wm. Whitlock, of the N. Y. C. C., and Mr. R. E. Wood, of the Peterboro' C. C., members of the Regatta Committee, E. A. Hoffman, Jr., Secretary of K. C. C., C. M. Shedd, of the Springfield C. C., and a strong delegation of Mohicans. One familiar face was missed, and many were the inquiries for General Oliver, who was unavoidably absent.

After a pleasant repast had been partaken, the fun began with a story from Shedd, which seemed to go to the right spot, for song and story followed each other in quick succession until every man present had paid his tithe in one or the other.

At midnight, with the singing, in hearty chorus, of "Marching through Georgia," the festivities broke up, and all wended their ways to some secluded retreat to gain rest to begin the following day.

The morning of the 14th was taken up in sight-seeing, and it was not until about 1 P. M. that our paddlers had gathered at the headquarters and boat-house on the river. Here an hour or two was spent in inspecting the boats and house, and in conversation, when all adjourned to dinner at the Delavan. The afternoon was so beautiful that many of the visitors were out either sailing or paddling, and a scrub race between the *Annie O*, Capt. Thomas' Shadow, sailed by Sec. Neide, and the *Thetis*, belonging to Mr. Philip Wackerhagen, added materially to the sport.

At 4 o'clock P. M. the Committee took leave of their entertainers, and by rail or boat were soon on the way to their homes.

—We have received through Mr. F. S. Rathbun, of Deseronto, an interesting description of last summer's camping-ground, as given by Rev. E. W. French, of Jersey City, who was one of Mr. Rathbun's party at the "crib." The article, which originally appeared in the Jersey City *Evening Journal*, has been copied in many other papers throughout the country. We regret that it is too long to give in full here. In one part Mr. French thus speaks of the ladies: "About seventy-five ladies, friends of canoeists, are encamped here; and to their presence the extraordinary decorum is doubtless due in a large degree. Some of them handle the paddle well. All delight in the canoe. At any hour of the day and long evening, we see them darting or floating with song, on these serene waters. Lovely and laudable it was to invite them. They dignify and adorn every scene."

—On Saturday night, Oct. 20th, a member of the New York club was paddling up the Kill von Kull. His port-light shed a ruddy glow over the hull of a large bark anchored in mid-stream. As he came alongside, loud cries for help were heard aft, and on dropping astern he found two sailors in the water clinging to the boat they had been trying to get inboard by the davits. His canoe being a tandem, he took the chap who could not swim on board and landed him at the companion-way. A rope being dropped to No. 2, he was hauled into the bark, very cold and helpless. No one else was on the vessel. Canoeists are of some use after all, you see.

DRIFTINGS.

—Some years ago, passing a place called Lavey Strand, on the road from Cavan to Dublin, in Ireland, I observed the bottom of an ancient canoe lying on the shore of the lake close to the road. I immediately went to examine it, and heard that it had been raised about a year before from the bottom of the lake. When discovered there was a gunwale above a foot in height along the sides, which, when I saw it, was almost entirely broken away. It was of very rude manufacture, hollowed out of the stem of an oak tree. The dimensions are gigantic. The bottom was four feet three inches across at one end, and about three feet at the other; length, forty feet. The diameter of the tree when hewn, could not possibly have been less than seven and a half feet at the root, and at least five and a half feet at the height of forty feet—this would allow only a very moderate bulge for the canoe. What could have been the use of so large a canoe, made with great toil, on so small a piece of water (not containing two hundred acres), I cannot imagine. There were two islands in the lake, which were found to be artificial when the proprietor was planting them some years previously. The earth was supported by a frame work of enormous oak beams, mortised into each other and this is supported on piles driven into the lake bottom. Some Celtic brass hatchets, ring money, and four brass swords were found above the framework; and there was another canoe of smaller dimensions lying partly exposed and partly in the mud, near where the large one was found. The modern oak in that part of Ireland is not at all remarkable for its size. "WREN."

—Captain Neide, of the Lake George Canoe Club, has issued the following club notice.

TO MR. J. EDWARD McDONALD, PURSER L. G. C. C. :

"You will please notify the members of the L. G. C. C., that on and after Nov. 1st,

1883, each canoe shall carry a five-pointed star, twelve inches in diameter, of red, on both sides of the mainsail immediately beneath the peak, to be known as the sailing signal of the L. G. C. C. The paddling signal shall be the ordinary club burgee."

GLENS FALLS, October 11th, 1883.

[Shiver my timbers! blow me tight! belay my binnacle! stow my to'gallant stu'r-sail yards in my lazarette! if I can make out why in thunder a canoe or any other craft should have a sailing signal otherwise than a burgee, and elsewhere than at the masthead.—ED.]

HUFF.

NEXT.

—Vice-Commodore Hilbon (Mohican C. C.), has just received a new canoe of the Lansingburg, make and is highly delighted, as well he may, for she is a perfect beauty, and he says she sails like a witch. Our fleet has been increased this fall.

—We had a call from Col. H. C. Rogers, Rear Commodore A. C. A. He is having a dry-land cruise, and has come South to see the boys.

—Col. Henry C. Rogers, of Peterboro', Ont., the Vice-Commodore of the A. C. A., attended the Executive Committee meet and "fell into the hands of the Philistines." The members of the K. C. C. took possession of him and kidnapped him to New York, where he remained two days and visited most of the places of interest, including the boat-houses of the local canoe clubs. Mr. R. E. Wood, also of the Peterboro' Club, came as far as Albany, but on account of pressing business had to return immediately after the meeting.

—There is quite a large canoe club on the Passaic River, just above Newark; but I have not been able to get the names of their officers yet. They call themselves the "Ianthé C. C.," I think. L. F. B.

[Let's hear from them.—ED.]

—Brentano's balanced-lug sail, main and mizzen, at the K. C. C. regatta, on Saturday, 6th inst., were the finest suit of sails as yet seen by the writer in this country. Go ahead, Bren., and get your reefing-gear fixed, and you will have the handiest suit of sails in the club.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MR. WHITLOCK :—Your letter in last month's CANOEIST, referring to the next camp, ought to receive much attention.

Having camped on some of the islands near Gananoque, I am able to endorse your statements regarding their suitability for our next A. C. A. meet.

The map I send you shows some islands in a favorable position. They might, I think, be obtained without much trouble for a couple of weeks. One of them belongs to a friend of mine who I think would lend it. Part of it would make a very comfortable and convenient camping-ground. The name is "Granite Island." Permission to use any of the unoccupied islands might be obtained by application to the Department of Indian Affairs here.

There is an order in force against cutting trees, so the supply of fuel would depend, to a great extent, on fallen timber and driftwood.

Although I have cruised from Kingston to Prescott, on the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence, I cannot say I found the current anywhere attain the speed of 4 miles an hour. It may not be much less than that rate just above Rockport, and above Brockville, but it must be under two miles an hour near Gananoque.

Probably you referred to the current somewhere near Clayton.

A great advantage in having the camp near Gananoque or Clayton, would be the facility of reaching it from all points.

I remain, dear Mr. Whitlock, yours fraternally,

R. W. B.

October 8th, 1883.

EDITOR CANOEIST: While at the meet this year, I spoke to a number of members about the advisability of having an A. C. A. badge, which the members of the association could wear at all times; all were greatly in favor of it, and some told me that they had also been thinking of the same thing for some time previous.

I know that I, for one, would be *very proud* of such a badge, and would wear it wherever I went.

I should suggest a miniature flag on a staff. The flag, of course, to be like the A. C. A. burgee.

The pin need not be expensive, as there

are a sufficient number of A. C. A. men to have it gotten up at wholesale prices.

Hoping that this matter will be successfully pushed through, I remain,

Yours very truly, FRIDAY.

New York, Oct. 19th, 1883.

EDITOR CANOEIST: An article headed "Canoe Pilot" appeared in your October number, and as no signature was placed after it, one might suppose the editor wrote it. It does not read so. If the Pilot department was conducted in strict accordance with its name, it would appeal to and interest those only of your readers who know the ground described, or intended going there; always a very limited number even for the most popular canoeing ground—or rather water. If any one proposed going over a certain course described in an article to the Pilot, he could hardly expect to get all the information necessary to prepare for his trip and to successfully accomplish it from that source. But he could get all of the points from the *author* of the article, and here's the point: arrange it so that every man who makes a cruise registers his name, address, and region explored, and have this register available. Then, those of us who want to know about the St. Lawrence will write to ———, who has been there; and without obliging all your readers to read everything that ——— did and saw, the information desired will be sent where it will do the most good. Is not this the simplest way? Ask what our gallant secretary A. C. A. says about it. Is not the mailing of logs from point to point, troublesome and expensive? What will the secretary do when two of us want the same log at the same time? The Canoe Pilot articles should be somewhat narrative, not mere dry facts of no interest to the great majority of your readers. "The Canoe Pilot should contain *only* that which can be of use to others, either in deciding on a cruise, or in carrying it out." Yes, but leave *only* out and there you have it. The eleven points given on which information is generally wanted, are well chosen.

The Canoe Record your contributor suggests is what each man should keep himself on a cruise, and *keep* after he gets home—not publish it. This it is he will refer to when you or I, Mr. Editor, want to know something of that very river, and write to him for information. EX. ED.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I have been very much pleased to see in your paper several communications recommending the Thousand Islands for next year's camp.

During the last three years, I have spent the month of August there, and have found it more attractive each year.

The spot mentioned by "Breeze" (lower end of Grindstone Island), would undoubtedly be very suitable for a camp, as would also the lower end of La Rue Island where an A. C. A. man told me we could get permission to camp.

I have seen Lake Memphramagog, and although a beautiful lake and much better for sailing than Lake George, I do not think it nearly so suitable for canoeing as the Thousand Islands.

Very truly yours, "PITTSBURGH."

[Five o'clock edition. Committee just returned from Thousand Isles. Report favorably. Official statement in December number.—ED.]

An Electric Canoe—How the "Oceanic" is to be propelled and lighted.—Mr. George de Infreville, chief electrician of the Western Union Telegraph Company, is at work on a motor power to run by electricity, which he intends for Mr. C. Van Zandt's canoe (*Oceanic*). He guarantees to run the canoe at the rate of 15 knots an hour, at a cost of about 10 cents. The battery, motor, and propeller will weigh altogether about 100 lbs., and will cost about \$70 for each canoe.

Mr. de Infreville intends having his machine patented, and ready for delivery to canoeists by May 1st, 1884.

It no doubt will be a novel sight to see a boat gliding through the water without any visible means of locomotion at the rate of 15 knots an hour. Mr. de Infreville also intends the motor to run an electric light for the canoe at night with the same battery.

Mr. Van Zandt has promised to give a public exhibition of the new engine when complete, due notice of which will be given in the CANOEIST.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several contributions have been sent written on *both sides*. One has been transcribed at great annoyance; others have not, and so do not appear.—ED.

REGATTAS.

N. Y. C. C. CHALLENGE CUP AND JUNIOR TROPHY.

The sixth and final race for the Challenge Cup presented to the New York Canoe Club, was sailed on Saturday, Sept. 29th. The cup having been won five times by the Dot, becomes the property of Mr. Vaux, according to the conditions on which it was given.

The Surge and Freak were also entered for the Junior Trophy, this being the final race.

The race was started at 4:15 with a whole-sail breeze from the S. E., and the tide running strong up the bay. The course was from the club house to a canal boat moored off Constable's Hook, thence to Robbin's Reef Light, thence around a stake-boat off the club house and out around Buoy 17, finishing at the club house.

Dot, C. B. Vaux, 14 ft. 4in; balance lug mainsail, 70 ft.; balance lug mizzen, 25 ft.

Freak, C. V. R. Schuyler, 16ft.; balance lug mainsail, 90 ft.; mutton leg mizzen, 15 ft.

Surge, H. O. Bailey, 14 ft.; balance lug mainsail, 53 ft.; balance lug mizzen, 20 ft.

Tramp, C. P. Oudin, 14 ft.; balance lug mainsail, 100 ft.; balance lug mizzen, 35 ft.

Esmeralda, M. Oudin, 14 ft.; balance lug mainsail, 70 ft.; mutton leg mizzen, 15 ft.

The Dot with 3in. rockered keel, carried 75 lbs. of lead ballast; Freak, Atwood center-board, 105 lbs.; Surge, 25 lb. iron board. 100 lbs.; Tramp, 50 lb. iron board, 100 lbs.; and Esmeralda, 2½ in. keel, 60 lbs. The start was made head to wind, and the signal was given at 4:15 P. M., the Dot being the first over the line, the Tramp second. The reach across to the first mark saw the boats strung out in line, booms to port, crews all seated on the starboard gunwale, the Tramp sailing less steadily than the others, and taking several knock downs. The time at the first mark was: Dot, 4:21:30; Tramp, 4:21:30; Freak, 4:21:40; Esmeralda, 4:22:20; Surge, 4:22:30.

Hauling on the wind, the Freak soon passed the Tramp, and gained on the Dot, the two former settling down to a fight for first place, the Tramp well astern, and still further behind the Esmeralda and Surge, the later taking fourth place at 4:26. A

little later the *Freak* passed through the Dot's weather and took the lead, rounding Robbin's Reef first. Time:—*Freak*, 4:30:40; Dot, 4:31; Tramp, 4:31:50; Surge, 4:34:15. On the reach home the tide carried all the boats to leeward, the *Freak* keeping well in shore, made the stakeboat first, keeping her lead over the Dot, which tacked further out in the tide. *Freak*, 4:50; Dot, 4:50:10; Surge, 4:54:15; Tramp, 4:55:30. The Surge and Tramp withdrew after this round, leaving the Dot and *Freak* to finish alone. The reach out across the tide was a repetition of the run in, the time at Buoy 17 being, *Freak*, 4:59; Dot, 4:59:07.

The struggle between the two was now very close and exciting, but all at once the *Freak* was seen to heave to, laying head to the wind for some time, the Dot keeping on and crossing the finish at 5:06. The *Freak* came in at 5:19, the lines connecting the deck tiller and rudder having parted, so that the crew was obliged to heave to and repair them. The *Freak* wins the Junior Trophy, and the Dot retains the cup. After the race the cup was formally presented to Mr. Vaux, the Junior Trophy to Mr. Schuyler, and the prizes won at previous races to those who had won them.—*Forest and Stream*, Oct. 4th.

CANOEING IN TORONTO.

Toronto Canoe Club Races.—A race was held on Saturday afternoon, September 22d, among the members of the Toronto Canoe Club, for a challenge cup and a prize valued at \$25, consisting of an amateur photographic outfit. The course started at a point near the shore landing of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, rounding the Island by the eastern gap, and returning by the western gap to home. The following contestants were entered: Messrs. Neilson, canoe *Boreas*; Robert Tyson, canoe *Isabel*; Nicholson, *Sadie N.*; Kerr, *Mabel K.*; Johnson, *Fairy*. In order to make a race the *Sadie N.* and *Fairy*, whose beams measured 31 and 30 inches respectively, were classed in the same list as the *Mabel K.*, whose beam is 28 inches.

The start was made at 2:30 P. M. The five canoes came well up together on the first signal gun, all being rigged with lug and jigger sails. The appearance of the fleet of miniature ships as they "bore

away" on the "flying start" was very pretty, their white sails almost "kissing" the wave tops, as they danced along under a stiff breeze from the southeast.

Neilson in the *Boreas* soon took the first place, with the *Fairy* following close behind. The third and fourth places were taken by Nicholson and Tyson. The finest windward work of the day was done by Johnson in the *Fairy*, who, by the time the eastern gap was reached, had nearly worked his craft abreast of the *Boreas*, whose sailing powers were considered the best in the fleet. He had the misfortune, however, to break his rudder, when near the gap, and had to give up the race. Meanwhile the *Isabel*, under the skilful management of her captain, had crept up to second place, and for a time seemed to have a chance to contest the leadership. It was only for a time though. The *Boreas* persistently held her place and throughout the latter part of the course steadily increased her distance from the rest. A considerable sea was encountered by the canoes when in the open lake, outside the Island, but they stood it gallantly. The boats reached the home buoy in the following order: 1st, *Boreas*; 2d, *Isabel*; 3d, *Sadie N.*; 4th, *Mabel K.* The race was concluded at half-past five, having lasted three hours.

The *Boreas* took the Class B cup, and the big prize; but the *Mabel K.*, retains the Class A cup, because there were no 28-inch canoes to compete with her. The *Fairy* is a Jersey Blue, and carries a 45-pound centre-board. The *Boreas* and *Isabel* will be remembered by those at Stony Lake as being Pearls with heavy boards.

The Toronto Canoe Club had a handicap paddling race and a sailing race on Saturday afternoon, September 29th. The course for the paddling race was from the foot of Lorne street to a buoy near the R. C. Y. Club-house and back—three miles in all. Following is the result: M. F. Johnson, *Mamie*, double paddle, 1; Dr. C. M. Douglas, *Passenger Bird*, double paddle, 2; E. Leigh, open, single paddle, 3.

Messrs. Kerr, Nicholson, and Tyson, also started, but did not go round the course. Mr. Johnston allowed Dr. Douglas three minutes, and Mr. Leigh six minutes, the canoes being different in build. A close and interesting race resulted, Dr. Douglas being only 23 seconds behind the

winner. There was a beam wind and sea, which made the paddling somewhat tough work.

The sailing race was for the Class B challenge cup, which has been held all this summer by Commodore Neilson. The starters and result are as follows: Robert Tyson, *Isabel*, Pearl, 1; Hugh Neilson, *Boreas*, Pearl, 2; Frank N. Nicholson, *Sadie N.*, Princess, 3; John L. Kerr, *Mabel K.*, Racine Shadow, 4.

The course was from Lorne street to Blockhouse Bay, and back, twice over. The canoes started off with a run before the wind, and a very pretty race ensued on the first lap. Approaching Hanlan's the *Boreas* had a lead of several lengths, while the other three were all in a bunch *Isabel* about a length ahead of *Sadie* and *Mabel*, who showed their noses, alternately one ahead of the other. Rounding the Island buoy the canoes scattered on different courses to beat back. The *Isabel* took a long starboard tack towards the water works, while the *Boreas* bore away on the port tack to the east, the other two canoes following variously. When the canoes approached each other again at the home buoy *Isabel* had a considerable lead, which she kept on the run out again and the beat back, and came in a winner. Since she was at Stony Lake, she has been fitted with new and lighter racing masts, and her racing gear has been lightened generally, to great advantage.

—*Life* is also showing an appreciation of the canoeing world. In a late issue it gives a double-page cartoon to a canoeing bout between the various Democratic factions in this city. With true appreciation of worth, it places the victor—Boss Kelly—in a Shadow, the Citizen party being in a tub, with a broom for a paddle. Thompson is in, or rather just dumping out of an open *Herald*, and the poor County Democrat is stern-under in a sectional (shoe-peg) build.

CANOE CRUISE.

EDITOR CANOEIST: When I wrote you from Grand Falls, that the St. John River was one of the loveliest in existence for a canoe trip, I was too modest. If modesty is a thing to be apologised for, I may offer as my excuse, that I have never yet had the extreme good luck to be struck and knocked

over by a log on a dark night in an angry rapid. Had I ever been the recipient of such a favor, I would probably have been more decided in the expression of my convictions, and have said of the St. John, as James Boyle O'Reilly is reported to have said of the Connecticut: "No other river in the country has its advantages for canoeing." Not counting in the St. John's important branches and tributaries, it pursues a course of something like four hundred miles, and is said to be navigable to its utmost sources. Its waters are as clear as those of a mountain brook; its shores abound with delightful camping places; its scenery is as varied and beautiful as one could wish. Fishing and shooting may be had almost anywhere, though the sportman's paradise is in the neighborhood (comparative) of Edmundston. And, finally, it is optional with the canoeist, no matter how far he may extend his cruise, whether he will be in the world or out of it, as there are numerous settlements and farm-houses to which he may resort, either for society or to replenish his larder.

The first object of the canoeist, who proposes to do the St. John, should be to reach Edmundston. If he is ambitious he may go to River de Loup, on the Intercolonial, and thence transport his canoe by a good road to Lake Temisconata. At Temisconata he may fish and shoot to his heart's content, camping or putting up at the hotel as he pleases. If so disposed, he can put in a month at Temisconata. The lake is twenty-eight miles long, all sorts of widths, and has some splendid fishing streams flowing into it. The surrounding country is wild, and the practical woodman may have a crack at a bear. The outlet of Temisconata is the Madawasca, which enters the St. John at Edmundston. I was informed that there are no rapids on the Madawasca, but the canoeist who drops into it at Temisconata will suspect that, in some way or other, he has boarded an express train. The river is narrow, smooth, and deep, and runs like a mill-race. The easiest way, however, to reach Temisconata, or almost any part of the head-waters of the St. John, is to go first to Edmundston, which is the point of departure for innumerable cruises. This town is prettily situated at the junction of the two rivers—the Madawasca and the St. John—and possesses an historic monument in the shape of the crumbling ruin of

an old fort, which was erected during the boundary trouble, known as the Aroostook War.

If you have any knowledge of French, you will be called upon to make use of it here. The waiters at the hotels speak nothing else. In the town you can get an interpreter, but out of it there are no such aids, and the people know as much English as they do Greek. I cannot stop to tell of the fishing and other trips that may be made from Edmundston. The curious will find them described in a pamphlet which may be procured from Mr. N. J. Greathead, of the New Brunswick Railway Co., to whose courtesy I am indebted for several favors. At Edmundston the St. John is about as large as it is at Fredericton, and it is pretty much the same thirty miles or more higher up. The railway terminates at Edmundston, however, and there is no means of going further up, unless by hiring a team and organizing a transport service. On taking your canoe from the cars you may, if so inclined, place her in the Madawasca, a very short distance from the station. In this case you will have either to run through the Little Falls, or stop above and carry around them. If you run through, keep on the extreme right-hand side, anywhere else you will certainly get a ducking, if not an upset. As a couple of experienced Indian guides carried around the Falls, and warned me against going through, I carried around also. I believe I could have gone through all right, but I had many things on board that I did not care to wet, and thought it best to be cautious. I had my reward. A week or so afterward, at Woodstock, I overheard an up-river liar telling the people how I ran through the falls, while the Indians stood by in open-mouthed wonder. When the waters of the St. John are at their lowest point, the Little Falls are at their worst. When the St. John is high, on the other hand, the water backs up, and they disappear altogether. The distance from Edmundston to Grand Falls, measured from headland to headland, is thirty-eight miles. By the devious course pursued by the canoeist, some two or three miles are added. Starting about eight o'clock in the morning, and paddling leisurely, with occasional stoppages, I pitched my tent a mile above Grand Falls about seven in the evening. On the right I passed the French town of St. Basil, and on the left the

thriving town of Van Buren, the former in English, and the latter in United States' territory, between which, for the greater part of the distance, the river forms the boundary line. The principal means of locomotion on this part of the river is the French piroque, a long and narrow "dug-out," sharp, and slightly turned up at both ends. They are said to be particularly adapted for running swift and rocky streams, as no amount of bumping or scraping can injure them. Before going up the river I had a bottle of mosquito preventive made up, which had been highly recommended to me as having a rather agreeable smell, and being in this respect superior to most similar preparations. I tried it the first night out, and found that the mosquitoes seemed to regard it as new and delightful treat devised for their especial delectation. I took refuge in a free application of kerosene, and, as no self-respecting mosquito cares to be seen around a camp where such mean tricks are played upon him, I straightway found peace. The following morning I got off soon after breakfast, and on rounding the first turn came in sight of the railway bridge, just above Grand Falls. Keeping close in to the right-hand shore I paddled under the bridge and into the upper basin, on the lower side of which there is a good landing-place from which a portage road leads to the lower basin. On entering the upper basin the river bends sharply to the left; at the point where it leaves the basin it makes another turn equally sharp to the right; at this point the principal fall occurs, and a very respectable fall it is. From a width of eight hundred feet the river is abruptly contracted to a width of three hundred feet, and then plunges in an almost unbroken sheet of water over a precipice seventy-five feet in height. To my mind, however, the fall, impressive and forever changing as it is, is not to be compared with the splendid rapid below. The latter extends from the fall to the lower basin, a distance of nearly a mile. On either hand are jagged cliffs, varying in height from one hundred to nearly three hundred feet, and at some points not more than sixty feet apart. The rock presents the appearance of having been subjected to a tremendous pressure, being contorted and twisted into the most remarkable shapes. One of the most interesting points in the rapid is the Coffee Mill. As the drives of

logs are run through the rapid, not a few logs are caught in the mill, from which they emerge after a time in the shape of splinters.

After a very good dinner at the Grand Falls' Hotel, I secured a team, the driver of which, in consideration of the sum of seventy-five cents, transported my canoe from the upper to the lower basin. To my great satisfaction I here picked up a companion, in the shape of a gentleman interested in lumbering, who, with one of his men, was going down the river as far as Andover. Under his guidance I made a couple of miles on the worst part of the river without the slightest difficulty. For the benefit of future canoeists, I may say that the secret is simply in avoiding a reef which stretches out on the right at the end of the lower basin, and then striking for the right-hand shore, and keeping as close as possible to it until you reach the fish-breeding house, an ecclesiastical-looking establishment on the same side. On reaching this point you take the middle of the river, and by keeping here can easily avoid the rough places by going to one side or the other. Only one place that I met could not be dodged, so plunging *in medias res*, and getting delightfully tossed about for a few minutes, I passed through all right. Before reaching the fish-house I dropped my companions, who made a stoppage, promising to see me further down, but as I found no difficulty in getting along, I made no tarrying, and saw nothing more of them until after reaching Andover, where I arrived at six P.M., making the run of twenty-eight miles in about three hours and a half against a strong head-wind. At Andover, I found very comfortable quarters in the Newcomb House, managed by Mr. Perley, who was very obliging in every way. Next morning I discovered that I was the unenviable possessor of a very lame arm, and as the wind continued to blow strongly the wrong way no further progress could be made. Next day, and the next, I was similarly delayed. There seemed to be no limit to the capacity of the wind to blow up-river; and no amount of rubbing seemed to relieve my lameness. My one satisfaction is, that I could not have been tied up at a more attractive place, and that, through Mr. Perley, I made the acquaintance of Gabe Francis. Gabe is an inhabitant of the Melicite Village on the

opposite side of the river, the proprietor of one of the best of canoes, and the brother of the famous and prosperous Frank, the prince of guides, and the much-sought-after-by-many-fishermen. The Melicite canoe, seen here in perfection, is a remarkably graceful and well-made craft, somewhat similar in outline to the Peterboro or Rice Lake canoes. Unusual strength is secured by placing a closely laid skin of thin boards between the ribs and the outer skin of birch bark. Leaving my Shadow snugly reposing in the place allotted to her, I one morning started in company with the dusky Gabe for a survey of the narrows of the Tobique. As our course lay up stream, against a rapid current, the paddle was laid aside, and while I sat cosily in the bow on a bed of cedar boughs, Gabe posed himself bolt upright in the stern, and with strong, vigorous strokes forced the canoe along with his pole. We found the narrows in a comparatively peaceable humor, so that no difficulty was experienced in getting up through them and enjoying the wild scenery. The gorge is very narrow, full of abrupt turns and hidden rocks. It is easy to conceive that in the spring, when the river is swollen, the waters must pour through with a wild rush, and yet even then the lumbermen frequently run through with their drives. After remaining long enough to get a couple of capital views, in one of which Gabe's canoe forms an interesting feature in the foreground, we again embarked, and dropping down with a rush re-entered the St. John, and made for the Aroostook. Near the junction we stopped for dinner. At the conclusion of this meal the whole family were found assembled at the front door to "hev ther picter took;" my inseparable companion, the camera, having caused some misunderstanding as to the nature of my business. I had only two plates left in my holders, which were to be expended with good results on the Aroostook Falls, so that I was obliged, with much regret, to decline the bonanza offered me. The remembrance of my canoe trip up the Aroostook will be an unfailing pleasure; the furious rapids, the rocks, the hairbreadth escapes, the imminent upsets, and, above all, the smiling visage and superb action of my friend Gabriel, are blended together in a picture that nothing can efface. After a few further pleasant days spent at Andover, the *Wisconsin* was carried down to the shore by Mr. Perley and one of his men, and, after getting everything snugly

stowed, we were off once again. The distance to Woodstock, my next point, being about fifty miles, I decided to divide the distance as evenly as possible, in order to avoid the possibility of being again laid up. Some ten miles below Andover I passed Muniac, a remarkably pretty place, and one that I would have made a stoppage at had it not been for the previous delay. Doing as little paddling as possible, I drifted along with the current, and toward evening had the gratification of finding myself at Florenceville, the point at which I had decided to camp. I dragged the canoe well up, spread the tent over her, and soon after turned in. The town of Florenceville is one of the most important of the small places on the river, is finely situated, and has the reputation of being a remarkably poor place for members of the medical profession. Communication with the opposite side of the river is had by means of a floating bridge, driven by the current. In order to secure quiet, I camped some distance below the town, and did not go up to see it. Starting early next morning, I arrived at Woodstock about ten o'clock in the forenoon in an exceedingly hungry condition. There is an inn at a place called Middle Symonds, some ten or fifteen miles above Woodstock, which has the reputation of being one of the best stopping-places on the river. My intention was to have breakfasted there; but it was raining heavily when I arrived, and, as I could keep perfectly dry as long as I remained in the canoe, I concluded to push on to Woodstock and breakfast on biscuit. About ten miles from the latter place, while running along the right-hand shore, I heard the familiar sound of broken water ahead. Passing around a bend in the river I was in the middle of it before it could be avoided, and for once the nose of my canoe went under and her decks were wet. A reef running out from the shore was the cause of this disturbance. Subsequently I had a narrow escape from being driven broadside on against one of the supports of the railway bridge above Woodstock. I was running across the current for the purpose of passing under one of the arches. The swift current swept me down, and a collision and upset seemed inevitable. Putting all the muscle that I possessed into one or two strokes of the paddle, I succeeded in getting almost past the support as I was swept against it. The rebound of the water threw the canoe off so as to prevent an actual collision,

and in a twinkling I was through and paddling down with an air of composure. At Woodstock the *Wisconsin* was placed on a load of lumber, which was just leaving the water's edge, and carried up to the hotel. An inquiry for a safe place to put her, obtained permission to make use of a building used for storing ice, where she was securely placed upon a pile of sawdust. Woodstock, though prettily situated, is not a place that will prove attractive to the canoeist, who will exercise a wise discretion in avoiding it. On leaving I found the river very pleasant. Paddling easily, and enjoying to the full the fine weather and fine scenery, I dropped down twelve miles to a small settlement known variously as Ell Braak and Canterbury. There is an inn not far from the landing, kept by a Mr. Brown, who informed me of several places in the neighborhood which he thought I would like to visit. As the result of this, a team was sent down to fetch up the canoe, and my intention of remaining to dawn was changed to a determination to stop over night. My rod and flies were taken out for the first time, and in company with Mr. Brown I set out for a drive of a couple of miles back into the country. Alighting at a farm-house, we left our horse and struck back, on foot, into the woods. After a two-mile tramp over the toughest road it has ever been my lot to travel, we arrived at a picturesque spot where the river, from which the district takes its name, tumbles over a series of ledges. Close by was the object we had come to see—a mineral spring which bubbles up as clear as crystal out of a black soil. After our walk, a long draught of the water was quite refreshing. There was a suggestion of gunpowder in the taste; but it was pleasant, and we experienced no alarming results. While I was throwing some flies over the pools below the falls, my friend Brown had lit a fire near the spring and made some tea. In a few minutes I was able to add a trout to our bill of fare, and we passed from labor to refreshment. After tea we caught a few more fish, and then, as there was a probability of rain, made our way out of the woods as hastily as possible. Not far from Ell River is Skiff Lake, celebrated for the size of its trout, where Jefferson is in the habit of spending his vacation. I did not leave Brown's until after dinner the following day. Before getting under way, I stowed everything with particular care, as, twelve miles down, I was to run the Meductie Falls. Whenever I went on the river this point was

the one which I was informed would try my skill to the uttermost. Numerous tales of shipwreck and disaster were related concerning the falls, and, though not particularly timid, I must admit that on this occasion I set out with some trepidation. As I approached the falls, the shores assumed a loftier and gloomier aspect, and the surface of the water was broken by frequent upheavals, indicative of sub-aqueous disturbances, while below I heard the ominous roar of the broken water. Avoiding an ugly reef which stretches out on the left, just above the falls, I struck for the right shore, where, I was informed, the water would be found comparatively tranquil. The temptation to try the main channel, however, was too strong to be resisted, and I made accordingly for the opposite shore. I soon found that the redoubted Meductie Falls were not one whit worse than many other rapids that I had been through, and in a few seconds I had passed them, having hardly sprinkled the deck. A few miles further, on the right side of the river, I found the delightful Pokiok Falls. I had been informed that they were worth seeing; but the reality far surpassed any anticipations I had formed. The water pours down in some six or seven distinct falls through a very narrow and lofty gorge, the sides of which were resplendent with ferns and mosses, and flowers. It is impossible to conceive anything more fairylike. A few hours of daylight yet remained, and I was anxious to look up a good camping-place while they lasted; so that, charming as I found the scene, I was obliged to leave. The desired haven was reached shortly before sundown. A number of cows in a field above the river suggested milk, and the cackle of hens in a farm-house near by provoked an appetite for eggs. The modest sum of ten cents procured me an abundant supply of both. After tea I amused myself by constructing a bonfire from heaps of drift-wood. When I turned in for the night it was blazing brilliantly, and its embers were sufficient to make breakfast in the morning. I was very anxious to reach Frederickton that afternoon, but had a long paddle before me to do it. A favorable breeze helped me some during the morning, but about midday the wind veered and began as usual to blow the wrong way. I landed for dinner, and waited an hour or two before resuming. The wind had abated a little, and I made fair progress, but I was still ten miles from my

destination when the *Florenceville* made her appearance. The *Florenceville* is an odd-looking stern-wheel steamer, which plies between Frederickton and Woodstock during the spring months, and was now on her last trip. By vigorous shouting, I succeeded in attracting the attention of some one on board, or rather in making it understood that I wished to be picked up. The steamer had run past; but in a few moments the big wheel ceased to revolve, then began to back up toward me, and I soon had the satisfaction of finding myself on board. We arrived at Frederickton at about four o'clock. Through the courtesy of the members of the Frederickton Boat Club my canoe was placed in their boat-house, while her owner found exceedingly comfortable quarters at the Queen's Hotel. I was glad to notice that canoeing seems to be a favorite pursuit with members of the Frederickton Club. The canoes are all birch; but there is a respectable number of them, and they meet the requirements of the members. A moonlight water party was about to be held, to be followed by some festivities on shore. I was invited to be present; but letters found at the post office made it necessary for me to proceed, and the invitations had to be regretfully declined. The afternoon of the day following found me again under way, with a fair wind and an entire change of scenery. About eight miles above Frederickton the country suddenly flattens out, and for several miles the river flows among numerous low islands. Below Frederickton, and to within a few miles of the Long Reach, it preserves the same general character. There are many islands, and between are very broad lakes, like expanses where the wind has an opportunity to kick up quite a sea. After getting under way and picking my way carefully among a number of timber booms which stretch across the river at this point, I found nothing further to interrupt my progress. The evening, like the afternoon, was fine; a full moon was rising, and I was in no hurry to look for a camping-place. I now vow, as I have vowed once before, that I will never be guilty of such folly again. My first attempt to land was greeted by such an onslaught of mosquitoes, that I was forced to beat a hasty retreat. After numerous unsuccessful attempts, I found what appeared to be a capital sand beach, ran the canoe in, and jumped on shore, only to find myself over the ankles in soft mud. It was now about ten o'clock, and it looked very much as if I was to spend the

night in the canoe. An hour later I was attracted by a light in a house on shore, paddled in, and had the satisfaction of finding that my troubles were at an end. For the benefit of others I may say that the only place to camp on this part of the river is on the right-hand shore (assuming that you are coming down), and then the camping-place should be determined upon before dark. The opposite shore and all the islands are hopelessly muddy. There are numerous settlements, however, and if looked for in time a bed may be obtained almost anywhere. The following morning I learned that I was at Upper Sheffield, and that Gagetown, the next point that I wished to reach, was about twenty miles further on. Starting at eight o'clock in the morning, I made about half the distance under sail with a fair wind, and the balance with the paddle against strong headwind. Gagetown is very prettily situated on a narrow creek formed by an island in the river. It is a sleepy little place, the principal excitement being the periodical visit of one of the river steamers, which calls on her way to and from Grand Lake. I had some idea of taking the steamer next morning; but a fine day and a strong, fair breeze induced me to alter my plans and stick to the canoe. The only sail that I had brought with me was the dandy; but on this occasion it was quite enough. The wind was blowing down stream, and at times came in squalls that almost lifted the canoe out of the water. She was well weighted, however, and the only result was to drive her ahead at an average rate of six miles an hour, so that one o'clock found us in the Long Reach, having covered, since starting, a distance of thirty miles. At the entrance to the Reach the course of the river runs at right angles to that which it has previously followed—the width is from two to three miles. The land on either side is high, and a number of islands and points of land, having the appearance of islands, are very likely to embarrass the canoeist who is unfamiliar with them. As long as I kept under the shelter of the windward shore I was all right but the point I wished to strike was on the opposite side and just where I could not tell. After paddling down some distance I came to a number of islands, in the centre of the river, which had the appearance of one island. The best thing to do it seemed was to run over and get under its lea so as to be nearer the opposite shore and avoid the risk of passing my stopping-place. I scudded over before the breeze,

and had accomplished the purpose in view to my utter satisfaction, when I learned that one part of my island was distant a mile from the other part, and that between the two there was a wind and sea against which it was useless to contend. I had gone too far to get back, and the only thing to do was to run before the wind to the lea-shore. Some distance from the shore there was a bed of rushes which broke the sea. There was enough water to carry me through, and I was able to effect a safe landing, but there was no getting over the fact that my cruise had ended in a literal shipwreck, the more inglorious as the point that I was striving to reach turned out to be only two miles further on. A hospitable farmer gave me some refreshment and took charge of the canoe, so that I was enabled soon after to present myself to my family in the role of the shipwrecked mariner. I was given to understand that my personal appearance was singularly effective for the personation, and I am sure that every canoeist who has roughed it for a month or more, and turned up a hundred miles from his valise, and in a critical neighborhood, will appreciate the situation. A week later the *Wisconsin* was packed in a cradle, on the model suggested by Rev. C. E. Woodman, but greatly improved, and sent home.

At the risk of protracting this somewhat lengthy letter, I would like, before closing, to recommend any one who may canoe the St. John in future to buy his supplies before going up the river. Canned goods in great variety may be had at low rates in St. John. The supplies should include a piece of mosquito netting. I am strongly inclined to favor the use of the paddle, but in the case of the St. John I am willing to make an exception. Carry a main sail as well as a dandy by all means; if you don't, you will regret it. I would also like to express my obligations to Rev. C. E. Woodman for his articles on photography as an adjunct to canoeing. The interest created by his articles led me to procure one of the remarkably compact outfits described by "Vesper," and with only a couple of weeks' previous practice I succeeded in obtaining remarkably good results. Out of about three dozen plates, developed after my return home, there were not more than half-a-dozen failures. After this my camera will be considered one of the most important articles of my outfit.

I. M. G., JR.

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NO. II.

DREAMLAND.

BY WHITECAP.

ON a stormy night in winter,
While the wind roared loud without,
And the snow-wreaths whirled in eddies,
Through the bare trees round about.

Sitting idly in my study
I had turned from Homer's strife,
And was reading grand old Horace,
With his praise of rural life.

Study walls seemed growing fainter,
Vanished into empty air ;
O'er the waters I was gliding
With a heart as light as air.

Gaily dipped my glistening paddle,
Swift behind me dropped the shore ;
Nature shone in richer beauty
Than she ever shone before.

Round my bow the wavelets rippled,
Glittering 'neath the sunbeams bright,
Like the spears of some great army
Flashing back the noonday light.

Swift across the deep blue heavens,
Fleecy clouds, like phantoms, strayed.
Soft green mountains rose before me,
Round their base the waters played.

Soon the distant hills grew fainter,
Fading into darkness seemed ;
Narrowed slowly to my study,
And I found that I had dreamed.

WINTER CAMP-FIRES.

FOR the past two years the subject of holding periodical meetings during the "closed-up" months, by canoeists in and about New York, for the discussion of mooted points regarding rigs, models, etc., etc., and for the promotion of social intercourse, has been agitated. First it was proposed by the New York C. C., then its sister, the Knickerbockers, looked into it, but neither one took the initiative fearing lest it would die for want of support.

Acting upon these early suggestions, Mr. Frank H. Jones invited, through the press, all canoeists in New York and vicinity, to meet at his house, 561 Madison avenue, on November 2d, to effect an organization that would carry out the above ideas.

On the date named, eleven gentlemen, among whom were Messrs. Wm. Whitlock, Arthur Brentano, L. L. Coudert, E. A. Hoffman, Jr., C. G. Y. King, and others, met at Mr. Jones' and organized, with Mr. R. J. Wilkin as temporary chairman, and Mr. W. P. Stephens as temporary secretary.

After stating the reasons for calling the meeting, Mr. Jones moved that a committee of organization be appointed, and this being carried the chair selected Messrs. Hoffman, Whitlock and Brentano, who immediately withdrew to perform their duties. During their absence a canvass was made for a suitable name, and at the suggestion of the secretary, "Winter Camp-fires" was adopted.

On the Committee's return the following resolutions presented by them, were read and approved :

Whereas, An informal meeting of canoeists having been held at 561 Madison avenue, and

Whereas, It having been decided to hold periodical meetings of a social nature during the winter, for the discussion of all questions pertaining to canoeing,

Resolved, That these meetings be known as "Winter Camp-Fires."

Resolved, That a permanent chairman be elected to preside at the meetings, and that a secretary and treasurer be elected to keep records, and collect dues.

Resolved, That at each meeting a pre-arranged subject be discussed.

Resolved, That the meetings be held at intervals of about twenty days, the dates to be fixed in advance for the season by the committee. It is also recommended that dues, at the rate of fifty cents per member for the season, be imposed to cover the necessary expenses.

The committee were then empowered to fix dates for meetings, secure a suitable meeting-room, send out invitations to all canoeists in the vicinity, and take full charge of all the arrangements for the first meeting, which was set for November 22d, and the place of meeting at No. 907 Broadway.

After passing a vote of thanks to Mr. Jones for his hospitality, the meeting adjourned.

FIRST CAMP-FIRE.

About thirty canoeists and friends were present, on November 22d, at the first meeting of the "Winter Camp-fire," when chairman, *pro tem.*, R. J. Wilkin, called for order. Among these were Col. Norton; Messrs. Reade W. Bailey, Purser Pittsburg Club; A. Crane, Clyde C. C., of Scotland; Terry, of Hartford C. C.; E. A. Ransom, of Jersey City; Vaux, Monroe, and Whitlock, of N. Y. C. C.; and Brentano, Van Zandt, and Hoffman, of the K. C. C.

After reading the minutes of the previous meeting, an election for permanent officers was had, which resulted in the choice of Col.

C. L. Norton for chairman and W. P. Stephens for secretary.

An interesting paper, which we will give in full in January number, was read, on the subject of the evening; by Prof. E. Fowler, of the K. C. C., and was discussed at length by Messrs. Stephens, Whitlock, Vaux, King, and others.

The different points of each speaker were clearly presented. Without doubt, these gatherings, which have so auspiciously opened, will be of great benefit to all canoeists.

Mr. Vaux explained, with a rough drawing, a theory of full *vs.* hollow bow-lines, claiming that the water gave less resistance to the former than to the latter. Mr. Stephens combated the point made by Mr. Fowler, that canoes could not sail as fast as cat-boats, by saying that he had seen the opposite proven many times on the Kills, although not by boats with racing canvas. On the question of lapstreak *vs.* smooth skin, Mr. Whitlock contended that while possibly better lines could be gotten from the latter, boats built after the former style were lighter and tighter, and that the difference of speed was unappreciable. After an exhaustive discussion, an adjournment was taken till December 14th, when the subject of "Cruising Canoes and their Rig" will be considered.

INLAND VS. OPEN-WATER CANOEING.

FROM the rather severe criticisms of Mr. Stoddard in your September issue, and from the fact that while there was a charming unanimity in deciding his cruise out of place, there was a marked difference of opinion in regard to the danger and importance of his trip, it is evident that there are *canoeists* and *canoeists*.

While the veteran Vice-Commodore of the American Association, whose experience with the treacherous waters of the

Gulf is well known, inquires (on p. 122), "What is it that makes Mr. Stoddard's voyage so hazardous or remarkable?" Youself, worthy editors (on p. 118), confidently assert that "The route laid out by Mr. Stoddard was over waters where it is next to fool-hardy to venture in a small boat;" that "a canoe is not built or intended for such cruising as one gets even in Long Island Sound," etc., etc. (See note at end.)

Your humble servant, who is comparatively a novice in the service, is accustomed to sail on the East River and Sound in spite of such ill-foreboding warnings as yours, and of course, like everyone who pursues boating for the fun of the thing—from the owner of a row-boat to the captain of a catamaran—is a constant source of tribulation to the nervous systems of his numerous sisters, cousins, and aunts. That is merely one of the little inconveniences of the sport. It is to be expected and borne in the same martyr-spirit with which we endure wet firewood, egg diet, dish washing, mosquitoes, aprons that won't work, and water-tight compartments which let water in and won't let it out. He has been told again and again, by those who are used to paddling inland water-courses, and more frequently by those who never sat in a canoe at all, that the canoe was invented by the Indian for certain picturesque purposes, and was never intended for any thing else, and he has been patient. But when a distinguished professional gentleman and well-known canoeist says of him that "he is one of those who by their own fool-hardiness bring into disrepute a sport which is otherwise the most salutary," and when he sees such difference of opinion in your pages, he feels justified in asking the CANOEIST for a telephonic connection with those of the fraternity, and alas! and they are many, who seem to think that the canoe is indigenous only to the forest stream. A fellow feeling, they say, makes us wondrous kind; and while Mr. Stoddard does not need any tow-line from the writer, we

are glad that a kindred interest makes it possible for us to fulfil, in a measure, Mr. Munroe's hitherto neglected request "for more on this subject."

He who tamed and civilized the savage canoe, and made it the medium of our manliest of sports, of course I mean MacGregor, so far as I know laid no restriction to its use, and while it penetrated the rural solitudes of Norway, France, Germany, and the Holy Land (even to the extent of dragging through hay-fields), was himself, a daring sailor upon the open waters of the Thames, the Channel, the Baltic, and the Red Sea; and be it remembered, in a boat without sheer, centre-board, or rudder. I only mention this as a reminder, for the voyages of the modest barrister of the Inner Temple have gained for him a world-wide and enviable reputation, and since then the paddle has pushed the burnished prow into the headwaters of every continent. Our own countrymen have, with a sort of Viking daring, followed up the line of the adventurous Briton, and cruises as note-worthy, save in their lack of novelty, as those of the Rob Roy, make up the summer pastime of hundreds of us. And have our experts feared the heaving bosom of Old Briney? Munroe, as mentioned above, has sailed along the entire coast of the Gulf of Mexico, from the Mississippi to the Everglades of Florida. Farnham, I believe, has completed the coast of Labrador and Nova Scotia.

Mr. D. W. Tryon told me the other day, that he enjoyed a most delightful summer in sailing a fourteen-foot Everson Shadow, all the way from New York to New Bedford, the same course as Mr. Stoddard's (by the way accomplishing the excellent run of nearly 100 miles, from New York to Saybrook, in 16 hours).

Youself, worthy editors, were not so cautious as now, when you published without criticism (May, 1882), the recommendation of Mr. G. L. Morse, to cross from Sag Harbor to the Connecticut shore

(Heavens! you know "the race" perhaps?), and thence to New York by the Sound, nor the account (Sept. 1882) of Mr. G. L. Geldert's cruise among the bays and islands of the Halifax coast. Certainly these men, and any number of New York Bay canoeists, whom I might mention are not afraid of an open sheet of water and a good blow.

Now for Mr. Stoddard, this much can be said: he invented and scientifically drew the lines of his boat and made an original model of her to be handed over to the builder (and how many amateurs can do as much?); he invented the neatest reefing-gear for latteens and rudder that I have yet seen; he sailed his craft successfully nearly the whole length of the Hudson River and Long Island Sound, and on the open sea to Martha's Vineyard. The worst is that he unfortunately met with an accident in the attempt to make Cape Cod, which attempt, had it been successful, would have put on record a cruise, differing not at all from the above mentioned in kind, but indeed one of the most brilliant of that kind.

While canoes *do* sail in open water, and while (so far as the model and size of the *Atlantis* are concerned) the *Pearl* is classed as a canoe in England, and the 18-foot Tandem is allowed here, why slam the door, or rather the metaphorical tent-flap of our brotherhood, in the face of Mr. Stoddard? and, declaring that neither is his boat a canoe nor himself a canoeist, consign him to that degraded and ostracised class of beings known as *yachtsmen*. How delicious it would be to see the *Atlantis*, with her captain and cabin company of *one* in the cock-pit and manned forward by her boat-swain, crew and steward of *another*, with the pennant of the N. Y. Yacht Club stretched half-way down the leach of her diminutive mainsail, sailing out in company with the *Dauntless*, the *Fleetwing*, and the *Tidal Wave*.

The world moves, Mr. Editor, and if in the natural evolution of the canoe it takes

upon itself multiform shapes and sizes according to the service made necessary by winds and waters traversed, would it not be reasonable to make the term *canoeing* more generic and to classify as experience dictates, rather than to limit canoe trips as you did in the above-mentioned editorial of September, to such as that made by Messrs. Neidé and Kendall?

The fact is, between Mr. Stoddard and the inland-water sailors lies the broad difference *betwixt tweedledum and tweedledee*. Tweedledum's ideal of happiness being summed up by the fact as quoted from Mr. F. H. Seymour, that "twenty miles a day can be accomplished without much fatigue, even by a person unaccustomed to the exercise, and then the little sail with a favoring wind, will send the canoe along at a fast (?) rate, while the happy voyager leans back on his cushion and sees the varied panorama of the shore pass him by." Mingled with the sturdy exhilaration of mind and muscle there is in his sport a sentimentality which is altogether healthy; there is the excitement of the headlong rush of rapids and the romance of the woodland,

"And the forest's life is in it
All its mystery and its magic."

But as for his equally worthy cousin, Tweedledee: Do you suppose Mr. Alden, when he made his trip of 60 miles in seven hours on the Great South Bay, last summer, had any time for such dreamy reflection? Did Mr. Thomas, of the Mohican Club, when "passing between the bridge abutments, the *Snake* narrowly escaped a capsize, and rapidly recovering, she fairly flew, and as she crossed the line, poked her nose ahead of the *Annie O.*, thus winning by $\frac{1}{4}$ second?" Did Mr. Stoddard, when the *Atlantis* (pardon my mentioning her in connection with the probably best two canoes afloat) headed up into the wind off Point Judith? Both sports, I contend, are fascinating and delightful in their pursuit; both, in effect, producing a more vigorous and independent manhood, but in themselves,

differing as widely from each other as does a Leicestershire fox-hunt from a Sunday ride in your sister's phaeton. Now, as one who has experienced something of each, who, though an expert in neither, is a lover of both, a moment more as to the much-questioned safety of deep-water canoeing.

A sailing canoe of the latest type, with ordinary cruising rig of mainsail, jib, and dandy, is no toy for a rustivating school-boy. To the uninitiated land-lubber, or, indeed, to the sailor of the sterner guild, while she is a marvel of grace, symmetry and mechanical skill, as a sea-faring craft she is simply a terror. What canoeist does not hear of countless thousands, which wondering interviewers would not take to go out in "that thing?"

Granting, then, that a canoe is dangerous, according to the ability of

"The cook and the captain bold,
And the crew of the Nancy brig,"

who mans it, the experienced canoeist is probably the best judge of how far to trust his boat.

He who takes an adventurous step before the slow moving multitude must take the chances in failure, of chagrin: in success, of applause.

Mr. MacGregor, himself, not knowing the sea-worthiness of the *Rob Roy*, took upon himself an alarming risk in venturing with her in deep water at all. Like all daring pioneers, he was at one time considered a fool-hardy crank for having faith in his lilliputian craft; and perhaps, Mr. Stoddard may put the flattering unction to his soul, that he is going through the same stage.

BUCK.

[The present editors of CANOEIST do not agree with the editorial in September number, alluded to above, and Buck should notice these editorial changes before making such assertions.—ED.]

—Four canoes of the N. Y. C. C. are still in commission, and lively. All were out during the last week of November, and a sailing race was indulged in.

DECK TILLER.

IN hopes of benefitting those who sit on deck when sailing, and are not yet provided with a good steering gear, I enclose sketch and description of one that combines the following excellent qualities: strength, lightness, neatness, simplicity, and convenience.

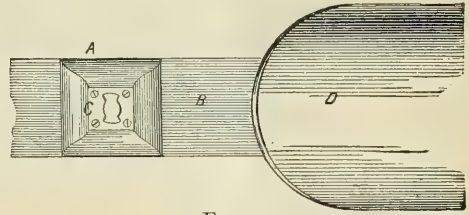


FIG. 1.

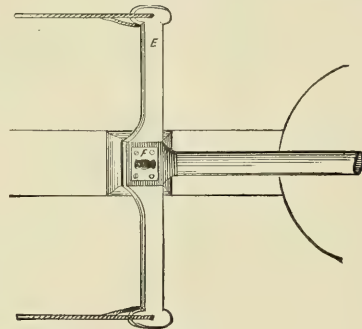


FIG. 2.

A (Fig. 1) represents a block, made the width of the longitudinal strip B, on top of deck, brought narrower on top with an O.G. moulding, for appearance, and thick enough, so that a straight edge, laid across, will clear the hatch D.

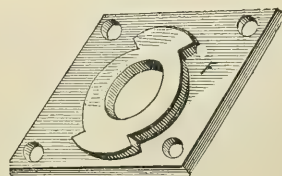


FIG. 3.

The plate C shows the socket part of a patent Whiffletree circle (kept in all saddlery hardware stores), which is sunk flush in the block, as in cut. E (Fig. 2.) is an auxiliary rudder yoke with the projecting part of the circle F sunk in the under side.

The plate should be set at a slight angle, just enough to allow it to enter the other without interfering with mast. The arrangement works on exactly the same principle as the old-fashioned club-skate and heel-plate, but forms a perfect lock when yoke is in position, at same time plays easily without the least wobble, and is free from objectionable bolts, pins, etc., etc., seen so often on deck steering-gear; besides it saves the deck from those abominable bolt holes that a fellow never bolts without a shudder.

My yoke looks slight but I find it quite strong enough, have used it in some pretty heavy winds, and on one short cruise, with the most satisfactory results.

My tiller is joined with screw-ferrules at the base, also 10 inches from base, which I find very convenient, as I can in a few seconds adjust the length, thus enabling me to trim better than if compelled to sit in same place all the time.

Instead of fastening foot-steering lines to auxiliary yoke, I think it is better to have the two independent, so if one snaps or gives away, one would have the other to "fall back upon" *at once*. Braided lines properly stretched and oiled are by all odds the best for steering gear.

W. B. WACKERHAGEN.

[Long years ago we rung all changes possible on yoke lines from rudder head to foot stretcher. We used woven cord first, but got disgusted with it—stretching when dry, and often when racing had to keep it wet to keep up the tension. At that time connections were made with knobs. After that was used a sliding wooden tent-rope hitch, so that slack could be taken in when under way. But when cord became soaked it was too tight, and caused as much bother as when it was too slack.

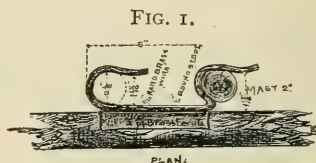
Then we tried copper wire of a reasonable thickness. This answered first-class, as long as we were afloat, but was absolutely useless when ashore unshipping and

stowing rudder, as it could not be conveniently coiled up. Then we tried small brass chain, endless-link make, same as is used for windows and picture hanging. Our last chain filled up for a steering line, has been improved (with ourselves), and the best that can be said is that it steers our next canoe. It is reliable, does not stretch "either way" does not kink, and saves much unparliamentary (I mean un-congressional) language. Mr. Wackerhagen's gear is commendable, all over.—ED.]

A LATEEN REEF.

I FIND that with the majority of canoeists, outside of the New York and Toronto Clubs, the lateen seems to be the favorite sail. The only objection that I have yet found to this style is the difficulty of reefing.

Although at Stony Lake I kept a sharp lookout, I saw no gear so simple, neat, and effective as that employed during the past season by our own club.



It consists, merely, of a single line and a double hook. The latter is made either of $\frac{1}{4}$ or 5-16 hard brass wire or bessemer steel. The steel is better, and I should advise 5-16 in. thick, and even heavier if the sail is a very large one. Bend material shape of Fig. 1., and, for a two-inch mast, just the sizes thereon given. Next braze to one



FIG. 3.

half of large fish rod ferrule (to be procured at any sporting-goods store, and can be filed in two if no hack saw is at hand). The advantage of brazing to the ferrule section is that it may be much more easily adjusted to boom, as the ferrule will grasp the boom like a clamp and can be lashed to it, thus *strengthening* instead of *weakening* it, as would be the case if screws were used.

It often happens, too, that one wishes to put the hook forward or backward to change the angle of sail, then if screws had been used the undesirable holes are left in boom, possibly to cause trouble.

A row of holes is made on sail at a proper angle from foot to leach (Fig. 3). One end of the reef line is made fast to boom at foot of sail; the line is then drawn through the first hole, passed around the boom, taken through the second hole, and again around the boom, and so on till at leach end of boom, where this end of reef line is also tied.

Ordinarily the front hook on boom is used, and the line set against the sail with no ends hanging about, consequently entirely out of the way. Now when it becomes necessary to reef, the canoe is brought up into the wind, and boom dropped to *second* or back hook, cord taken in hand at *centre* or thereabouts, drawn first from toward the back and passed over a small button or screw eye, fastened on boom forward within

convenient reaching distance, then what remains of slack drawn from toward the foot to button or hook on boom back of you, and the sail is reefed. (See Fig. 3)

This is really more simple than it reads, as any one will find who tries it. There are *no ends*, no knots or half hitches to be made, simply draw cord to a loop and slip over the buttons, and the weight of boom and ingathered canvas keeps all trim and tight.

Opinion in our club is divided between the merits of the foregoing and the rig brought out by Gen. Oliver.

His, instead of the double hook, consists of a crotch (Fig. 2) screwed in the *extreme end of boom* and a common hook on boom. Leach line is same as in the other. The crotch projecting forward of boom would cock that of a lateen too high, so you see a different shaped sail—the settee—is required. It is very pretty, and it is claimed that with the masts so far back as most canoes carry them, the settee sail will go to the windward of the lateen: but this remains to be proved. When the boom is dropped to the hook for reefing this becomes a genuine lateen.

Most of our men prefer lateens, some settees, and others the combination—a lateen main and a settee dandy. Besides the drawing representing both styles of hook (Figs. 1 and 2), Fig. 3 shows the two sails to-

gether, and the reefing line. This last is furnished by Mr. Hilton, and is an exact copy of his rig as used on his new boat, made by Smith, of Lansingburgh, and with which (boat) he is highly delighted.

In a future letter I will try to give you description of the foot steering-gear used in connection with the deck steering-gear described in my last.

MOHICAN.

If any canoeist has yet succeeded in getting up a *good* gear, by which a lateen may be reefed when *going before the wind*, and without the use of numerous halyards, please let him give it to his brother canoeists through the columns of this paper, and at least *one* club will be eternally grateful. M.

ON LEAVING JUNIPER ISLAND, STONY LAKE, AUG. 25, '83.

Farewell, farewell, our Island home,
The scene of many a happy day,
Passed in the camp of stalwart men,
Sons of the A. C. A.

Thy rocks have echoed back the sounds
Of song, and mirthful revelry;
Thy lake hath borne upon its breast
The forms we love to see.

The Union Jack and Stars and Stripes
Floated together in the air,
In token of the right good will
Shared by each canoeist there.

So shall it ever be:—no strife,
Save rivalry in sport or art,
Shall e'er impair the mutual love
That now pervades each heart.

Farewell! thou Isle of Junipers;
We seek the haunts of men once more;
But, whereso'er our lot is cast,
We'll ne'er forget thy shore.

VINCENT CLEMENTI, B. A.

DRIFTINGS.

WHAT OUR FRIENDS THINK OF US.

—The *Sunday Truth* says:

"The November number of this magazine contains 16 pages of solid literature of real value to the canoeist. It is the most creditable publication, devoted to a single sport, for the subscription price—\$1 per year—that we know of, and will save the cruising or racing canoeist many times its cost annually. Its improvement over the initial number is vast. We hope that in the last number of Volume II., or the first of Volume III., our canoeing contemporary will type a complete, thorough, and summary review of its relations with canoeists, its own progress and the advancement of canoeing in general. If they do, we will buy a copy."

—Arthur G. Crane ("Psyche" Clyde Canoe Club, Scotland) has come to New York, and there is every probability that he will continue staying. There is no duty charged by U. S. Customs on imported goods from the old country that have been in daily use for some time. So we get Crane in free.

—HARTFORD CANOE CLUB.—We have received a copy of this club's constitution and by-laws. This club, whose organization dates '80, is evidently made up of good timber, as we have good news of its activity—as many as six canoes being afloat every Saturday night.

—YALE C. C.—It is with great regret that I write you to discontinue placing the Yale C. C. in your list of active clubs. If I could have continued to do any canoeing myself, I certainly would have done my best to foster the infant club until she could stand alone. There are, I think, plenty of fellows who would support a club well started.

ARNOLD G. DANA.

—We are frequently in receipt of contributions, both in poetry and prose, which have neither the name nor address of the author, and while we are glad to see so many take interest in the subject of canoeing, we must insist on the enforcement of the rule, requiring the name and address—at least the former—being sent with each article or item. This is not, of course, for publication, but merely as a guarantee of good faith, and we are sure that those for whom this notice is given will appreciate our position.

EDITORIAL.

THE steps being now taken in this city to organize meetings, to be held during the winter months, and which are so appropriately called "camp-fires," are moves in the right direction, and will do yeoman service in securing recruits to our ranks. To these gatherings members can take their friends, and, while a regular meeting of their own club might be dry from the large amount of routinous work gone over, the conversation and scenes around the "camp-fires" will be bright, instructive, and, above all, interesting. The intention, we believe, is not to stop at these meetings once or twice a month, but are also to be used as a stepping-stone to a permanent organization with rooms open every night for members and friends, and, in fact, for all canoeists in town. A well-supplied library on canoeing and sailing, the latest periodicals of the day, and the use of writing materials, etc., etc., will largely add to its popularity. Go on, brave "Boys," and success be to you. We look with hope to the formation of similar institutions in other large centres.

WE see by our reports that the Knickerbocker Canoe Club at their meeting, held last month, recommends to the Commodore of the Association the formation of a ladies camp at the next meet, the same as at the last. Is there any doubt about this being done? If so, why? Let us hear from some one on this subject.

Dor's suggestion about cooking recipes for the tired and hungry canoeist will have regular attention. A lady member of the Royal Canoe Club, England, will be pleased to contribute during the winter months.

Cooking while canoeing embraces several methods. I have been five miles from anywhere, on the sea, no wind, and a gentle swell, sun hot—I got hungry. My spirit-lamp was soon set a-going, and coffee served up smoking hot. Of course I had a quart bottle of fresh water. With the

coffee I finished the hard crusty side of a fresh Scotch loaf, with marmalade and butter, and felt so good that the five miles to camp was passed almost at racing speed. It is economical to use marmalade and butter together, as the same piece of bread does for both. Ship-biscuits are safe to carry in the bottom of the bread-box. The writer sailed and paddled twenty-five miles on one, one forenoon, before anything could be got to eat.

A great variety of canned meats of all kinds are regularly carried, which are eatable on opening, but one gets tired of such variety if on a long cruise.

If going down a high-banked river and night comes on too soon to find a landing, and one has to confide afloat at anchor, a system of cooking has to be very crude indeed to serve up even a presentable meal.

Then again, how about cooking pots and pans? A canoeist at the best can only carry a very limited number, and very few paddlers go in for such roughing *con amore*, 'cause they don't know how. A canoeist can not be taught how to cook, *on paper*; even how to cook a fish, fried, boiled or baked, can only be learned after several trials.

It sounds very choice to have muscle-producing recipes, and we shall be very pleased to have as many such as possible.

BADGE FOR THE A. C. A.

Boys! why not? Some years ago when on board one of the Greenwich steamers on the Thames, London, England, I made the acquaintance and friendship of "Pearl," owing to his wearing the R. C. C. badge. A very neat pin could easily be got up, and if, while going around, ashore or afloat, it were always worn, many a good time might be had, for membership in the A. C. A. is a certain guarantee everywhere. In another column will be found the action taken by the Executive Committee of the A. C. A., at Albany, last month.

IN our September number, page 120, is a Drifting in reference to running the St. Lawrence rapids, by Dr. Woodman. In November number is an editorial criticism on such exploits, with extracts from the *Montreal Star*.

We have been favored with following note from Mr. Whitlock in reference to the articles alluded to:

EDITOR CANOEIST: In your November issue an injustice was done me, which I believe to have arisen from a misconception of the facts, and to have been entirely unintentional.

The statements made as to rapid-running on the St. Lawrence this summer are therein characterized as "scandalous," "malicious," and "worthy of punishment." As I, then editing the CANOEIST, compiled the article under "Driftings" (page 120, Sept. No.), the only review of the conflicting statements yet published, I must, in consequence, bear the brunt of your editorial epithets, and would simply state that, although I have never had other than the pleasantest relations with the canoeist whose words and acts were then questioned, I quoted and commented for what I believed to be the best interests of canoeing, and with the original papers before me.

That I was then neither "scandalous" or "malicious" subsequent events have amply proved; nor can I now believe that the mild rebuke to undue bragging then given was too severe, when I learn that the traveler's story of his exploits, told to me before others, is contradicted by his two fellow-cruisers and *now denied by himself*. Awaiting the redress I am confident of receiving at your hands,

Believe me, respectfully yours,
WM. WHITLOCK.

Nov. 10, 1883.

The writer of this article regrets that Mr. Whitlock should think that an injustice has been done to him. Evidently the facts are these:

The *Montreal Star* made a statement, the *Ogdensburg Journal* and *Watertown Times* both give a version of the story. The *Star* is asked for its authority, and graciously prints a note from Dr. Woodman himself, denying the "running," and Editor

Star supplements it with a note; then follows a note by Editor CANOEIST, who "regrets exceedingly that there is not some way by which those who started this malicious scandal should be punished."

Now, Mr. Whitlock, please look again—"regrets exceedingly * * * by which those *who started* this," etc.

How does that belay? To my mind it evidently has reference to "those who started" or those who wrote (as you yourself said in September number, page 120), "that the *Star's* report may have originated in the fertile brain of some marvel-hunting reporter."

Now we have been led to understand that this "rapid" yarn has caused some annoyance, and presuming that it is not the case, it was certainly a "malicious scandal," perpetrated by those in whose fertile brain it originated, presuming that it was an imagination. But read Editor *Star's* note, November number, and see how the statement is made that Dr. Woodman "never wrote," etc., and that "our reporter had no," etc., etc., and that "Dr. Woodman is not, therefore, responsible," etc. If Dr. Woodman did not write such report, may we ask the *Montreal Star* who did, and then (according to Dr. Woodman's denial) we can lay our editorial finger on those who are evidently "scandalously malicious and worthy of punishment."

As elsewhere stated, the Hartford C. C. burgee is still at the Truck, and its members having a rare good time these cold evenings.

It is also our sad duty to chronicle the death (*pro tem.* we hope) of the Yale C. C. Now, Messrs. the Yale C. C., we can quite understand the reason why a canoe club should be started and called the Y. C. C., but why any canoe club, and an American canoe club, too, should dip its ensign to grim death is a puzzler. Are there not even two among you to take a hand at the main sheet, and when occasion demands it

splice the brace called "main!" Are you quietly going to lie down of your own accord and die? Have thieves sprung up and choked you? Canoeists! and readers of the AMERICAN CANOEIST! Is there not among you a good Samaritan who will not pass by the other side, but will bouse and belay and give Yale a helping hand, pour oil on her troubled waters, and haul her out of the Slough of Despond. Or is it a case of those being helped who help themselves, or every man for himself, and de'il tak' the hindmost?

Wake up, Yale, take the shake out of your topsails, 'bout ship, and go off on another tack, have everything trim ship-shape and Bristol fashion, have a good man at the wheel, and for any sake, Yale, don't scuttle.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I do not think that Dr. Douglas' suggestions, made in the October CANOEIST, would be improvements on the present paddling classification, for these reasons:

First, he proposes to abolish Class 1, thereby excluding canoes under 26 inches beam from the races. It would perhaps have been better if the A. C. A. had never admitted into their races canoes of such extreme dimensions, as 18 feet by 24 inches; but the thing is done now, and cannot be undone without injustice to those who have built such canoes under the existing rule.

Next, the class he marks *a*, and calls "light paddling canoes," is the same as the present Class 2, except that his length limit is fixed at fifteen feet, instead of the present sixteen feet. Now, that same length limit was the subject of exhaustive consideration on the part of the Regatta Committee of 1883. They increased it to 16 feet, in order to admit the hundreds of narrow open canoes, which measure 15 feet 6, and 16 feet long; whilst, to avoid injustice to the many 14-foot narrow canoes, they provided special races for the latter.

Then, Dr. Douglas' Class B., "long paddling canoes," is about the same as the present Class 3. If, as I suppose, the "15" feet long is a misprint for "18" feet, the only difference is that the doctor increases

the permitted length by one foot, when it was fully long enough already; whilst he throws this paddling-class out of harmony with the corresponding sailing class—Class B.

Similarly, his Class C., "heavy paddling canoes," differs only from the present Class 4, in shortening the length from 16 feet to 15 feet, thereby excluding at one fell swoop all the open canoes, and destroying the agreement between paddling Class 4, and sailing Class B. Or, if the "15" in this case is also a misprint for "18," the alteration is needless, for its only result would be to let in big canoes, not usually paddled by one man, and which are out of the A. C. A. sailing limits.

The reason for fixing the length of Classes 3 and 4 at 17 and 16 feet respectively, will at once be seen on comparing these classes carefully with Sailing Class B. Class B. is a sliding scale, requiring decrease of length when beam is increased. As men use the same canoe, both for paddling and sailing, the Paddling Classes 3 and 4 must correspond with Sailing Class B—that is, all canoes built under Class B., must be able to enter Classes 3 and 4. So they can. These rules may look a little complicated on their face; but when on examination the underlying principle is grasped, they are simple enough. The difficulty in framing rules is that you want as much beam as you can get for sailing, and as little as possible for paddling.

The disadvantages of a long racing programme were so clearly seen at Stony Lake, that the 1884 programme will doubtless be much shorter; and this will much lessen the chance of one man taking many prizes, rendering unnecessary any such rule as Dr. Douglas suggests, in regard to a man not competing twice in the same class.

ROBT. TYSON.

TORONTO, October 27th, 1883.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I would like to make a few remarks in the CANOEIST in regard to the change in the classification of paddling canoes, suggested by Dr. Douglas in the October issue.

As to changing the limit of beam allowed in paddling canoes from 24 inches to 26 inches, that would exclude four canoes already in the A. C. A. from the races. These canoes were all built properly under the rules as they now stand, and it would be scarcely fair to make such a radical change in the regulations now, and bar out

these canoes when no good is likely to result from the change. Although these class 1 canoes are not intended for cruising canoes, they would serve the purpose just as well as a good many beamier and shorter canoes for cruising on small lakes and rivers.

There is evidently a misprint in the doctor's letter to the CANOEIST. The limit in length for all three classes is fixed at "15 feet." I suppose the limit in the class marked (b), "long paddling canoes," should be 18 feet instead of 15 feet.

Peterboro and other Canadian open canoes are almost all 16 feet long, and would all be classed with the "long paddling canoes" (class b) no matter what their beam might be, whether 26 inches or 31 inches, and, of course, they would not have a fair show in the paddling races.

Is not the present classification of paddling canoes about as good a one as we can get?

A three-mile paddling race would be a good race, if enough entrees could be got; but, as a rule, canoeists will not paddle such a long race. The T. C. C. won't do it.

If the winner of a sailing or paddling race were excluded from again competing in a paddling or a sailing race at the same meet, it would tend to lessen the interest taken in the races generally, and of course would lessen the number of the entries. There is a rule of the A. C. A. that a man shall not borrow a canoe to race in, and this is intended to prevent the best racers from borrowing canoes in every class and scooping all the prizes. If this rule were passed almost every man would have to content himself with one flag and possibly two flags, because the men who paddle in the races very seldom enter in the sailing races, nor do the sailors go in for the paddling races, with one or two exceptions. As to checking the professional men, there are no professional paddlers to check. Professionals are not allowed to join the A. C. A.

M. F. JOHNSTON.

TORONTO, Oct. 25, 1883.

EDITOR CANOEIST: In your November number you question the sense of placing a characteristic club mark on the sail of a canoe, in a note to a Lake George C. C. captain's notice to the club. As the originator of this club signal, I would like to say a word in its favor. It was found that in our club's (N. Y. C. C.) open regattas, canoes

when under sail, a short distance off, could not be distinguished the one from the other—those belonging to our own club from outsiders, of course when using the same cut of sails—the private signal and the club flag being practically of one color—black—for aught anyone could tell. I then consulted with other members, and found all in favor of placing a circle of red, 12 inches in diameter, on the sail near the peak as a distinguishing club signal, and on this the name of the canoe in white letters when not too long. This ball has become popular and we swear by it—when we swear at all.

At Lake George last summer—I mean 1882—it was a great satisfaction, to us of course, to have no shadow of doubt among the spectators as to the club the three canoes belonged to, coming in ahead of the fleet in the jolly, chaffing, happy-go-lucky, semi-drifting, third-class general senior sailing race. No burgee could have conveyed this information, of whatever color or design, being of the standard size, 10x15. I should like to hear some discussion on this matter.

COMMODORE N. Y. C. C.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I coincide with Mr. Maingy in his opinion as to the water-tight compartments of the Racine canoes. I have owned one for a number of years, during which time it has had as rough treatment as any canoe is liable to receive, having cruised and been shipped by rail many thousands of miles in the summers, and lain in a hot room through the winters. As I cannot swim a stroke, my only feeling of safety is caused by my confidence in the water-tight compartments. They have several times been tested under conditions, in which, had they been faulty, I should not be here to tell the tale. They are apparently as serviceable to-day as they were when the craft was new. No one should depend for safety on a water-tight compartment entered by a hatchway. They are a delusion. Notwithstanding my satisfactory experience with wooden air compartments, I would strongly advise metal in every instance as preventing even the shadow of a doubt. Inside the present wooden air compartments manufacturers should fit a box made of the thinnest sheet zinc. It would add but little to the expense or weight of the canoe, and would prove as perfect a protection as has yet been suggested.

ORANGE FRAZER.

COLUMBUS, O.

EDITOR CANOEIST: "Friday's" suggestion of an A. C. A. pin is a good one. Don't let us be conventional though, and get a fireman's shield or a "bobbie's" badge. As a suggestion for a design, how would your readers like a simple little typical gold or silver canoe. I have been able to get such a thing for regatta prizes, when on a committee, and members were always delighted with them. Some association member dealing in this class of bric-à-brac, could, no doubt, furnish estimate of cost and size of design. A special design could of course be made. Those now in market are of the birch-bark pattern. A flag seems a very conventional design—with all due respect to Friday—in my humble opinion. DOT.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Canoeing has made one good step in advance in Halifax. A boat-club was organized this season in connection with the Wanderers Athletic Club. We have four canoes in our boat-house, and four or five others will be ordered during the winter. A member of the club, I. T. P. Knight, in the *Wanderer*, and a non-member, A. A. Habburton, in the —, made cruises on the Bras d'or Lakes, Cape Breton.

I. M. G., JR.

EDITOR CANOEIST: There is quite a fleet of canoes on the Passaic, in and near Newark; and, although there are two "canoe" clubs, strictly speaking (the Iroquois C. C., of Newark, with 8, and the Arlington C. C. with 3 canoes), by far the greater number are owned by persons who keep them at the different public boat-houses, and some by a few who belong to the different boat-clubs.

Most of them are of canvas and look as if they were home-made, to which class I expect to add one next season. There are, also, some very fine ones of cedar, etc., with "all modern improvements," as well as several small canoes made of tin.

D. C.

EDITOR CANOEIST:—Will you be kind enough to tell me how I can become a member of the American Canoe Association, and you will oblige,

P. S. BEMIS, JR.

[If our correspondent will send an application to the Secretary of the American Canoe Association, Dr. C. A. Neide, Schuylerville, N. Y., enclosing two dollars for initiation fee and dues for first year, his

name will be presented for membership.—ED.]

EDITORS CANOEIST:—It was with pleasure I read "Friday's" communication in last CANOEIST in regard to A. C. A. pin. This subject was to have been brought before the Association at their annual meet, but for some reason was neglected. Now that it is brought up again, let us have an expression from A. C. A. men in regard to it. A very nice pin could be designed, one that the members would be proud to wear, and need not necessarily be expensive. I most heartily favor the idea, as whoever endeavors to get up one will be a sort of self-appointed committee, why not place it in the hands of the Editors of CANOEIST, and canoeing Editor of *Forest and Stream*? Their good taste, combined with a thorough knowledge of the pastime, would ensure a design acceptable to all.

C. F. E., "Bob," "Doc," "Mac," "Wad," and "Bung Lung" (if alive), keep the ball rolling. PEEDY-WITH-THE-GOLDEN-HAIR.
Glens Falls, N. Y., Nov. 17.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I am building a 16ft.x30in. canvas canoe, of very similar model to Stevens' "Jersey Blue." 1. What rig would you advise as the best for smooth water and quick time? 2. What is the standing-lug and balanced-lug, frequently mentioned in the columns of CANOEIST? 3. Of what size should such a sail be for above canoe (both main and mizzen)?

By giving the above information you will greatly oblige a subscriber and would-be canoeist.

J. L. D.

[1. Balance-lug mainsail and dandy. Mainmast well forward (perhaps 20 inches from stem), so sails, when set, will nearly balance, giving only a slight weather helm. Dandy arranged well clear of the main boom. 2. For standing and balance-lug descriptions, see 1882 files of CANOEIST. 3. Main of 60 feet, with dandy of 20, gives a safe average sail, which will render good service.—ED.]

The November meeting of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club was held on November 8th. Commodore Ad. Loewenthal in the chair. There were eleven members present;

among whom were Messrs. Brentano, Keyser, Van Zandt, and others. The only important business transacted was the amending of the constitution, changing the title of Commodore to Commander, and the Vice-Commodore to Lieutenant, and the passage of a resolution, introduced by Mr. Keyser, and seconded by Mr. Wilkin, recommending to the Commodore of the A. C. A. the formation of a ladies' camp in conjunction with the Association's annual meeting in 1884.

—The Toronto Canoe Club wound up the season by a joint cruise around the Island on Saturday afternoon, October 27th. Seven mustered—four under sail and three with paddle. There was a light steady breeze, and the afternoon was delightful. The paddlers led the way, and next came the two Pearls, under full racing canvas: close-hauled for two-thirds of the seven or eight miles of the run. Commodore Neilson and Vice-Commodore Leigh were at their posts.

—Mr. Smith, of Newburgh, is looking up a site for the local camp.

—Mr. Hugh Willoughby, of Saratoga, A. C. A.—former treasurer of the League of American Wheelmen—has just purchased a new canoe of W. P. Stephens, Jersey Blue model, with all the latest improvements. He intends going to Florida shortly for the winter, and will in all probability accompany Mr. Munroe on some of his Psyche excursions. The new canoe is to be named after its predecessor *Windward*.

—December 1st two canoes set sail from "the ranch" on Staten Island for a short trip. The breeze was light, and full sail set. In an hour one reef was turned in; in fifteen minutes another reef became necessary; five minutes later the dandy was reefed, and then the skippers dropped mainsail, set reefed dandies forward, and scudded for home, before a breeze "as was a breeze."

THE GALLEY FIRE.

WREN.—Come along now, "Dot," hurry up and get some cooking done. I'm as hungry as a hawk, after this hot day's paddling. What have you eatable?

DOT.—Nothing; absolutely nothing.

WREN.—Well, that's O. K. Pass it over; and I'll boss the cooking to-night—thanks. So you call a small jar of "Liebig," half a loaf, and a little dry salt and pepper nothing. Look here, Dot, you get along and take baggage up to tent; get things ready for the night, and come right back as soon as you can.

Supper is served.

DOT.—Say Wren, what's this you've given us.

WREN.—Talk less and eat more.

DOT.—Couldn't eat a bite more to save my life. What is it at all?

WREN.—Well, after your growling that there was nothing to eat, you're a nice one. There has been nothing on the table but half the pot of Liebig, boiled with all the bread in it, and a little salt and some pepper, and with an oyster I found on the shore.

A QUICK WAY TO COOK HAM.—Cut your ham in long, thin slices, and hold it in the flames and heat of a good wood fire at the end of a long (3 feet) stick. There is a delicate flavor about this when one is hungry that calms the inward soul.

Good Muscle-Producer for a Boston Canoe Club—Beans. "NOT-A-BENE."

Read Warner's "Camping Out" if you want to get some ideas of the Adirondack guide's camp-cooking, and his utensils. His remarks on flap-jacks are especially worthy of note, and typify many viands prepared by the canoeist during his first cruise.

Van Dusen, of Rondout, has some good ideas about out-of-door cooking, and how to manage a fire. Can we not hear from him soon?

A. C. A.

At the call of the Commodore, the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association met at the Delavan House, in the city of Albany, N. Y., on the afternoon of Oct. 13, 1883. There were present F. A. Nickerson, Commodore; C. K. Munroe, Vice-Commodore; Col. H. C. Rogers, Rear-Commodore; Dr. Chas. A. Neide, Sec.-Treas; Mr. R. J. Wilkin, and Mr. W. B. Wackerhagen, Members-at-Large; Mr. William Whitlock and Mr. R. E. Wood of the Regatta Committee for 1884. The meeting was called to order by the Commodore in the chair. Vice-Com. Monroe presented a motion that the present officers' flags, be changed to a flag 12x18 inches, on which shall be displayed a pair of crossed paddles, with the letters A. C. A. in each of the upper three corners and a star in the lower one. That of the Commodore to be of *blue* with device in *white*, that of Vice-Commodore to be of *red* with device in *white*, and that of Rear-Commodore to be of *white* with device in *red*.

The motion of Mr. Wackerhagen, seconded by Com. Monroe, that a committee of three be appointed by the chair to design an appropriate membership badge, was unanimously carried. The Committee then elected the following named applicants to membership in the Association, viz: William A. Rogers, New York City; Edwin M. Gilmore, Rochester, N. Y.; H. M. Stewart, Rochester, N. Y.; G. C. Edwards, Ottawa, Can.; Chas. V. A. Decker, Rondout, N. Y.; Williams Lansing, Buffalo, N. Y.; Livingston Crosby, New York City; F. W. Battershall, Albany, N. Y.; James K. Hand, Sing Sing, N. Y.; Franklin I. Cooley, Malone, N. Y., and T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, Ohio. Mrs. C. K. Monroe was elected an honorary lady member. Vice-Com. Monroe then made an address on the advisability of a permanent home for the A. C. A., and made a motion, seconded by Mr. Wilkin, "That this body recommend to the Asso-

ciation at its next annual meeting, that the American Canoe Association have a permanent home." Unanimously carried. The members present then expressed their views as to the location of the 1884 camp, and Rear-Com. Rogers reported that the Canadian local committee would have about \$140 to hand over to the treasurer of the A. C. A. The thanks of the committee, then on motion of Mr. Wilkin, were voted to Messrs. Edwards, Wood, Toker, and White for their courtesies during the Stony Lake Camp.

Mr. Whitlock, of the the Regatta Committee, presented a motion, "That the present rule of the Association, which defines that a boat shall be measured between perpendiculars," be changed to read "a boat's sailing length be defined to be her water line length. Total of overhang allowed to be defined to be not more than six inches." The recommendations of the Regatta Committee for 1884 were then presented and accepted. On motion of Com. Monroe the terms senior and junior were abolished, and the term *novice* adopted. The latter to mean, "one who has never sailed a race prior to January of the current year." Applications to offer special prizes for A. C. A. races were acted on and lost. The action of the committee on the location of the camp for 1884 resulted in the appointment of a committee of two, whose duty it should be to visit the various sites offered and report. The meeting then adjourned subject to the call of the Commodore.

CHAS. A. NEIDE.

Sec. A. C. A.

The committee appointed by Commodore Nickerson, at the meeting of the Executive Committee, Oct. 13th, for the purpose of locating a site for the 1884 camp of the American Canoe Association visited the Thousand Islands region, and inspected two sites offered, and recommend that the next A. C. A. Camp be held on the northeast end of Grindstone Island. A copy of the committee's report was sent to each member

of the Executive Board, with a request that he send into the Commodore his vote on the same which resulted in the unanimous adoption of the suggestion.

CHAS. A. NEIDE,
Sec. A. C. A.

Schuylerville, N. Y., Nov. 17, 1883.

Secretary Neide has completed arrangements for the storing of ice for the 1884 A. C. A. camp, on Delany's Point, "Grin" stone Island. This arrangement does away with the necessity of building an ice-house by the Association.

SAILS.

Will you oblige by giving me (1) the rule to find the number of square feet in a sail of any form; (2) also in what proportion the mizzen should be to the main sail?

R. P. MARVIN.

[Call the corners of the sail—Peak *C*, Throat *B*, Tack *A*, Clew *D*. Divide sail into two triangles, say from *A* to *C*, finding area of each triangle and adding the two areas together. Thus, suppose *AC*, 14.8 ft.. Rectangular distance from *AC* to *B* 1.3 ft. Multiply the length *AC* by this distance and divide by 2, i. e.,

$$\begin{array}{r} 14.8 \\ 1.3 \\ \hline 2)19.24 \end{array}$$

9.62 area of *ACB*

Then for triangle, *ACD*, 14.8
9.0

$$\begin{array}{r} 2)133.2 \end{array}$$

66.6 area *ACD*.

ACD, 66.6
ACB, 9.6

Total area of 76.2 sail.

In a lateen sail no division is necessary.

Area of mizzen is generally from one-third to one-fourth that of mainsail, but

proportions depend a good deal on position of masts. To find the centre of gravity of the sail, sail is divided into four triangles, that is, the two triangles formed by the line *AC*, and two triangles formed by a line from *B* to *D*. The centre of gravity of each triangle is found and marked on the sail plan, then the centres belonging to *ACB*, and *ACD* are joined by a dotted line, then the centres *BD C* and *BD A* are joined by a dotted line, and the point of intersection of these two dotted lines is the centre of gravity of the sail.

The centre of gravity of a triangle is found thus from a point at the mid-length of the line *AC*, in *ABC*; for instance, draw a line to *B*, then the centre of gravity of *ABC* is on this line at two-thirds of its length from *B*. The area and centre of gravity of the main and mizzen having been ascertained, the next point is to put the common centre of gravity, i. e., the centre of effort of both sails. Measure on the plan the horizontal distance of the *CG* of the mainsail, forward of the midship mark, and that of the mizzen abaft the midship mark, thus:

	Area.		Distance.	Moment.
Mainsail,	76.2	x	1.0	76.2 forward.
Mizzen,	16.5	x	6.8	112.2 aft.
Total area,	92.7		92.7)	36.0038

Thus, $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. is the distance, horizontally, that the centre of effort is from the midship mark; and as the "after moment" is the greatest the centre of effort is that distance aft of midships.—ED.]

(To be continued.)

—An interesting article on the "modern canoe" appears in the December *Wheelman*, by C. K. Munroe. He tells several bright anecdotes, gives some facts about the A. C. A., refers to a number of notable cruises, and gives some instances where canoeists have experienced fear—the cause in his own case being a porpoise. Read it for yourself.

A YARN OF STONY LAKE.

YOU ask for a yarn, boys,—well, listen to me,
I'll reel off (as soon as I've moistened my throat)
A tale of adventures by land and by sea
Of two queer constructions—a man and a boat.

'Twas a long time ago, up at old Stony Lake,
That these awful things happened I'm going to tell,
The very first year that I sailed in the "Snake,"

'Twas a year some around me remember right well.

What a time, merry boys, we all had in those parts,

What water beneath and what water above,

And what camp-fires we lit, and what fires in our hearts

Were fired when those mermaids sang ballads of love.

No mermaids! d'ye say? Why, with these very eyes

I saw them as plain as just now I see you.
D'ye think I'm unloading a cargo of lies?
No, it ain't a fish story—this yarn is all true.

Well, I don't want to give the sweet mermaids away,

And it's clear you don't understand that kind o' craft;

It's a man and a boat make my story to-day,
And the queer cut they figured afore and abaft.

Just the story you want, lads,—well, now, let me see,

I promised a yarn from my Stony Lake log,

And, shiver my timbers, a yarn it shall be
Of that man and that boat and the Can-ada grog.

Well, wait now, it's coming, you needn't go yet;

Come up round the fire—why! it's getting quite low—

And pass me the teacup. Another small wet
Will ease out that story, and then you shall go.

What a bully old camp.—Now, it ain't the right way,

To keep interrupting, as if you knew best.

Who's telling this yarn? You don't know, do you say?

Well, that ends it. I'll let some one else tell the rest.

R. W. G.

IN REPLY TO A. C. A.

AS I watched the bright boats fast recede from the land,

Your face looked so kindly and true,

I just ventured to ask, "Let me try my hand

In your beautiful Rob Roy canoe."

I said, "An American cannot refuse";

He would lend it I very well knew,

And I thank you; 'twas kind to allow me to use

Your fairy-like Rob Roy canoe.

'Twas a swift-flying boat, but, to make it complete,

It ought to accommodate two ;
Then to skim o'er the lake, Oh, my ! what a treat,

And to paddle a Rob Roy canoe.

—*Peterboro Review*, Dec. 21.

LIBERAL-MINDEDNESS.

THERE are editors and *editors* ; consequently there are ideas and *ideas*. But editors would be of mighty little use were there not readers. There are readers and *readers*. Where can we find more diversity of opinion than among canoeists, and where is the canoeist that gets grumpy when told that he is a consummate fool for doing so and so? The "boys" all know that such loving remarks are not given in any way but in the spirit of friendship, and desire to improve his canoe for him. So come along, boys ; hold up the mirror so that we can see ourselves as you all see us. There are also canoeists and *canoeists*,—canoeists who take upon themselves the self-appointed task of "monitor" to the members of the A. C. A., criticise sea-voyages, run down *canoeists*, who cruise in sneak-boxes and then need a sneak-box themselves, without as much as with or by your leave ; and canoeists who work earnestly for the "cause" for months and years, who take first-class cruises for geographical and "canoeist" purposes.

Cruises can be divided into three classes—first, second, and third rate.

First rate we designate as those taken on the sea (salt water).

Third rate, river-cruising and rapid-running.

Second rate, lake-cruising.

Sea-cruising requires a thorough knowledge of the canoe and its rig in every particular, perfect confidence in management, and no fear of being, say, upset a mile from anywhere. Lake-cruising is very closely allied to sea-cruising, but lacks the

"freshness of the salt ;" therefore it ranks second. River-cruising is A 1 in a country like ours. What grand fun we have on our rivers !

"The last shall be first" is an old axiom.

At the first "pow-wow" of the A. C. A. we recollect that it was decided that each member of the A. C. A. should develop his own individuality in canoeing, and that the A. C. A. was organized, not by one man, but by men who wished to correct the mistake of the "fathers" by setting Americans to work to develop canoes suited to American (not English) waters. American "waters" are river, lake, and sea. Now, boys, we do not advocate *this* and run down *that*. We *would* like now and again to pitch into Tom, Dick, and Harry ; but that is not for what the CANOEIST was commenced and continued for. We are liberal-minded, we are anxious to learn, and, as has been remarked of W. S. Stephens, "always willing to receive instruction, if any one has more experience in any department of canoeing than he has." Yet at times we would like to call an effodiator an effodiator.

SAILS.

(Continued.)

THE "reefed" centre of effort should also be found, as it is of quite as much importance as the whole-sail position. The total area here shown at 93 square feet will be found as much as a cruising canoe can well carry on a wind in from light to moderate breezes. She could of course carry more in light airs and calms, but that would entail the use of longer and heavier spars, which would tell heavily against her in any other weather.

We have often been asked, by senior and junior canoeists, "What size of sail should I use on my canoe, dimensions so and so?" This rule has appeared in the CANOEIST nearly two years ago, and we think it no

harm to have a repetition at least once a year.

With no ballast on board, let B represent beam of canoe, L represent length of canoe. Then,

$$B^2 \times \frac{L}{2} = \text{sail area.}$$

Example—Length, 15 ft.; beam, 2.3 ft. Then, $2.3^2 \times 7.5 = 40$ sq. ft., sail area; or, for a canoe 16 ft. \times 3 ft. beam, $3^2 \times 8 = 72$ sq. ft.

Then, what ballast to carry on board for racing: $B^2 \times L =$ ballast in pounds weight.

Example for a canoe 16 ft. \times 3 ft.:

$$3^2 \times 16 = 144 \text{ lbs.}$$

To calculate sail area when ballast is on board :

$$B^2 \times \frac{L}{\frac{3}{4}} = \text{sail area with ballast.}$$

Example—16 ft. by 3 ft.—

$$3^2 \times \frac{16}{.75} = 3^2 \times 12 = 108 \text{ sq. ft.}$$

These particulars were deduced from long experiments, and are within the limits of safety, no extra allowance being made for ballast to windward or centre-boards.

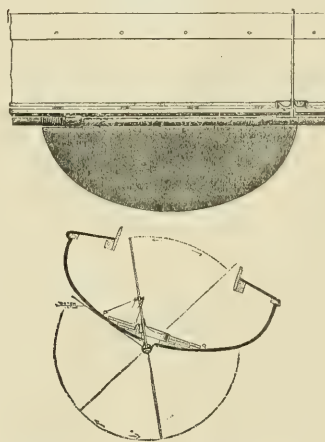
CANOEBIAL BLISS AGAIN.

OUR own special, in this department, who received his portfolio when lately married, came to town on a visit last week, to purchase a "Weber" piano and to leave an order for a new canoe. He promised to give us particulars of the new craft, as arranged with the builder; and since then we have received the following, which seems *rather* mixed, and from the contents we have come to the conclusion that he has been staying over night at "Cottage by the Sea," killing von Kull.

He writes: "I have ordered one that I think would suit very well. Black-walnut hull, strong bulkheads, strengthened fore and aft with iron frame, planked with white-

wood and maple. Rigging, steel wire—double on the ratlines and whipped wire on the lower stays and heavier cordage. Belaying pins and cleats of steel, well driven home. Length of taffrail, over all, six feet one inch; breadth of beam, thirty-eight inches; depth of hold, fourteen inches. Hatches can be battened down proof against ten-year-old boys, and ten ton spankers, or can be clewed up on occasion, and sheeted home for a first-class instrumental cyclone.

SELF-DEFLECTING CENTRE-BOARD.



ABOVE we give a cut of a contrivance that has been patented by Mr. H. C. Goodrich, of Chicago, Ill.

It is designed to prevent leeway of canoes in sailing by slipping off from a true course, and it is claimed that any boat with one of these applied can beat its previous record.

The board can be kept in any position, either perpendicular to the water or oblique on either side. When tacking, no difficulty is experienced in changing it, and in running before the wind, the board being straight down in the water tends rather to augment the speed by keeping the boat from rolling from one side to another than if it was drawn up.

Boats fitted with the Goodrich board

have no trunk to be in the way when the crew wishes to sleep on the floor, and as there is only one small hole in the keel, the danger of leakage is reduced to a minimum, in fact, with a rubber cover made especially for this contrivance, no water at all can leak in.

We have seen a very pretty model of this board, and when in our office one day last week Mr. Goodrich summed up his explanation in the following words :

"This invention is designed to prevent leeway in all sailing crafts, and also to take the place of inside ballast, giving it a position at the lowest possible point. It is a well-known fact that a common board loses a large percentage of its resistance to leeway by the position it assumes when the wind is abeam or on the quarter, and that could the board be made to assume a vertical position instead, its resistance to leeway would be greatly enhanced, causing the boat to run more nearly in line with her keel, and therefore sharper to windward. The common board presents an inclined face against the water of some 15 to 20 degrees inclination, and thus loses a large share of resistance. This it would not lose, could it be placed vertical, or a degree to leeward.

"These boards can be made of any weight from twenty pounds to twenty tons.

"There is no danger of injuring the board or boat by running aground, as the cord which holds it in position is simply of strength to hold against water pressure, and not against any undue pressure, but would snap off and the board turn up, for it is impossible to '*cramp the board*,' *hinged* as it is by steel bands of great strength.

"There is no position for a centre-board better than a vertical position, nor one so well calculated to give ease of management of a boat, whether sailing into or before the wind. This approximates more nearly to the cutter in action, and with everything else equal will lead a cutter any where and any time. A boat with a

deflecting board has all the advantages of a cutter, with none of the disadvantages."

WINTER CAMP-FIRE.

THE second log-blaze was held on December 14th, but unfortunately was not largely attended. The Broadway room was not available, and better quarters were found in accepting an invitation to meet at the "Kit Cat" Club, 23 East 14th street. The room was admirably suited for such a meeting; Mr. Seavey's photographs of camp life adding a natural charm to the many artistic sketches lying and hanging around, and a blackboard lent effect to the various statements and arguments.

Seventeen canoeists showed up, and some lively and interesting discussions took place. As was expected, Mr. Norton took the chair, and the meeting was called to order.

Mr. Stephens and Mr. King exhibited models of various types—Rob Roy, Pearl, Jersey Blue, Nautilus, River Canoe, Sandy Hook, a steam canoe, a handsome model of a Maltese pleasure-boat from Valetta, Malta, and drawings of a cruising-canoe.

The subject for discussion was: "What is a Cruising-canoe?"

One definition seemed the only comprehensive one, viz., a canoe suitable for river, lake, or sea; to carry one man, with his tent, sails, spars, and camping-kit; to be easily paddled against a head-wind and sea; to be able to be taken to windward under sail, guided down a rapid river, or hauled empty for a mile or two over everything for a portage.

And all such has been done with a canoe 14 feet 6 inches long by 29 inches beam by 13 inches over-all depth. Opinions differed much, so that the chairman did not bring the meeting to any definite decision. During the discussion various kinks were unraveled. Backboards, cushions, bulkheads, air-bags, water-tight tins

for the exclusion of stray water, yokes for effecting a portage, masts, and other little items were brought out and aired.

Mr. Stephens advocated a different style of canoe for each purpose.

Canoe for river work, 14 feet by 27 inches.

General cruising, 14 or 15 feet by 30 inches.

Bay and coast cruising, a No. 3 Pearl, 15 feet by 31½ inches, with two centre-boards.

The subject for next meeting will be sails, rigging, steering-gear, and paddles, and the meet will be the same room in 14th street.

The last flicker of fire died out at 10.15 P. M.

Come and see a full-rigged model canoe next meet. All are invited and all are welcome. And if you can do nothing better than bring your last main-sheet, bring it.

THE TELEPHONE.

"Hello! *Forest and Stream*."

"Hello! Who's that?"

"CANOEIST. Is Stephens there?"

"Hello, Stephens! We wish you all the compliments of the season and a prosperous new year."

"Thanks, CANOEIST. Same to you, and many of them."

CANOEISTS BOUND FOR NEW ORLEANS.

CAIRO, Dec. 13.—G. W. Gadner and W. H. Echman, of Cleveland, O., arrived this evening in their canoes on their way to New Orleans.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*, Dec. 14.

—Are we or are we not to live? It looks uncommon like as if we were going to have a golden wedding in years to come. We have gratifying remarks from all around, the old country included, and many of those who have stood aside to see how we were "shaping" are one by one coming, and lending a helping hand.

WINTER CAMP-FIRE.

BLAZE UP, NO 3.

On Saturday, 5th inst., the third camp-fire meet was held at the Kit Cat Club Room, Fourteenth street.

There was a fair attendance, for from thirty-one members eighteen showed up to keep things lively.

In absence of Mr. Norton, Mr. King was called to the chair.

The evening discussion was on sails and paddles.

There was exhibited a full-balanced, lug-rigged model (scale 1½ = 1 ft) of a Clyde canoe (*Wren*), and a collection of drawings of canoes and canoe sails, showing styles of rig from 1873 to the present day. The sails on model were of the battened-lug style with ordinary reefing-gear, as used by the Royal C. C., England.

Lengthy explanations were asked and given, and a collection of canoe pulley-blocks of all sizes, and also woven cord for rigging were next exhibited. Several gentlemen expressed a strong desire to have a quantity of such blocks and running-gear imported from England. Mr. Stephens and Mr. King propose to import a supply, and any canoeist desiring to invest in such canoe gear will be supplied with same at cost price. Who wants a supply? Discussion was invited on the points of interest.

Mr. Rushton and Mr. Brentano both sketched different styles of lateen rig. Mr. Fowler asked for advice on using jibs, and seemed sorry at not meeting with much encouragement. Mr. Stephens made a few pertinent remarks about paddles, advocating the use of a paddle eight feet long, and Mr. Rushton seemed to agree with him. Mr. Stephens then described and sketched a paddle used by the San Francisco C. C., which had small points on the edge of the blade near the junction of blade and shaft, to allow drip to run clear off. Mr. Whitlock joined in the conversa-

tion and made some appropriate remarks. A motion was made, seconded and carried that Mr. Seavey give a paper on Canoe Cameras and Photography at the next "camp-fire."

There will be exhibited as many canoe photos and sketches as can be begged, borrowed, or stolen, and any canoeist or others interested in this subject are invited to be present. Due notice of this meeting will appear in the canoeing column of our esteemed contemporary *Forest and Stream*.

During the evening a case of oranges sent by Mr. Kendall from Florida was opened, and due justice was done to the luscious fruit, and a hearty vote of thanks was passed, and Mr. Secretary instructed to forward copy of same to Mr. Kendall. In a meeting of this kind nothing definite, of course, can be standardized by way of rig and gear. Canoeists will, for all time coming, please themselves and consequently healthy discussion will always be rife.

The meeting broke up about 10:15 P. M.

Several prominent members were missed. There were Messrs. Hoffman, Vaux, Norton, and many others. Mr. Stoddard was expected, but did not turn up.

CANOE GYMNASTICS.

The boy he stood on his varnished deck,
(Which certainly was not wide,)
He doffed his cap to the ladies fair
On the shores of Crosbyside.

He balanced himself on the midship-line,
(Most beautiful was the sight,)
He turned a back-somersault into the lake,

The ladies turned pale with fright.

But quickly he came to the top again
And swam to his light canoe,
By the help of the dandy up he climbed
And sat on the halliards new.

He skipped with care on the starboard tacks,

(Oh, thick were the shoes on his feet!)
He waltzed with ease down the larboard luffs,
And gracefully vaulted each cleat.

He stood on his head in the cabin small,
He brandished his feet in glee;
He "shinned up" the boom on the hurricane deck,
(Oh! agile and strong was he!)

He coiled himself 'round the mainsail-jib,
In many a graceful coil.
He threw up his hand on the centre-board
Exactly according to Hoyle.

He upset his canoe and stayed inside,
(Oh! the screams they rent the air,)
But the boy he smiled to himself a smile,
And winked at the mermaids fair.

He pulled from within at the rudder-strings,
And the rudder began to flap.
It seemed to say, "Don't be afraid,
I've my eye on the little chap."

When the joys of immersion began to pall,
Up came the boy once more.
He righted the boat, and, mounting the helm,
He paddled in triumph to shore.

The ladies they praised him loud and long,
(A few of them praise him still,)
They gave him a hat both large and fine,
As reward for his wonderful skill.

The boy he bristled with proper pride,
As he murmured his thanks therefor,
And he pranced with delight as the shouts arose,
"Three cheers for the Commodore!"
"C."

Note to the Editor by the author of the above.—The metre is sometimes defective, and the nautical terms may be misapplied, but pedantic accuracy must not be insisted upon in a heaven-born genius.

DRIFTINGS.

—Our New Orleans Book Worm says: “I send you copy of a little poem, which I found, the other day, in looking over a volume containing some poetry written many years B. C. It was written some 280 years before the Christian era, by Leonidas, of Tarentum, and the translation is by Mr. Charles Merivale. I think it would be appreciated by the readers of the *CANOEIST*, not alone for its antiquity, but for its (not being propelled by ‘oars and mast’) peculiar reference to the canoe of the present day.”

C. S. H. B.

“They say that I am small and frail,
And cannot live in stormy seas :—
It may be so, yet every sail
Makes shipwreck in the swelling breeze.
Nor strength, nor size, can hold them fast,
But fortune’s favor, heaven’s decree :—
Let others trust in oar and mast,
But may the gods take care of me !”

[After reading above lines, we pause—in fact, take several pauses—and haul taut the main brace, shake our royals, and lie to. We always thought “Rob Roy” discovered the “solitary pleasure,” and honored him as such. But to think that our childhood’s friend, Leonidas, should have “taken the cake,” and so long ago, brings us right up into the wind. Will C. S. H. B. favor us with the original lines in the vernacular? We have read some effusions by Mr. L., of Tarentum, in our younger days, and don’t recollect the cruise above recorded. Leonidas should be at once elected ancient defunct honorary member A. C. A.—Ed.]

—One of the editors returns thanks for the Christmas cards, turkeys, barrels of oysters, checks, and diamonds on the half-shell he got possession of, addressed to “the editors.” Not being able to find the other man *just then*, a fair divide of perishables was impossible, and the negotiables were negotiated. But keep it dark.

—“I beg to inform you of the organiza-

tion of the Whitehall Canoe Club. Commodore, R. E. Bascom ; Vice-Commodore, E. P. Newcomb ; Secretary and Treasurer, W. W. Cooke, Jr. The club has an active membership of ten. W. W. C. JR.”

—Good for Whitehall, and in midwinter too.—Ed.]

—We lately heard of an adventure on the river one winter. A transatlantic liner was at anchor in midstream, taking mails on board previous to starting. A canoeist paddled out to say farewell to friends. There was an ice-block on the river at the time, and the canoe trip was made at slack water through a winding passage. The tide turned sooner than was expected, and all passage to shore was stopped, and in a few minutes the canoe was fast in the ice. To free our friend, a tug-boat had to get up steam, and charge the ice-floes three or four times, and at last had to drag canoe and canoeist alongside over the ice. Who next wants to emulate the Greenlander in his native wilds?

—G. H. Sullivan sends us description of how to reef a lateen when running before the wind. Any well-regulated sail (battened lug), if provided with back reaching to the “well” from each batten, can be reefed running free. Mr. Sullivan’s plan is an adaptation of Mr. Wackerhagen’s gear, lately descibed in these pages, and possesses no very great novelty. To lower a lateen sail, running before a strong wind, seems an awkward job. We would rather tackle a lug with a downhaul and brails.

—Some advocate sleeping in their canoes, and some go for tents.

In 1874 I had a tent made of light McIntosh, made to fit on a frame erection, fixed to the deck of canoe. Much time and many dollars were spent perfecting this arrangement. It did very well for one or two nights ; but the other boys, in their tents, always enticed me out to join the fun. One night, on the West coast, when it blew hard

and spray was knocking around pretty lively, we landed with two inches of water in our canoe. It also rained. We had nowhere else to go, so we slept the last sleep under our deck tent. Comment is needless.

We now own a tent, scale model of which will probably be at the next "camp-fire." Come and see it.

—We sent copy of CANOEIST to some "Boys" in Liverpool, England, Mersey C. C.

The description of Stony Lake Meet charmed them all over. Come along, "Rialto" M. C. C., and bring some other Mersey boys with you, and we promise a *rare good time*.

—Can any one tell the Indian story of the first "Birch Bark" ever made?

—Burgees of clubs asked for are drifting in one by one. Hurry up, boys, send them in.

—This is the way a Western canoeist, not one of your "mashing" Knickerbockers, or rollicking Albany men, but a sober, straight up-and-down son of the West, writes to a Peterborough friend:

"I have the silk A. C. A. badge framed and hanging on my bedroom wall, where it greets my eyes the first thing on awakening each morning, and reminds me of the kindness and hospitality of the Canadians whom I met. How I should love to see you all again. And the ladies, bless their hearts! They were each worth their weight in gold in contributing to the enjoyment of the camp, and I realized there for the first time what an unhappy thing it was not to be able to increase the capacity of my canoe, at will, to accommodate passengers."

Now then, ladies, which of you was it?

—*Peterboro Review*.

—Canoeing is either the making or spoiling of a man.

—Our best thanks are tendered for all good wishes for prosperity to the A. C. A., and festive new year to the editors.

—That the healthful sport of canoeing may be stimulated in this vicinity, that those interested therein may become personally better acquainted, that ideas and opinions regarding model, rig, etc., may be exchanged and matters of kindred interest discussed, arrangements have been made to hold, at the Matteson House, on Friday, January 11th, at 7 P.M., an informal gathering and banquet of canoeists.

As a lover of the paddle you are cordially invited to be present.

The committee of arrangements will call upon you and make further explanation.

Dinner will be served at eight o'clock.

Fraternally,

J. H. WARE,
F. R. SEELYE,
H. J. GREEN,
I. F. WEST,

Executive Committee.

Chicago, Dec. 26, 1883.

—The Ontario Canoe Company, of which Col. J. Z. Rogers is the President, is now building a new style of canoe. It is built with longitudinal ribs, similar to the Peterboro canoe, but its lines are a little different, the sides cut lower, and decked similar to the boats made in the United States. Another plan is a half-decked canoe, which is calculated to combine the advantages of both decked and undecked canoes. The latter is to be called the "Juniper." The superior quality of workmanship, material, etc., in these canoes is fully attested by the award to the Ontario Company of the gold medal at the International Fisheries Exhibition, now in progress at London, Eng.

—It is as yet an undecided question whether a canoeist who is going to be married is to be pitied or not. If it means a resignation in the club's minutes, we sympathize with the man; and if not, we do ditto with the lady.

—Our club directory is far from complete. Why wont secretaries send us burgee and information. It seems as if they ought to get bounced and replaced. That's a fact.

—Another Canoeist (a Pittsburger) takes unto himself a *maté*. Cards for the launch are “out.” Who has not witnessed such a ceremony? The noble vessel lying on the way, and at a given signal the dog-shores are knocked away; smash goes the champagne-bottle on her bows, and, like a thing of life, she takes to her new element and sits the water in wonderful trim, full-rigged, steam up, and at once starts off on her maiden voyage.

We’ve been there—and
We have not spoiled.

—Are you going to the camp-fire meet Saturday night? Not much! Catch me staying over night in town, on a cold night too, to attend any frozen-up camp-fire. Why can’t they fix on some night nearer the middle of the week?

INVITATION.

—The editors of the *CANOEIST* tender an invitation to Mr. Stoddard, of Glens Falls, to kindly contribute a paper on canoe fittings, etc.

Will Mr. Stoddard please oblige?

—Several interesting articles have come to our ken lately, through the medium of the *Field* (London, England, paper), December 15, 1883. There is a very good account of a cruise on the Northumberland coast, by “Pons Arlu.” This part of the country is on the east coast of England, and a hundred times more exposed than anywhere in Long Island Sound, and from all accounts a most interesting cruise was made in a canoe 13 feet long by 2 feet 10 1-2-inch beam, 8 inches draught amidships, 7-inch freeboard, and a 3-8-inch galvanized centre-board.

—In the same paper are timely remarks from E. B. Tredwen, in reference to the China lug. Mr. Tredwen advocates a separate mast for each sail used, so that there will be no bother and delay “rigging up” when going afloat—sail and mast being unshipped together. In the *Field*,

December 22, 1883, is a valuable article, by C. Penrose, of a cruising canoe, built for him by Mr. Turk, of Kingston, near London. From personal acquaintance with English canoes, Mr. Penrose’s canoe seems to be a very good copy of the “Pearl,” with a little of the Clyde style of shear thrown in.

—These articles are somewhat lengthy to reproduce and awkward to condense in these pages, so we beg to call the reader’s attention where such articles are in print, and enterprising canoeists will lose no time in procuring copies of the *Field*, especially of December 22, 1883. We think Brentano could oblige.

—Experience enables us to express the opinion that there is no time like the closing hours of the day for the thorough enjoyment of what at other times is apt to be considered very hard work—a good paddle.

—The deepening shadows lulled to rest what little remained of the evening breeze, and scarce a ripple disturbed the smooth and glassy surface. It was beautifully calm, nay, there could not have been a more entire tranquillity, while the phosphorescence, called by sailors, sea fire, proved unusually brilliant. Each dip of the paddle provoked a perfect whirlpool of blue flame, which at times appeared entirely to illuminate the water around us, and a long train of lambent coruscations were perpetually bursting upon the sides of the canoe or pursuing our wake through the darkness.

“It seems as if old Ocean shakes
From his dark brow the lucid flakes
In envious pageantry;
To match the meteor-light that streaks
Grim Hecla’s midnight sky.”

—The season was opened on the Kills January 1st, by four members of the N. Y. C. C. taking a morning sail and carefully avoiding the ice.

EDITORIAL RETROSPECTION.

No. 12. Vol. II. *Unprecedented in the Annals of American Canoeing.*

WE have in our private library of canoe literature editions of two separate and distinct attempts at a *Canoeist* published in England.

The first number of the original *Canoeist* was issued in May, 1870, by the mates of the Royal Canoe Club. Printers were R. K. Burt & Co., Wine Office Court, City, London, England. This volume extends on to June, 1874, when it seems to have died a natural death. Its "copy" consisted of "chronicles of members' cruises," club races from the first in 1867, and extracts of logs, cruises, correspondence, and such like.

Again, in 1876, *The Canoeist* appeared—No. 1 in January. Price, \$1.50 per year, or 12 cents per copy. Editor was Mr. C. W. Busk, a member of the Royal C. C., London, and Mersey C. C., Liverpool, England. Publisher, Mr. T. Partington, 6 Brown Street, Manchester, England.

This journal appeared with monthly regularity on to April, 1877, when it, like its predecessor, died from want of breath.

"We" commenced our career in February, 1882, under the editorship of Mr. C. L. Norton, with Mr. Arthur Bretano for publisher; and in October, 1882, Messrs. Whitlock, Munroe, and Vaux assumed the management, which was admirably conducted up to the end of September, 1883. The following number in October appeared under the leadership of the third board of editors, and has continued and will continue with renewed monthly vigor till circumstances necessitate an alteration.

The subjects handled are very various, and come under such headings as Books, Canoe Pilot, Clubs, Contributions, Editorials, Letters to the Editor, Notes by the Editor, Poems, and Regattas.

The items reviewed under these headings are all unique in their variety, and it is the aim of those interested in the getting-up and issuing of the paper to offer the best pabulum that can be got and cooked on the editorial stove. Regarding the pecuniary success of this undertaking (of which we, the editors, have nothing to do with) we are given to understand that last year there were a few dollars over, but not enough to present the editors with diamond studs.

We flatter ourselves that we assist in our own little way the promotion of canoeing, and to do so even in a small way in such a large territory as the United States of America is no mean attempt; and we take this opportunity to request each club to send us a communication once a month. Let each organization in the country elect a corresponding member, and let that member send us his monthly notes, and thereby each club will help to promote canoeing and the improvement of canoes.

The present editors are not, *in toto*, fresh-water canoeists. We have been pickled in salt for days and nights at a stretch, and consequently have some qualms of conscience in agreeing with the remarks as to the foolhardy attempts of open-water cruising. The canoe can live in an angry sea, although such life is not pleasant.

The whole coast of Scotland has been cruised over from Stornoway in the north to the Mull of Cantyre in the south. The Minch has been crossed from the Hebrides to Skye, about twenty-eight miles, land to land. Passage has been taken from the Scotch coast, at two different places, to Ireland, eighteen to twenty-one miles, land to land. The canoes that made these trips were all under fifteen feet in length by thirty inches in beam.

In the September number of the *CANOEIST* is a criticism on an open-water cruise, "where it is foolhardy to venture in a small boat, being in great part very dangerous coasts for even much larger craft."

Then notice was taken of a trip made by two first-class men, and is designated as *a canoe trip*. Doctors differ; in this case the patients do not die. If going down a river for, say, one thousand, or two thousand, or more miles, and through canals, be called *a canoe trip*, and emphasized as such, and in the same breath sea cruising run down, preserve us from ever going *a canoe trip*! Look at Long Island Sound, Massachusetts Bay, and even round Cape Cod. The writer knows where to lay his finger on boys *as is boys*, who will not be afraid to join Mr. Stoddard in the continuance of his cruise; and, although some of *the boys* may not know the coast with its tides and bad points, yet a passage of even one hundred miles could be made doubly more interesting than five thousand miles down a tame, muddy river. The sport of canoeing has been described as that in which all that is fearless of wind and water centres, and no duffers are encouraged—not even from the first. There is another view of this question. In a large country like ours, few enjoy a club-house on the briny, and few enjoy a briny cruising-ground sheltered from all points. Take the New York Canoe Club: which of its members, who *are canoeists*, would, if he had time, object to cruise round Cape Cod? No! you fresh-water boys, you have good times in your own waters, but the deliciousness of sea-spray dashing in your face would make even the Mississippi seem tame from source to sea.

Read Mr. Munroe's letter in September number, page 122. We quite agree with him that the *Atlantis* could hardly enter the "lists" for a race, being overgrown for a canoe; but we draw the line when assertions are made that Mr. Stoddard made his trip for advertising purposes. Such statements are ungenerous in a canoeist; and even if there had been any doubt as to the *raison d'être* of the cruise, the first duty is to give in to the benefit of the doubt.

IN another column will be found the action taken by the members of the Executive Committee of the Association upon the suggestion made by the K. C. C., regarding the establishment of a ladies' camp at the "Meet of '84."

The unanimity of the vote will be surprising to some; but when fully considered in view of the facts, it will at once be seen that no other action could have been taken. The Association is composed of some five hundred gentlemen with a few lady honorary members. The meetings each year since the formation have been held only with the former present. Last year, at Stony Lake, a number of lady residents of Peterboro and vicinity consented to go into camp also on Juniper Island, and assist their gentlemen friends in the entertainment of their "cousins from across the line." How well they succeeded, all who went to the '83 Meet can tell.

The local club who made the suggestion to the Association, feeling that they would like to again experience the pleasures of last summer by the attendance of the ladies at the Thousand Islands next year, thought that the action they had taken was the proper one to accomplish this end. Perhaps they were right.

The CANOEIST has received a letter from the veteran "Doctor," in which he says:

"About one-quarter mile from the above site (A. C. A. camp) is a snug little grove well adapted to the requirements of a ladies' camp—in other words, a married men's camp. It is at the end of a beautiful sand beach, and commands a complete view of the whole of Eel Bay. It is entirely secluded from intrusion by outsiders, etc."

Mr. Delaney says: "The point and shore over to it, say a strip ten rods wide, will be given free for the use of a ladies' camp."

The Executive Committee had no power to put the Association to the expense of fitting up two camps, and therefore took the only action left open to them. Dr. Neide further says: "I promise to use all my best

endeavors to make such a camp a success, but it must be entirely a separate affair from that of the A. C. A. * * * This is a spot where any gentleman and lady may go and camp during the Meet of the Association."

After such enthusiastic words from the Secretary, it seems hardly necessary for us to add anything; but if it is, we will and do. And now that this point is settled, let all plan out their time so as to be able to attend the Meet under Commodore Nickerson, and make this coming gathering at Grindstone Island more of a success, if possible, than any of its predecessors.

If the '84 Congress is not a success, it will not be on account of any lack of interest or animation on the part of our Commodore or Secretary. The former is hard at work enthusing and encouraging the Eastern men; and Hartford, who has never attended any year, will be, through his exertions, with us, on deck, in August next. While Secretary Neide writes us, "I have the arrangements for the '84 meet almost completed; all that now remains to be done is to arrange transportation matters, and this I have done with the St. Lawrence River steamers and two railroads; the others will fall in line. Let us make the coming meet a *howler*."

In the December number of the *Wheelman* we read an interesting article on "The Bicycle and the Canoe."

Like Mr. Tyson, we are a "married man" ourselves, and can sympathize very fully with all Mr. Tyson's ideas about the ladies—bless them! Our private opinions on this subject may be condensed as follows:

The model housewife will stroll or walk as her husband seems inclined; she will light his pipe, if he be a smoker; see him start off with his dogs and gun, if he be a sportsman; give him a parting word as he rides to cover; or hand him his paddle when he is stepping into his canoe, as he starts off on a six months' cruise. In all things she is an intelligent, cheerful, sensible companion,

and her husband's various pleasures and occupations are enhanced and assisted by her presence.

Our ideas are, however, not every one's opinions, and we are in receipt of a few remarks, written in an unmistakable lady's hand, which we give verbatim. Commencing with quotation from Mr. Tyson, our correspondent says:

EDITOR CANOEIST: "But what about the women? What about the families? Is not all this very selfish?" say some. Yes, very. "Ten to one you would be grumbling at home." A man has no business to grumble at home. He should have some occupation or amusement for wet evenings in which his wife can join, and so rest and refresh her mind after the household cares of the day. Some men will say, "That is all very well, but what can a man do in which his wife will take an interest?" They think a woman can take an interest in nothing but house-keeping and babies. This is all rubbish. There is nothing a woman can't understand and help with. Drawing the lines of a canoe, holding up the rivets in building her, and making the sails, not to be missed out; and, if you *will* canoe on fine evenings and during your holidays, why can't your wife go too? I have a canoe, and many a good paddle and sail have I enjoyed on the open sea in my dear little boat. I don't pretend to paddle very strong, nor very fast, but can get on very well for three or four miles; and as to sailing, so long as it is not blowing half a gale, I am all right. So you see ladies can canoe just as well as the stronger sex, and like to see their canoes look nice and trim, and I, for one, would certainly not allow a red dot, as suggested by Mr. Vaux, in the December number of the CANOEIST, to mar the whiteness of my sail. Why not have them (the sails) numbered at once, like the pilot-boats, or tan them and mark them in white, like a fishing-smack? Or, better still, let each club or canoeist have sails of a different color, like unto what Rob Roy had while on the Jordan.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR CANOEIST: It is now considerable moons since the organization of the A. C. A. and the annual "meets" of this Association have enthused hundreds of "boys" who have taken to the manly sport *con amore*.

The A. C. A. has its annual "meets," its "official organ," but as yet it has not had its "dinner."

Canoeing in the States is an imported gift from the old country. The personnel of canoes and canoeing is English. The idea of an Association meet was first started in England, and, as far as I can learn, was unfortunately a failure. A publication, called the *Canoeist*, was "run" in England for about two years, and then died; and it has remained to us in this glorious country to have all these blessings in the perfection of perfectness. Hence, Mr. Editor, I request your acceptance of a "Menu," to be worked upon at the First Annual Dinner of the A. C. A.

MENU.—Ye Fyrste Annuale Dinner of the A. C. A., at ye Hostellerie yclept Delmonicos atte New Yorke.

This Bille of ye Fare is drawn in playne Englysh, without any cloake of Frenche or other foreygne tongue, for the sadde and so-bere comforte of friendes, and that ye maye know what ye are asked to accept: Soupe made from ye Turtle, and alsoe Soupe made from ye Green Fatte of ye same; ye Sheep-heads curiously cooked, and Salmonne served in lyke mannere; Ryssoles of ye Lobstere; ye lyttle Blue Poynt fryed; as alsoe ye Clamme and Scollope, with ye sauce called Chab-lisse; ye Pudynge of ye Whyting; ye Eles skynned and stewed in ye riche Wyne of Oporto; ye Omelette of Crabbe in ye style as served to ye old Guards of ye "Blue Seale;" ye Trout from ye River Red, grylled with ye sauce of Tartar; Salmonne inne collopes with ye sauce in ye Cyprus fashion; ye kyndnees befrizzled and alsoe be-devyllled; Sweetbreads with ye Mushroomes added thereunto; ye Haunche of ye "Rockie" Buck with Haricotte Beanes served therewith; ye ancient Hamme from ye Citye of Chichago, grylled in ye Wyne of Champagne; ye Grouse from ye old countrie; ye Haggis wette with ye dew from Ben Nevis; Hogge Bacon and younge Beanes; Apprycottes flavoured with Noyeau; Pudynge iced, after ye Nesselrode mannere; lyttle Cakes made with ye Cheese from

Parma inne Italy; ye Ices flavoured with Oranges and Strauberries; divers Fruytes which are your dessertes, and ye Wynes of Champagne and manie outlandysh countries. Ye dinner will be served after ye mannere of ye Russian people. Ye guesstes are bydden to eat after ye Hungarie mannere.
"E PLURIBUS UNUM."

THE LOCAL MEET MATTER.

EDITOR CANOEIST: The owners of the place I had selected as a good one for the spring meeting have consented to our using it on condition that no trees are cut or defaced. We told them that a canoeist was not "that kind of a fellow," and that we would be responsible for all damage done.

I have visited the place several times during the summer for pleasure, and since receiving Mr. Neide's letter, with an eye to business, namely, to discover its merits as a point for holding our spring camp, and I may say that the more I see of it the better I like it.

I suppose this is the proper time to talk the matter over, and it might be mentioned at the next "camp-fire," and thus see what the general feeling is in regard to the matter.

Any information that I may possess in regard to the camp-ground or Newburgh Bay is at the service of canoeists who may care for it.

NATE S. SMITH.

Newburgh, N. Y.

EDITOR CANOEIST: In this city and its suburbs there are above twenty active canoeists, but no canoe club. It is rumored that a scheme is on foot to bring these gentlemen together at an early day, for the purpose of a banquet and grand *how wow* touching canoe matters of general interest; and it is by no means improbable that some steps toward an organization may be taken at that time.

Mr. T. J. Kirkpatrick, of Springfield, O., is to have a new canoe, Qui Vive model, from plans drawn by its originator. Two more Qui Vive canoes are being constructed in this vicinity. These boats are very light, and, for general cruising and standing hard knocks, cannot be beaten.

IKE FOSTER.

Chicago, December, 1883.

EDITOR CANOEIST: By all means let East Orange, N. J., have a canoe organization, for it has ever been the very hotbed of canoeing interests. Although an inland town, more than a score of canoes have been built within her borders, and from her more canoe cruises have been promulgated than from any town of thrice her size in the Union. The second canoe club organized in the United States—the Passaic C. C.—started there. Its members, though widely scattered, would be pleased to hear of a successor. Long life and prosperity to the E. O. C. C.

QUI VIVE.

EDITOR CANOEIST: With your January number of the CANOEIST permit me to extend the greeting of the Rob Roy Canoe Club, of Indianapolis, to all lovers of the sport, and members of the various canoe clubs of this country and Canada.

We have a thriving organization of twenty members and eighteen boats, organized in June, 1883, by Lud. M. Vance, one of the most enthusiastic canoeists of the West.

Our twenty members are not very divided as to their choice of boats, but the Racine Shadow and St. Paul are the leading favorites, while the balance are of the Rush-ton & Sprague manufacture.

I will simply extend the greeting of the club with this number, and trust in the spring to be able to give the CANOEIST some interesting matter from this locality. I also send you one of our silk club pennants, and trust it will find a welcome among the other pennants you now have in your possession. With a Happy New Year to all the "knights of the paddle," I will close.

MORRIS W. PHILIPS,

Official reported, Rob Roy Canoe Club.

Indianapolis, Ind., December 11, 1883.

Correspondence earnestly solicited from the secretaries of all canoe clubs, to which we extend greeting.

THE GALLEY FIRE.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I am a canoe owner, but so far business has kept me from taking any cruises, although many have been planned. Your article in the November number of THE CANOEIST, "A Few Suggestions," carries my memories back to many a camping scene in which I have taken part with a dear friend, now deceased. The first requisite in getting a meal is the *fire*. The Indians say, "White man's fire no good;" and the Indian is, in the main, right. Why? Because the white man generally builds his fire too big. One can get a meal cooked quicker and cleaner over a fire which can be covered by a silk hat than over one as large as a bushel. Next in importance to the fire is the outfit of cooking utensils. Many times have I been out a week at a time, with a friend, when our outfit consisted of six (6) old files—12 inches long—one (1) tin pail, one (1) coffee-pot, one (1) fry-pan, and a tin-plate, tin-cup, and knife and fork each. I hear some one ask, "Why the files?"

I will tell you. When ready to get a meal, set your files in the ground, forming a triangle of, say, 10 inches on a side, and incline the files toward the centre at the top, forming, with top of the files, a platform upon which to place your coffee-pot or fry-pan. Now build your fire within the files, using small twigs and pieces, and you will be surprised to see how quick your coffee will boil and your bacon be done. One could have the fry-pan divided into two or more compartments, and would be able to have his potatoes, bacon, and eggs cooking at the same time and over the same fire. The necessary cooking utensils could be made to fit together within the pail, occupying but little space. Every utensil should be cleaned thoroughly at the end of each meal, and they are then always ready for use, besides being cleaned more easily then.

Is there any among you to whom the delicious *booyah* is a stranger? and who have not broken the tender *flap-jack* upon a cruise? To such I say, "Do not leave upon another trip till you have learned the mystery thereof." "NEPTUNE."

A. C. A.

Dr. Neide has sent the Secretary of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club the following communication, which may prove interesting :

The discussion in your columns, relative to the A. C. A. badge, offers the following suggestion to my mind : Let all members of the A. C. A. who are interested in this matter get up designs that will be suitable for the badge in their opinion, and forward the same to my address. I will see that the committee receive them at once. If there are any men who cannot draw, I will work out any design for them if they will send me a description of their ideas. Have received a badge from Mr. Wackerhagen that is like the old A. C. A. flag, in color and design. It makes a very handsome and appropriate badge. Last summer the Springfield C. C. ordered badges like their Club signal—a pointed burgee, blue field, with white circle containing a red star, colors being brought out with enamel. The Hartford C. C. have for a badge a solid gold-pointed burgee, with H. C. C. engraved thereon. Have lately received from Commodore Thomas, of the Mohican C. C., a pretty design for the A. C. A. pin, viz., a double-blade paddle unjointed and crossed like the letter X, with a single blade, or Canadian paddle, lying over them (as usual). These are placed upon a circle or band, which is engraved with the words, "American Canoe Association." It is quite important that this business be attended to as soon as possible, so that the committee may have time to make a good selection and procure badges before the season of '84 opens.

Very respectfully yours,

F. A. NICKERSON,

Com. A. C. A.

Springfield, Mass., Box 1296.

SEC'Y K. C. C., New York City : I am directed by Com. F. A. Nickerson to say to you and the other members of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club that the vote on your request for the establishment of a ladies' camp for the summer of 1884, "under the auspices of the A. C. A.," has resulted in a unanimous disapproval, such a camp being considered detrimental to the best interests of the Association.

Very respectfully yours,

CHAS. A. NEIDE,

Secretary A. C. A.

Schuylerville, N. Y., Dec. 15, 1883.

EDITOR A. C., AND MEMBERS OF THE A. C. A. : Grindstone Island, in the St. Lawrence River, has been decided upon by the Executive Board as the most desirable place to locate the annual camp of the A. C. A. in 1884. Before selecting this island, the subject of location, both in the light of a permanent and a movable camp, was carefully and thoroughly investigated. For the present we may as well drop the idea of locating a permanent camp. That is an important and responsible move, which cannot rest in the hands of the A. C. A. officers without special action and instructions from the A. C. A. at large. We are a growing and important association ; our interests extend throughout the United States and Canada ; we have many people to suit and consult in this matter of camp location. I would recommend a careful study and canvass into the permanent camp idea before any action is taken. If it is thought best to establish such a camp or A. C. A. headquarters, now is the time to hear from members : let them express their opinions freely. We have a long winter before us. The subject can be worked up—or down—and properly presented at the annual meeting in 1884.

Regarding Grindstone Island, I wish to say a few words, now that the location is decided upon. Let me urge upon every

member of the A. C. A. to arrange his vacation that he may join the camp-fires in August, 1884, from the 1st to the 15th inclusive. Let nothing but illness keep you away. Make this the largest, most interesting, and complete camp ever held. Our Canadian brothers set us a good example last summer, and we must make good use of it next year. Let the commodore of each club get his men interested in our annual meeting. Talk it up in large type. See to it that every canoeist sends his name to our worthy secretary, and join the A. C. A. Look up the many single cruisers, and invite them to join us. And right here let me say a few words to my New England friends: Don't be outdone by the South, West, and North; wake up.

New clubs should accept the challenge thrown out by the Mohicans of Albany, and go them one or two better in the matter of enterprise, push, spirit, and get-to-workativeness. Last August a New York canoeist at Stony Lake asked me: "Who and where are the New England canoeists? We had six last year and two this season." Certainly this is not encouraging to your commodore, representing the canoeing interest of New England, backed up by the Hartford, Yale, Berkley, Cambridge, and Springfield Clubs, numbering over one hundred men, and only two men at Stony Lake. I appeal to your good judgment, to your interest in this sport, and to your pride and desire, to know if it is not time for New England canoeists to prepare for a good representation at Grindstone Island. We certainly have some of the best material afloat—too good to be found paddling up and down some narrow stream in summer, and reading the exploits of others during long winters' nights, and get so excited that they will pledge themselves to take a ten-mile trip some day next season—if it's pleasant.

It is my wish that the commodores of the New England canoe clubs meet me in this city during the winter, to arrange for the '84 meeting, to discuss canoeing in New England, and other subjects of interest both to the A. C. A. and local clubs.

Very respectfully yours,

F. A. NICKERSON,

Com. A. C. A.

Springfield, Mass., Dec. 10, 1883.

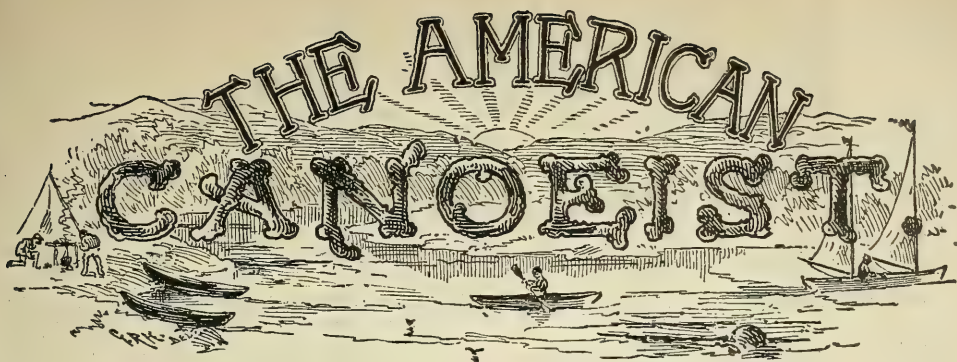
TWO OF A KIND.

EXTRACTS FROM OUR LOG.

Sea.—How to get through the Dorrismore opposite Coirbbreacain, was the first problem to be solved. It wanted two hours of slack water, the tide still running out, so we made for the farthest up passage, on Loch Craignish, thinking the current would be milder there. Somehow or other we lost the bearings of the place, and got into the wrong passage between some of the smaller islands below, which were very shallow passages, through which the tide rushes like a mill-race. Things looked pretty lively ahead; the sea all around being covered with a multitude of angry little three-cornered sort of waves. To turn back was impossible. On we went smash through it all. Now an eddy would suddenly slew your canoe half round, and the full force of the paddle would be needed to keep her straight; the next moment a great mass of black water, disgorged from some eddy below, would rise close alongside above the deck, and disappear just as quickly, for you are whisked past it like a shot, and soon feel yourself among the jumpy little waves at the bottom of the overfall.

* * * * *

Lake.—It is the poetry of progression. Along the bottom of the boat are laid rugs and cushions. A sort of wicker-work screen is sloped against the middle thwart, affording a delicious support to the back; and indolently, in your shirt-sleeves, if the day be warm, or well covered with a blanket if the day be chilly, you sit or lie on this most luxurious of couches. If you want exercise you can take a paddle yourself. If you prefer to be inactive, you can lie still, and placidly survey the scenery, rising occasionally to have a shot at a wild duck. At intervals reading, smoking, and sleeping, dreamily you lie side by side—you and your friend—lazily gazing at the pine-covered shores and wooded islands, the open book unheeded on your knee, the half-smoked pipe drops into your lap, your head sinks gently back, and you wander into dreamland, to awake presently and find yourself sweeping round the curve of some majestic headland, and approach shores blazing with the rich crimson, brown, and gold of the maple and other hard-wood trees in their autumn dress.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION

EDITORS OF THE FIRST SEVEN NUMBERS

C. KIRK MUNROE WM. WHITLOCK
C. BOWYER VAUX

EDITORS OF LAST FIVE NUMBERS

C. G. Y. KING R. J. WILKIN

VOLUME II.

NEW YORK
BRENTANO BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
5 UNION SQUARE
1884

CANOE DIRECTORY.

OFFICERS AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—F. A. NICKERSON, Springfield, Mass.
Vice-Commodore—C. K. MUNROE, New York City.
Rear-Commodore—COL. H. C. ROGERS, Peterboro, Ont.
Secretary and Treasurer—DR. CHAS. A. NEIDE, Schuylerville, N. Y.
Executive Committee—H. NEILSON, Toronto, Canada; R. J. WILKIN, New York; W. B. WACKERHAGEN, Albany, N. Y.

The Secretary of the American Canoe Association requests parties sending money to him, to do so either by registered letter, or Post Office money order, on *Saratoga Springs, N. Y.*

If canoeists will send application to the Secretary of the A. C. A., Dr. C. A. Neide, Schuylerville, N. Y., enclosing \$2.00 for initiation fee and dues for the first year, their names will be presented for membership.

Mem.—Clubs take rank from date of organization. Unless described, burgee measures 10x15 in. Active members means canoe owners. * Constitution and by-laws in print.

A. C. A.—Organized Aug. 3, 1880. Signal, a pointed burgee, the field red with a longitudinal white stripe one-fifth the width, bearing the letters A. C. A. in red. *

Bayonne, N. J., Edward R. Smith, com., Louis F. Burke, sec'y. May 2, 1882. Signal, a pointed burgee, red field with white border; device, a white triangle; 6 active members.

Berkeley, Middletown, Conn., W. H. Larom, com., J. W. Peck, sec'y.

Cambridge, Mass., Chas. S. Clark, com., 6 Oliver street, Boston, J. Winthrop De Wolf, 49 Oxford St., Cambridge. Nov. 22, 1881. Signal, burgee, 4x18, blue field, with the letters C. C. C. in white thereon; 13 active members.

Cincinnati, O., Nicholas Longworth, Lucien Wulsin, Dr. A. E. Heighway, Geo. B. Ellard, sec'y. March, 1879. Signal, a swallow-tailed pennant, three white stars on a blue field; 8 active members.

Cleveland, O., W. H. Eckman, sec'y (city clerk), Cleveland, O. 1880. Signal, rectangular in shape, field white, device in red, monogram C. C. C. pierced horizontally by a shaft; 10 active members.

Crescent, Trenton, N. J., Wm. M. Carter, com., Frank Sigler, sec'y. Jan. 1, 1882. Signal, a pointed burgee, red centre, blue edge, with the C. C. C. in black; 7 active members.

Detroit, Mich., ———, com., F. H. Seymour, sec'y.

Dubuque, Iowa, Capt. Eug. A. Guibert, Purser R. M. Guibert. Oct. 1, 1883. Signal, a pointed burgee, 8x13, half red (uppermost), half dark blue, device a white diamond.

Hartford, Conn., L. Q. Jones, com., A. W. Dodd, sec'y. Jan., 1880. Signal, a pointed burgee, dark blue field, with the letters H. C. C. in yellow; 19 active members.

Iowa C. C.—Jan. 10, 1883. Signal, a pointed burgee, 8x12; field red, with the letters I. C. C. in white; 11 active members.

Irrawadi, Davenport, I., Marcius C. Smith, com.; H. S. Putnam, sec'y. April 27, 1883. Signal, a pointed burgee, blue field, with the letters I. C. C. in white; 7 active members.

Knickerbocker, N. Y., Adolph Loewenthal, com., 31 White St., N. Y. C., E. A. Hoffman, Jr., sec'y, 426 W. 23d St. Oct. 1, 1880. Signal, a pointed burgee, field red, its device a blue diamond in the centre of the same. Sailing device a red lozenge sewn to upper part of mainsail; 27 active members. *

Lake George, N. Y., Dr. Chas. A. Neide, capt., J. E. McDonald, purser, Glens Falls. Aug. 10, 1882. Signal, a pointed burgee, blue field with the letters L. G. C. C. in white; 18 active members.

Minneapolis, Minn., E. H. Moulton, com., A. B. Taylor, sec'y. March 3, 1881. Signal, a pointed burgee, half red (uppermost), and half white. *

Mohican, Albany, N. Y., H. Lloyd Thomas, W. B. Wackerhagen, sec'y, 756 Broadway. March, 1882. Signal, a pointed burgee, dark blue field; device, turtle surrounded by eight stars, in gold.

New York, N. Y., C. Bowyer Vaux, com., 27 Rose street, J. F. Newman, sec'y, 19 John street. 1871. Signal, a pointed burgee, a white longitudinal stripe on the red ground; sailing device, red circle in peak of mainsail; 32 active members. *

Newark, O., W. A. Sprague, com. 1883. "No burgee, no uniform, no nothing;" this is a practical and enthusiastic club of cruisers. 9 active members.

Ottawa, Canada, G. S. Maunsell, com., P. B. Symes, sec'y. Peterborough, Canada, Pres't, Rev. V. Clementi; Vice-Pres't, R. E. Wood; Sec'y, C. S. Shaw; E. B. Edwards, capt.

Pittsburgh, Pa., William H. Rea, capt.; James K. Bakewell, lieutenant; Reade W. Bailly, purser. May 5, 1883. Signal, a pointed burgee, blue field, with the letters P. C. C. in white; 11 active members.

Philadelphia, Pa., W. H. Falkner, capt., John Stewardson, sec'y.

Potowonok, Fort Madison, Iowa, Jno. D. Rix, com., Will. H. Atlee, sec'y. July, 1882. Signal, a pointed burgee 8x12, blue field, with the letters P. C. C. in white; 4 active members.

Rob Roy C. C., Indianapolis, Ind. Signal, a pointed burgee, red field with Rob Roy C. C. in white.

Rochester, N. Y., G. H. Harris, com., Room 30, Arcade; Matt Angle, sec'y, 31 State street.

Rondout, N. Y., Grant Van Deusen, H. S. Crispell.

San Francisco, Cal., Wm. Brooks, com., W. H. Byrnes, sec'y. March 19, 1882. Signal, a pointed burgee 10x18, alternate white and red stripes arranged diagonally, two of white and one red. The first white and the red stripe to be each five inches wide. *

Springfield, Mass., F. A. Nickerson, com., C. M. Shedd, sec'y. March, 1882. Signal, a pointed burgee, navy blue field; device, a circle in white with a star in red thereon. the points of the star touching edge of circle; 19 active members.

St. Lawrence C. C., Canton, N. Y., J. H. Rushton, com.; M. D. Packard, vice-com.; L. P. Hale, sec'y and treas.; J. W. Rushton, measurer; 11 members.

Toronto, Canada, Hugh Neilson, com., Robert Tyson, sec'y. 6 Harbor street. Signal, a pointed burgee, red field with T. C. C., in white.

Winooksi, Dixon, Ill., L. J. Pollock, com. Jan. 25, 1883. Signal, a pointed burgee, red field, with the letter W. in white; 4 active members.

Whitehall C. C., R. E. Hascom, com.; E. P. Newcomb, vice-com.; W. W. Cooke, Jr., sec'y and treas.; 10 active members.

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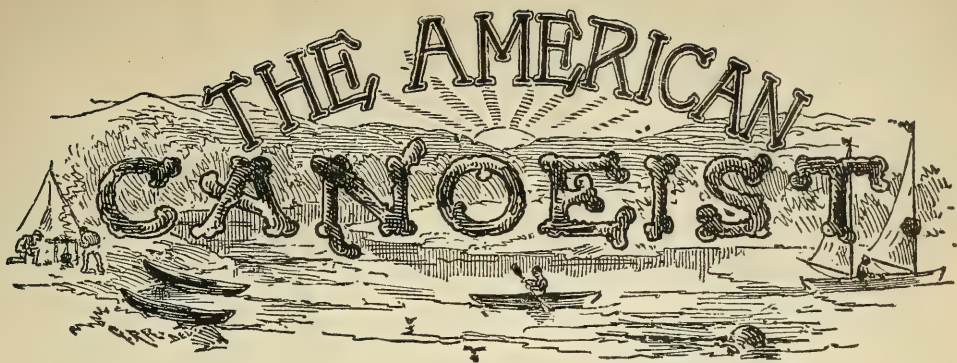
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THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Editors of First Eight Numbers:

C. G. Y. KING.

ROBERT J. WILKIN.

Editors of Last Four Numbers:

C. L. NORTON.

R. B. BURCHARD.

VOLUME III.

NEW YORK,
BRENTANO BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
No. 5 UNION SQUARE,

1884.

CLUB DIRECTORY.

Officers American Canoe Association.

COMMODORE—Gen'l Robert Shaw Oliver, Albany, N. Y.

VICE-COMMODORE—F. S. Rathbun, Deseronto, Ontario.

REAR COMMODORE—F. F. Andrews, Rochester, N. Y.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER—Dr. Chas. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE—The above Officers, and E. G. Rand, Cambridge, Mass.; R. E. Wood, Peterboro, Ont.; C. B. Vaux, New York City, members at large.

Communications to the Secretary and Treasurer to be directed to New Orleans, La., during the winter.

MEM.—Clubs take rank from date of organization. Unless otherwise described, burgee measures 10 x 15 inches.

A. C. A.—Organized Aug. 3, 1880. Signal, a pointed burgee, 12 x 18. The field red with longitudinal white stripes, one-fifth the width, bearing the letters A. C. A. in red.

Amsterdam, N. Y.—Chas. H. Warring, Com.; Dr. D. M. McMartin, Purser, 1884.

Bayonne, N. J.—Ed. R. Smith, Com.; Geo. W. Heard, V. Com.; Fred. B. Collins, P. O. Box 950, New York City, Secretary and Treasurer. May 2, 1882. Signal, a pointed burgee, red field with white border; device, a white triangle. 10 active members.

Berkeley, Middletown, Conn.—W. H. Larone Com.; J. W. Peck, Secretary.

Brockville, Ont.—Geo. A. Dana, Capt.; B. W. Richards, Mate; W. S. Clouston, Secretary and Treasurer; Neil McLean, Allen Turner, Committee. 1884.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Williams Lansing, Capt.; E. P. Hussey, Mate; E. L. French, Secretary. 1884.

Canas Backs, New York City.—Club House, 155th St., North River. Unofficered.

Chicago, Ills.—G. M. Munger, Com.; H. B. Cook, V. Com.; J. H. Ware, Secretary and Treasurer. Above officers with F. S. Waters, D. H. Crane, H. J. Green, F. R. Seelye, Exec. Board. Signal, a ball of old gold, 5 inch diameter, on red field. 50 active members.

Cleveland, O.—G. W. Gardner, Com.; C. H. Comstock, V. Com.; W. Scott Robinson, Rear Com.; W. H. Eckman, Secretary; R. F. Jones, Treasurer. March, 1879. Signal, a swallow-tailed pennant, three white stars on a blue field. 8 Active Members.

Crescent, Trenton, N. J.—W. M. Carter, Com.; Robert G. Lucas, V. Com.; Frank W. Sigler, Purser; T. Worcester Worrell, Cook. Jan. 1, 1882. Signal, a pointed burgee, red center, blue edge, with C. C. C. in black. 7 active members.

Deseronto, Ont.—F. S. Rathbun, Capt.; Geo. Clinton, M. D., Mate; E. Clement French, Purser. Signal, a pointed burgee, 12 x 18. The device being four isosceles triangles, two on outer edge of base being blue, the other two red with white letter D in centre. 1884. 15 members.

Dock Rats, Newburgh, N. Y.—Unofficered. Communications to Nathan S. Smith or Rev. W. H. Burbank. Signal, a "Dock Rat rampant on field argent." 1883.

Flushing, Evanston, N. Y.—Wm. Marvin, Com.; B. S. Neumann, Treasurer; J. B. Russell, Secretary. Signal, burgee, white arrow-head on blue ground.

Fulton, N. Y.—V. W. Poole, Commander; F. D. Van Wagenen, Secretary. Dec. 19, 1883.

Hartford, Conn.—L. Q. Jones, Com.; V. B. Hubbell, V. Com.; W. B. Davidson, Treasurer; A. W. Dodd, Secretary. January, 1850. Signal, a pointed burgee; dark blue field, with the letters H. C. C. in yellow. 19 active members.

Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.—Theodore Dunham, '85, Com.; A. S. Webster, '85, Secretary and Treasurer. 1884. E. G. Rand, '80, res. grad.

Hub, Boston, Mass.—C. W. Hendenburg, Capt.; T. A. Walter, Mate; G. E. Dutton, Purser. April, 1884.

Ianthe, Newark, N. J.—Wm. Marvin, Com.; Walter Kinsey, Sec'y; Frederick A. Phelps, Treas. 1881.

Iowa C. C.—Jan. 10th, 1883. Signal, a pointed burgee 8 x 12, field red, with letters I. C. C. in white; 11 active members.

Irravadi, Davenport, I.—Marcius C. Smith, Com.; Stanley B. Lafferty, V. Com.; Edward S. Hammatt, Sec'y. April 27, 1883. Signal, a pointed burgee, blue field, with the letters I. C. C. in white. 11 active members.

Knickerbocker, New York City. Arthur Brentano, Com.; J. L. Greenleaf, V. Com.; E. Fowler, 106 West 42d Street, Sec'y; R. P. Martin, Treas.; G. H. Sullivan, lay member Exec. Com. Oct. 1, 1880. Signal, a pointed burgee, field red, a blue diamond in centre. Sailing device, a red lozenge sewn to upper part of mainsail. 30 active members.

Lake George, N. Y. Dr. C. A. Neidé, Capt.; Jas. Knight, Mate; F. F. Pruyt, Glens Falls, N. Y., Purser. Aug. 10, 1882. Signal, a pointed burgee; blue field, with letters L. G. C. C. in white. 18 active members.

Lake St. Louis, Lachine, P. Q.—W. H. Pintool, Com.; R. M. Grahame, V. Com.; J. P. Edwards, Secretary and Treasurer; E. S. Clouston, J. G. Brock, George Auldoy, Exec. Com. 1884. Signal, a scarlet St. George's Cross on white ground. 22 active members.

Minneapolis, Minn.—E. H. Moulton, Com.; A. B. Taylor, Secretary. March 3, 1881. Signal, a pointed burgee, half red (uppermost) and half white.

Mohican, Albany, N. Y.—R. W. Gibson, Capt.; B. Fernow, Secretary. March, 1882. Signal, a pointed burgee, dark blue field. Device, turtle surrounded by eight stars in gold.

New York, New York City.—Wm. Whitlock, Com.; C. K. Munroe, V. Com.; J. F. Newman, 19 John Street, Secretary and Treasurer; H. O. Bailey and C. J. Stephens, and officers ex-officio, Exec. Com. 1871. Signal, a pointed burgee with white longitudinal stripe on red ground. Sailing device, red circle in peak of mainsail. 35 active members.

Newark, O.—W. A. Sprague, Com., 1883. "No burgee, no uniform, no nothing." This is a practical and enthusiastic club of cruisers. 9 active members.

Oshkosh, Wis.—A. M. v. Kaas, Com.; R. P. Finney, V. Com.; F. H. Gary Secretary and Treasurer.

Ottawa, Canada.—R. W. Baldwin Capt.; E. King, Mate; J. H. Henderson, Purser; P. B. Symes, F. H. Girborne, Exec. Com. Signal, a pointed burgee bearing a beaver and letters O. C. C.

Peterborough Boating Club, Canada.—E. B. Edwards, President; John McClelland, Vice-President; George Stephenson, Secretary; Alex. Elliott, Treasurer; J. Hawkins, J. Mercer, F. Cox, F. Rutherford, Exec. Com. May, 1872. Signal, burgee, red, white and black stripe, and letters P. B. C. in red.

Philadelphia, Pa.—W. Howard Falkner, Capt.; Thompson S. Westcott, 2127 Spring Garden Street, Purser. 27 members.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—G. Harton Singer, Capt.; Geo. A. Howe, Lieut.; Reade W. Bailey, care Robinson, Bea & Co., Purser. May 5, 1883. Signal, a pointed burgee, blue field, with the letters P. C. C. in white.

Potowonok, Fort Madison Iowa John Rix, Capt.; J. W. Albright, Jr., Mate; C. H. Peters, Purser; W. H. Atlee, Secretary. July, 1882. Signal, a pointed burgee, 8 x 12. Red diamond lozenge on white field, bearing letters P. C. C.

Rob Roy C. C., Indianapolis, Ind.—Signal, a pointed burgee, red field, with Rob Roy C. C. in white.

Rochester, N. Y.—F. F. Andrews, Capt.; E. M. Gilmore, Mate; Matt Angle, Purser, 31 State Street.

Rondout, N. Y.—Grant Van Deusen, Com.; Jansen Hasbrouck, Jr., V. Com.; W. S. Crispell, Secretary and Treasurer.

San Francisco, Cal.—C. L. Barrett, Com.; W. W. Campbell, V. Com.; W. H. Byrnes, Secretary. March 19, 1882. Signal, a pointed burgee, 10 x 18. Alternate

white and red stripes, arranged diagonally, two of white and one of red. The first white, and the red stripe each five inches wide.

Springfield, Mass.—Frank D. Foote, Com.; M. B. L. Bradford, V. Com.; C. M. Shedd, Secretary and Treasurer.; F. D. Foot, W. F. Callender, Geo. H. Barney, Exec. Com. March, 1882. Signal, a pointed burgee, navy blue field. Device, a circle in white bearing a red star, the points of star touching the edge of circle. 30 active members.

St. Lawrence C. C., Canton, N. Y.—J. Henry Rushton, Com.; Milton D. Packard, V. Com.; Ledyard P. Hale, Secretary and Treasurer. 11 members.

Toronto, Ont.—Hugh Neilson, Com.; John T. R. Stinson, V. Com.; Rob't Tyson, Secretary and Treasurer. 6 Harbord Street. Frank M. Nicholson, Librarian.

Ubique C. C.—R. N. Waters, Norwood, Ont.; Com. Com. Colin Fraser, Toronto, Ont.; V. Com.; W. M. Lowery, Petrolia, Ont., Purser.

Warren.—Wm. Schnur, Capt.; W. C. Warner, Mate.; Willis Cowen, Purser. 1894.

Washington, D. C.—Rev. Theo. S. Wynkoop, Com.; Harrison H. Dodge, V. Com.; Henry H. Soule, Secretary and Treasurer; Arthur Brentano, Measurer; James R. Lake, Lay member of Exec. Com. 1883.

Watertown, N. Y.—J. C. Wilson, Com.; E. W. Smith, V. Com.; C. H. Remington, Secretary and Treasurer; F. B. Wilson, F. L. Paddock, O. Paddock, Exec. Com. 1884.

Whitby, Ont.—Judge Dartnell, Com.; W. Beith, V. Com.; E. S. Sharpnell, Rear Com.; G. E. E. Gibbard, Secretary. 1884.

Whitehall, N. Y.—Edward P. Newcomb, Com.; William C. Blodgett, V. Com.; William W. Cooke, Secretary and Treasurer; E. R. Bascom, Measurer; Francis C. Cooke, Cook. 13 active members.

Winooski, Dixon, Ill.—L. J. Pollock, Com.; January 25, 1883. Signal, a pointed burgee, red field, with the letter W. in white.

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THE AMERICAN C. A. N. O. E. I. S. T

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. III.

FEBRUARY, 1884.

NO. I.

EVENING AFLOAT.

What can be more depressing to one, in possession of health, vigor, and energy (requisite essentials in every canoeist), than to be subject, day after day, to the vitiated atmosphere, and innumerable minor evils attending a city life. But once free from the scene of turmoil and bustle, what so joyous and exhilarating to such an one, than to find himself afloat in his tiny barque?

"Thus launched once more, the inland sea
They furrow with fair augury."

The stern realities of life are now a thing of the past, and the mind released, readily bends itself to the more soothing influences derivable from a close intercourse with that nature which boundeth wild existence. Our brethren who inhabit the western shores of that right little, tight little island, and which the sublime Bossuet aptly describes as "*Cette île plus oradense que les mers qui l'environnent*," are especially favored by the long and beautiful twilight, so prevalent in summer, for the more thorough enjoyment of what may be termed, a canoeist's after-dinner, "*dolce far niente*"—a quiet sail or paddle. One such evening, spent on the Severn, is still fresh in my memory; and what an evening it was! One whole side of the heaven was of a deep, solemn rose color, with a wondrous diaper of red-brown leaves, embroidered upon by the branches of a screen of trees, which stood in strong relief against it; the other side was a blaze of golden fire. This effect lasted the longest; it only seemed to grow into an ever-deepening amber, haunting that half of heaven like

some brooding, passionate regret, while the rose hue passed first into violet, then into dark purple, and then faded away into silver gray. Soft opal tints came down from the skies and lay upon the face of the waters, as we paddled away from all the glory into a world of delicate twilight shadow.

"'Tis gone, that bright and orb'd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light."

Presently the surface of the river became black as liquid ebony. This, however, was soon relieved by an effulgent flood of light from a glorious harvest moon, and a pleasant rhythm of plashing paddles, always accompanied by a bright flash of light, was all that marked our gentle progress through the water.

PSYCHE, C. C. C.

ORIGIN OF CANOES.

THERE lately appeared (in last Vol.) a few appropriate words from Mr. Rushton *in re*.—"Who invented the Stella Maris, and Origin of some Canoes."

Let us take one step further back in canoeing history and attempt to consider a propable origin, or rather history, of primitive canoe-like craft.

As no human device is more worthy of admiration than the ship, no matter how small, so no investigation can be more curious than to trace, step by step, the slow progress of improvement from the first attempt of incipient navigation down to the perfection of modern times. And here, at the very threshold of inquiry, our attention

is arrested by a singular fact—the uniformity with which the human mind, prompted by the same desires and aided by the same faculties, arrives at the same results. How small, indeed, is the difference between (with respect to principle) the canoe of the Esquimaux, framed of the bones of beasts and fishes, and covered with the skins of seals, and those in which the poets show us Dardanus fleeing before the deluge, or Charon conducting his trembling charge to the shades below!—between those said to have been used in primitive times by the Egyptian, the Etheopian and the Arab, and the light barks of the early Britons, made of osiers and hides, which Cæsar imitated in Spain to extricate himself from the perilous situation in which he was held by the lieutenants of Pompey. In what does the canoe of the islander of the South Seas, and of the native African, differ from those which the savage Germans hollowed from a single tree in the days of Pliny?

It is an old tradition that the first idea of the canoe was suggested by a split reed seen by some ingenious savage floating safely upon the billows. Be this as it may, there can be little doubt that the raft, as it is the most easy and obvious means of crossing the water, was likewise of most early invention. The savage who first ventured forth upon a solitary tree, that the river had brought within his reach, must have found his situation unsteady and precarious; his ingenuity suggested the idea of fastening several pieces together, and the conveyance became at once a safe one.

Yet the attempts of the uncivilized navigator do not always shun comparison with those of a maturer age. We find the Indian of North America, in his little skin-covered bark of admirable symmetry, venturing forth amid the most boisterous waves, which pass harmlessly over him, and outstripping the fleetest barge in his rapid course. The flying proa of the Ladrone Islands sails towards the winds with unequalled nearness, and with a velocity

far greater than man has ever attained, with all the aids of philosophy.

It were a vain task to record the various fables connected with the origin and improvement of boats, though the inventors were esteemed worthy to take rank among the gods, and even the ships to be translated to the heavens, where they still shine among the constellations; how Daedalus invented the art of flying to escape from the labyrinth of Crete—an allusion to the sails with which he eluded the pursuit of Minos; how Hurcules sailed with the hide of a lion, which was only his well-known garment, hung up for that purpose; or how the first idea of the sail was taken from the poetic voyages of the Nautilus; how Atlas contended for the invention of the oar, and how many heroes claim the honor of the rudder.

Enough of communion with the classics. Let us come to modern times. When McGregor first essayed his Rob Roy to what perfection, it was thought, had boat-building reached, and how little there seemed to improve on his model at that time.

Still there are older hands at the paddle than McGregor, men who may have cruised around in birch barks, years and years ago, and had elegant times. There are men in Canada we could name who, long before McGregor was heard of in connection with canoeing, handled their paddles. Then Baden-Powell and Tredwen appeared on the scene, and struck out bolder types of build, though no doubt the Pearl is an adaptation of the Nautilus, just as much as the Nautilus is an adaptation of the Rob Roy.

Then come various models advocated for different localities: the Clyde canoe, designed chiefly for sea cruising, many of its members never having been afloat on fresh water; the Mersey and Humber canoes, which are almost identical—are only Rob Roys enlarged with little distinctiveness—and which are intended for river cruising

chiefly, and work in rapid waters; the Ringleader, a long, narrow paddling canoe, little known now.

The pastime now crosses the ocean, and various so-called types are introduced, and, like unto Baden-Powell's list, are typed off, as, for paddling, a Kill von Kull; sailable-paddling, a Rob Roy; paddling and sailing, a Shadow; paddleable-sailing, a Pearl; sailing, a Nautilus.

The types of canoes are in danger of becoming very numerous. Every novice or even senior canoeist who designs a canoe now-a-days, and calls it by a fancy name, immediately cracks this up as a distinct type of canoe, probably differing from all others in having its planks say one-eighth of an inch wider than usual. Others have various differences, in steering-gears, rudders, keels, foot-stretchers, deck arrangements, bulkheads, masts, sails, reefing-gears, etc., etc., so that in course of time we shall have a communication from Sneak Box, Esq., down in Florida, that his Rushton-Rogers-Waters-Stephens-Racine-Shadow-Pearl-Clyde-Ellard-Nautilus-Birdie Kane-Mersey-Rob Roy Sandy Kill von Kull Hook-Princess Mary Stella-St. Paul-Everson-Jersey Blue-canoe, just received from the builders, is the best sailable, portable, paddleable, and paddleable-sailing, all-night-sleeping-in canoe he ever saw—that it sits the ground at night like a dead log, and is as dry as an old bone.

How far is this joke to be carried, and when, Oh, when will it stop?

LEAP YEAR.

A FRIEND sends us the following epistle, which he says he received a few days ago. Can it be from a canoeist of the fair sex who has got mixed?

MY DEAR TOD: Having lately noticed you beating to windward against life's stream, I have remarked that your upper linen was not set so taut as custom de-

mands. Your royal preventer backstay sky-scraper looked sadly frayed on the upper edge, and your broad expanse of main-course sadly in want of sheeting home. Your jib-drivers, encircling your two double-jointed bowsprits, evidently require a sprinkling of salt sea-spray. You had no chief mate, and such an unshipshape state of your standing-rigging is a disgrace to any single-hander. In virtue whereof, I offer my services, and shall be pleased to sign articles on receipt of advance note.

Yours ever,

K. V. K.

AT THE "COTTAGE BY THE SEA."

"O majestic night!

Nature's great ancestor! day's elder born!
And fated to survive the transient sun!
By mortals, and mortals seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist, clouds in heaven's loom.

Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,

In ample folds of drapery entwine
Thy flowing mantle, form, and heaven
throughout

Voluminously pour thy pompous train,
Thy gloomy granduers (nature's most
august

Inspiring aspect) claim a grateful verse,
And, like a sable curtain starred with gold
Drawn o'er, my labors past, shall close the scene,"

One would hardly think that the above "thought-inspirations" would emanate from an evening visit to the "cottage." The author writes to say that he tried a night—first, at the K. C. C., and found the clam out; so he wandered down alongside an ice floe to where Von Kull was killed and there they took him in, and there he found the seductive, yet silent, pompous clam, and awoke about 2 A. M., penned the above, and burned it again.

FROM 'CROSS COUNTRY.

An Item from Eckman and Gardner, and a Yarn of How a Mississippi Pilot Treated Them.

(From Exchanges.)

Yesterday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock Mr. George W. Gardner, commodore of the Cleveland Canoe Club, and Mr. W. H. Eckman, of Cuyahoga, secretary of the club, arrived here in their canoes from Cincinnati, and through the kindness of the Harbor police officers housed their boats in the Harbor Station at the foot of Canal street. It was just one year and one week since Dr. Neide and his companion arrived here on Christmas Day, hence the appearance of these gentlemen in their little craft on the broad bosom of the Father of Waters did not excite an unwonted degree of curiosity. Both gentlemen are pictures of health, and their bronzed cheeks and strong figures are evidences of the benefits of the trip. They are well educated, pleasant gentlemen, who have taken this journey for pleasure solely, with plenty of time at their disposal in which to enjoy it. Mr. George W. Gardner is one of the firm of Gardner, Clark & York, proprietors of one of the largest grain elevators and flouring mills in the State. Mr. Eckman is publishing the *Sketch Book*, an art journal. He is an old journalist, and very little of interest escapes him on a trip of this kind.

Their canoes are somewhat larger than those brought here by the canoeists last year; they are fourteen feet long and thirty inches wide; they draw generally two inches; and on this trip they have each drawn, on account of the articles stored in them about five and one-half inches. Mr. Gardner's boat is built of white and Spanish cedar. The canoe of Mr. Eckman is made of birch wood, smooth inside and out. Both boats carry spars and hatches; they are perfectly seaworthy, and far safer than the larger yawls. In the canoes are cooking utensils, provisions, a tent for camping

out, and everything necessary for such an expedition; they cannot sink, and their hatches are water-tight.

The canoeists left Cleveland on Nov. 26th last, taking their boats by cars to Cincinnati, and made the balance of the journey by water. They only sailed one day—the boats carry a mainsail and a dandy—the balance of the time the canoeists paddled their way. They traveled by day and camped out at night. The only cities they stopped at were Cairo and Vicksburg. At Louisville they safely crossed the falls, although the passage was very rough. They were splendidly received all along the route to this city.

The canoeists will probably remain here a week, when they may take a cruise to Havana or the Bay Islands. They are stopping at the St. Charles Hotel.

In connection with the above the following story is told in the *Evansville Journal*:

Readers of the *Journal* will remember a paragraph a few Sundays ago, descriptive of two canoes making the trip with their occupants to New Orleans, from Cleveland and Cincinnati. The boys started from here Sunday morning, paddled to Bay City, where they met the *Dexter*. Bill Luty was at the wheel, and in a spirit of fun headed the *Dexter* for one of the canoes. The boys had been paddling about the upper lakes where small craft are in the habit of getting out of the way of steamers instead of steamers getting out of the way of small craft. When the occupant of the canoe saw the *Dexter* heading for him he was floating leisurely in the sunlight, but, getting panicky, grabbed his paddle and paddled for dear life to get out of the way. It pleased Bill to see him work, and having plenty of river he headed her for the other canoe, whose occupant also took on a big scare and paddled frantically out of the way. Bill kept it up until the boys took in the situation and realized that he was having some fun at their expense, put up their paddles and went to

mopping the sweat from their brows with their bandanas. On arrival at Puducah, going down, somebody handed Bill a letter with the card of the Richmond House on it, and directed to him. Bill had a guilty conscience and is naturally, as Mooney expresses it, "a suspicious character," and was afraid to open it. After a trip or two, however, he got over his scare, and by constant importunities of Captain Damron, King Cobbs, and the other boys on the boat, took courage, opened the letter, and here it is, a little late, it is true, but none the worse for age.

PADUCAH, KY., Dec., 1883.

WILLIAM: Your bowels of compassion must be shrunken, even to the dimensions of a mustard gem; in fact, if you have no more bowels than you have compassion, I wonder what stowage you can find for feed, yet you look very like a party who feeds well; but, my friend, do you not stand in fear of a possible ghost—the spook of an unhappy canoer—that may come to you in the dead watches of the the night to confront you with your inhumane chase of two innocent and guileless strangers over the broad expanse of waste water near Bay City to-day? How could you do it? We enjoyed it when we "got on to your racket," but it was hot for a brief season. If you ever find yourself in our neighborhood, find us, and we'll recall the incident that relieved a long day of paddling.

Yours truly,

W. H. ECKMAN.

MOHICAN CANOE CLUB.

SECRETARY FERNOW, of this club, sends us the following report of the Albany paddlers, in session at their annual meeting, which was held on January 9th.

The new board of officers was elected as follows: R. W. Gibson, Captain; P. Meyers Wackerhagen, Mate; B. I. Stanton, Purser; B. Fernow, Secretary; and R. S. Oliver, Member of the Executive Committee.

The Club signal was changed from a field *azure*, a turtle *or* surrounded by 8 stars of the last, to field *azure*, a turtle *or* surrounded by 8 stars of the last on a disc *argent*.

The titles of Commodore and Vice-Commodore were changed to Captain and Mate.

January 9, 1884.

GOOD WISHES.

LONG may the flag of the T. C. C.
O'er storm and wave ride gallantly
To fame, abroad and at home.
May the sailors handle the sails so well
That they'll never be swamped by the
greatest swell
That ever was known to come!

When the sky is gray and the breeze is
high
And the foam from the bow is seen to fly
Like a wreath of purest snow,
May they steadily steer with foot or hand,
And never look back to the vanishing land,
Or wish they were there, oh, no!

May their masts be strong and their sheets
all true,
And their accidents prove either funny or
few,
When cruising on river or lake;
If the wind should fall and the breeze die
away,
May they then think paddling mere child's
play,
And muscular pleasure take.

May the captain and crew ever pull as one,
May the coffee be good and the pancakes
done,
And the camp work like a charm;
May the "Albany Tent" fit close overhead
When the sleepy cruiser is sound in bed,
Free from mosquito alarm.

Through day and night, when the stars are
bright,
May the hearts of canoeists be ever light;
And when in a race they run
May the T. C. C. keep well to the fore,
And reckon its victories by the score,
Until many a flag is won!

C. E. L.—1884.

HINTS ON CAPSIZING.

THE sensation of a capsize is an experience that will come sooner or later to the canoeist who pursues navigation diligently. It will come as unexpectedly as a snow-storm in July, and after it is over he will wonder how it happened.

It is not always due to a green crew. In a novice's ignorance his safety often lies. He will use a care and caution that the more advanced canoeman has left astern long ago.

Some fine day, with a moderate breeze and everything agreeable for a pleasant sail, the victim, who has begun to fancy himself master of the art of sailing, will find himself climbing over the weather-gunwale, and the water rushing into the cockpit to leeward and taking up the space he has just made vacant.

From his present point of observation, the man who a few short moments before was thinking himself capable of commanding the *Black Hawk* (an old-time clipper ship still in commission) will see his paddles, air-cushion, hatches, and other cherished goods and chattels sailing independently down the wind.

Now is the time for action; not a minute is to be lost if you would save your floatable property. Swim around to leeward, pull out the mast, and the canoe rights herself, making them fast before going for any other wreckage; each article should be secured before going for another. After everything is gathered up, it is time to consider how you are going to get ashore. If the sea does not break over the canoe, she can be bailed out with a hat, or whatever may be at hand that can be turned into a bailer, and this completed, jump aboard and paddle ashore for repairs. "But how can I get aboard? If I attempt getting over the side, she will roll over and again fill," I hear some one say. Why, bear down the stern under water,

straddle it, and "hitch" along forward till the cockpit is reached.

If there be considerable sea on, as is apt to be the case, it will be a waste of valuable time to attempt bailing, for the sea will break over the combing as fast as bailed out. The only thing to do is to take the painter for a towline, in your teeth, lips shut, and assuming the duties of tug, ring one bell, steam ahead, laying your course for the shore so as to get all possible help and little resistance from wind, tide, current, and heave of the sea.

G. V. D.

CLUB DOINGS.

At the annual meeting of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club, the following board of officers were elected for 1884: Arthur Brentano, com.; J. L. Greenleaf, vice-com.; Prof. E. Fowler, sec.; and G. H. Sullivan on the executive committee. C. G. Y. King and Edwin Gould were admitted as members. Mr. C. S. H. Buchanan, one of the pioneer members of the club, but who has been stationed in New Orleans for the last two seasons, was made a corresponding member. The club has also become incorporated, having just received the articles of incorporation, signed by Secretary of State. It was decided to build or purchase a larger club-house, as the present one is not commodious enough to accommodate all the canoes belonging to the fleet.

—Owing to business engagements, General Oliver, of the M. C. C. of Albany, will be unable to attend the next meet, and in place is now planning a spring cruise, presumably the Susquehanna River.

—Volume II. of the CANOEIST, neatly bound, is now ready. All who desire the magazine in a permanent form are advised to procure a copy. For styles and prices see advt. columns.

DRIFTINGS.

—HORACE UNFURLS.—Horace has well said that his heart must needs have been bound with oak and triple brass who first committed his frail bark to the tempestuous sea. Nothing, indeed, conveys a higher idea of human daring than the boldness with which man rushes forth to encounter the elements; nothing speaks louder in praise of human ingenuity than that wonderful art by which he is enabled to forsake the land, retiring from it till it may become a dim streak; driven from his course by adverse winds, yet by dint of perseverance wearying out the elements, and at length arriving with unerring certainty at the expected haven. Time was when the canoe or raft constituted the only ship of the sailor, and when the narrow precincts of a lake or river set bounds to his roving disposition and confined him within view of familiar objects, advancing a step further, we find him venturing from headland to headland, or from island to island, with a view of gratifying his curiosity or bettering his condition, until a gale, driving him to some unknown coast, increases at once his knowledge and hardihood. Meantime his bark adapts itself to nobler functions, enlarges in size and improves in form, the rudder is added, the mast is erected, and a sail hoisted.

—Will Leonidas, from New Orleans, oblige again?

—Read "Orange Frazer" in *Wheelman* for February. Before we read "Orange" we had a few ideas on a perfect canoe on paper, and we give them elsewhere.

—Some canoeists, notably from the Clyde and Mersey, write that they like the *CANOEIST*. We would like to find their names on our subscription list.

—Canoe-builders may, without giving offence, address per express to the Editors models of canoes, paddles, and photo-

graphs. There will be a fair divide, and and no favor except to the senders.

—When will "Rochester" reply to Huff?

—On Thursday night, January 3d, the Mohican Canoe Club held a very successful camp-fire at General Oliver's house, which was largely attended. Success to you "Morgans;" keep up the interest during the winter, and when the "gathering of the clans" shall be in August "show us there the metal of your pasture."

—A new organization is budding into life under the name of the Royal Military College Canoe Club. Col. Edgar Kensington, that most genial gentleman, is the nucleus around which it is forming, and his energy, coupled with the good stuff at his command, bids well for a strong corps of paddlers from Kingston, Canada.

—The resources of canoeists are sometimes taxed to their utmost; but the inventive genius of the canoeman comes to his rescue in the time of need. We had been invited to dine at "Cliffwood." The invitation had been sent up by the packet the day before, but was not delivered, and when we started for the island on our weekly one-day cruise, we were unconscious that a good dinner was spoiling for us. Running down with an ebb-tide, "a flowing sea, and a wet sheet," we bid fare to make the fastest run ever made to the island in the annals of the club, but at Cliffwood we were hailed, ran in, and informed of the state of affairs. But one of us had shoes. The shoeless man sailed on to the island, and he of the shoes went for the dinner. Dinner over, a sail was proposed, and accompanied by the ladies and their brothers, we went to the island to look after the barefoot man. He saw us coming, and walked down the beach to welcome us, with his feet done up in paper bags, tied at the ankle with rope-yarn. This modest fellow is an ex-member of the N. Y. C. C.

—Letters to the Editors. C. G. Y. and R. J. !!!

—Many thanks, Secrearies, for burgees to hand. Some burgees we have had sent to us are merely colored sketches. These suit our convenience, and as soon as we have the "lot" sent in we will endeavor to surprise you.

—Wanted. Names and addresses of canoeists who do not subscribe to the CANOEIST.

—A lady correspondent asks us to suggest a more poetical word than "paddle." We suggest "ombiator." The lady herself suggests "*aqueous-effodiato*." How about the A. C. A. badge. Will the Secretary A. C. A. let us know what is being done?

—In thanking contributors for information sent, and to come, may we suggest, nay, request, that all communication be addressed to "The Editors," and not to individuals, as delay may be caused thereby and communications remain unanswered for several days. Also, *please* write early and often, and only on one side of the paper.

—Chicago is better late than never. It would not be inappropriate to call this new club "Phoenix Canoe Club," in memoriam of what occurred years ago. No other club can claim such a distinction. For a burgee we suggest: Rectangular 10 x 15, white ground, a "Phoenix" black, rising from red flames. There would be no mistaking the club and its locality. We offer this suggestion to the club.

—Say, Bishop, lend me thine ear; canst administer to a mind diseased from want of friendly intercourse? Hast thou a pen and wherewithal to use it on? Canst thou not set thy vigorous brain to work to yield its honeyed store of solid knowledge? Oh! pray give us one, if only one, nectarial drop from out one cell ambrosial, and let it come right here, like spray, driven, effodial!

—Will Mr. Douglas recall to mind his frequent communications with one of the editors, while he (Mr. Douglas) was in York, England? We are sure Mr. Douglas will recollect, and, having recollected, will not forget to give us a dissertation, as of old, on canoeing matters in general. Mr. Douglas, your handwriting betrayed you to one who, though never having met you personally, still cherishes some old canoeing letters.

—Two canoeists cruising. One smoking; one not, but wanting to. Dot and Friday are the worthies.

"Dot," said Friday, "have you got a light?"

"Yes, Friday, but it's out."

—A wild cowboy from out West was lately on a visit East, and for the first time in his life he saw the sea and ships. One stately vessel was lying at anchor in mid river, with a small row-boat fastened astern. This fact seemed to upset our cowboy's nerves, and he gave vent to some choice expletives, the United States of which was "Man alive, I'll be doggoned if the verra ships ain't got young ones!"

—Lately, while walking along Staten Island beach, I picked up a curious-looking bent piece of something which I could not quite explain to myself. Being of a scientific turn, I sent my find to one of the Saturday evening meetings at the "cottage" by the sea where they periodically "Kill von Kull." The President sent the following short and concise report the following Monday. It ran as follows, verbatim:

"OSTEOLOGY OF THE CANOIRIBA.

"The specimen sent in for discussion is an old and well-preserved rib (as to shape) of a distinct style of movable object used by the ancients, and called canoe. Dot is of opinion that the occipital style of the the rib is a perfect style of ossification of the Stephens period. It evidently was of the wood from the deadly man-eating

Upas-tree. Traces of tendons were distinctly visible. Friday gave Dot an empirical denial, and proved that the evident rotula process is the continuation of the homologue of the patella. The morphology of the rotular process was well developed."

[Note by the Editors: We cannot make it out, but sent for particulars, and especially for a sample of the Upas-tree. We have also studied the botany of this tree, and have learned some interesting facts. A traveler out West, being belated on a Western desert mountain-land, hied with haste, as night approached, to avail himself of the shelter of one large solitary tree, the only one in sight. Arriving in its shade, he commenced to make himself comfortable for the night. He noticed a great quantity of human bones and bones of various wild animals lying around, but did not give himself any great concern thereat, as no wild animals were visible anywhere. Just as he was turning over to go asleep, he heard a peculiar noise, and started up at once, and noticed that the lower branches of the trees were closing in upon him; and, getting clear of the tree, he saw a strange sight. The whole of the lower branches of the tree had closed all round to the ground. He had just escaped an embrace from the far-famed, but seldom seen, deadly man-eating Upas-tree.]

WINTER CAMP-FIRES—GOOD FOR THE MOHICANS.

—We are indeed pleased to see that the cause is extending to Albany. Let us hope that at the seat of State Legislature something good will emanate, and that the "boys" will have as good times there as are had in the "Kit Cat" club-rooms.

—Many a one during the first few nights of a cruise, or after indulging in a late cup of coffee, or too much smoke, has been unable to sleep.

A teaspoonful of Hosford's Acid Phosphate, taken with a little sugar and water,

on turning in, has been found to quiet the nerves and induce refreshing slumber. It is pleasant to the taste, and in the dark passes well for lemonade. G. V. D.

OTHER CAMP-FIRES.

—A winter camp-fire was held about the 17th inst., by the members of the Toronto C. C., at the residence of ex-Commodore Nicholson, at which were Tyson, Herr, and other well-known paddlers. After an evening spent in chatting over canoe lore and the singing of several songs, the first "blaze-up" ended, and, as the last bright embers of the fire were dying out, our friends parted to the tune of "Roll a Man down" with variations.

—The fourth winter camp-fire (N. Y.) was lighted, as usual, at the Kit Kat Rooms, 14th street, Tuesday, January 29th, amateur photography being the subject of discussion. Mr. L. W. Seavey gave an interesting talk, and showed several cameras and processes. Mr. Chas. Barnard also showed his camera, and recommended it as the best for canoeists. A detailed account will appear in March number. Mr. King exhibited a number of interesting canoe sketches.

A CLEAR CASE.

—The N. Y. Canoe Club house was visited last winter by natives, and a number of canoeing valuables stolen. That the house had again been entered this year was apparent last week, when a committee visited the house. On January 29th, Messrs. Stephens and McMurray, on going to the house for some traps, surprised two chaps in the act of doing up in a bundle all the clothing, rubber blankets and bags in the house, preparatory to carrying them off. One thief was secured and brought before the local justice. A warrant was procured for the arrest of the other, and he has since been locked up. The trial will occur on February 2d, and it is hoped that the pair will be "sent up."

EDITORIAL.

EDITORIAL PROSPECTION.

RETROSPECTION is by no means difficult, but attempting to take a look ahead is not always so easy.

Elsewhere we have blown our fog-whistle, warning some craft sailing in our waters to clear out; and although we are only a little craft—young in years, and only as yet taking twelve steps per annum—still we have an initial velocity sufficient to cut our admirer to the water-line.

Looking ahead we see bright sunshine, lots of cruises, lots of suggestions as to rig, notes of meets, camp-fires, galley-fires, probable new styles of canoes, communications from all over the States and from beyond the seas where there is a dear little "island."

England, Ireland, and Scotland, constituting Great Britain, could easily be packed away in a corner of one of our large States. It would be hard to find out England, did the fragrance of her roses not permeate the atmosphere. The green spot, Ireland, would never be noticed, were it not for the infernal row always being kicked up; and glorious little Scotland would never have a show, did the peat-reek perfume of her "whiskey" not shed its exhilarating influence around. And from these parts we expect frequent communications. In extending cordial good-wishes to our readers, we would like to impress on the mind of some the necessity of their girding up their loins and sending us contributions. Elsewhere we tender a few words of advice to secretaries of clubs throughout the country.

That a journal solely on the sport of canoeing can exist and pay its expenses for two years, and enter boldly on a third, is a matter of congratulation. Were we a society or scientific journal, we could have an ever-varying digest of articles to attract the masses; but we confine ourselves to one subject—a subject that some might think would run dry very soon.

There are two important things for us to do. One is to keep our readers as well posted as possible on the progress of canoes and canoeing, and the other to give expression to the well-matured views of such canoeing scientists as condescend to favor us with their views and experiences.

The CANOEIST must not be the organ of one or two individuals. It is the organ of every reader, and every reader is morally bound to do what he can every month to help the cause. Again, how shall we regulate our matter? Shall our articles be long or short, intricate, scientific, or popular? or shall we be speculative, sentimental, or poetic? These are merely a few of the important questions that arise, and which we editors have to consider and endeavor to meet and to decide in the best way fitted to give satisfaction.

Now a word to some of our readers. We purpose, Messrs., The Secretaries of the various canoe clubs throughout the States, to have a few words with each of you individually and collectively; and should you not respond to this general invitation, we shall be compelled to write to you singly, separately, and personally. Why do you not send to us, as your official organ of communication, any little records of new canoes, new fittings, proposals for various types of sails, and all things that accumulate in your club archives during the winter months? Do none of you ever hear of projected cruises?

Apart from these mundane things, *reservoirs a nous moutons*, our man on the look-out reports fair weather ahead, and a craft on the lee bow working up to windward. On investigation this craft is a mirage of the CANOEIST going to windward under whole sail.

THE PERFECT CANOE.

WE cannot help it, we must let off our superfluous steam. For days we have heard of little except what a, or the perfect, canoe should be. Various sporting journals have had long and short arti-

cles, scientific and otherwise, on this subject. We had quite (as we thought) a good, long dissertation on this craft when we read Orange Frazer's well-written remarks in the *Wheelman* for February, and we regretted that he had taken the wind out of our sails to drive his own craft.

We think that the perfect canoe is one that can be sailed to windward as well as paddled to windward in a moderately strong wind and heavy sea, without the crew sitting outside on deck—one that can also hold all one's camping-gear (necessities as well as luxuries)—one that can take in a regatta en route while cruising and come in first—one that can be hauled nearly half out of the water when landing to camp and after stores and tent-gear have been removed, hauled by the solitary crew above high-water mark and made safe for the night—one that can be piloted, even while in cruising trim, down a respectable rapid or emptied, hauled for say a couple of miles over hill and dale, bog and rock, to effect a portage, and, stores having followed, the trip renewed. This craft might be called an "all round" canoe, and while cruising might carry, say, a 25-pound shot-bag by way of solid ballast, which is a wonderful help under full sail.

We know of a case where three canoes cruised in company. The commodore's canoe was about 16 feet by 36 inches by 18 inches in depth. The captain's canoe was 15 feet 6 inches by 31½ inches by 16 inches in depth, two centre-boards, and 200 pounds lead ballast. The Man-before-the-mast's canoe was 15 feet 6 inches by 32 inches by 14 inches. The Man's canoe carried more baggage and grub than his companions' did, and, although he arrived at the camping-ground fifteen minutes late, yet his canoe and stores were above high-water mark, his tent up and coffee boiling before the bosses had both the canoes half emptied. The "Man" declined to assist in hauling either of the heavy canoes up

the twenty yards of beach, and the result was that the two ships were anchored out over night, and the Man's canoe used as a punt. Next morning the centre-boarder was nowhere to be seen. A breeze had sprung up during the night, off shore, and at high water had blown canoe to sea, and was finally descried waltzing a mile off. Now, the canoe that went to the rescue was the "Man's," with "Captain" on board.

All three canoes were by first-class makers, were expensive canoes, and were of the best materials and rig this age of progress could produce. Each owner cracked up his own boat: one had been designed by its owner's bosom companion, one by its owner, the other by its builder.

Now, who had the perfect canoe? It is one of the charms of canoeing to be eternally tinkering at one's canoe. How deliciously tantalizing it is for a stranger (say two ladies) to see a canoe being taken from its "bunk" in the club-house, and prepared for a sail. With what intentness are all movements watched, and what a hurry they (the ladies) are in to see the "pretty canoe" set afloat. But wait a couple of reefs. The owner is not in a hurry; he sets his mast, bends haulyards and sails, and hoists every stitch to see how things look, and find out if any kinks are around. Here again is an added charm to the fair on-lookers, and here is an added charm to the canoeist. He thinks that the mast-head block looks shaky, and wants fixing; so down comes everything.

"How long, please, before you go afloat?" is invariably the next question. "Only a few minutes," which, however, are extended to possibly thirty. By this time our voyageur is alone, and his canoe is perfect.

True, Orange Frazer, as you say, "one point of harmonious opinion is, that each member possesses the most perfect craft in existence," and thus it is natural to suppose it will ever be so.

ENCOURAGING reports are being received from all parts of the country, respecting the holding of camp-fires. Albany, Toronto, and others have been heard from, and the subject is now well settled that the movement inaugurated last fall for these canoeist gatherings, during the closed-up months, was one in the right direction, and will be productive of many beneficial results.

Let us hear from other points now.
Where's Philadelphia and Cincinnati?
Don't be behind, gentlemen.

SEVERELY shaken in a railway smash, in May, 1865, the "adjutant" of the "Scottish Eighth," at Wimbledon, found he could not shoot. Walking moodily by the Thames, he determined to go afloat again, and that night devised the Rob Roy canoe, which was launched in July on her cruise of a thousand miles.

The stream was strong, the wind was cold;
The paddlers were robust and bold;
Their cruising gear, and hatches gray,
Seem to have known a better day.

Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines,
In meek despondency we eye
The snow-clad sward and wintry sky.

You imps, tho' hardy, bold, and wild,
As best befits this paddling child,
Feel the sad influence of the hour,
And wail the sunshine's vanished power.
Your summer cruises tell, and mourn,
And anxious ask—Will spring return?

Yes, paddlers, yes, the spring will come.

QUOTATIONS.

IN the course of our editorial peregrinations we sometimes have to utilize quotations.

When we do so, we like to quote correctly, and when we find any misquotations we like to say so.

Especially when our favorite bard is misconstrued.

We allude to "Robert Burns."

We felt badly in want of some appropriate lines to address to our readers, descriptive of a case of obstinate piracy, till we hailed with glee a very bad quotation of one verse from "Burns" by *Forest and Stream*.

We give a few verses of the poem correctly, as we learned it in our young days, and allude to the piracy under the heading of

PIRACY ON THE HIGH SEAS.

Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots,
Frae Maiden Kirk to Johnny Groat's,
If there's a hole in a' your coats,

I red you rent it;

A chield's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.
And see you back all safe at home;
Your boats upon the sea shall bound,
While sea-gulls gambol round and round,
And while you paddle round the bay,
Too short shall seem the summer day.

In our issue of October, 1883, we commenced a monthly series of requests for canoe burgees. (See page 133.)

In *Forest and Stream's* issue of November 15, 1883, is a request for burgees, etc., of canoe clubs to be sent to editor of canoeing, in said journal.

In our issue of December, 1883, we instituted an item under the heading of "Galley Fire," from Dot's suggestion in November issue.

In *Forest and Stream's* issue of November 22, 1883, is an article entitled "Galley Fire."

We feel agrieved, and, to a certain extent, we feel honored that our esteemed contemporary should have purloined from these pages pabulum for his supporters.

We don't make this assertion wildly and in a hurry; weeks have elapsed since the piracy took place, and every week of its continuation has made us open wider our editorial eyes.

So we made inquiries, and we have absolute proof, and can produce our witnesses

in open court, that the editor was remonstrated with for using (note the *present* mildness of the term) our matter.

But no matter! the time has come! and woe be unto the editor for disregarding the words of warning wisdom. "El Madhi," of the New York C. C., in a moral sense, wrestled with Stephens on this subject to no good end; so it rests with us to demand the discontinuation by *Forest and Stream* canoeing editor of "The Galley Fire" and "Club Signals."

True, the editor may say, but imitation is the sincerest flattery; yet you had no right, morally and intellectually, to commit such a breach of editorial etiquette.

Since penning the above lines we have had a meeting of the Board of Editors, and Webster's Unabridged does not contain, *literatim et verbatim*, the pithy language anent these editorial purloinings; so jointly we politely request the editor to make immediate restitution, and for the future to discontinue these articles alluded to.

TO THE CANOE.

BELLA Dotlette,
 Strong and brave,
 Fair as sea-bird,
 Skimming wave.
 Swift as an arrow
 To its course true,
 Good luck attend thee,
 Bonny canoe.
 At thy peak fluttering
 A bright burgee gleams
 Sweet, lowly growth, nursed
 By "Shadows" and beams.
 Free as the wild breeze
 That flows from the West,
 Type of the faith
 Deep stirred in her breast.
 Fair may thy flag float
 O'er Hudson's tide,
 On many a gay trip,
 May thy keel glide.

Health to the steersman,
 Luck good and true,
 Wait on him ever,
 Bonny Canoe.

[The above lines were penned by a lady and sent to the "Editor CANOEIST." A large . (dot) was below the word editor; so we presume that change of leadership was not known. No matter, we have taken possession, and are willing to take consequences.—ED.]

WE should be pleased to hear from Mr. C. W. Eddy, who was, and may be still, Hon. Sec'y Royal Colonial Institute, Canada, about the year 1874. Should Mr. Eddy be dead, of course we cannot expect to hear from him. We have lost his address.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR CANOEIST: At the annual election of the H. C. C., the following officers were elected: L. Q. Jones, com.; V. B. Hubbell, vice-com.; A. W. Dodd, secretary; and W. B. Davidson, treas.,—which gives us the same board of officers as in '83. The crescent and star was adopted as a sailing signal for the H. C. C. It is to be of turkey red cloth; crescent and star same color. Committees were appointed for various work, such as securing land for a boat-house, and all the prospects tend toward a successful year for the H. C. C., and large increase of members.

L. Q. JONES.

EDITOR CANOEIST: The banquet of canoeists, held at the Matteson House, on Friday evening, January 11th, was a grand success in every particular, and the result, from present indications, will be one of the largest and most active canoe clubs in America.

Twenty-two canoeists were present, all but two or three being canoe owners. An informal reception was held in the hotel parlors till 8.30 when the company adjourned to the dining-room. In the centre of the artistically arranged table, elevated on a standard entwined with smilax, stood a model Racine canoe, some four feet long, filled

with the rarest of cut flowers. This beautiful centre-piece, the gift of Thomas Kane, Esq., of the Racine Boat Co., was deservedly much admired. The dinner and service were in keeping with the decorations.

About 10.30 the meeting was called to order, with Mr. I. F. West as chairman *pro tem*. The Chicago Canoe Club was organized, and the following officers unanimously elected:

President—Mr. G. M. Munger.

Vice-President—Mr. J. W. Keogh.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mr. F. R. Seelye.

A committee consisting of Messrs. Seelye, Pullen, and Ellis was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws to be submitted at next meeting, to be held on January 25th, at the office of Messrs. Thos. Kane & Co., on Wabash ave. Some further business was transacted, and the meeting adjourned at 12.15.

As a direct outcome of the banquet, two canoes have already been ordered, and several others are being talked of. There is "immense enthusiasm" and every prospect of a great boom during the coming season.

QUI VIVE.

Chicago, January, 1884.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Will you permit me a good many lines in an explanation and answer to objections, which have been raised against a classification of canoes which was proposed by me in a letter published in the October CANOEIST. There were also some errors which require correction.

Any one to whom canoes were tolerably familiar, looking at those which appeared at Stony Lake, last August, would divide the great majority of them into three classes.

1st. The "light cruising" canoes, such as the Rob Roy proper, American Traveling, Stella Maris, Racine, St. Paul, etc.

2d. The heavy cruising canoes: those of the "Shadow" model, in all its variations, with or without center-boards.

3d. The "Peterborough" craft, the regular Canadian model—a simple development of the birch bark.

Beside these, there were some of exceptional types in American waters, like the two Pearls—a long-paddling canoe, and two or three others.

It was on the basis of meeting the requirements of the majority of American

canoes, that I proposed they should be classified. Thus:

Class A, would include the first mentioned. The "light cruising" canoes, 15 feet and under in length, from 26 to 28 inches in beam.

Class B. The "heavy" cruising canoes, 15 feet and under in length, 28 inches beam and over in breadth; this would comprehend the Shadow, Princess, Ellard, *et hoc genus omne*.

Class C. The "long" crusing canoes (would meet the longer Peterboro's and the longer cruising canoes of the Shadow and similar models, over 15 feet in length, and 28 inches beam, and over), the latter kind of decked canoe was not represented at Stony Lake, but I see Mr. Whitlock has been lately advocating a 16-foot x 30-inches boat, and I believe its merits as a cruising canoe will be more fully recognized hereafter, as it is sufficiently handy, faster under paddle and sail than the shorter canoe (more especially in rough water), and of better carrying capacity. I have used a somewhat similar canoe to that described by Mr. Whitlock, since 1871, and am very well satisfied with it as a cruising craft.

The minimum depth to be 8 inches, and maximum length 18 feet; perhaps the latter might be reduced to 17 feet on the water line with advantage, for all single canoes. The Peterboro's would come into their respective classes, according to length and breadth, a minimum breadth of 25 inches might be allowed these canoes, as they are large craft for their dimensions. The proportions of the canoes built by the Ontario Canoe Company are No. 1, 14½ feet length, 25 inches width, 10 inches depth, increasing 2 inches in width, and ½ an inch in depth, for each 6 inches of increase in length, up to 17 feet; the majority in use, I believe, from personal observation, to be under and about 15 feet in length; but there are a good many over that length.

Is it not worth consideration whether some such simple classification would not be better for American canoes than the complicated one at present in vogue, which appears to be a copy of Mr. Baden-Powell's are of paddling, paddling sailable, and sailing paddleable, that appeared in the *Field* some years ago, and was afterwards embodied in Mr. Dixon Kemp's book?

That there should be six classes of canoes for racing, 4 paddling, 2 sailing, which the A.

C.A. disclaims being a "mere racing institution" appears somewhat superfluous, and that there should be only four canoes of Class 1 amongst some hundreds in the A. C. A., shows how exceptional these craft are, and how unnecessary it is to keep up a separate class for them. The argument that a classification which is unsuitable, should be kept up merely because it is established, may carry weight with a strict conservative like Mr. Tyson, but hardly with other canoeists.

It was precisely against canoes built specially for racing, and against the "racing canoeist" (as I should have written it, instead of "professional racer") that my letter was directed. Against the *cruising* canoeist, who also races, not one word of disparagement must be intended—rather the reverse; but the man who canoes, simply for the purpose of racing, should certainly have obstacles placed in his way; the reason is clear: he pursues the pastime, not from a love of nature, not for the pleasure or excitement of managing his little craft successfully avoided difficulties from wind and waves, but from a desire for petty notoriety, and the applause of steam-boat visitors, or hotel crowds.

That it is somewhat "monotonous" (not "monstrous") to see the same canoe, win race after race is, I think, generally admitted. In amateur horse racing, successful horses are either barred or heavily handicapped, and the same practise might be applied to canoes, and I think it would tend to increase the interest in the races, not the reverse, if the canoes were now equalized by the withdrawal of the extreme type of canoes and canoeists who had already won races at the same meeting.

My experiences with the decked canoe, and double-bladed paddle date from the year 1863, two years before Mr. MacGregor published the well-known account of his canoe cruise, and before that date I used the single paddle and birch bark. Though I have not aspired to a prominent place amongst canoeists, I have watched with interest from the background the development of the pastime, both in England and America; and that the A. C. A. may persevere in their endeavors to make the canoe *primarily* a cruising craft, and *secondarily* a racing one, is my earnest wish. Apologising for the length of this letter, I remain, yours truly, C. M. DOUGLAS.

Lakefield, Dec, 19, 1883.

THE GALLEY FIRE.

Later on, some day, at a camp-fire meeting, we may have a dissertation on the frying pan and cuisines in general.

What an astonishing number of contributions we don't get. The apparent apathy of canoeists, in general, to take a haul at the main sheet is surprising.

Say some, "Why don't you have some decent sort of receipts for a fellow to work upon when camping?"

We retaliate, "Why don't some of you try a hand at it, and give us the benefit of your experience?"

This month we have two contributions sent us, neither of which are calculated to produce nightmare. Will some kind-hearted soul give us his experience on how to cook a bird (say turkey, duck, or hen) with feathers on?"

"A DEVIL."

Cut in slices and fry, in lard, two apples, two onions, and three potatoes. When they are fried to a nice golden color, add pieces of cold meat, about the size of a walnut; let them fry slowly for about half an hour, taking care that it does not burn, and adding a little bit of lard or butter if it appears to be getting too dry; about five minutes before dishing, make a sauce of half a cup of vinegar, one teaspoonful of Worcester sauce, half a teaspoonful of mustard, and a pinch of cayenne pepper; pour this sauce over the contents of the pan and let it get thoroughly warmed.

PANCAKES.

One pound of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one tablespoonful of sugar; mix well and add as much milk as will make it into a thick batter; have ready a frying-pan with hot lard; take a large spoonful of the batter and pour it carefully on to the pan, taking care that it does not spread too much and so be too thin. Three pancakes may be fried at once; lift the edge with a knife, and when the under side is a nice brown, turn and do the other side the same; after each relay, the pan must be cleaned of all little broken pieces, and fresh lard put on, else it will be apt to burn.

N. B. The lard must be boiling when the pancakes are put on the fire or they will taste greasy.

CANOE CRUISE.

A CANOE CRUISE FROM NEW YORK TO
HARTFORD.

EARLY on the morning of June 3d 1883, the *Duck* and the *Alice* were launched from the boat-house of the N. Y. Athletic Club into the Harlem.

A finer morning never gladdened the heart of canoeist. To be sure, the wind was N. E., dead-ahead; but is the wind not usually dead-ahead?

Both boats are Everson Shadows. The *Duck*, rigged with that wonderful and somewhat complicated invention known as a sliding gunter foresail, leg-of-mutton dandy, and small jib. The *Alice* carries a balance-lug foresail of eighty square feet, and small latteen dandy.

After much loss of time and some patience, the captain of the *Duck* conquers the "gunter," and we started down the Harlem and through the Kills. When we reached East River we found wind and tide ahead, so decided to take in sail and paddle. Slowly against wind and tide we made our way past Little Brother and Riker's Islands until we reached the more open water off Flushing Bay.

Here we found the tide less strong; the breeze also freshened and came in puffs. Sail was made on both boats, and we bowled along at a lively pace. As the breeze continued to freshen, a reef was taken in the lug of the *Alice*. The *Duck* in the meanwhile has drifted a quarter of a mile to leeward. Evidently the Commodore and the sliding gunter are having another round. Presently the *Duck* comes up under paddle, "Halloa, Commodore" (from the *Alice*), "what's the trouble?" "Hang that sail," says the Commodore, "I hope the man who invented it was drowned before he had time to inflict another." With this the Commodore lands and proceeds to reef at leisure. The breeze now increased to half a gale, and we had lively work beating down to Fort Schuyler.

The Sound here widens. Gradually we pass Execution Rock Light, and City and Hart Islands. We shape our course for Captain's Island.

As it is getting late in the afternoon, we decide to run for Indian Harbor (Greenwich), and stop over night. With a fair wind we slip along and arrive at Indian Harbor Hotel at sunset. After a good

night's rest we prepare to start, but find an east wind and light rain. We start, however, and, in the teeth of an easter, which gets worse and worse, we slowly beat down Sound, the seas getting gradually higher.

We kept on until we reached Darien. There we saw the flag of the Stevens House, and made a bee-line for it, reaching it at 3 P. M., just in time for one of Stevens' unrivalled "clam-bakes." Let me recommend all Sound cruising canoeists to seek the wing of Stevens whenever convenient. A snug harbor entered by a narrow passage through the beach takes one almost to the door.

From here the *Alice* was to proceed alone as the Commodore was obliged to return to New York, storing the *Duck* until such time as he could make a return voyage. The next morning at eight the *Alice* was under way with a light S. E. wind and calm water.

South Norwalk and its numerous islands at the river mouth were soon passed. The wind gradually freshened, and at noon New Haven Harbor was passed. At 4.30 P. M. reached Thimble Islands, where I remained over night. The next morning at eight I was again under way. Light winds prevailed until Saybrook, at the mouth of the Connecticut River, was reached. Here I made a stop of a few hours, and then proceeded to Essex, about five miles up the river, where I remained over night.

To canoeists who have never sailed on the Connecticut River, I would heartily recommend it. There is certainly no lovelier bit of water in this part of the world. In fact, for natural beauty, I know of none of the French rivers that excel it.

By easy stages, fishing and sketching much of the way, I made the rest of the voyage to Hartford, about fifty miles up. At Hartford I met several of the H. C. C., a live organization with an enthusiastic Commodore, Mr. L. Q. Jones, with whom and several others I took a friendly turn on the river.

After spending several weeks in the vicinity, I sailed down the river to the Sound, out to Block Island, over to Newport, then around through Buzzard's Bay to New Bedford, and finally as far as Cape Cod. But I have already used up too much of your valuable space, and will save a full description of my eastern cruise for another number.

D. W. TRYON.

THE AMERICAN

C · A · N · O · E · I · S · T

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. III.

MARCH, 1884.

No. 2.

ON TURKEY CREEK, IOWA.

“PSYCHE” C. C. C.

“FROM dreams, where thought in fancy’s maze
runs mad,
To reason, that heaven-lighted lamp in man,
Once more I wake ; and at the destined hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,
I keep my assignation with my woe.”

It may not be our fortune, perhaps, to be born amid the nobler scenes of nature, but wander where we will, trees wave, rivers flow, mountains ascend, clouds darken, or winds animate the face of heaven ; and over the whole scenery the sun sheds the cheerfulness of his morning, the splendor of his noonday, or the tenderness of his evening, light. What the latter is during an Indian Summer in the Far West can alone be known to those who have really experienced and felt its sublime influences. While on a farm at Anita, it was my wont, after a hard day’s toil, to take a dip in the branch, and, filling and lighting my pipe, stroll into the timber. Nature hath many charms, in the dim religious haze, the quiet coloring of the yet remaining foliage, and the already fast-decaying leaves that bestrew one’s path, at this season of the year. In spite of this, how apt are we to feel sad at a state denoting perpetual change. Yes!

“Gather the roses while ye may ;
Old Time is still a-flying ;
And the same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.”

On one occasion my mind was so blent, as it were, with Nature and her surroundings, that I was at once absorbed and wrapt in a somewhat unjust divination into the

womb of that far, untraveled waste which lies open to conjecture’s dubious ken—dim Futurity! Striking Turkey Creek, however, I threw myself on the bank, and, while gazing on the merry stream, my thoughts, aided by memory—

“That first best friend which heaven assigns below
To soothe and soften all the cares we know”—

as readily reverted to the blissful canoeing days of a by-gone and happy past. The longing and desire to be afloat, so long dormant, asserted its rightful prerogative, and I set to work almost immediately in constructing a paper canoe. A few short evenings intervene, and I find myself again on Turkey Creek, with this exception: I was afloat in a cockle-shell. Could anything be more delightful? I felt at once like a school-boy on the loose and a maiden on receiving her first love-letter. You must not imagine from this that I was “hilariously jolly.” No! the sublimity of the situation softened the more boisterous element in the man. And could it have been otherwise? The color of the woods appeared in such perfect harmony with pensive nature at this season. The foliage, no longer a uniform monotonous green, was a study of intense tints. The tresses of the lady-birch were spangled with yellow. Bronzes and russets and coppery reds mingled with the dark green of the solemn yew. The beech-trees gleamed with rose color. The brilliant beads of the mountain-ash burned amid the soft brown of ripening nuts and the sober hues of wild berries. Faded leaves fell with a petulant sigh, while the freighted creek groaned in bearing away its rich argosy of

yellow leaves. Floating languidly down the stream, I approached a bend in the creek, and, while rounding the same, was startled by an unmistakable sound. Mallards, by George! With this I grasped my gun, and the solemn stillness was broken by a sharp report, followed by reverberating echoes, which must have sent a thrill of awe into the heart of many a timid little inhabitant of the forest glade. Alas! two of their number lay motionless on the surface of the water. The crimson stream of life, which but recently imparted health and warmth, now oozed forth from cold inanimation, and mingled with the curling eddy. I almost felt a mild regret that such a sudden period had been put to life at once—so pretty, innocent, and harmful. But a too close indulgence in sentimental humanity is out of place in a sportsman; so I bagged my game and paddled home, doubly gratified with my evening's outing. Thus it is—

"As birds, whose beauties languish half concealed,
Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
Expanded shine with azure, green, and gold,
So blessings brighten as they take their flight!"

"CANOE KIT."

THE inconvenience of having one's dry groceries, table ware, and cooking utensils stowed away in different parts of the canoe was unpleasantly felt by the writer on his first cruise (Lake George), and frequently provoked impatient thoughts. Possibly there *were* occasions when those thoughts found expression. However, I learned the canoeist's inevitable lesson, patience, and managed to enjoy my meals, even though the sugar did run through a hole made in the glass jar by the copper-tipped paddle-blade, and a *sock* absorbed the condensed milk; but I determined never to take another cruise till I had made some sort of an arrangement to keep *together* those articles most often used: so the Stony Lake trip found me

prepared with a compact little box, upon which I had expended all my ingenuity, and, excepting the canoe tent, patterned after Mr. Oliver's, nothing among my fittings gave me more comfort, and it should accompany me upon my next cruise, had I not seen Mr. Willoughby's kit.

In the matter of fittings, canoeists are always unselfish, and are perfectly willing, and indeed glad, if their fellow-paddlers may in any way be benefited by their experiences or experiments; therefore the captain of the *Windward* will raise no objection if I copy in part his kit and give it to the readers of the CANOEIST.

As I had nothing at hand to compare with or to judge by, when I made my own, I find the box and canisters, except for long cruises, a trifle large, so will give dimensions as I think they should be.

Make box of $\frac{5}{8}$ inch well-seasoned pine, 17 inches long, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and 7 inches deep. Allow two inches of the depth for the cover, which should be hinged with three brass hinges put on with the longest brass screws that can be used and fastened with flat brass hooks and eyes, hooks quite long, so that the screw and eye do not come too near edges; handle should be of leather, and put on like those of sample cases, as it ought to lie flat when not in use.

The box, of course, must be dove-tailed, and, if you are not a neat workman, have it made at a box-factory where it is sure to be well done. Cost is very small.

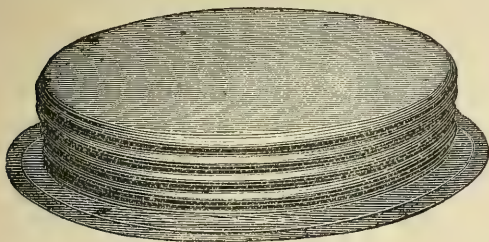
Drive 1-inch wire nails through all the corners, first boring the holes for same with a twist-drill three sizes smaller than the nail; these nails, passing as they do through the section of dove-tailing, strengthen the box wonderfully.

I used the brass almost headless nails (barbed from point to head), which were furnished me by Mr. Smith, of Lansingburg, who has them manufactured for his canoes.

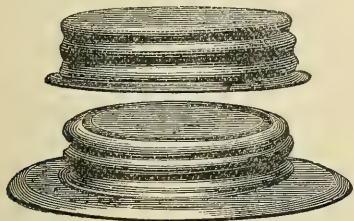
They cost about 75 cents per pound, and

number something like 100 to the pound. These nails, by the way, are mighty convenient for a great variety of work around a canoe.

Give two coats of shellac inside and out, and you have a box that will be very strong and quite tight.



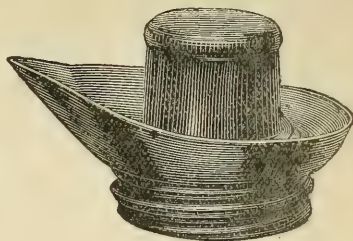
Now get your tinman to order from the Consolidated Fruit Jar Co., 49 Warren street, New York City, screw-top canisters for sugar, tea, coffee, flour, oat-meal (the canoeist is governed by the provisions he uses on a cruise), one each; salt and pepper, one each; alcohol can; and for butter and lard, or salt pork, you will find two half-pound screw-top market cans very convenient.



Have him make the sugar, coffee, tea, flour, and oat-meal canister of "I C bright tin," 4x4x3; alcohol, 4x4, and height to bring the top flush with the tops of the others; salt, 3x3x3, and pepper, 3x3x2.

These canisters will be water-tight, and contain, respectively, these parts of a quart: .83, .47, and .31. If they are partially empty, as they will become sooner or later on the trip, there will be considerable air space, that, in the event of a capsizing, will make the kit self-sustaining. The cover of the box is intended for nested

plates and pans, knife, fork, spoons, can-opener, cork-screw, etc., while the remaining room in the box will accommodate alcohol stove, coffee-pot, and fry-pan.



If the top and bottom of box is made of $\frac{3}{8}$ stuff, as mine is, it can be used as seat, which brings the weight amidships, where it ought to be.

Add folding-legs to the cover, and you have, when latter is open, a first-rate table.

One has only to use such a kit on one cruise to fully appreciate all its advantages.

HENRIETTA.

Albany, Jan. 25, 1884.

OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE, BUT GOOD-NATURED.

THERE is no room in the A. C. A. for ill-nature; and, first of all, I want to say that it is taken for granted, no matter how severe the criticism indulged in is, I always intend it good-naturedly. Buck contributed an article for the December CANOEIST. By the way, in it he mentions as a fact that Mr. Alden sailed sixty miles on Great South Bay (still water, mind) last summer in seven hours—that is, at the rate of over eight and a half miles per hour. Did Buck ever sail at the rate of *six* miles an hour for two consecutive hours? One would hardly think so from the above statement. Can he inform us what boat Mr. Alden was in, what sail she carried, the points he sailed between, and the direction of the wind? Now I have done some little sailing—indeed have made it a study for five years to get the utmost speed out

of my canoe with sails—and under the most favorable circumstances—*on still water*—have never made eight and a half miles in any one hour, and I carry more sail, and carry it longer than Mr. Alden does, if what I learn of him is correct, including his own reports. But the 6 must be a misprint, and entirely the error of that rascally printer, who has to shoulder many of the slips of his betters and all of his own. But to return to the muttons. Buck's letter was headed "Inland vs. Open-water Canoeing," whatever that may mean. Now what does he start out to prove—what is his proposition? I am blessed if I can find out. What conclusions does he arrive at after he has reached the end of his five-column article? Any? Buck does not agree with the late editors in considering the cruise attempted by Mr. Stoddard "out of place," as he states it. Well, wasn't it, by Mr. Stoddard's own admission, at that time of year? Perhaps the idea back of it all in the editors' minds was the fact that reports published what was *going* to be done, not what *had been* done—which is usually the way, even with Mr. MacGregor, referred to by Buck; and that is how the horrid word "advertising," no doubt, slipped in. That the cruise planned is a possible one to make, I admit freely; but some of it will have to be done Indian fashion, sitting over a camp-fire for days, perhaps weeks, for favorable weather, to attempt certain reaches. On Labrador, Farnham, in '82, was five weeks weather-bound. There isn't much danger in the Indian method. Time is the only item; and if Mr. Stoddard has plenty, and he has all there is, why, whose business is it?

Buck is hardly justified, though, in deducing from the editorial in question a general decree against open-water cruising, and informing the editors that they would limit cruising to such as N. and K. made, though the professional gentleman he quotes as saying "He, Buck, is one of those who by

their own foolhardiness bring into disrepute a sport which is otherwise the most salutary," did not hit far off the nail. Buck calls himself a comparative novice. Well, then, he has no business on the open water of the Sound. And let me ask him, right here, was he ever on it, beyond Sands Point Light, for instance, say a mile from shore? As far as I can make out from talks with many of the sea-cruisers proper, the real sea is not comfortable, in most cases agreeable, or in general safe. New York Bay, the East River, many parts of the Sound, and Great South Bay can hardly be called open waters. What are open waters, anyway?

All that Buck says, to Mr. Stoddard's credit, about his design, rig, etc., is quite true and under the mark. But *Atalantis* is not a canoe, according to the recognized definition by the A. C. A. and the powers abroad. If Buck doesn't agree with this, well and good. If he would like the scope of the A. C. A. broadened, he will find a willing backer in Mr. Munroe, who has a *Sneak Box* he is very anxious to have on the A. C. A. register, though not now called a canoe, but an *Alligator*. You see Buck begins with the editors, proceeds to bring the framer of our laws to task, and winds up by telling the editors that the world moves, when they are the very fellows that have brought that very fact to Mr. Buck's notice—the canoeing world, that is—and yet he is a comparative novice—a superlative one perhaps.

Does Buck consider the Hudson at Albany open water? One would infer so from his mentioning certain boats and owners as being of the Tweedledee class, the inland cruisers being Tweedledums (Dums? Good!) How does Buck top off his truly French salad (many ingredients)? With the statement that "every man must take the chances in failure of chagrin, in success of applause"? Very well. But failure may mean drowning, from the simple belief in what he is told—that ocean

canoeing is exciting, good fun, and entirely safe; for his boat cannot sink if she does upset, as the water-tight bulkheads will float everything. Too much weight cannot be given to insisting on finding these things out for himself, and beseeching him to know himself, his boat and rig, and the chart, before he leaves the shore one short half mile.

So much for Buck.

Now, Mr. Editor, how could you (king of good fellows that you are) go back on your mates at the wheel in earlier watches as you did in that five-line note following Buck's interesting (I must admit it) article? Why couldn't you have qualified it, or why put any note in at all? Isn't it very inartistic? Second thoughts now: look it up again and see for yourself, p. 163, foot of first column. And then, on p. 176, January number, is another—a left-hander this time (not to mention the side hits on p. 185) at those same editors. Sea-cruises, you know: so you call them first-rate. Well, at the next A. C. A. meet at Grindstone Island, just for fun, put it to vote: those who consider sea-cruising first-class, left hands up. Left again, you will see. Those considering the running of rapids and the camp rough-and-tumble life of the forest streams first-class, right hands, please. Right again, you will find, if I am not sadly in error, and yet you call it third-rate. Phew! the lowest order. Oh, my! I claim the man who has no fear of *being upset* a mile from nowhere under sail is foolhardy. A man who knows his boat and keeps within her limits, having no fear that he will *allow* himself to be upset a mile from somewhere is a—canoeer. As comparisons are odious, therefore why do you say first, second, and third rate, when, further on, you state you never endorse *this* or run down *that*? What is calling a thing *third-rate*, anyway? It is running down rapidly, if it is anything. Now you can run me down, if you like, and can overtake me—under sail.

SEA BEE.

BOATS CALLED CANOES.

CRITICISM on such craft may or may not be acceptable to the owners. We lately had a flare-up in these pages *in re* canoe boats, and lately our thoughts have reverted to the boating season of 1875, when the *Kestrel* was sailed from Douglas, Isle of Man, to Beaumaris, in Anglesea—distance about eighty-one miles. The *Kestrel*, though called by its owner a canoe, was a boat 15 feet by 4 feet by 15 inches deep: quarter-inch planks. Tide and wind proved too much for the desired termination of the cruise, and Llanduduo Bay was the landing-place. Now, last month we remarked on the pleasures of sea-cruising, and this month we fear we were too rash, all at once, and we desire to caution novices especially not to be too risky. If any one wants to emulate the *Kestrel*, let him take a trip across the Bay of Fundy.

Let us presume we are addressing a novice, who for the first time essays to dip his paddle. We shall presume that he is already able to paddle an ordinary Rob Roy. I mean by "able to paddle," not only able to get the canoe along by sitting in it, bent almost double, with his shoulders almost as high as his ears, holding his paddle loosely, and just dipping it into the water on each side in the form only too often seen on inland waters, and which brings discredit on canoeing generally—but I mean able to sit upright in the canoe, to keep his feet firmly pressed against the stretcher, to hold his paddle firmly, and at the same time that all the strength of one arm is employed in pulling one blade of his paddle through the water, to use all the strength of the other arm in pushing the other end of the paddle away from the body, by which means he may get a really fair speed out of his canoe. Being able to accomplish this, the beginner should hire as light a clincher-built canoe as he can obtain, say one from about 17 to 18 feet in length

and about 20 inches in beam, and proceed in the same way as he would in a Rob Roy, except that, until he feels perfectly at home in the new craft, he should avoid dipping his paddle deeply into the water, but keep it as nearly horizontal as is consistent with getting the blade into the water. After about a week's practice in a canoe of this sort, the beginner should be able to get along at a very fair pace, and, what is more important, to do so without any perceptible unsteadiness or feeling of nervousness. He may then try the racing canoe; and it would be as well to have a change of clothes handy, for he can hardly expect to avoid a spill.

(To be continued.)

HERE AND THERE.

I COULD not find the opening into the small river which runs from the loch. The land is marshy and flat. Small bays and headlands run into the water like the teeth of two saws put together. Watching for the motion of the submerged grass, I at last glided into another water puzzle. Round and round I went for about half a mile of water, while I but crossed a couple of hundred yards as the crow flies. Then came shallows, with only a few inches of water. Landing to survey, I saw another and another, and so on. Taking off boots and hose, with knickerbockers turned high above my knees, I shouldered the paddle and took the painter for a tour down the shallows and rapids which quickly succeeded each other. Here the channel was ten yards across, and only a few inches deep, and then a yard deep, and only one across. Here would come a stretch of paddleable water, some fifty yards long, where I would go on board, soon to find myself splashing out in mid-stream tugging away as before.

* * * * *

Now, danger, real or imaginary, seemed to gain its climax, as a noisy billow rushed and hissed behind. At no period of my

life did the wretched sensation of real fear take so firm a hold of me as then; on and on it came with a fearful bluster. Now, thought I, if she will outlive this, in a few minutes we shall be round that headland, and in calm, quiet water. We had left camp that morning after being storm-stayed for three days, and miles from any house. The wind had shifted through the night from southeast to northwest, and we launched in high spirits about 5 A. M. A mile paddle, and we hoisted sail, and soon reached the open sea; sheets were eased, and off we went like mad before the wind, along a fearful rocky coast. The wind rose quickly, the sea increased, and in a few minutes the canoes and sails were invisible to each other when waves intervened. A sudden sharp squall, and D.'s boom snapped like a pipe-stem. The other two of us lowered sail, and stood by in case of accident. One of us had a spare boom down below deck; so we put in under shelter (such as it was) behind some large rocks, and there refitted. We might with difficulty have gone ashore and gone into camp till the blow was over, but we had not a bite among us, the last biscuit having been demolished before starting, and we were twenty miles from where we could revictual. So on we tore, with reefed mizzens hoisted forward, dead before the wind; fortunate we were to have had no accidents. Then came the incident alluded to at the commencement of this paragraph. I was leading canoe, and a yell from those behind warned me in time to "look out." I looked behind, and saw a gigantic wave tower above me. Instinct made me keep end on to it and brace my feet against the foot-steering stretcher to keep the helm amidships. My well-apron was all right, except at each elbow, where it was open. So stuffing an arm at each side and holding my paddle square, I had not long to await what might take place. And it took place: just as the stern rose to the sea, the wave burst into a breaker, and in an instant the canoe was out of sight

among the spray, and like an arrow I flew along the top of that wave, soaked to the marrow. It was all over in less time than it takes to write it, and I mentally ejaculated, "Thank God." But the result! There were three inches of water in the canoe, and it required the greatest care to keep on even keel. In two minutes we rounded a low headland, and, although exposed to the full force of the wind, we were on a weather shore.

* * * * *

All around was the quietness of a summer day; the sun warm, and a delicate shimmer of haze rising around, we lay down, with a leg hanging over into the water, on the shady side, to keep cool. Pipes were lit, even a cigarette was indulged in, so calm and quiet it was, so unlike a former occasion. So we dozed away the afternoon, drifting idly in a perfect *dolce far niente*. Toward evening, and to the left over the mountains, a cloud, ominously black, hove nearer and nearer—a far-stretching, low-lying black cloud, casting a dark shadow of night on the mountain whose top it gripped. The timid bleating of hundreds of sheep from mountain-side and lake-shore told us of approaching storm. No need to go ashore and camp. It would be on us before we got there; better wait afloat till it was over. An awful pressure of the atmosphere affected one's breathing and magnified every sound. The bleating of the sheep proceeded from a distance, yet seemed quite near. Such was the atmospheric pressure that a hurried order, given by the helmsman of a small boat a long way off, startled us by its apparent nearness. Darker and still darker grew mountains and water, till we could not see the shore a quarter of a mile away. Something uncommon was about to happen. We donned our oilskins, made everything on deck water-tight, and awaited the result. A vivid flash shot from the mountain-top, and lit up the whole scene; then, amid what seemed

a dense darkness, a ponderous roll which made the loch tremble, grew into an alarming rumble; then a great crash, that shook the very earth, and even made the canoes vibrate. But the space of a second, and another vivid flash, and a crash directly overhead. Then the floodgates of heaven were opened on the leaden surface of the lake, from which every ripple had disappeared. Big, white marbles of hail splashed up the surface in tiny fountains, and rattled along the canoe decks like musketry. The darkness shut out everything from view. Again and again one mighty peal dashed after another, and at each blast the rain and hail poured down, rattled on the decks, streamed from our sou'westers, and trickled from our faces down our necks. All we could do was to sit and await the end. It stopped as quickly as it commenced, and a mighty, universal roar, like a giant in his death-agony, closed the battle of heaven's artillery. Then down the sides of the mighty "Ben" and the opposite mountains hundreds of white streaks, like garlands of snow, came tearing down the mountain-sides, hitherto silent, but now put in full flood by the brief deluge. The clouds rolled onward, the setting sun appeared in all its glory, and in the view of a gorgeous sunset we landed to camp. "WREN."

THE LADIES OF CANADA'S LAND.

BY M., IN PETERBOROUGH REVIEW.

'Tis true that my craft was a "single" canoe,
But the cause you will sure understand,
When I say—with regret—till that day I'd ne'er
met
The ladies of Canada's land.

I've cruised in the north, the east, and the west,
By the south winds my brow has been fann'd;
But my heart it was whole, till on my sight stole
The ladies of Canada's land.

And now as I muse in the glow of the coals,
The distance by memory spann'd,
Through intervened miles are reflected the smiles
Of the ladies of Canada's land.

Then with water so pure, I fill to the brim
The cup which I hold in my hand,
And drink to the worth of the pearls of the north,
The ladies of Canada's land.

A. C. A.

Columbus, O., Dec. 29, 1883.

EDITORIAL

BUCK JUMPING.

WE have much pleasure in presenting a well-put-together note anent Buck's article in December number.

Sea Bee is a canoeist of no mean ability. He knows what he is about, afloat and ashore, and he is, like all canoeists, unable to see "ill-nature" in anything having reference to the sport.

Yet he throws the good-natured gauntlet flip in our face; and, catching it ere it falls, we accept the challenge, and shake out a reef.

Sea Bee asks how we could go back on our mates in the earlier watches, and append a five-line note to Buck's article.

Well, we did it, and gave our reasons. Buck had evidently not been aware that the *children* objected to being saddled with the "sins" of the *fathers*, and we consider we had a perfect right to kick over the traces even at that early hour, and besides we were not "mates" in the early watches. Second thoughts now, and third if you like, on all the counts. Let us now take second charge, and look up page 176, January number. We still consider that we were and are liberal-minded, and, although we may differ from Sea Bee about classification of cruises, let S. B. read on further, and note that we remark that "river-cruising is A 1 in a country like ours," and "the last shall be first is an old axiom." We still designate sea-cruising as "first-rate," but such was our "liberal-mindedness" that we placed the last first. We cannot but try to please all. Then the side hits on page 185. We decline to go back on our word, and, if the sail suits, why, hoist it.

Now as to the vote at Grindstone Island. The majority of American canoeists we might almost say never saw sea water. The writer has a friend, a Kanuck, one whose canoe has been around "a few." Lately he came to New York, and for the

first time in his life saw salt water, ate his first oyster off the half-shell, and took his first dip in the briny at Coney Island. How I was amused when he took a mouthful of salt water and remarked that it was salt! Now, Sea Bee, if you will allow only those to vote who have tried in earnest all three, I don't mind making the motion, and of all men, you, Sea Bee, one of the best salts around New York Bay, to run down with a "phew" your own hobby. Better not turn up at the "Lodge" for a month of Sundays. A man who has no fear of *being upset* is one who will certainly not *allow* himself to be upset, who has his weather eye open for squalls, who knows his boat, and who knows just how far he may go, and no further.

GOSSIP FROM TORONTO.

WE have received quite a gossip letter from one of our correspondents at Toronto, and from it we learn that the T. C. C. are hard at work preparing for the "tug of war," at Grindstone Island, in August. Johnson is having a new boat built, 16 feet by 28 inches, and he will try to give the single-blade men a hard tussle. He thinks that if he had had a suitable canoe at Stony Lake, he would not have been far from first in all the paddling races he entered. Another point is mentioned now, and should be finally settled, once and forever, viz., that the rule requiring men to paddle and sail in their own boats, and not in borrowed ones, should be either enforced or erased from the regulations.

This was not well understood by the Regatta Committee last year, and therefore was violated at the expense of much good feeling and to the disappointment of many.

Our representative has seen Mr. Hugh Neilson, and he says that there was an error in the descriptive article of our New A. C. A. officers, published in the September (?) number. Mr. Neilson says he does not advocate Baden-Powell's theories, but

follows one who he thinks is greater in canoeing ability than ever Mr. B., viz., Mr. E. B. Tredwen. "I have not personally corresponded with Mr. Tredwen," said Mr. Neilson, "but I have read a good many of his letters to Stephens and Tyson, and I am convinced that what he does not know of sailing canoes is very little. I sit up high, not on the gunwale, but on a seat in a line with the sideflaps. I do not ballast so heavily, and I only use one board of 45 pounds, in place of his two, 68 and 10 pounds respectively. I also do not use preventer back-stays, etc., etc.; but, after all, I am perfectly certain that if he came out here and entered in our races, we should be treated to a view of his sternpost in all of them. In saying this I give all credit to the many good men in the A. C. A., such as Vaux, Whitlock, Gibson, Willoughby, and others." We left Mr. Neilson then; but before we dropped astern and out of sight, he hailed us again with, "Say, I wish to explain that vote on the ladies' camp question. My letter to Secretary Neide was not by any means considered by me as a disapproval of a ladies' camp, and when Colonel Rogers wrote to me, lately, he said he could not understand it, as he did not intend to disapprove either. What we agreed on was, that the Association, as such, could not spend money in fitting up such a camp, though I considered that, as married members would go to such a place, we might put up a small wharf or landing for them. I also said that, if further expense was required, I, for one, would be willing to personally pay a share."

Ex-Commodore Nicholson will be on hand at the A. C. A. meet this year, although business kept him away last.

We find also on inquiry that several ladies are already preparing to go to Grindstone Island, among others Mrs. Leigh, who was elected an honorary member to the A. C. A. last year, and who made no less than six flags as prizes. H.

HINTS.

WINTER SUBSTITUTES FOR CANOEING.

MANY of us get so accustomed during the canoeing season of taking a paddle or sail at least once a week, that it gets to be in time a craving that has to be satisfied.

When it became absolutely too cold to paddle in salt water and ice has barred us from the fresh, and we still have this weekly fever to get out, what are we going to do?

Give up the ship? Never!

I have transferred my flag, the gift of a maiden fair, and a reminder of many a pleasant moonlight paddle, to a "gallous" little ice-boat, the *Kitten*. The *Kitten*—so called because she is a small cat-boat—is nine feet beam and nine feet long, and carries a sail 16 feet boom and 10 feet hoist.

The total first outlay for a boat of the above size, and gotten up in the best manner, should not exceed \$25, and, if the owner lends a hand in the construction, the cost would be much reduced.

I sailed one day last week from our clubhouse to the island in fifteen minutes. The best time I have made the same distance with a canoe, under sail, is one hour and twenty-five minutes, and was fairly boiling through the water at that.

I will furnish dimensions and working-plans for building a boat like the *Kitten* to any A. C. A. man who may wish to build.

If not so fortunate as to be located where ice-boating is practicable, snow-shoeing offers an admirable substitute, but lacks the excitement of ice-boating. Canada is the home of the snow-shoe, and I am sure that some of our Canadian friends, as one did for me, will kindly get the necessary equipments and see them safely shipped. All that is really necessary is a pair of moccasins (which are very nice to wear when canoeing) and the snow-shoes, costing together about \$5; but a blanket suit and two or three pairs of thick woolen home-made socks make a much more complete outfit, and can be had for about \$10 additional.

We who are frozen in here, in the next thing to the frigid zone, for four months of the year, must do something to keep even with those lucky fellows who, when the first frost comes, pack up and are off for Florida.

GRANT VAN DEUSEN.

Rondout, N. Y., February 12, 1884.

DRIFTINGS

—Col. C. M. Shedd, of Springfield, Mass., has sold his canoe *Girofla* to W. H. Nimick, of Pittsburg, Pa.

—Commodore Nickerson has sold his canoe to Janson Hasbrouck, Jr., of Rondout, N. Y.

—W. B. Wackerhagen, of Albany, N. Y., has sold his canoe *Henrietta* to Mr. Miles, who has taken her on a honeymoon trip to Florida.

—Canoe-builders will therefore bag three "new" orders.

—How it goes against the grain to part with old friends? One man writes about his sale: "*How* I hated to part with her, you know. I had her in such nice trim, and knew just what she could do, and I was thoroughly in love with that canoe. But I have written ordering a new one right away. The way I came to part with her was in this wise: My friend has been sick, and has been advised by his physician to go North for a change ("*Baffin's Bay*"). He wrote me that he wanted a canoe same build as mine; and as that was only six days before he sailed, and he knew of no canoe elsewhere, I let mine go. It was like losing a pet grinder without "taking gas," I tell you, when I packed tent, cushions, gear, etc. It took me back to Stony Lake, the Thousand Islands, and that last race of ours on the river (say it *was* hard I fouled that buoy then), and I almost felt like backing out. Wish I was going with him."

—"Squaw Point," Grindstone Island, is most appropriate in name for an A. C. A. camp, especially when a ladies' camp is close at hand. Now, boys, take care and don't anchor around that Point too often. It's dangerous—squalls may be the result.

—We tender thanks for burgees received.

—Cleanliness of person promotes health of body, and this in turn naturally begets purity of mind and moral elevation. Such persons are quite as much concerned in having the inner and unseen as tidy and as clean as the outer and the visible; they are pure from principle, not policy. The canoeist is known by his canoe. The untidy man knots the ends of all his cords:

the tidy man whips them. How different are the lockers of different men's boats, and yet a canoeist generally gets the credit of being "so neat and tidy."

—Our summer evenings are not so very long that we can afford to waste them. There is so much to be seen to inspirit the mind, to invigorate the body. We once spent an evening at the Golden Horn. The warm and bright-colored sea for many a league, enriched with verdant, dazzling, and tender stretches of coast scenery, courts the canoeist with promises it never breaks. It is not racing only; it is not sailing only. It is the calm day going to sleep under the rich azure heaven: the water a breathless surface of molten glass, shadowed here and there where the shallow soundings are; the horizon streaked with floating wreaths of vapor, or darkened by the bluish smoke of a long-vanished steamer; the coast line, miles away, swimming in a maze of heat; and the water in the west blending with the flood of light which the sun flashes into it. Here and there is a motionless smack, with her reddish sail reflected without a tremor under her, or a distant ship whose white canvas seems to be melting upon the faint light blue over the horizon. The sun sets in a blaze of radiant glory, and it is night, with a flood of moonlight shivering the ripples, while, on either hand, the sea stretches away in solemn darkness, touched faintly in places by the lustre of the glorious planets impaled by the moonshine. A soft breeze murmurs over the water, and keeps the spectral canvas sleeping; and a narrow wake goes away astern into the darkness, with fitful flashes of phosphorus in the circling eddies, in the run of the ripples as they break near the silent hull. Small wonder indeed that the sea should court men as it does, and fascinate them too. Happy the man who can take the pleasure it yields, and in his own beautiful craft traverse its glorious waters as idly, and freely, and gayly as the wind that impels him.

—W. F. Girard, of the Hartford C. C., has ordered from F. Joyner, of Glens Falls, a new canoe, to be fitted with deflecting centre-board, metal drop rudder, and a combination lug and lateen sail, to contain about 110 square feet canvas. She has been christened the *Dare*. This new sail is, we believe, the same as used last season by Mr. Stoddard.

CORRESPONDENCE

EDITOR CANOEIST: I have been reading "Retrospection," and I like your views exceedingly. In fact, I believe in salt water myself; and in regard to going around Cape Cod in a canoe, I see nothing formidable in the undertaking.

In September, 1880, I sailed a sixty-pound canoe (the *Lara*) from Saybrook, on the Sound, to Boston, going through the Vineyard and around Cape Cod; and on the same cruise I sailed from Newburyport to Portland, Me. The only regrets I have concerning that cruise are that I took my canoe on a schooner from Boston to Newburyport; but I got a little *skeered* crossing Plymouth Bay, and I took schooner to Newburyport. My courage came up at the latter place, and I promised never to do so any more; and I never have.

But, as I said before, I like your look over. You are doing good work. I believe you will do better; and that you may live and prosper till you have a hundred canoes, a dozen babies, a brown stone front, and a fast horse, is the least wish of—Tarpon.

S. J. K.

Tarpon Springs, Jan. 24, '84.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Will you please inform me what style of centre-board is used in the *Nina* (Rushton Princess model), owned by Dr. Heighway, and oblige

H. L. SIEGEL.

[Will Dr. Heighway please reply?—ED.]

CLUB DOINGS

A new club has been organized at Rondout, 22d January, 1884. The following officers were elected: Grant Van Deusen, commodore; Janson Hasbrouck, Jr., vice-commodore; H. S. Crispell, secretary and treasurer. The club starts with an active membership of nine.

HARTFORD CANOE CLUB.

Among the most flourishing of the local organizations for the development of a love for out-door sports is the Hartford Canoe Club. Organized in the spring of 1880 by a few young men, it has steadily increased in number, until to-day there are enrolled upon the records of the club thirty members, twenty of whom are canoe owners. But few places offer better facilities for the

enjoyment of the delightful recreation of canoeing than Hartford, the Connecticut flowing past the city being especially well adapted to the draft of the small craft, and excursions up and down the stream being of frequent occurrence, from the opening of navigation in the spring until the formation of ice in the winter. The sport is one which in itself teaches a true love for nature in its most attractive aspect. It is also healthful in the highest degree, and from it one draws the higher sense of pleasure afforded by but few recreations. Since the organization of the canoe club the members have felt the lack of suitable quarters in which to store their light craft. In the past three seasons they have been compelled to put up with such advantages as were afforded by a "cellar" along the river front; but now even these meagre accommodations have been taken away, and no suitable place can be procured. In this situation of affairs the club decided, at a recent meeting, to erect a permanent clubhouse for the storage of their boats. The building will be a frame structure of the proper dimensions, and will be located along the river front. In order to defray a portion of the expense of the club-house, an entertainment was given at the Opera House, on Monday evening, February 18th. The entertainment was of a novel character—among its leading features being the appearance of the Hartford Banjo Club, of fifteen members, solo and quartette singing, instrumental music, and a grand tableau, illustrative of a canoe camp. In the latter a number of popular boating airs were rendered, including "Roll a Man Down."—*Hartford Daily Courant*.

ORGANIZATION OF CLUBS.

The Rochester Canoe Club was organized 22d September, 1882, Mr. Geo. H. Harris being the projector. One club cruise was made that year. Owing to the want of a club-house, no races were held in 1883. A commodious house is now being built at Irondequoit Bay, a short distance from Rochester, and will be completed early in the spring. The club has fifteen members, all of whom will have canoes in commission by the first of June. During the winter the club holds no meetings. The present officers are: commodore, Geo. H. Harris; vice-commodore, F. W. Storms; purser, Matt. Angle; signal officer, "Huff, Sr."

M. A.

LAKE GEORGE: Our club is doing finely, having added one more member to her roll since my last communication, making an active membership of eleven; and, considering the size of our place, we congratulate ourselves that Whitehall is doing her share toward the advancement of the cause.

Although our organization is called a "canoe club," our constitution is broad enough to admit any "small sailing craft." Of boats of this description we have three, all under fifteen feet in length, the smallest measuring only thirteen feet over all, and ten feet on the water line, with a beam of twenty-eight inches. She is cutter-rigged, and bids fair to make a good hard-weather boat. Just what is wanted for cruising on Lake Champlain.

The writer has reason to feel proud of a fourteen-footer just completed by Mr. W. C. Blodgett, master-builder of the club. She is yawl-rigged, and fitted with a movable hatch, which may be raised, converting the cockpit into a very comfortable cabin, with room enough to cook, eat, and sleep (the principal occupations of a canoeist) with as much ease as you might in the galley of a "twenty-tonner."

Many of our members are overhauling their boats and rigs, anticipating a lively season. Some of the older heads still hold to the leg-o'-mutton; others are in favor of the graceful lateen, while one or two swear by the batten lug. This controversy, with a division on the centre-board question, tends to keep up a lively interest in canoeing.

We would like very much to hear from others on the subject of single-handed cruisers. We may not be strictly orthodox in this matter, but we still hold to our canoes, and may have to—as one conservative knight of the paddle intimated—take them in tow as tenders to go ashore in.

I envy you the enjoyment of your winter camp-fires, and wish I could drop in on you some evening and sing out, "L. G. C. C.: K. C. C. dinner."

W. W. COOKE,
Sec'y and Treas. W. C. C.

PITTSBURG: The annual meeting and election of officers of Pittsburgh Canoe Club was held on 11th inst.—our new board being Mr. Geo. Harton Singer, captain; Mr. George A. Howe, lieutenant; and Reade W. Bailey, purser: the duties were also somewhat changed, relieving the

purser of work outside that of a secretary and treasurer, while the lieutenant, who has been ornamental rather than useful in the past, now has a very real position. One of our established institutions is an annual cruise, in which every member who can possibly arrange his affairs to suit is expected to take part. It is now the duty of the lieutenant to arrange for transportation and supplies for the entire party on these cruises. At this meeting a new burgee was finally adopted, 12 in. wide by 18 in. long pointed, a blue ground with gold border, 1 in. wide all around, and an oak leaf in gold in centre.

Our fleet embraces the nine canoes of last season, viz.: five Racines, two St. Pauls, two Shadows, and one double and four Everson Shadows. The *Stella Maris*, *Girofla*, of the Springfield C. C., is on her way to join our squadron, which she will do under the name of *Solitude*. We have received one new member since the year opened, making our total active membership fourteen, and have good prospect of more, and expect to have at least three more canoes in commission by opening of the season. The rigs for the most part remain the same as last season, though *Marguerite*—Racine Shadow—discards a single standing-lug for two General Oliver "settees," as described by "Mohican" in December CANOEIST—combined area about 60 sq. ft., with dandy one-third the size of main-sail. The *Lotos Flower* will likely change her Racine lateens for a pair in which the yard and boom meet and are connected at the tack. The *Mary C.*—Everson—will probably substitute a bal. lug main-sail, like *Katrina's*, for her present lateen, but will keep the lateen dandy for its convenience in cruising on crooked rivers, where the wind may be favorable only in an occasional short reach. The most novel rig in the club is that of *Electa*—St. Paul. This includes a lug (standing) main-sail, and a jib forward, while aft there is a lug-shaped dandy, *hooked* to the mast, instead of having a running halliard, while a top-mast can be jointed on, carrying a sort of gaff-topsail.

We have had three social gatherings, in form of dinner-parties, given by individual members, since Jan. 1st, which, for sake of variety from the conventional camp-fire, we have christened "Oil Stoves."

READE W. BAILEY.

THE GALLEY FIRE

—The "Galley Fire" editor may perhaps be induced to try the Western Indian's plan of cooking larger birds, which I have found to be very successful when a wild Indian is the cook. Make a hole in the ground large enough to hold the bird, after you have drawn it (the Indians would not do it), without picking the feathers. Heat the hole with hot stones, take out stones, put in bird, well-plastered over with wet clay or mud at least one inch in thickness, cover with hot ashes, and build fire on top. Indian will tell you in how many quarters of an hour bird is done. Take it out; the clay is baked, and breaks off in large cakes, taking with it feathers and skin, but leaving to them eat all its natural juices. No objection to the "devil" in last CANOEIST; but does its concocter carry with him on a cruise a silver-plated caster with all kinds of sauces, curry-powders, etc.? Experience *doct* that the oftener a man makes long cruises the less *impedimenta* he'll take on board.—FLOR DA LICE.

—While cruising, one's appetite sometimes gets run down, and there is danger of eating too little to keep up the continual wear and tear of tissue. There are sauces and sauces—some can be bought and some cannot. We prefer to give *place aux dames*, and take up with the unprinted delicacies. We give a recipe for an Indian chutney, which beats any that can be bought; not even Delmonico could give you anything more toothsome and palatable. Get some of your fair friends to make it up for you, and take a good large jar of it with you first cruise:

Tomatoes, 8 lbs.; vinegar, 2 quarts; brown sugar, 3 lbs.; sultana raisins, 2 lbs.; salt, 4 oz.; white mustard-seed, 4 oz.; garlic, 4 oz.; cayenne pepper, 2 oz.; powdered ginger, 3 oz. Cut the tomatoes in quarters, and boil them lightly for one hour in one quart of vinegar; put them into a jar to cool; take another quart bottle of vinegar, to which add 3 lbs. of brown sugar, and boil it till it becomes a thin syrup, which let stand till cool; take 2 lbs. of sultana raisins, pick and cut in halves; 4 oz. of garlic, finely powdered; 4 oz. of salt; 4 oz. of white mustard-seed; 2 oz. of cayenne pepper; 3 oz. powdered ginger: mix all well together, and stand by

the fire for four days (to prevent fermentation). If garlic cannot be got, take 4 lbs. onions; half bake and pound them in a mortar. The chutney can now be bottled and put aside for use.

—A cook from the "Cottage" writes to say that pure and unadulterated flour may be easily distinguished by seizing a handful briskly, squeeze it half a minute, and it preserves the form of the cavity of the hand in one piece, although it may be roughly placed on the table. Not so that which contains foreign substances; it breaks in pieces more or less—that mixed with whiting being more adhesive, but still dividing and falling down in a little time.

A MAKESHIFT.

—If at any time hard up for a square meal, especially of a novel kind, take (if you can beg, borrow, steal, or otherwise procure) peeled turnips; boil them until they are soft; press out the juice and mix them, beaten very small and fine, in their own weight of wheat or flour; add salt dissolved in warm water; knead the whole like other dough, and bake it.

—Paste for meat or fruit pies may be made with two-thirds of wheat flour, one-third of the flour of boiled potatoes, some butter or dripping, the whole being brought to a proper consistence with warm water; add a little yeast, if you carry any prepared in small cakes, where lightness is particularly wished for.

FOR THE LARDER.

—GRIDDLE CAKES.—A small package each of wheat, graham, and rice flour; a can of baking-powder. From the above, by the addition of milk or water, delicious cakes can be made in variety by using either kind of flour separately, or by combining them in various proportions.

—HOMINY.—Austin, Nichols & Co.'s flake hominy—having been partly cooked—can be prepared for the table at very short notice, by simply stirring into boiling water and cooking three to five minutes.

—[A little salt should be added to both of the above, especially if Van D— is in the mess. It will be impossible to keep him any length of time without a liberal supply of salt.—ED.]

PERSONAL

A YARN FROM CINCINNATI.

We clipped the following from a contemporary, and, as it is about our ex-Commodore, we reproduce it: "Nicholas Longworth, ex-Judge of the Ohio Supreme Court, was one of the principals to-day of a little episode which is the talk of the clubs this evening. Judge Longworth, in a slightly convivial mood, stepped into the studio of Matt Morgan, the well-known artist, to meet some friends. He wore a magnificent sealskin overcoat, and cap of the same material, for which he recently paid \$450. Farny, the artist, was in the studio at the time. The two men stood in the middle of the room engaged in conversation, while Matt Morgan, from his desk in the corner, drew a rapid sketch of Judge Longworth, bringing out the sealskin overcoat and cap in a very graphic manner. Before leaving the studio, the sketch was shown to Longworth by one of his friends. The likeness was a striking one, and Judge Longworth was delighted with it. He knew at once that it was the work of Morgan, and, hastily removing the overcoat, he seized the artist by the arm, lifted him to his feet, and buttoned the rich garment about his shoulders. Then removing his cap, he slapped it on Morgan's head with the remark:

"Here, Matt, any one who can draw like that takes the goods."

"Morgan protested; but it was no use, and Judge Longworth left him, declaring that he would never speak to him again if he did not keep the overcoat and cap. He then looked about the room, and, finding an old straw hat covered with paint, he placed that on his head and left the studio for his home."

A. C. A.

We understand that Secretary Neide has at the present time seven applications for membership to the A. C. A., and that he knows of at least fifty more that will come along soon. He also writes that he has been at Squaw Point, Grindstone Island, and has had the courses for next summer surveyed: a fine triangular course, one and one-half miles each way, clear of all obstructions, having no perceptible current,

and overlooked by both the A. C. A. and the Ladies' Camp, so that, no matter from which direction the wind blows, there will be the same manœuvres to make in order to go over the whole course. One or two sides may be used for paddling courses, if desired; but the regular paddling courses will be along the shore, half mile each way, very much like course at Stony Lake. There is much interest being manifested in the A. C. A. and its doings in the "North Country."

We have also received, as members of the A. C. A., a blank printed form to fill up, which will give record of member's private signal in color, name of canoe, name of owner, model, builder, full dimensions, where and when built, and club owner is member of. This list will be a valuable one when issued with the A. C. A. annual book; and it will be indeed strange if members do not fill it up and return.

A. C. A. BADGE.

ORANGE FRAZER, in *Forest and Stream*, suggests the following: "The design consists of a rope arranged in a circle and tied in a sailor's knot; inside the circle is a canoe with mutton-leg sail set (the mutton sail being the simplest for design), the prow and stern of the canoe and peak of sail touching the edge of circle; beneath the canoe, extending from keel to edge of circle, are the letters 'A. C. A.,' the whole being suspended from a double-bladed paddle by two single blades, arranged vertically, one on each of the upper [outer?] edge of the circle. The design should be of gold, with the exception of the sail, which should be of chased silver. This design combines as many of the distinctive apparatus of canoeing as can be worked in with neatness; represents the Canadian as well as the 'States' method of propulsion, the sailer as well as the paddler, and combines a contrast of color—in metal." Mr. Frazer does not like the adopting of a burgee as a badge, it being "so common, and represents nothing." Is it? and does it? Then let Orange Frazer douse his A. C. A. burgee, and fly his own complication.

Our suggestion for a "badge" is a pin, an ordinary style of necktie pin, which might be described as follows: Take the A. C. A. burgee, and let the red portion be of gold, the white of silver; set it inside a

gold rope circle, seven-eighths of an inch outside diameter, rope circle to be closed at underside by a reef knot, and let each member wear it when in a fit and proper state of mind. This will be neat, inexpensive, suggestive, uncommon, and one that will represent what it is intended to do. One does not care for every "outside" Tom, Dick, and Harry to have his feelings hurt with the schoolboy exhibition of a canoe club-house paraphernalia. Neatness, like cleanliness, is next to godliness, and canoeists as a rule are neat and clean. ED.]

A PERMANENT OR MOVABLE CAMP.

I notice in your January impression a communication from Commodore Nicker-son, in which he invites suggestions regarding the respective advantages attendant upon establishing a permanent camp for the annual meetings of the A. C. A., and what he terms a "movable camp."

The question is an important one, and should be carefully and exhaustively discussed, both by letters in your pleasant columns, and *viva voce* at the meetings of the Association; and I hope you will not object to a Canadian "putting in his oar," and furnishing his views *in re*.

There is no doubt that the establishment of a permanent camp would be beneficial in this way. The very best site for the purposes of the annual meeting would, after patient search, and a due consideration of all the interests involved, be selected; the camp-ground would be kept in excellent order, and probably a building or buildings be erected upon it for committee meetings, etc.

But, sir, on the other hand, it should not be lost sight of that, when we go from home for a holiday in the summer, or more enjoyable fall, we like to visit various localities, and pick up new ideas or "notions," as I think you call them. There is an old "saw," to the effect that "familiarity breeds contempt;" and this applies to scenery as well as to persons, and however charming a locality chosen for a *permanent* camp, its charms would pall upon the sight after a constantly recurring visit.

Then, again, regarding the matter from a Canadian point of view, we should not like, after last year's experience of the gratification afforded us by the visit of our brethren on the other side the 45th paral-

lel, to have a *permanent* camp established on that side the dividing-line. We hope, at no very distant date, to have the pleasure of seeing the glancing of your sails and the plashing of your double paddles on our waters once again; and I trust we are not presumptuous in the indulgence of this hope, for, although your population is ten times as large as ours, I believe that, *proportionally*, our canoeists are more numerous than yours.

For myself, then, as an individual, for I am not speaking for Canadian paddlers at large, I am disposed to vote for a *movable* camp.

VINCENT CLEMENTI, B.A.

Peterboro', Canada, January, 1884.

LADIES' CAMP.

Having myself occupied an official position in the A. C. A., it becomes me to speak with all respect of the official acts of the present rulers now that I am again before the mast. So strongly is this impressed upon my mind, that no less a cause than that of the fair sex could call me to the front. I find in the January CANOEIST a formidable official document, over the signature of the secretary, containing apparently a sweeping condemnation of a ladies' camp, on the ground of its being "detrimental to the best interests of the Association." In another column I find the gallant secretary, writing without his official pen, to say that he would support with might and main some other kind of a ladies' camp. Now, dear Doctor, do explain. You have managed to scare some of the ladies, and you must do something to make matters right.

Of course, if the committee issue a fiat that the ladies' camps must go, and add such sweeping words of condemnation, as their sober and solemn judgment, that such camps are "detrimental to the best interests of the Association," as loyal subjects we must acquiesce; and in such case I would even go so far as to take the secretary to task for trying to get behind the terrible edict which he himself penned, and establishing a ladies' camp in spite of it and the committee too. (See Editorial Notes)

Wishing the CANOEIST a steady strong wind for the coming year,

Yours loyally,

E. B. EDWARDS.

Peterboro, February, 1884.

OTHER CRAFT

SINGLE-HANDERS.

WE have been asked for particulars of single-handers. Such digression may be considered out of place in these pages; but we skip the censure, and give a few particulars of the Mersey Sailing Canoe, a style of craft admirably suited for such waters as Lake Champlain. To Mr. C. Arthur Inman, of Liverpool, England, is due the credit of designing this craft. It is true they have grown out of the Rob Roy canoe; but a vessel 17 feet long, 4 feet 6 inches broad, and 2 feet deep, that carries passengers, about 150 pounds of lead ballast, has a large sail area, and is, moreover, rowed, and not paddled, is better described by the word "boat" than canoe. The boats are usually of one length, 17 feet, and a breadth of 4 feet 6 inches is found to answer well. The depth from gunwale to under side of keel is 2 feet, and the keel is 4 inches deep. They are decked all over, excepting the well, which has $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches coaming all round, and is usually pointed forward. The well is carried pretty well forward, to enable crew to reach the mast, or anything forward of it, without getting on deck. The canoes are clench-built, of white or yellow pine, 3-8 inch thickness when worked up. The stem and stern-post are alike, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches sided, with $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches outside rabbet, and about 3 inches inside, enough to take the plank fastenings and serve as an apron. The steering arrangement is very capitally contrived with yokes coupled by rods or chains, as a tiller. Strengthening-pieces (running fore and aft) are worked above and below the deck, through which a bolt with collar passes and is secured with nut and washer underneath. On the upper part of the bolt, above the collar, the yoke and tiller (all in one) are shipped on the bolt and kept from unshipping by a pin. In case the

tiller and yoke be of wood, a brass socket is fitted in the hole to prevent the collar of the bolt wearing away the wood. Generally about 150 pounds of ballast is carried in flat lead or iron bricks. The boats carry three passengers, two sitting aft on the stern-sheets and one on the fore-seat. The rig is main and mizzen, and in strong winds, with small main-sail and storm-mizzen, they sail fast and are dry.

In form they are comparatively full forward, and have a long, clean afterbody, and are much longer in proportion to their breadth than the usual run of sailing-boats.

The 4-inch keel is found quite sufficient, by way of deadwood, to check lee-way. The main and mizzen rig is found to answer best, and the boats stay well under it in smooth water. In rough water they require to be handled with more care in tacking, and if it seems likely to miss stays, the rowlock is close by the helmsman, and he can help her round with the stroke of an oar. However, they are generally backed round by hauling the foot of the sail to windward if they hang in stays; but the oar, if used, has this advantage: it keeps the boat going.

Sail dimensions are:

Mainsail—Foot,	10 ft. 0 in.
Head,	10 ft. 0 in.
Luff,	15 ft. 0 in.
Leech,	14 ft. 6 in.
Tack to peak earing,	14 ft. 8 in.
Clew to weather earing,	10 ft. 9 in.
Small main-sail—Foot,	6 ft. 6 in.
Head,	7 ft. 6 in.
Luff,	2 ft. 6 in.
Tack to peak earing,	9 ft. 0 in.
Clew to weather earing,	7 ft. 0 in.
Mizzen—Foot,	4 ft. 6 in.
Head,	2 ft. 6 in.
Luff,	2 ft. 4 in.
Leech,	6 ft. 0 in.
Tack to peak earing,	5 ft. 9 in.
Clew to weather earing,	4 ft. 9 in.

These are about the usual dimensions of sails carried on these "single-handers," although to my mind they are undersailed.

Comfortable, roomy craft they are, and often a pleasant sail has been enjoyed in them by "WREN."

[Ed. will be pleased to send sketch, if wanted, to Whitehall C. C.]

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN A. C. A.

C. G. Y. KING, }
R. J. WILKIN, } Editors.
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The Secretary of the American Canoe Association requests parties sending money to him, to do so either by registered letter, or Post Office money order, on *Saratoga Springs, N. Y.*

If canoeists will send application to the Secretary of the A. C. A., Dr. C. A. Neide, Schuylerville, N. Y., enclosing \$2.00 for initiation fee and dues for the first year, their names will be presented for membership.

Mem.—Clubs take rank from date of organization. Unless described, burgee measures 10x15 in. Active members means canoe owners. *, Constitution and by-laws in print.

A. C. A.—Organized Aug. 3, 1880. Signal, a pointed burgee, the field red with a longitudinal white stripe one-fifth the width, bearing the letters A. C. A. in red. *

Bayonne, N. J., Edward R. Smith, com., Louis F. Burke, sec'y. May 2, 1882. Signal, a pointed burgee, red field with white border; device, a white triangle; 6 active members.

Berkeley, Middletown, Conn., W. H. Larom, com., J. W. Peck, sec'y.

Cambridge, Mass., Chas. S. Clark, com., 6 Oliver street, Boston, J. Winthrop De Wolf, 49 Oxford St., Cambridge. Nov. 22, 1881. Signal, burgee, 4x18, blue field, with the letters C. C. C. in white thereon; 11 active members.

Cincinnati, O., Nicholas Longworth, Lucien Wulsin, Dr. A. E. Heighway, Geo. B. Ellard, sec'y. March, 1879. Signal, a swallow-tailed pennant, three white stars on a blue field; 8 active members.

Cleveland, O., W. H. Eckman, sec'y (city clerk), Cleveland, O. 1880. Signal, rectangular in shape, field white, device in red, monogram C. C. C. pierced horizontally by a shaft; 10 active members.

Crescent, Trenton, N. J., Wm. M. Carter, com., Frank Sigler, sec'y. Jan. 1, 1882. Signal, a pointed burgee, red centre, blue edge, with the C. C. C. in black; 7 active members.

Detroit, Mich., ———, com., F. H. Seymour, sec'y.

Duburt, Iowa, Capt. Eug. A. Guibert, Purser R. M. Guibert, Oct. 1, 1883. Signal, a pointed burgee, 8x13, half red (uppermost), half dark blue, device a white diamond.

Hartford, Conn., L. Q. Jones, com., A. W. Dodd, sec'y. Jan., 1880. Signal, a pointed burgee, dark blue field, with the letters H. C. C. in yellow; 10 active members.

Iowa C. C.—Jan. 10, 1883. Signal, a pointed burgee, 8x12, field red, with the letters I. C. C. in white; 11 active members.

Irrawadi, Davenport, I., Marcus C. Smith, com.; H. S. Putnam, sec'y. April 27, 1883. Signal, a pointed burgee, blue field, with the letters I. C. C. in white; 7 active members.

Knickerbocker, N. Y., Arthur Brentano, commodore, Prof. E. Fowler, secretary, 106 West 42d Street. Oct. 1, 1880. Signal, a pointed burgee, field red, its device a blue diamond in the centre of the same. Sailing device a red lozenge sewn to upper part of mainsail; 27 active members. *

Lake George, N. Y., Dr. Chas. A. Neide, capt., J. E. McDonald, purser, Glens Falls. Aug. 10, 1882. Signal, a pointed burgee, blue field with the letters L. G. C. C. in white; 18 active members.

Minneapolis, Minn., E. H. Moulton, com., A. B. Taylor, sec'y. March 3, 1881. Signal, a pointed burgee, half red (uppermost), and half white. *

Mohican, Albany, N. Y., H. Lloyd Thomas, W. B. Wackerhagen, sec'y, 756 Broadway. March, 1882. Signal, a pointed burgee, dark blue field; device, turtle surrounded by eight stars, in gold.

New York, N. Y., C. Bowyer Vaux, com., 27 Rose street, J. F. Newman, sec'y, 10 John street. 1871. Signal, a pointed burgee, a white longitudinal stripe on a red ground; sailing device, red circle in peak of mainsail; 32 active members. *

Newark, O., W. A. Sprague, com. 1883. "No burgee, no uniform, no nothing;" this is a practical and enthusiastic club of cruisers. 9 active members.

Ottawa, Canada, G. S. Maunsell, com., P. B. Symes, sec'y. Peterborough, Canada, Pres't., Rev. V. Clementi; Vice-Pres't. R. E. Wood; Sec'y, C. S. Shaw; E. B. Edwards, capt.

Pittsburgh, Pa., William H. Rea, capt.; James K. Bakewell, lieut.; Reade W. Bailly, purser. May 5, 1883. Signal, a pointed burgee, blue field, with the letters P. C. C. in white; 11 active members.

Philadelphia, Pa., W. H. Falkner, capt., John Stewardson, sec'y.

Potowonok, Fort Madison, Iowa, Jno. D. Rix, com., Will. H. Atlee, sec'y. July, 1882. Signal, a pointed burgee 8x12, blue field, with the letters P. C. C. in white; 4 active members.

Rob Roy C. C., Indianapolis, Ind. Signal, a pointed burgee, red field with Rob Roy C. C. in white.

Rochester, N. Y., G. H. Harris, com., Room 30, Arcade; Matt Angle, sec'y, 31 State street.

Rondout, N. Y., Grant Van Deusen, H. S. Crispell.

San Francisco, Cal., Wm. Brooks, com., W. H. Byrnes, sec'y. March 19, 1882. Signal, a pointed burgee 10x18, alternate white and red stripes arranged diagonal y, two of white and one red. The first white and the red stripe to be each five inches wide. *

Springfield, Mass., F. A. Nickerson, com., C. M. Shedd, sec'y. March, 1882. Signal, a pointed burgee, navy blue field; device, a circle in white with a star in red thereon, the points of the star touching edge of circle; 19 active members.

St. Lawrence C. C., Canton, N. Y., J. H. Rushton, com.; M. D. Packard, vice-com.; L. P. Hale, sec'y and treas.; J. W. Rushton, measurer; 11 members.

Toronto, Canada, Hugh Neilson, com., Robert Tyson, sec'y. 6 Harbord street. Signal, a pointed burgee, red field with T. C. C. in white.

Winooski, Dixon, Ill., L. J. Pollock, com. Jan. 25, 1883. Signal, a pointed burgee, red field; with the letter W. in white; 4 active members.

Whitehall C. C., R. E. Bascom, com.; E. P. Newcomb, vice-com.; W. W. Cooke, Jr., sec'y and treas.; 10 active members.

FOR SALE.

A "Rushton" canoe, fifteen feet, Princess model, built June, 1882. Good condition. Desire to sell because of two years' absence. Address at once.

C. McFARLAND, Atty., Portsmouth, Ohio.

An Everson Shadow single canoe; needs a few repairs. May be seen by calling at 118 E. 24TH St.

Cheap. A Racine Shadow canoe, nearly new; must be sold at once, as owner is to leave the city.

Address C. E. S., Box B, Hartford, Conn.

\$50.00 Cash. A Tandem Shadow canoe; needs a few repairs. Includes sails, paddles, cushions, &c. Apply A. A., care of AMERICAN CANOEIST.

A No. 1 Racine Shadow canoe in first-class condition, complete with sails, hatches, etc. Price \$50. W. F. GIRARD, Box 586, Hartford, Conn.

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THE AMERICAN C. A. N. O. E. I. S. T

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. III.

APRIL, 1884.

No. 3.

TYPICAL CANOES OF AMERICA.

I.—SMITH OF LANSINGBURGH.

WHEN a man like "Willie Wack" writes that he has sold his canoe (one of Smith's at Lansingburgh, N. Y.), and that he at once ordered another from the same builder, it is a sure guarantee that there is something to be recommended in the selection.

"And yet he loved her well.

How many a rough sea had he weathered in her!
He knew her as a horseman knows his horse."

Up to that time we (well, one of us; I won't answer for the other one) had not a perfectly correct idea of what Smith's canoes were like. So we put ourselves in the way of obtaining the necessary information.

Therefore we take pleasure in bringing before the canoeing public this short description of the method of construction and of its many merits, confident that the practical canoeist cannot but be convinced that by it a maximum of strength, durability, tightness, room, stiffness, and beauty is reached, with the minimum of friction and weight.

This method has passed its experimental stage, and now stands forth a demonstrated fact to the above claims.

The hulls of the canoes are made without ribs, of pine strips $\frac{3}{8} \times \frac{3}{4}$, tapering to $\frac{3}{8}$, running fore and aft from stem to stern. These strips are rounded on one edge and hollow-grooved on the other in such a manner that each fits the other perfectly on curves of several degrees, which allows building to the finest lines without straining the material to shape.

The strips are laid in strong shellac and

doweled, with brass nails $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches apart, barbed from point to head, each nail passing through two strips, thus making it absolutely impossible for any strip to "start" in one direction or another.

When the shell is complete and rubbed down, light duck—prepared especially—saturated in shellac, is shrunk on and ironed down till it becomes as part of the wood itself. This takes a fine finish, and gives as beautiful an appearance as a racing-shell. The inside is then painted and rubbed down smooth and clean. This is a point that all canoeists will appreciate at once. Being without ribs or obstructions of any kind, sand, that canoeists have heretofore found so annoying to clean out, can, to the last particle, be quickly brushed down to the bulkhead and removed with a chip, while every drop of water that may drip inboard from paddle will be absorbed by a sponge placed anywhere on the bottom amidships; consequently the canoe is always comfortable and neat. Freedom from ribs also gives more room than in other canoes of the same dimensions.

The deck is made of Spanish cedar, elegantly finished, and is supported on light, strong carlines 9 inches apart, and is fastened down with brass headless barbed nails (made for the purpose), or with brass screws, if preferred. The nails show less prominently than screws—indeed they can scarcely be seen—and for this reason are more desirable than the latter.

The hatches are constructed similarly to the hull, *i. e.*, with narrow strips nailed together with the barbed brads, but without the hollow and round joints.

Let owners of these canoes test the strength of their hatches by standing on them and pressing down with all the weight they can bring to bear, and then consider how enormously the strength is increased by the hollow and round joint laid in shellac and fastened as described.

The coaming is made of light ash with a narrow bead around the top edge, strengthening it in such a way that no braces are necessary, and one may sit on hatches or deck without the slightest uneasiness or fear of injury to canoe, either from spreading of coaming, splitting deck, or getting hatches out of shape.

The stem and stern posts are built of hackmatack, protected by a band of half-oval copper tapering to a fine cutwater at the bow. These copper strips are *nickel-plated*, as are all the other deck trimmings.

Air-tight compartments (warranted absolutely air-tight) are fitted to each end, and a water-tight storage compartment (entered through hatch on deck) is built forward of the well.

All the canoes are fitted with folding-fan centre-boards.

The well is 6 feet 9 inches long; and please bear in mind this fact, that its smoothness is unbroken from one end to the other except by the centre-board box, which does not impair its sleeping qualities, for, by placing the narrow centre-hatch over it, one may convert this into a pillow.

The foot-steering-gear—for which, with some other improvements, the builder is indebted to the Mohican Canoe Club of Albany, N. Y.—runs under the washboard and around snatch-blocks in fore end of well, so that it is entirely out of the way. The cross foot-piece and heel-braces may be adjusted in less time than it takes to describe it, or may be slipped out altogether in an instant.

The cockpit, unless otherwise ordered, is invariably made $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, under advice from experienced canoeists, and this is hatched over, all but three feet.

Nothing but well-seasoned, straight-grained spruce for masts and spars is used.

Thus far only lateen cruising-sails, fitted with double-boom crotch and single line quick-reefing-gear, are furnished.

At present only two models are made; viz., the *Albany* and the *North River*. Their respective dimensions are as follows:

	Length.	Beam.	Depth Midships.	Height of Bow.	Height of Stern.	Length of Cockpit.
ALBANY	Feet 14	Inches 29½	Inches 8½	Inches 16	Inches 15	ft. in 7 2
N. RIVER	ft. in. 14 7½	Inches 31	Inches 9½	Inches 18	Inches 17	ft. in 6 6

Both of these models are built with flat floors and rather full forward, which gives them light draft and makes them remarkably steady under sail.

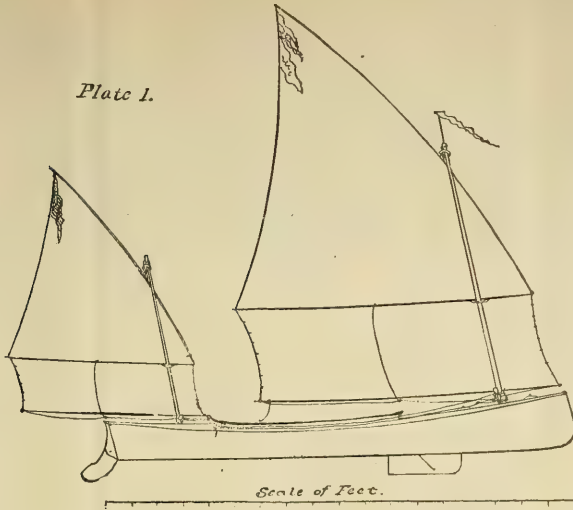
Being *smooth*, the *friction* is, as before stated, reduced to a minimum, therefore *must* be fast.

Will build with either curved or straight stern, but the *nearly* straight is preferred for numerous reasons.

The rudders of a curved stern, though well-rounded, *will* catch weeds occasionally. The over-hanging pintle is also often bent out of *true*, causing some trouble in steering; then, too, it is thought that the straight stern, carried out so far, renders the canoe a little more steady.

The canoes are sewed in burlaps, well padded with excelsior, and delivered F. O. B.

--Henrietta's "Canoe Kit," mentioned in March number, measures as per figures here given: Large screw top for canister, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches across and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch high. The ones for pepper and salt, $1\frac{1}{8}$ inch across by $\frac{3}{8}$ inch high. The spout top for alcohol can is $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide by 1 inch high.



ATLANTIS.

PLATE I.

In response to your editor's invitation, in the CANOEIST for January, I submit the following concerning the fittings of the *Atlantis*, which have been proved in actual service. Figure 1 is an outline sketch, with scale in feet, and shows very fairly the proportion of various parts. Its length is 18 feet; beam, 3 feet; stem, 22 inches. It was built by Joiner, of this town, from model furnished, expressly for the cruise begun last summer. It was intended to carry a good supply of stores, and afford, not simply endurable, but convenient day and night quarters for two, and, although speed was a desideratum, it was not to be gained at the sacrifice of comfort. The floor is quite flat for nearly half its length, and the quarters full and carried well aft above the water, while at the water line the entrance and run are sharper than many with less deck surface; as a result, unusually large bearings are brought to resist the pressure when heeling over. It flares rapidly on leaving the water at the bow, the deck reaching nearly its entire width about four feet from the stem, at which point the vertical lines are

very hollow; and it is a "right smart" wave, indeed, that gets over its nose. The cockpit is 7 feet by 28 inches, and the hold is open on either side the centre-board to the main-mast, 5 feet more. All the spars are cut to stow, the yard of the mainsail having a joint near its upper end. Forward of the main-mast is a water-tight compartment opening through a hatch on deck, in which are carried cans of gasoline for use in cooking and kerosene for lights. Another locker occupies a two-foot section under deck, at the after end of the cockpit, into which it opens through a 10-inch water-tight hatch, and is used for stowing articles which must be kept from moisture; while a third, a tetrahedron of three-gallon capacity, hermetically sealed, does duty as an air-chamber simply and fills out the stern.

The three compartments mentioned are made of roofing tin, painted on the outside, being much cheaper than copper, and, in some respects, better. The hatches used are of the ordinary metal-disk and rubber-edge pattern, and are, when properly adjusted, water-tight. Clothing, bedding, etc., are contained in rubber bags.

An "A" tent covers the cockpit and also a

portion of the deck outside, on which surplus articles may be piled at night. It is fastened around the bottom by cords to brass screw-eyes in the deck, and the peak raised by the insertion of light stanchions at the forward and after ends of the cockpit.

To cook, I use a gasoline burner in a tin-lined box—an excellent thing, but rather bulky for a small craft.

To sleep, the "couch" is spread in the bottom of the canoe; the mate shoves his legs under the deck on one side the centre-board, and the skipper, by virtue of his office, lays his head as far aft as possible, the two making a not uncomfortable "splice" amidships. And here—humiliating as the fact may appear to some would-be stoics—I must confess that we carried three large rubber bags, holding, say, six bushels, if that be considered a proper measurement, of blankets, and two feather pillows disguised in calico cases. When under way these well-stuffed bags did service as seats.

The sail is a combination of lateen and batten-lug, having, I think, the good qualities of the two, for with the vertical after-leach which the lateen alone shows, can be had, when required, the reefable portion between the batten at the base of the lateen proper and the boom;—a large sail with a not excessively high mast.

PLATE 2.

Plate 2 is *not* a map of a mining district, neither is it designed to show the circulation of the blood, but represents the cordage used on the mainsail of the *Atlantis*, and is here given to show the manner in which the reefing-gear works. Here, halyard and downhaul are, to all intents and purposes, one continuous rope passing from block *a* to mast-head *b* and back to *a* again. Attached to the downhaul side of the rope are strands which pass through blocks on the boom at *c d e*, and are thence carried up and made fast to the

batten at *f g h*. Now attach the yard to downhaul at *i*, and it is easy to see that the sail may be lowered by drawing *j* back to *a*—the reef-strands bringing the batten down to the boom, gathering the sail between the double strands at the middle and, by the rings through which the strands are rove, at luff and after-leach. By the motion as above, *i*, the yard, is lowered to *x*, and strand *k* runs forward to *o*. By the reverse motion, the yard is once more hoisted to the mast-head, lifting with it sail and batten with reef-strands attached until all is taut, a lashing which confines the boom at base of mast, holding it at the proper point. Reef-points may be placed along the batten to tie the sail more closely if desired, when venturing out in heavy weather; but this reefing-gear will gather it closely enough for practical use in cases of emergency, and enables one to carry more sail than he might otherwise feel safe in using if he did not know that it could be reduced at a moment's notice.

PLATE 3.

Plate 3 is a vertical view of a collar of brass, or other suitable material, to go on the base of mast, showing the boom *b* lashed to it, a large block *c* for halyard, block *d* for downhaul, and *e f* for reefing-strands.

PLATE 4.

Plate 4 shows the collar at base of mast, kept in position by rings of leather or wood, and the blocks held by the various strands passing through them, the letters in this corresponding to the same in Plate 3: *c* is the halyard; *d*, downhaul, passing up on the opposite side of sail; *e*, reef-strand from after-part of sail; *f*, strand rove through rings at luff, and around sheave in end of boom. Strands *d e f* are made fast to rope *g* by a double half-hitch of each, and may be looseped or tightened to work smoothly. Rope *g* is the end of halyard *c*, which was carried aft to a block convenient to the skipper's hand, and re-

Plate 2.

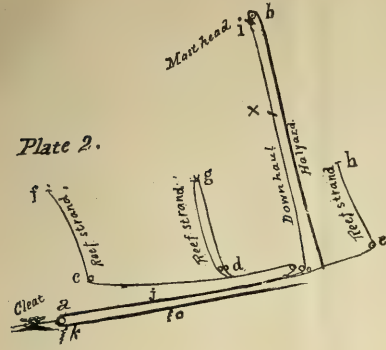


Plate 3.

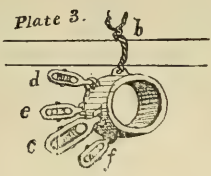


Plate 5.

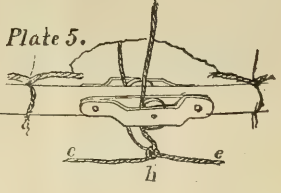


Plate 7.

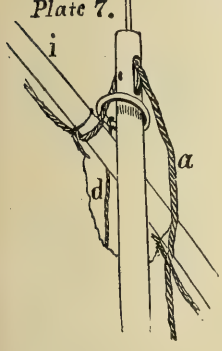


Plate 1.

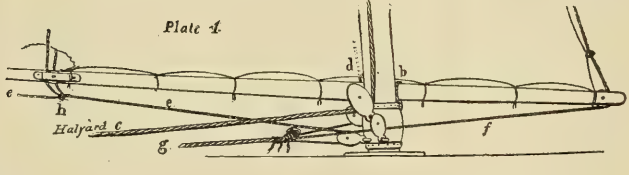


Plate 6.



Plate 9.

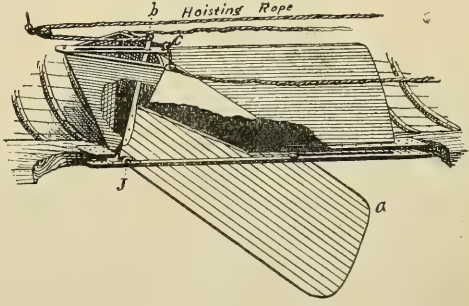


Plate 8.

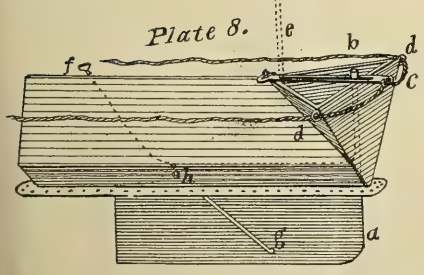


Plate 11.

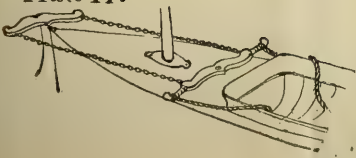
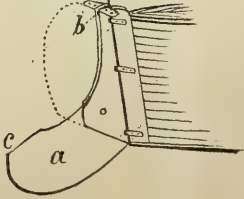


Plate 10.



turned thence to the point. Strand *e* is carried aft, around sheave in end of boom, and up through rings on after-leach to batten. At *h* it is tied in the bight of the central reef-line, which is double, as here shown, and gathers up the folds between it when the sail is hauled down.

PLATE 5.

Plate 5 shows the manner of placing the sheaves in position on the boom.

PLATE 6.

Plate 6 shows cleat *x* and block *a* (shown also as *a* in Plate 2), which should be placed at the point most convenient to the skipper's working hand, be it right or left. When hauled taut, the block should be near the cleat, and made fast by a single rope *k* of sufficient length to belay nicely. Halyard *c* (Plate 4) is here shown passing through block *a*, and returning as downhaul *g* toward base of mast. Block *a* is not disturbed, save to lower the peak, as hereafter described. A small strand *o* is made fast to the halyard at a point which will be close to the block when the yard is hoisted to the mast-head, and may be belayed on cleat *x* to prevent the sail from working down.

PLATE 7.

Plate 7 shows the halyard *a* passing over a sheave in the mast-head, downward through a ring and fast to yard *i*. The downhaul *d* is attached to the ring, and, passing down on opposite sides of the sail, is connected with the other strands, as shown in Plates 2 and 4. Without the sliding-ring, which travels up and down the mast with the yard, the latter would blow out away from the former as soon as the halyard was loosed. If the ring were fast to the yard, the sail would not come down, only so far as the reefing process brought it, as the lashing of the boom to band at base of mast would prevent the foot of sail from going forward.

To lower the peak, cast off the line *k*

(Plate 6), when block *a* goes forward, the halyard *c* runs out, and the yard comes down, its motion accelerated—if you like—by hauling in the folds at the after-leach, the fulcrum being at the junction of the yard with the boom, the latter held down by its lashings.

I work this reefing-gear with one hand in any wind or position where the sail can be carried, and there is no time when it is not fully under control; as sometimes happens, it is found that, with but one hand to spare, it is necessary to cast off one line before another can be drawn in. Neither is it as complicated as might be inferred from the number of cuts used and the space occupied in explaining them. Care, however, must be taken in its construction to use well-seasoned cordage, or at least such as will not kink or twist badly. I prefer a braided cord.

The dandy is arranged same as the mainsail, save that the lines are brought forward. The blocks are made fast to the collars, as described, that they may not be disarranged in unshipping the masts to stow, and, in case of an upset, that they may be more easily cleared away.

PLATE 8.

The canoe is fitted with Joiner's patent oscillating centre-board, which, with housing, is displayed in Plate 8. The board *a* is made of 1-8 inch hard brass with brass tube *b* at forward edge, shown in the plate as coming up through the lever *c*, which can be moved to port or starboard by ropes running aft to be within reach. It can be lifted by means of a light chain at *f*, or, on striking any object with sufficient force, it rises in a line with the slot, and is held up by the notch *g* catching over bolt *h*. The deflection of the board to the right or left of course corresponds with that of the rod *b*, and whatever its angle on striking, it is righted by means of this rod being driven backward to the centre through the slot in the lever *c*, where it stops, as shown by the dotted lines at *e*.

PLATE 9.

An improvement on the original is shown in Plate 9. I have not been able to test it yet, but it appears to me to be much better than the first. It is worked in the same manner by rope and lever; but in this instance the V-shaped head is broadest aft; the board swings on the pivot *j* like the old-fashioned kind, and in housing simply tips the bar *b* forward, instead of causing it to rise up as in the original. It also does away with the slot, and with it all liability to jam that might not affect the simplest.

PLATE 10.

The rudder, as shown in accompanying plate, is made of 1-16 hard brass. A snap hook at *b* catches into slot *c* and holds blade *a* up when desired, as shown by dotted outline. When in this position it is out of any ordinary danger, and seldom needs to be unshipped. The part which answers to the rudder-post in the ordinary rudder is of the same material as the blade, folded as shown, and the top turned over, forming a flat surface on which the rudder-bar can be securely fastened by bolts or screws. It may be unshipped by pulling out the wire which passes down inside this folded piece and through the straps on the stern-post.

Its advantages in hanging so far below the keel are increased sensitiveness to the motion of the helm, and will be appreciated by any one who has, as often happens, vainly fanned the air with rudder while running free in a rough sea. The advantages in the metal are that it gives under a heavy blow and recovers instantly where a rigid rudder would have been torn to pieces.

PLATE II.

For steering-gear I had made a duplicate of the bar placed on the rudder, with hand-pieces outside, and placed it just abaft the cock-pit, as shown in Plate II. Parallel lines (light brass chains) connected the

two, and steering-ropes fastened at the ends of the hand-bar could be carried into the cock-pit to be grasped by the hands or attached to the pedals which I had constructed, and from which I thought to derive much comfort. Alas! I never found room for them, and they are yet among the great untried.

A very profitable "wrinkle" was in shape of a rubber-covering for the cock-pit, buttoning down all around outside the coaming, with a piece cut out at the after end, where the skipper and mate could sit or lie at pleasure. Around the margin of this opening I sewed a strip of waterproof cloth, wide enough to be brought up under the chin or over the shoulder if necessary, and it saved us many a drenching from rain and flying spray. But I must bring this to a close. The run has already exceeded the limits intended, and has taken me past many an opening that, as it seemed to me, it would be profitable to explore; but I have tried to head up like a little man when I found myself drifting from the course given in sailing orders, and now—down goes the anchor.

S. R. STODDARD.

Glens Falls, January 30, 1884.

HINTS ON CAPSIZING.

"G. V. D.," in last number, gives a few timely hints on regaining one's seat after summary ejection. We never had the experience of an accidental capsize, so cannot describe the "throeful!" sensation.

We have, however, when about four miles from anywhere, the sea being calm, and sun warm, slid overboard *in statu naturalibus*, and, after enjoying a swim, regained our seat without unshipping either main, or mizzen-mast, or rudder.

"How did you get in?"

"Over the side, amidships."

One hand should be placed on each side of the gunwale or coaming, and let each canoeist choose his own side. The writer

prefers same side as he gets on a horse—port-side.

The motion is much like vaulting over a horizontal bar on the "slow rise;" a parting kick of the foot on the water is sometimes a great help.

So far for calm-water exercise.

We also used to try "getting in" when the water was lumpy; and, when competing in an upset race once, had a fair sample of bother. We capsized (at a given signal) to leeward, with main-sail set. Regaining our perpendicular, mast was withdrawn from step, sail and mast rolled up together and fastened alongside; one spring, and we are seated, spare gear taken quickly on board, and we are off for the prize.

A canoe, called *N—B—*, once capsized about one-half mile from shore. She was a good-sized canoe, and held considerable baggage. She had no bulkheads, but had on board a cork life-belt. Owner could not get on board, and was in the water about half an hour till rescued by a passing yacht.

We have seen a tent companion capsize jibbing round the lee flag-boat in a race, and left him there on the assurance that he was all right. [It was only a ruse, after all, to get on board a 40-ton cutter that was following the race; there were fair sex on board.]

One club we have ken of has a rule, that any members going afloat without a life-belt, or other official preserver on board, shall be fined \$1.25. And a very good rule it is. Pity the Executive of the A. C. A. do not take similar steps.

WREN.

HERE AND THERE.—II.

IT was a delightful spot in which to spend Sunday, and one felt quite "out of the world." This feeling was not dispelled when service was attended at Carrick Castle. Service was held in a barn, and the surroundings helped rather than otherwise to encourage it. The smell of the new-mown hay, the rustling of the

mice among it, the stealthy foraging of a solitary rat among the rafters, the lowing of the cattle, the cackling of the fowls outside, and the sighing of the light morning breeze, all conduced to the feeling of the Sabbath rest which one can enjoy so much after the city's bustle.

* * * * *

The head wind was light, and the two boats, keeping in toward the weather shore, made steady headway. By-and-by the wind died down, and as the paddles disturbed the glassy surface of the water, which reflected darker still the dark-loom-ing masses overhead, the phosphorescence proved unusually brilliant. Each dip of the paddle provoked a little whirlpool, of pale-blue light, beautiful as moonlight—the drops from the blades scattering it too, on the still surface, like the diamond fret-work of Jack Frost on a winter morning. Each water-line, as the boats noiselessly cut the water, was marked with blue flame like the ghostly figure of a phantom of the olden time, and occasionally a few sudden streaks on either bow showed the flight of a startled fish or two; but the prettiest sight of all was when the rudder caught on the top line of a fishing-net, and the whole net, startled into life, was seen immediately below, outlined in pale blue and curving with the action of the tide in lines which charmed the eye beyond expression. But a dig or two of the paddle released it, and, as the canoes sped on, the net, after an indignant flash of remonstrance, resumed its dark watch.

* * * * *

The coast all along was so rugged that not a landing-place could be seen, even for a canoe; but at Kilberry Point a small patch of snow-white sand was sighted among the rocks, so enticing in appearance that we landed at once for another bathe and lunch. It was rather exciting work, running in on the crest of a big roller, and judging the exact moment for your keel to touch the bottom, to jump

out, catch the bow under your arm and run her high and dry before the next wave overtook you ; but we managed it without even getting wet.

* * * * *

From land to land was only seven miles, though it looked double the distance, and we had to make the passage before dark ; so at it we went. The wind had been steadily rising and the waves looked very big and increasing in size every minute. *Rambler* got separated on the way, and, although only a few hundred yards off, the little flag on the top of his mast was all that could be seen of him at times. A small herring was washed on board the *Lark* and secured before the next wave took it away again, as it lay spluttering on top of the hatch-cover.

Darkness came on before we could find a sheltered nook in which to land and camp. It was about 11:30 P. M., and there would be no moon till 2 o'clock. So we skirted along the dark and rocky coast, keeping well out from shore, for fear of sunken rocks. On we went in the dark, skirting those basaltic cliffs, at least 300 feet high, and it seemed as if a break would never appear. The Atlantic swell was dashing itself to spray and foam, shedding an immense phosphorescent glow along the shore line. We were almost tired out with the heat of the foregoing day, and a slight breath of cool night wind helped to cool us down. The cool night air came in stronger and stronger puffs, till one puff, that fairly howled, took, instantanly, all the sleep out of us. We were all alive to the situation. On a lee-shore, fully exposed to the open sea, vainly looking for the entrance to a land-locked bay we knew we must come to. On and on, past those never-ending cliffs. Surely the wind is changing more and more astern, or, stay - Hurrah ! our long-looked-for bay ; and just as we round the tall headland, the moon slowly rose over the mountain-tops. Another mile of close investigation (in the

calm now) before one of us found what appeared, in the pale moonlight, to be a strip of sand.

Our only thought was to get ashore ; so there we went. It was high-water, and we had not far to carry our canoes. The strip of sand was a rocky quartz beach, the smallest chunk being about the size of one's hand. In ten minutes our tent was up, and we were asleep.

"Two boats upon the river shore, in the shadow of leaf and tree ;

One was in love with the sea-shore, the other in love with the sea.

The one that loved the harbor, the winds of fate outbore,

But held the other for ever rocking against the shore."

DRIFTINGS

—Secretaries of canoe clubs, who have not sent in copies of their burgees, are requested to do so before 1st June.

—Correspondents are requested to write on one side of the paper only.

—We publish elsewhere the very latest and best information concerning the San Francisco Canoe Club. It really is astonishing that a club so energetically organized should dwindle away for want of *esprit*. We had written to the S. F. C. C. asking for information about their doings, and we give their reply verbatim as we received it.

—Much has been said about speed of canoes, especially high speed. Malolo, while on the top of the late flood on the Ohio, going from Cincinnati to Louisville records a speed of *twenty-two miles in two hours*. This we are fully prepared to believe, as a speed of eleven miles per hour, and in such a flood, does not seem so very out of place. On the top of a high spring tide, driven up river Mersey by a N. W. wind, we did $9\frac{1}{2}$ per hour, allowing $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 miles per hour for current underneath us.

—Mr. Fred. W. Mason, whose loss the T. C. C. mourned when he went away to Manitoba a while ago, has returned to Toronto, and will resume his membership

in the club. He has a Jersey Blue with heavy centre-board. She is now up at his house, being fitted with a new balance-lug mainsail "and sich."

—George A. Howe, of the Pittsburg Canoe Club, says: "Our club is in a very flourishing condition. We have either eighteen or nineteen members, all of whom are canoe owners, with one exception. We are going to try and send some representatives to the A. C. A. meet this year. I think we will be able to muster six or eight men for the trip."

—The Warren Canoe Club was organized last week by the election of William Schnur, captain; W. C. Warner, mate; and Willis Cowen, as purser (secretary and treasurer). We have twelve members, nine boats, and a \$200 boat-house. Our members will do considerable cruising this summer, and desire to join the A. C. A.

A BRIGHT OUTLOOK.

That canoeing and canoe clubs have come "to stay" is forcibly shown by the passage, last month, by the Connecticut Legislature, of an act to incorporate the Hartford Canoe Club. The following gentlemen are the foster-parents of this maturing child: Messrs. L. Q. Jones, V. B. Hubble, W. B. Davidson, A. W. Dodd, G. T. Parmele, F. C. Penfield, and A. E. Bull.

The Knickerbocker C. C. have also become a legal body, their articles being dated January 25, 1883, and approved by Hon. George C. Barrett, Justice of the New York Supreme Court. Messrs. Arthur Brentano, James L. Greenleaf, Edwin Fowler, Robert P. Martin, and George H. Sullivan are the sponsors for the "Knicks." This action on the part of these clubs shows that the activity of their respective members has made it necessary to appear properly organized before the public. Both are about building new and expensive boat-houses, and the action already taken portends their further progress and success.

—Mr. M. F. Johnston, Toronto Canoe Club, has got his twenty-four inch canoe on the stocks in John Clindining's shop. He is having her widened, so that she will not be barred out again, as she was at Stony Lake, for being half-an-inch under the limit.

A. C. A.

A. C. A. BADGE.

The Hartford Canoe Club ask if anything definite has been decided about the A. C. A. pin. The idea is a good one. Why not push it?

[The matter rests with Commodore A. C. A. at present. We are awaiting official information.—ED.]

IN REPLY TO EX-COM. EDWARDS' LETTER.

"Now, dear doctor, do explain." If the gallant ex-commodore would only read and mark what he reads, he would learn something that he seems to have entirely overlooked. First, he would learn that the "formidable official document" is not so "sweeping" as he seems to think. No action has been taken simply against a ladies' camp, but against a ladies' camp "*under the auspices of the A. C. A.*" (In 7th line of report in January number AM. CANOEIST.) It was the above clause that received the *unanimous disapproval of the Executive Committee*, and I have the votes on file. When the captain of the Peterboro Club thoroughly digests this clause, he may be able to understand my seeming inconsistency, when I, "writing without" my "official pen," state that "I promise to use my best endeavors to make such a camp a success, but it must be an entirely separate affair from that of the A. C. A."

With three cheers for the success of the A. C. A. camp on Delany's Point, Aug. 1st to 15th, and three times three for the ladies' camp on Square Point, I am truly yours,

CHAS. A. NEIDE.

Schuylerville, N. Y., March 4, 1884.

WINTER CAMP-FIRE, BLAZE-UP NO. 5.

When Col. Norton rapped for order at the meeting of the canoeists on January 29th, there were about twenty present to listen to the reading of a paper on "Canoe Photography," by Mr. L. W. Seavey. The meeting, which was held as usual in the rooms of the Kit Kat Club, was particularly interesting, and it is to be regretted that not more than twenty could find it convenient to be present. It was their loss, however, for although the lectures held under the combined management of the canoeists of New York are so absurdly cheap, thus

far being five entertainments for fifty cents, few more interesting or instructive have been given on this subject at any time in this city. The walls were filled with copies of photographs, water-colors and oil-paintings and sketches on canoe subjects, loaned for the meeting by Messrs. Seavey, and C. G. Y. King, and the display was a credit to the craft. Mr. Seavey opened the exercises by saying that, although it had been said that he would read a paper on canoe photography, he would only aspire to give a talk on the subject. He explained the relative positions of the sketch artist and the photographer and exhibited a sketch that had taken him an hour to make, and then a photograph of the same view which had been taken in a moment. The latter, he said, was not only more quickly obtained, but also much more perfectly, every detail being brought out; and while in a sketch some particular sentiment may be reproduced, in a photograph all the plain facts are shown. Photography assists the everyday man, and gains for him his most precious morsel, time. Besides this all are not artists, and to these the camera is the only way they can have a comprehensive record of their canoe trip.

Mr. Seavey pointed out how the camera was quite a moralist and confined the bold canoer to the truth, "and nothing but the truth," especially in regard to the size of fish caught, etc., etc.

A canoe-trip record is incomplete without views of some of the more interesting places passed; and when the amateur photographer starts on a cruise, he will find that by following out some simple plan as to taking photographs, etc., he will gain more in the end than without it. Mr. Seavey recommended then that the first thing to photograph, when beginning a vacation's cruise, is the canoe, showing its rig, cargo, and outfit; then its crew; then the starting-place and each successive camp; then, as the trip proceeds, pay attention to the special gems of natural scenery, falls, rapids, etc., etc.; then the fish or game taken; and, last of all, let a picture be taken of the end of the trip, and the crew then. In this way is obtained a perfect record of the vacation; and, when all the plates are pasted in an album, the pleasures of your cruise can be gone over again and again, and your friends can share it with you.

Mr. Seavey then exhibited several cameras, and explained their working.

The first was an 8x10, which would take pictures both single and also double for stereoscopic work.

Then a 6 1-4 x 8 1-2 camera was produced; this was called the "Pearsall," and had many new and interesting improvements. Another, known as the "Gun Camera," was mounted upon a gunstock, instead of a tripod, and was used in taking instantaneous pictures of birds on the wing, etc.; and then there was still another, which was a small oblong box, called the "Detective Camera," was intended chiefly for use as the name indicated—a good photograph being obtained of a given person or object at a distance of fifty or one hundred yards without the knowledge of the one being taken.

Mr. Seavey here introduced a friend—Mr. Charles Barnard—who exhibited what he considered just the apparatus for the canoeist. It was called the "Reporter's Camera," and takes instantaneous pictures about 6x8 inches. The price was \$35, and Mr. Barnard said that in its purchase would satisfaction be obtained. Mr. Seavey then resumed, and, after extinguishing all the lights, developed two plates in full view of his auditors.

After this, the meeting adjourned, resolving to discuss at the next camp-fire "Tents and Camp-Gear."

BLAZE UP NO. 6.

The attendance at the meeting on Mar. 12th was very light, and no organization was effected, the evening being spent very pleasantly, however, in conversation.

Buck was present, and gave a description of what he calls the "Everson tent;" not that Everson invented it, as he explained, but because he supplies them. This is a tent used first by either Mr. Alden or Col. Norton, and is made in such a way that the canoeist, without using his masts or stranding boat can rig up his little canvas house, having much the appearance of the tents used by the "Mohicans" last year, but with interior uprights which rest on the deck. Mr. Symes, of Ottawa, had one at Stony Lake last year. The subject was discussed for over two hours; and, not being exhausted, it was decided to continue the same subject for next camp-fire.

Pursuant to a suggestion, it was decided to request Mr. C. G. Y. King to prepare a paper on the subject of canoe tents, etc., to be read at next meeting.

CLUB DOINGS

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE LAKE GEORGE CANOE CLUB.

The third annual meeting of the Lake George Canoe Club was held at the residence of S. R. Stoddard, there being present nine members, as follows: Dr. C. A. Neide, Schuylerville; N. H. Bishop, Lake George; S. R. Stoddard, E. W. West, James Knight, J. E. McDonald, F. F. Pruyn, W. F. Ranger, and Charles Oblenis, Glens Falls. The two last named were admitted as members of the club last night. The meeting was called to order about seven o'clock, Captain Neide presiding. The following were the officers chosen for the ensuing year: Captain, Dr. C. A. Neide (re-elected); mate, James Knight; purser, F. F. Pruyn. Messrs. West, Knight, and Ranger were appointed a committee to confer with other canoe clubs of this vicinity in regard to holding a local meet at Lake George the coming season. After a session of about two hours and a half, the club adjourned for supper, each member cooking and contributing a dish, for which they had previously made provision. Cooking utensils were furnished by Mr. Stoddard, and in a short time a repast was served, which would have done credit to an experienced caterer. Following is the bill of fare, with the names of contributors:

Scrambled eggs, J. E. McDonald; coffee, James Knight; bacon and fried potatoes, Captain C. A. Neide; broiled steak, W. F. Ranger; scalloped oysters, E. W. West; French omelet, N. H. Bishop; broiled steaks, nuts, etc., S. R. Stoddard; oranges and other fruits, F. F. Pruyn. At the conclusion of the supper, which occupied until nearly twelve o'clock, the meeting adjourned. The club now numbers eighteen members.

IANTHE, Newark, N. J.—We saw a notice in your paper, in the November number of 1883, asking for some information regarding our club. We call ourselves the Ianthe C. C. We have eight active members and two honorary. We have a good boat-house, situated at Woodside, a suburb of Newark. The officers are, respectively, Mr. Wm. Marvin, commodore; Mr. Walter Kinsey, secretary; Mr. Frederick A. Phelps, treasurer.

We are an enthusiastic club of cruisers. We were organized in the fall of 1881. We have the prospects of a large club this spring, having about six applications in one month. More information will be given if you so wish.

[We are always pleased to hear from canoe clubs, young or old. We have seen the I. C. C. club-house on the banks of the Passaic, and we have seen their canoes on the river. Both house and boats do credit to the club. Yes, Ianthes, let us hear from you, at least once a month.—ED.]

SPRINGFIELD.—The annual meeting of the Springfield Canoe Club was held Thursday evening, February 14th, and elected the following officers:

Frank D. Foot, commodore; M. B. L. Bradford, vice-commodore; C. M. Shedd, secretary and treasurer; executive committee, F. D. Foot, Geo. C. Barney, W. F. Callender.

We elected four new members, who are as follows: Messrs. A. L. Spooner, Harry Chapin, Geo. Leonard, and A. L. Fennessey, making seven new members since January 1st, and 26 active members in all. I give you list of members to date, all living here in Springfield:

F. A. Nickerson, F. D. Foot, M. B. L. Bradford, C. M. Shedd, W. F. Callender, Dr. S. W. Bowles, S. W. Bowles, Jr., Dr. Chas. Brewer, J. D. Garfield, Wm. B. Medlicott, Geo. L. Pratt, A. L. Spooner, Geo. Leonard, F. L. Safford, Paul Knappe, Emil Knappe, Wm. A. Harris, C. H. Southworth, Henry Robinson, W. R. Holt, N. D. Bill, E. H. Barney, Geo. C. Barney, H. E. Knox, Jr., Harry Chapin, A. L. Fennessey.

Rushton is building five new canoes for us, one Grayling for Mr. Pratt, and one New Model each for Commodore Nickerson, C. M. Shedd, E. H. Barney, and Geo. C. Barney.

We are about to order of Mr. Rushton two 15-foot open canoes, to be known as club canoes.

C. M. SHEDD, Sec'y.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Mr. Byrnes, the purser of our canoe club, has just handed me a note from you containing several re-

quests, most of which he finds himself unable to comply with. He appeals to me, as knowing more about the club than he does, and having likewise a more vivid imagination, which last is an extremely desirable quality in a chronicle of the doings of the S. F. C. C. My principal reason for relieving him of his duties, however, is that on your card I recognized the name of a gentleman whom my "forty-leventh" cousin, N. H. Bishop, recommended to me as a very desirable correspondent.

I have, it is true, been somewhat tardy in obeying his hint; but when you learn how little I have to chronicle in the way of canoe doings, you will probably conclude that the correspondence might with advantage have been still further postponed.

Taking your requests in the order in which they occur, I decline to send you monthly accounts of the doings of our club, for there are no doings to account for; and though the purser credits me, with considerable imagination, I doubt whether its product would be particularly desirable in a paper devoted to cultivation of veracity in the yarns of its contributors.

Alden has made some remarks on the top-heaviness of the A. C. A. What would he and you think of a club-house which consists, to all intents and purposes, of a Com. and Vice, and nothing beside? The purser hasn't been in his canoe for about a year, and the only meetings the club ever holds are when I call them together at my house to smoke my cigars and drink my punch. The Vice and I are sworn brothers; the rest of the club I haven't seen or heard of lately.

As to giving you a concise account of the formation of the club, here goes: Being desirous of clearing myself from a charge of eccentricity, founded on the fact that I was the only person on this side of the world who used a canoe, I wrote numerous articles to various papers, describing the joys of that species of locomotion, and inviting others to join in its pleasures. As these articles had a somewhat egotistical appearance, since I was compelled (against my will of course) to hold myself as a shining example worthy of imitation, I succeeded in getting seven or eight people to join in forming the S. F. C. C., but four of whom were really canoe owners. Their doings would, I thought, give me more material for my articles. But in this I was disappointed; and as the

paper to which I had of late devoted my attention found it necessary to succumb to untoward fate, I refrained from further attempts at educating the masses, and have disappeared from the ranks of the newspaper fraternity. As there have never been any races held under the auspices of this vigorous organization, there are consequently no "first or other prizes."

The Vice and I paddle paper Nautili standing-lug leg-of-mutton drivers, and I sometimes sport a jib. The purser has a wooden abomination, which always leaks, and is as crank as a bottle. He claims, however, to be able to beat me—did it once—rig, two leg-of-muttons. The club has a Rob Roy too heavy for paddling, and worthless for sailing in the strong winds we have here. The sails we use here would probably excite your derision. The Vice and I carry 23 feet in the main-sail, and frequently find we can't carry that.

We do no cruising, and there is no club spirit here: I am no better than the rest in that respect. There are probably a dozen canoes in use on the coast, but the owners are hardly known to each other. Some young fellows have done good work in "bidarkas" (Alaska skin canoes); but they are uncomfortable things, and not over safe, going far to prove that the "performance of a boat is no gauge of her merits," which, though it strike you as paradoxical, is nevertheless true, as these boats haven't an earthly merit. They leak, are crank, won't sail, drift, wear out, smell bad, and some other objections I fail to recall at this moment. Yet, in these utterly worthless crafts, the gentle savage puts to sea, chases and kills seal and walrus, braves all sorts of nasty weather, and never seems to come to grief, the whole thing being sheer unadulterated skill in handling. What he would do in a good boat, I've no idea—probably drown, or else circumnavigate the globe.

While I have no desire to criticise the past or present policy of the CANOEIST, I must say that I think you neglectful of the interests of one very worthy class of subscribers. I refer to the canoeist who may be classed perhaps as the "dawdler:" the fellow who belongs to no club, makes no cruises, and tells no astounding yarns; who paddles two or three or four hours a day when the weather is pleasant and he can get away from the office; who occasional-

ly stows a "small lad" in the locker behind him or between his knees, and so gives young hopeful a taste of canoeing, or anon lounges in the boat-house and puffs a cigarette, while his better half wields the paddle and gracefully disports on the secure waters of the boat-house cove. This chap, it is true, hasn't many "first or other prizes" to show, nor is he apt to appear prominently in connection with athletic events; but, on the other hand, he is apt to be a gentleman, and is never a professional. I will try to send you a burgee. If I do, treasure it as a relic of the past.

WILL BROOKS,
Com. S. F. C. C.

The Toronto Canoe Club was born on December 14, 1880, at a meeting held in the Rossin House, Toronto. The minutes of that meeting bear the signature "J. W. Bridgman, chairman." Of the nine persons then present, only three have survived as T. C. C. men to the present time.

A few words first about some of the early members.

Mr. John W. Bridgman is the first man who had a decked sailing-canoe in Toronto. He is a portrait-painter and a skillful, inventive, amateur mechanic. His canoe was from the first "Jersey Blue" model of W. P. Stephens. Mr. Bridgman built her himself, and a good, tight piece of work she is. He made several alterations, the last being to put in a heavy iron centre-board. She is called the *Fairy*, and is now owned by Mr. F. W. Mason, a subsequent member of the T. C. C. Singularly enough, each of the two successive owners of the *Fairy* went away to the Northwest at different times, and it was thought that the club had lost them; but each ultimately returned. Mr. Bridgman has never severed his connection with the club. Mr. Mason lapsed for one year, but will join again for 1884; and the old stagers of the T. C. C. will have the pleasure of sailing in company with the little *Fairy* once more. If Mr. Bridgman stays in Toronto, he will get a Pearl built, as he is a firm believer in Tredwen.

Messrs. Neilson and Tyson are the other two "survivors" of that first meeting. They are now members of the A. C. A., and known to many of our readers. Then Mr. F. M. Nicholson is another of the "old originals;" for, although not present, he was elected vice-commodore at that first

meeting, and has been an officer of the T. C. C. ever since.

Another of the founders of the T. C. C. was Mr. George W. Edwards, a young man, who then paddled a tandem, 17 feet by 26 inches, in company with his brother. The team is now broken up, the brothers absorbed in business, and the canoe sold to Mr. R. A. Coleman, another member of the T. C. C.

There was also present at the meeting Mr. S. L. Hicks, a boat-builder, who owns a long and narrow-decked canoe used entirely for paddling. He was in the club for a time, but is not now a member.

The other four at the meeting were young men who did not own canoes, and who are not now in the club. One of them (Mr. Arnold) at that time owned the *Whisper*, a decked skiff, 14 feet 3 inches long by 38 inches beam, which was during the first year allowed in T. C. C. races as a "canoe." That was before the era of Pearls, and she spread consternation among the small fry. She once gave the secretary a tremendous licking in his old canoe, the *N. H. Bishop*. Next year, when in his Pearl *Isabel*, he happened to meet his old enemy, the *Whisper*, and took solid satisfaction in passing her and leaving her 'way off to leeward. She was not in the club then, and was sailed by two youths, to whom she had been sold.

Many changes took place in the T. C. C. during 1881 and 1882; and the original promoters, those who took the first steps to organize it, dropped entirely out. A number of non-canoeing members also joined, remained for a season, and left.

The present membership is fourteen, with a larger proportion of canoe-owners than ever before. The club has now got settled down on a solid canoeing basis, and things are going well.

The fleet of the Toronto Canoe Club in Toronto consists of—

Two Pearls, each with heavy centre-board forward and light one aft, each with balance-lug main-sail and small dandy, each 14 feet long by 33 inches beam.

One Princess, with dagger centre-board, balance-lug rig; size, 14 feet long by 31 inches beam.

Two Racine Shadows, 14 feet long by 28 inches beam; no centre-boards.

Two open Peterboro' canoes.

Two long paddling-canoes, 17 and 18 feet length respectively.

To these will shortly be added the *Fairy*, above referred to, and a 17-foot tandem canoe.

There are also two canoes kept outside of the city, owned by honorary members of the T. C. C., who are not members of any other canoe club or association.

As to the prizes the various canoes have taken, it will be sufficient to say that the sailing-races have always been won by one or other of the Pearls. They have never been defeated in sailing by any of the other canoes in the club, and one of them now holds the sailing challenge cup.

Paddling-races have been very quiet during the past year. M. F. Johnston holds the paddling challenge cup, and no one in the club has the ghost of a chance of taking it away from him; consequently nobody tries.

The T. C. C. boasts one lady member, Mrs. Leigh, wife of the vice-commodore for 1883. She is an "actual paddler" and an enthusiastic canoeist. The verses published in the CANOEIST of February, entitled "Good Wishes," are from her pen.

ISABEL. T. C. C.

A CANOE CRUISE FROM CINCINNATI TO LOUISVILLE.

THE great flood in the Ohio River Valley has been one of the wonders of this generation. For weeks it was the all-absorbing theme. Having read in the daily journals of the hazardous voyages made on the swift current of the maddened river by some over-adventurous spirits in clumsy Joe-boats, your correspondent conceived the idea of a winter-canoe voyage from the Queen City to the Falls of the Ohio.

Early on the morning of the 17th of February, when the flood was at its height, the Everson Shadow canoe, *Malolo*, was launched from the approach to the C. S. R. R. bridge into the flooded districts of the plaster-of-Paris of America. It was raining of course (it always rains in Cincinnati), and raining hard. Still the discomforts of a ducking were forgotten in the novelty of paddling a canoe through the heart of a great city. After spending two hours in this manner, I started down one of the streets that lead to the river. Large coal-barges were moored across the head of the street, and through a small opening between these I attempted to drive the *Malolo*. In a twinkling the fearful cur-

rent swept in against the end of the lower barge; and had it not been for the handsome conduct of the canoe and the lively aid of some friendly watchmen, your correspondent's relations would now be dragging the bottom of the Ohio for his remains. Having got safely through my first predicament, I proceeded joyfully on my way. Having once gotten into the current, I was carried rapidly down the river without an effort on my part.

Twenty-three miles down the river I paddled into the suffering city of Lawrenceburg. There was not a foot of dry ground in the town; in most places the water was from 15 to 20 feet deep. The wreck and desolation wrought by the great flood here is something beyond all conception: hundreds of houses overturned and crushed; hundreds of poor families made homeless. In this great calamity, as in nearly all others, the poor are the greatest sufferers. After drying myself at the hospitable fire of a portly German landlord, I paddled on past Aurora, Ind., Petersburg, Ky., and at 5 P. M., arrived at Rising Sun, Ind., 36 miles from my starting-point. Mine host of the Riverside keeps a comfortable hotel very close to the river, and will treat all canoeists with both courtesy and distinction. My canoe was housed in the back porch for the night, and drew a throng of sightseers the whole evening.

The morning of the 18th dawned cloudy and dark, but the rain had let up. There was a stiff breeze; but of course it was dead ahead. Who ever encountered a fair wind while cruising on a river? I am one of those old-fogy canoeists who still cling to the now almost-discarded leg-of-mutton rig. True, you cannot get along quite so fast, or tack with the same facility, as a lug or lateen, but it is *safe*; and you can carry whole sail, when the top-heavy rigs would have to tie down a double reef. The wind blew a gale all day; but on account of the current and the splendid working of both my canoe and her rig, I was enabled to put up for the night in Madison, Indiana, which is 51 miles from Rising Sun. Quite a fair day's work, considering the strong head-wind.

From Madison to Louisville is 46 miles. I thought that I could make the run by 2 P. M.; but again the wind was against me. About noon it rained down in a perfect sluice; and, to add to my misery, a fog settled

down so quickly and silently that I was completely lost. I could hear the coughing and churning of a steamer coming up stream, and hurried, as I thought, to the Indiana shore. In a few minutes I found myself in a mass of tree-tops, with a very dangerous current sweeping through them. I was in imminent danger of being upset, but finally got clear, and tied up to await the disappearance of the fog. It left as swiftly as it came, and all was sunshine again. To all canoeists who cruise on the Ohio, I would say: Beware of a fog; make for the shore as soon as you see it approaching. From Westport, Ky., to the Louisville Waterworks is 22 miles. This distance I paddled in two hours. When off the Waterworks the wind increased to a hurricane, and it took all my strength and art to keep her headed to the wind. For two long hours I labored with the paddle, and at last arrived at the Life-Saving Station at 6.30 P. M. The last stage was only 3 miles, and it took me as long to come this as it did to come the 22 miles. The storm that raged that evening and night was one of the severest ever known in this section, and will long be remembered by those who spent the night in their half-submerged houses. Seated by a warm fire in the Louisville Hotel, drying out my wet clothes, I soon forgot the raging storm without.

For future reference I will give the distances between the principal towns: From Cincinnati to Lawrenceburg, $22\frac{3}{4}$ miles; from Lawrenceburg to Aurora, Ind., $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles; from Aurora to Rising Sun, Ind., $9\frac{1}{4}$ miles; from Rising Sun to Patriot, Ind., $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles; from Patriot to Warsaw, Ky., 9 miles; from Warsaw to Vevay, Ind., and Ghent, Ky., $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles; from Vevay to Carrollton, Ky., 8 miles; from Carrollton to Madison, Ind., $11\frac{3}{4}$ miles; from Madison to New London, Ind., $9\frac{3}{4}$ miles; from New London to Bethlehem, Ind., $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles; from Bethlehem to Westport, Ky., $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles; from Westport to Herculanum, Ind., 5 miles; from Herculanum to Utica, Ind., 11 miles; from Utica to Louisville, 7 miles.—Total, 132 miles.

When we consider that the Valley of the Ohio River is one of the thickest-settled portions of the United States, we can form some idea of the widespread devastation and wreck that this flood has caused. Six out of every ten houses are submerged; and in many instances the inmates have

had to move to the bluffs and live in such shelters as can be constructed from the scanty materials at hand. When in its normal stage, the Ohio presents a very attractive and picturesque highway to the canoeist. Houses are always in sight; and the people are hospitable and ready to lend every assistance asked.

The great flood of 1884 will not soon be forgotten by the residents of the Valley, and will long be remembered by

MALOLO.

THE "MOHICANS"—A PROPOSED CRUISE.

The regular meetings of the Mohican C. C., held on the first Wednesday of every month, have been more or less devoid of general interest, routine business being the only topic of discussion, and social intercourse of much more importance. Matters of interest to the canoeing world at large were left to the camp-fire meets—one of which, at General Oliver's house, has already been reported. A second was held at the bachelor quarters of the secretary of the Mohicans, at which a spring cruise was talked over and the possibility of combining it with the Newburgh meet proved by the advocates of the cruise, R. S. Oliver and B. Fernow. After the meet at Newburgh it is proposed to take rail from there to Walton or Deposit on the Cookquago branch of the Delaware, in Delaware County, run down the Delaware as far as Belvidere, N. J., portage by rail to Hamburg, N. Y., on the Wallkill, and thence through the "Drowned Lands," down the Wallkill, to Rondout, on the Hudson. So far only Messrs. Oliver and Fernow have concluded to go on this cruise, but the captain of the "Morgans" may yet join them. Mr. Oliver will take his 35-pound *Nesmuck*, which Rushton is building for him. Mr. Fernow takes his *Flor da Lice*, paper Nautilus, from which the keel, causing his disaster in the Susquehanna last year, has been removed and replaced by an Atwood centre-board. W. M. Wackerhagen has sold his *Henrietta*, North River (Lansingburgh) canoe, and has ordered another from the same maker. Mr. Frederick W. Mather, whose camping sketches and other articles on out-of-door life have interested many readers of *Harper's* and the *Century*, has been elected a member of the Mohicans, although his boat was not eligible, serviceable as she has been to her owner.

THE AMERICAN C. A. N. O. E. I. S. T

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. III.

MAY, 1884.

No. 4.

TYPICAL CANOES OF AMERICA.

II. THE RACINE CANOE.

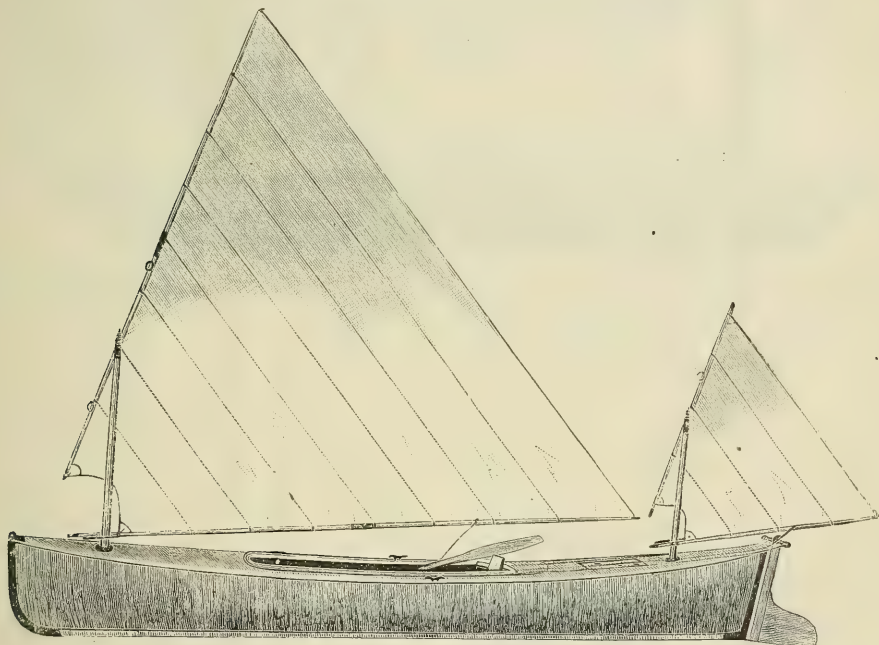


Figure 1—DIMENSIONS.—Length, 14 feet by 28 inches by 12 inches, sheer 7 inches, full decked. Cockpit 5 feet by 18 inches. Life compartments, one dry stowage locker located aft, and reached through a deck hatch, held in place by brass clamps. 7 inch space between bulkhead, leaving ample room for sleeping, two mast tubes forward, and one aft. Rudder as shown in cut. The beam can be increased to 30 or 31 inches if so ordered, but these dimensions are not kept in stock. The Goodrich Centre-board if ordered.

THIS well known canoe, is a first-class type of American Canoe Building. It has the advantage of being a patent device, dated 13th Dec., 1881, though the invention dates back to '79.

The inventor, Mr. E. G. Durant, of Racine, Wis., encountered many difficulties in the inventing, and perfecting the machinery, necessary to a profitable and quick production, and in the second year of the invention, succeeded in turning out about

sixty canoes of the Rob Roy Type.

During the following winter, Messrs. Thos. Kane & Co., investigated the validity, stability, and suitability of the process, bought a controlling interest, and added the manufacture of rowing and sailing boats to that of canoes.

The process of manufacture may be briefly summarized as the cementing together of three separate sheets of fine grained hardwood, each 1-16 of an inch

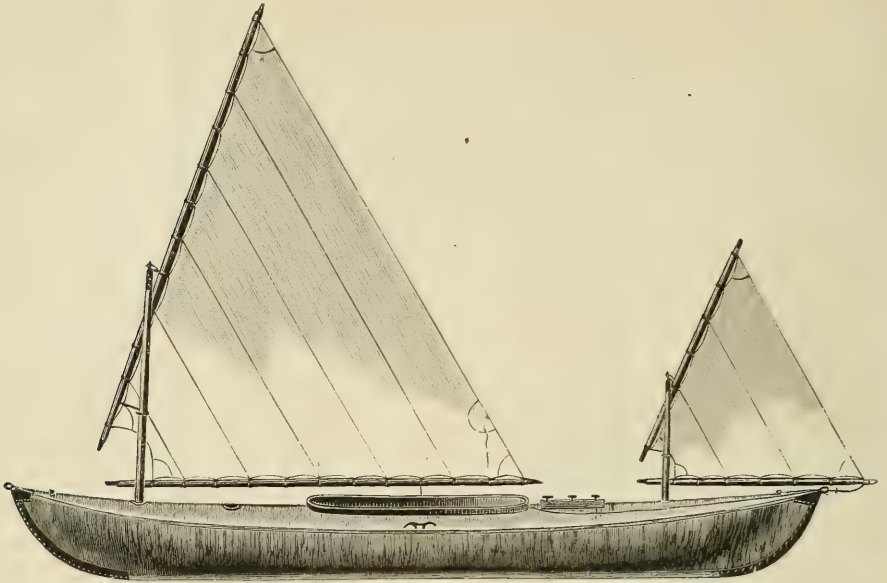


Figure 2—DIMENSIONS.—Length, 14 feet 8 inches, by 27 inches by $10\frac{1}{2}$; 3 inches rise of deck, 5 inches sheer. Life compartments, one dry stowage locker, same as in cut 1. Cockpit 4 feet 18 inches with high coaming. Rudder can be added at extra cost.

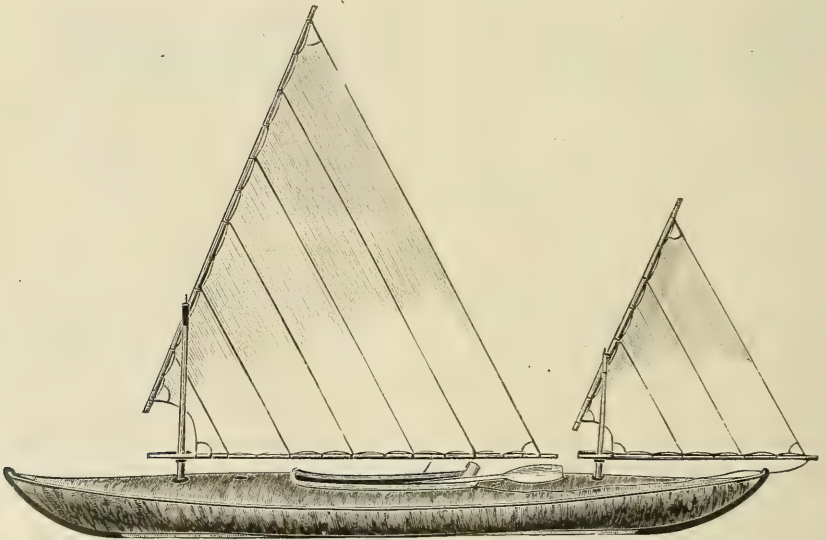


Figure 3.—Length, 14 feet by 26 inches by 9 inches. Messrs. Kane's price list is about as complete as could be wanted, everything requisite for canoes seems to be there. Messrs. Kane's address is to be found in our advertising columns.

thick, usually and preferably yellow birch, because of its toughness and closeness of grain, the grain of the inner sheet B crossing the two *outer* A and C, the whole being pressed into a single sheet, making one-half the boat extending from stem to stern, and from keel to gunwale.

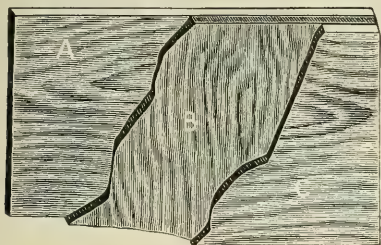


FIG. IV.

The two sides of the boat so formed are next joined together, cemented, riveted and screwed between keel and keelson, they are then rabbeted into the gunwale and cemented and fastened securely between the bead or fender. The decks are made in the same way, the outer edge being covered by the fender and the edge of the deck at the cockpit being fastened into a groove in the coaming. The stem and stern are then sheathed with metal from the keel upward.

Life compartments are constructed in each end of sufficient size to float the occupants though the boat be full of water.

Messrs. Kane's standards are three principal or foundation models, viz., the *Nautilus*, called the *Shadow*, the *Rob Roy*, called the *St. Paul*, and the *Birdie Kane* (new), which is said to be the best combination of both.

Departures from the standard sizes can be effected if time be given to make the changes, but only the standard sizes are kept in stock, and each *standard* has been arrived at after being tested and its superiority proved as *the very best of its class*.

WILL BROOKS is, or perhaps has, resigned his position as Commodore to the S. F. C. C. He has held that office since the club's organization.

TO THE NOVICE.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.

HE must get into his Racine canoe and place himself as nearly as can be in the centre, with his back against the back-board and his feet firmly pressed against the stretcher, which must be properly adjusted for that purpose. He may then push out gently from shore, and as soon as he has room, commence to paddle with short but not too quick strokes, *and without stopping if he feels unsteady*, remembering to keep his paddle as nearly horizontal as he can do, consistently with his covering the blade, and being careful to get the blade of the paddle in square with the water; for if the paddle be put in such a position as to dig, or to go deep into the water, the beginner is almost sure to capsizes.

A beginner always has a great tendency to stop paddling when he feels unsteady, and to try and balance himself; and this is about the worst thing he could do, as it is almost sure to cause him to go over. Instead of stopping, he should go steadily on, as the action of paddling is the best thing to cause him to recover his balance. If he wants to stop and rest, he must lay one paddle flat upon the water; of course, retaining hold of the paddle. A full stroke of the paddle may be described as getting the blade into the water as far forward as one can reach without moving the back away from the backboard, to pull the blade strongly through the water with the *lower* arm till it is close to the body, at the same time assisting and finishing the stroke with the other or upper arm till the blade is pretty well aft; the other blade will then be well forward and in good position for the commencement of the next stroke. The feet of course must be kept firmly pressed against the stretcher. As confidence is gained, the paddler will find out, as he gets more and more steady, that it will not be necessary to get the paddle into the water

in quite such a horizontal position as recommended heretofore, but that he will get the most speed out of his canoe by putting the blade in, and keeping it throughout the stroke as near to the side of the canoe as possible, as by this means the direction of the force exerted by the stroke is nearly parallel with and close to the course that the canoe is to travel in, and there is less power wasted than in keeping the blade far away from the side of the canoe. Sail can be carried in almost any breeze so long as the water keeps moderately smooth; but beware of sailing a *light* canoe in really rough water. Big seas are not here referred to. These will be considered later on.

Rough water throws a light canoe about in sudden and unavoidable jerks, and a puff into the sails at a wrong moment, or perhaps a lump of water, may just give the canoe a finishing-touch to a capsize; at the best her pace will be slow and her working uncertain under sail. As soon as the water gets a rise of a couple of feet or more, then out with the paddle and in with the main-sail; the mizzen, however, may be of use if paddling to windward.

With regard to heavy seas, the novice should bear in mind that there is a great difference between a *sea* and a *swell*. With a fresh breeze "white horses" begin to show on a comparatively smooth sea; but if there is at the same time a steep swell on, then the ruffled swells appear somewhat in the form of "huge seas." Canoes can easily, with fair management, live in such water, and have often done so; hence the stories of sails being becalmed in the hollows between the waves, etc. But a "sea" is a vastly different thing to look at and to put a canoe at; a broken sea not only has way on, but generally has weight on its angry top, which, if not cleverly negotiated, would crush a canoe up like a steam roller going over an egg-shell. It is not often that a canoe is worked in a high sea; but what is not uncommon, is for a canoe to be caught away out from port, and get into a nasty

sea, a savage sea, before she can get into shelter. For an old hand to work safely through it is merely a question of whether he possesses the requisite amount in equal parts of pluck and caution and sufficient physical strength to avoid a collapse from exhaustion. In other words, it may be the question which can hold out longest, the man or the storm. He knows from practice how best to handle his craft as the various forms of water approach him; he knows, too, when to carry on and when to ease her, and how to put her at a hollow breaker.

(To be continued)

SAILS.

REEFING-GEAR FOR BALANCE-LUGS.

WE have an interesting communication from Mr. A. B. Chapin, of Hastings, Minn. A sketch is enclosed, which we will endeavor to dispense with. He says: "I would like, for the benefit of canoeists having trouble with reefing-gear, to give a method I have invented and adopted, which I think will give the best satisfaction of any yet devised. The gear is best adapted to the balance-lug." If our readers will sketch a sail for themselves and letter it as we describe it, they will understand exactly what is meant.

"A is a reef-line made fast to forward end of batten at B; thence running down through rings sewed to luff of sail, to a single block at forward end of boom at C; thence aft along boom to double block at centre of boom at D; thence up to single block at E, at centre of batten; thence down through rings to double block again; thence aft along boom to single block at F, at after end of boom; thence up through rings and made fast to after end of batten at H.

"To reef, take hold of reef-line between E and D, haul aft and slip bight of reef-line over hook on side of boom and close to the after end.

"The double block *D*, on boom, and single block *E*, on batten, must be placed far enough forward, so that when reef-line is hauled aft, it will not extend beyond the end of boom. After a new sail's gear is used a while, there will be some slack in reef-line; this can be taken up at either end of batten. If the space between *D* and *F* is not sufficient for slack of reef-line, two hooks can be fastened to after end of boom—one at the after end and one a little further forward on boom. Then, by taking a half turn on the after one bring it forward and slip bight over forward hook. Reef-lines will work better, if after taking out the stretch, they are given a light dressing of linseed oil"

A. B. C.

[In the summer of 1881 we saw the same rig on canoe *Jenny*, Clyde C. C. It looked so good that two of us tried the plan. Instead of hooks, we used Paget's cleats. It does away with all reef-lines on deck. One day, while running free and in a race, it came on to a blow, so much so that we wanted to reef; our sail was beyond our reach, and the sea was too lumpy to get up and reach forward, and we did not dare luff just then; so we had to carry on till the lee mark was reached, and, when we came up to the wind for a beat home, we hauled down. For cruising it is a handy style of reef. Reef-lines, from boom to batten, should be at right-angles to boom.—ED.]

SECRETARY TYSON, of Toronto, writes us that he has designed and tried a new sail which combines largely the advantages of both the lug and the lateen. He says: "My former experiences in the way of getting up a new sail have not been encouraging. But this last sail I have *tried* in actual sailing, in a brisk breeze, on all points, though only for an hour or two. Things got frozen up, and I could not try it any more. However, the following actual results have been attained, on a cruising-sail of sixty-seven feet area—mast of four

feet high only: perfect ease in reefing, when running before the wind; *less* gear, and simpler, than in the balance-lug; boom shorter, in proportion to sail area, than in a lateen; sail sits especially flat; boom shortens to leeward as sail is reefed; facility for setting a topsail in light winds without a single additional cord or block; facility for the use of a spinnaker. I think I have got a good thing, and propose to use it for cruising during next season. I hope to publish a description and drawing of it after a while, but have not time now. I call it the 'Fan Mainsail.' More extended trial may, of course, develop some drawbacks; so I speak with reserve. Still it will be worth while to publish a description, as it may be a little help to my brethren of the lateen in solving the problem, 'How to reef with the wind astern.'"

CANOE SKETCHES.

WE have lately had the pleasure of looking over a collection of canoe sketches, culled from illustrated newspapers from various countries.

The collection comprises illustrations of canoe cruises from Nova Scotia, England, United States, and Japan, etc., etc. There is a curious sameness throughout the lot, a sort of settled determination evidently among all the various artists to draw things wrong. It is, however, pardonable.

We have often heard it remarked by artists that a picture should contain arrangement of design without detail; but when arrangement is all wrong, what is to be thought? The most noticeable fault always seen is that the paddle is never shown grasped correctly. Invariably one or both hands are shown grasping the paddle inversely.

Take, for instance, a spirited drawing from *The Engineer*, of May 9, 1879, showing a Berthon folding canoe under sail. The canoe has no rudder; so the crew steers with the paddle. Notice that

the paddle is held across the breast, in both hands, with the palms inward, instead of outward. And the main-sheet is cleated !

If any readers have access to a file of the London *Graphic*, turn to Feb. 21, 1880, and look at sketches therein. Note especially one sketch where two canoeists in the centre of the picture on a large rock are watching their companion do a rapid. Remark their canoe in the foreground. It is broadside on, and is no longer than the tallest canoeist, who is standing several feet back from it !!

Note also in *Illustrated London News*, March 6, 1880, two engravings from paintings by the Princess Louise, in Canada. Canadians have told me that they never saw canoes (and birch-bark too) like them.

Look up *Sporting and Dramatic News*, June 5, 1880. The centre of attraction is the *Pearl* under sail on Hendon Lake. It's no more like the *Pearl* than a cheese is like the moon. Take the same paper, June 26, 1880. Did Mr. John Dunsdale, the artist, ever see any canoeist grasp the paddle with a hand close to each blade of the paddle ?

Do canoeists, while paddling, appear to dip the paddle about four or five feet from the gunwale of the canoe ?

Take up a New York illustrated, *Harper's Weekly*, I think. Their artist, Mr. J. O. Davidson, draws much upon imagination. No such canoes exist in the States, and no canoe ever carried such masts and spars.

Artists get the credit of being very discriminate, and the public rely on them to a great extent ; yet, in spite of all that, why cannot an average artist draw correctly a canoe under sail ? We are not a professional artist—in fact, we don't lay claim to the title of artist at all ; we have tried sketching canoes in all positions and so know the difficulty. We once invited a professional marine artist to draw for us, and had to put him right every time.

Why ?

WREN.

THE WEST AND THE A. C. A.

WHY is it that so few items concerning Western canoeists find their way into the *CANOEIST* and kindred publications ? Certainly not because there are few canoeists in the West ; on the contrary, their number is already large and constantly growing. Perhaps, after all, the reason may be found in the natural modesty of the gentlemen themselves. But if modest, they are none the less active, and the writer, having recently returned from a brief residence West, is moved to acknowledge the uniform courtesy and cordiality with which he was received by brother paddlers.

And, right here, wouldn't it be well for the A. C. A. to more generally recognize the Western men ? Put them on the board of officers and get them interested. Show them that the association is a *national*, not an Eastern organization. And if necessary hold the meet of '85 at least as far west as Ohio. To many the expense of attending an Eastern meet is so great as to make it out of the question. Meet them for once on their own ground and rest assured the result would be a grand success.

Clubs are organizing all over the West. Iowa is a hotbed of canoeing. Minneapolis and St. Paul are alive. Detroit does seem to have backslid, but the jolly author of "A Canoe Trip" is doubtless still afloat. Cleveland has an active club. Chicago has not until recently been heard from, but she now comes up smiling with a club of over thirty enthusiastic members, and even if it should be likened to the tail of the canoe boom, it bids fair by its present growth, to very soon wag the dog. Evanston, Hyde Park and Chicago proper are united in the new club, and it is destined to be heard from as an organization. Most of its members are practical cruisers and a general club cruise is already being planned for the coming season, while for racing the club can turn out at least four men—West, Ware, Cook and Keogh,—who

are all familiar with rough work in lake sailing, and may be relied upon to keep the club colors well to the front.

Altogether the West is booming in canoeing, as in everything else, and it is to be hoped that the whole body of Western canoeists may be actively interested in the A. C. A., which is the acknowledged head of the sport in America. A Western meet and a Western commodore would do this and add largely to the membership. Is it not so?

VESPER.

[We shall be very pleased to have regular communication from all clubs out West. ED.]

THE NEWBURGH MEET.

THE meeting of canoeists on Newburgh Bay, on the 30th of this month, promises to be largely attended, and will be, no doubt, very enjoyable.

It is expected that paddlers and sailors will be there from the New York, Albany, Rondout, Knickerbocker, Lake George and other clubs, besides many unattached canoeers.

The CANOEIST visited Newburgh during the past month, and was royally entertained by Mr. Nate S. Smith and other gentlemen there. We visited the spot chosen for the camp, which is about three miles south of the town, near the mouth of "Murderer's Creek," or as it is now called, "Moodna Creek." The camp is quite picturesquely located on the old historic Continental Post Road, which is about twenty feet above the river. A model place to pitch the tents. The approach from the camp to the river is down an easy incline, near the foot of which is located a clear, boiling spring of ice cold water. A small landing stage is to be erected, and with it the cutting down of a dead trunk, which lies across the roadway, the place will come as near as can be to perfection.

Mr. Smith has ascertained that canoeists from the North can send their canoes by

boat to Newburgh, where the local committee will see them cared for until the arrival of the owners by train.

From the South boats and crews can be taken on the steamer *Melzingah*, which leaves foot of West Tenth St., New York, at 10 A. M., every day, and arrives at 3 P. M. at Newburgh. Returning, leaves Newburgh at 7 P. M., and arrives at New York at about 2 A. M. The charges are, for canoes each way, \$1; for passengers with canoes, 40 cents additional.

It is proposed to hold camp three days, and arrangements have been made to have the steamer stop at the pier of the Knickerbocker C. C., W. 152d St., on Thursday morning, 29th inst., and take on all the boats there; leaving them at the same place on the way down. Those who cannot get off until Thursday afternoon can go up by train either on the West Shore R. R., foot of Desbrosses Street, at 3.40 P. M. and 4.30 P. M., arriving at 6.05 P. M. and 7 P. M., or on the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. to Fishkill, which leaves Forty-second St. Depot at 4 P. M., arriving at 5.50 P. M.

Several views have been received at this office of the camp, and will be shown with pleasure to all who call. Any information desired can be obtained by dropping a line to Mr Wilkin, this office.

ROYAL CANOE CLUB.

Mr. Winsor, Secretary of the R. C. C., writes that "things are rather quiet just now. Expect to have a good season this year. A few of the members have gone in for the cruising-canoe, fitted with centre-boards, etc., but under 150 pounds in weight—ballast, and everything on board. They seem very serviceable little craft, and I should not be surprised if they supersede the larger class later on, as the cost of building is so much less."

THE A. C. A. BADGE.

Secretary Neide has received quite a lot of designs, including one made complete. It is expected that a decision will soon be made. We hope this will not be done hurriedly, as it would be a pity to have any regret after it was too late.

EDITORIAL

WE are frequently asked what type or whose build of canoe we could recommend. A most difficult question indeed, and one we would not care to answer direct in these pages.

As an offset, we presented in last number the first of a series of papers on "Typical Canoes of America," being confident that their issue will supply a want long felt, viz., that of knowing what is in the market, and that we are giving another extra impetus to the promotion of canoeing.

We have pondered long over a correct title to these articles. A typical canoe of America might be a "birchbark." A canoe built as ordinary canoes are, and called by a fancy name, can hardly be called a *type*, unless you keep to the styles or types of existing canoes in England. There one has Rob Roy, Nautilus, Pearl, Ringleader, Clyde, and Mersey.

All these canoes are distinct *types*, and each has its own peculiarity, so much so, that they almost embody everything that can be called typical among canoes. Yet there are in America canoes that differ from all English canoes, and their differ-

is chiefly in style of build. For instance, those by Smith, of Lansingburgh, Kane, of Chicago, etc., etc., are types of American canoes. Although they may be built to the lines of, say, a Nautilus, yet they deserve to rank as distinct types, on account of their peculiarity of build, or rather construction.

These are our ideas. We don't pretend that we take the task of *Mentor* to your *Telemachus*. We once said we were "liberal-minded." We are not sorry we did, though "Dot" flung it at us once (we are not afraid of "Dot's" *avoirdu pois*!); so, should we at any time make a direct statement in opposition to your ideas, why "you pays your money and you takes your choice." We are here to promulgate ideas.

THE greatest success of the season has been the winter camp-fire meets. It has far exceeded the ideas of the promoters, and has inaugurated an era in canoeing. Before 1884 is ended there will be few clubs in our large cities that will not have their winter meets. If the club's club-room is central for meeting in, it will of course be the best meeting-place. If not, try to get permanent quarters for the winter, and decorate the walls with a loan collection of photos, paintings, models, and whatever et ceteras can be got for the season relating to the sport. Their presence always excites able discussion and takes away the monotony of bare walls. In New York, apart from professionals, how many showed by their deeds or exhibits that they took a deep interest in canoeing? They could be counted on the fingers of one hand and some to spare. Now why is this? It is not that non-exhibitors are not canoeists in every sense of the term. Many are most able and enthusiastic. It must be that they never thought of collecting interesting items akin to their amusements. Yet it seems as if a lack of something were somewhere.

THERE is some discussion looming up about the speed of canoes under sail and paddle. We considered the matter, and thought it worth while to think back a few and look up our notes. In the *Field*, January 3, 1880, E. B. Tredwen makes a direct statement that "the *Pearl* has run seventeen miles through the water in two hours, on the sea, in cruising trim."

Let us trace out what follows. It looks interesting.

The discussion takes place in the *Field*. January 10, 1880, "R. C. Y. C." says he has not been able to get that speed out of a $3\frac{1}{2}$ -ton cutter. In issue January 10th Tredwen gives a result of $6\frac{1}{3}$ miles per hour on the straight, on Hendon Lake, or $7\frac{1}{2}$ through the water in all-round sailing.

Same date "L. C. S." says he got a

speed of $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour, out of a 16-foot 6 inch boat, after deducting $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles for tide.

"Passenger Bird," in January 24th, gives his experience of 15 miles in 3 hours, without the help of current. He then says that he has never been able to attain the same speed under sail as he had done with the paddle. He also says that is Bishop's experience. In *Field*, January 31, 1880, "Osprey" says he covered 6 miles in 55 minutes, under sail; canoe 14 feet 6 in. x 26 inches, no ballast, and 34 feet of sail.

Same date Tredwen gives the result of measurement on the ice on Hendon Lake, and deduces an all-round speed through the water of $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour; about $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour running on the straight, or 5 miles per hour close-hauled.

February 14, 1880, Prof. Ramsey, of Melbourne, Australia, gives a record, dated 1847, of a halfbreed crew doing 14 miles in 1 hour 31 minutes.

Same date Baden Powell thinks he never went more than $6.6\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour.

February 21st brings "Passenger Bird" to the roost again. He thinks that 3 to 4 miles per hour is the best a 15 or an 18 foot canoe could do propelled by two men.

February 28th, Will Stockington, Boston, timed a racing-canoe 20 feet x 19 inch beam, weight 25 lbs., 1 mile (1,760 yards) in 7 min. 15 sec.; and in a Rob Roy 16 x 26, weight 97 lbs., $\frac{1}{2}$ mile in 4 min. 12 sec. This makes the rate per hour, for the racing-canoe, 7.186 knots; the Rob Roy, 6.2. The knot is 6,080 feet, or 2,026.6 yards.

March 6th, "Epaigwit" paddled on the Thames 11 miles 3 furlongs in 1 hour 25 min., in an 18-foot cylinder-built cruiser.

So begins and ends speed discussion in the *Field*.

We had a trial of speed once sailing home from a cruise up the Frith of Clyde. We approached the measured mile on the east shore, where steamers try their speed. Tide was quiet; just on the turn. Wind, if

any, was dead aft. *Jenny* and *Dolphin* agreed to sail the mile. I was to paddle. I had on board a large tent, poles, and iron pegs, 25 lbs. lead, cuisine and utensils, and provisions, changes of raiment, and camping-rugs, two masts and two sails. Canoe 15 x $29\frac{1}{2}$, and 13 inches deep. Time of start was taken, and I started at the usual speed I could keep up all day. The mile was covered in exactly 20 minutes with the paddle. The canoes under sail took 8 minutes longer. It was not much of a breeze. In cruising trim on the sea we usually calculated an all-round speed under paddle of 3 miles per hour. Once three of us did 7 miles in 1 hour 10 min. with mizzen only; we had a nasty time of it. Two of us took a tow once from a steam-yacht. Skipper swore to 10 knots per hour. We knew the craft of old. She could not do more than 8 to save her boilers. Skipper drove for all he was worth to see if we could complain, and if he could tow us under. It came on to blow out in the open, and we got some spray on board; and neither of us desire to be *hauled* though the water at such a rate again.

We do not believe, in all fairness, that a canoe, in calm water and favorable wind and no tide, can attain a speed of 8 miles per hour.

WREN.

IN the first number of the CANOEIST is an article by Habberton on "What to Eat and Drink on a Cruise." It contains a very fair *résumé* of what the "Galley-Fire" is intended to follow out.

The average canoeists, who are liable to camp at all hours of the night, and anywhere, have often a limited choice of eatables. Their bill of lading does not always contain restaurant dishes ready cooked, and the "kitchen" does not always carry a "full line" of utensils.

Some of our recipes may seem at times rather complicated, yet we try to hunt up the most simple.

WE give our second article on Typical Canoes of America, this month. According to our ideas, the typical canoes are few. We shall then consider the Typical Canoe Builders, or those who build our Pearls, Nautili, Rob Roy, etc., and afterward take up a general classification of canoes of America as paddleable, sailable, etc., embodying as nearly as possible every style of canoe built.

ILLNESS prevented us from attending the last camp fire meet; else we should have shown our model with a new idea on it. We can hoist a lugsail on any canoe *without a mast* and with only a yard and boom for spars. This idea has been maturing for some little time. Next month we will explain how it can be done, and we flatter ourselves that the vexed question of reduction of mast is solved.

THE Royal Canoe Club has issued its "Fixtures" card for 1884, showing a list of twenty races to be contested from May 3d, to June 28th. The latter date being that of their annual regatta. They also propose having a club cruise under the club flag through the rivers and broads of Norfolk, during the latter part of August, to last a fortnight or more as may be found expedient. Should a sufficient number attend, a Norfolk Wherry will probably be fitted up to act as tender to the fleet with a limited amount of sleeping accommodation for those members who have not the necessary appliances in their own canoes for camping. In order that the arrangements (which will be in the hands of H. Evans and the Secretary, Mr. Winsor), may be made as thorough as possible, it is particularly requested that canoeists wishing to take part in the cruise should intimate their intentions as soon as possible to the secretary. The Norfolk Broad's make a splendid cruising ground. This is the first *club cruise* tried to be got up by the R. C. C. Now, we don't believe that this will be

a success. An inter-club cruise of similar nature was attempted some years ago and, although the members of the R. C. C. promised to attend in force, only one turned up. However, let us hope for better things now and a good turn out of R. C. canoeists. But why are not other clubs invited to attend?

WE draw our readers attention to a letter from Messrs. Hemenway and Pullan, of Lowell, Mass., in reference to local meets for the Eastern clubs.

A big meet is contemplated this spring at Newburgh, on the Hudson, on Decoration day, and there seems no reason why a similar gathering should not take place of canoeists from the localities mentioned by Hemenway and Pullen.

MR. WHITLOCK makes reference to a rigid rule of the Clyde Canoe Club, which compelled Tredwen to keep his centre-board down while under paddle, lest he should shift ballast. (See p. 59.)

If Mr. Whitlock would inform himself a little more as to facts and their circumstances he would not be apparently so severe.

The race alluded to was for the challenge cup, course triangular, once round sailing, once round paddling. When a club makes rules, outsiders or other club members must conform thereto, if they enter for racing. Tredwen's case, reshifting centre board, was the subject of a special meeting before the race, and it was fairly and honestly decided that the club's rule of shifting ballast must be adhered to. As it was, the writer got ahead of Pearl one minute under sail and took about seven minutes out of him under paddle.

The "Wren," when launched, was half an inch too wide for club class rules and had to be *taken in* before being allowed to compete in a race. Club rules are club rules and Mr. Whitlock is one of the last men to try to get in by a back door,—or even to agitate for rules, governed by a cup presentation, to be broken up for even Tredwen.

The Royal C. C. challenge cup race is governed by the same strictness.

CORRESPONDENCE

EDITOR CANOEIST: I see that "Sea Bee" doubts that I sailed 60 miles in 7 hours. I never measured the distance, but always understood that my companion, Vice Com. Allen, of the Knickerbockers, had measured it in the coast survey chart and found it to be sixty miles. When, therefore, Buck asked me what was the greatest distance I had ever sailed in a day, I told him "almost sixty miles in 7 hours." I certainly supposed that the assertion was strictly true, but never attached importance enough to the matter to measure it myself. Since reading "Sea Bee's" article I have examined the chart, and without accurately measuring the distance, I am confident that it was not much more than forty miles.

I regret that Buck should—in perfect good faith—have made for me a claim which cannot be sustained. Had I had any doubts on the subject, I should have written this note before "Sea Bee" wrote his article, but I firmly believed until yesterday that the distance had been measured, and found to be sixty miles.

W. L. ALDEN.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I have been asked as chairman of the regatta course whether canoes having heavy centreboards carrying lead on the keel could be admitted in the races "without ballast," provided they discarded all o'er ballast. The regatta committee not yet having met together, I cannot decide the question, but for the guidance of its members should be glad of an expression of opinion from interested members of the A. C. A. Circumstances might arise which would make a cast iron rule exclude some entries. A boat carrying 30 pounds of lead in the keel could readily discard inside ballast and suffer no disadvantage which a larger boat, such as several there last year, would be practically on a par with the majority if inside ballast were taken out, although their boards weighing 30 to 50 pounds remained. Such boats carry 75 to 150 pounds inside. I think we do not wish to make any rule as rigid as that of the Clyde C. C., under which Mr. Tredwen was once compelled to paddle and sail with his centreboard down, and forbidden to raise it lest he should *shift* ballast. The regatta committee are

now in correspondence over the programme and will publish it as soon as possible. It might not be a bad suggestion for the clubs participating in the proposed local meets at Newburg, Hartford and Springfield, and elsewhere, to make the distances and courses, both sailing and paddling, of the several impromptu races, there held, correspond with those on the A. C. A. programme. There would then be less or none of the unfortunate mistakes caused by unfamiliarity with well known racing rules, which lost or marred more than one of the races in Canada last year. Notably such as not *crossing* the finish line, starting *outside* the buoy and in paddling, *holding on* to a turning buoy.

Having been one of the special committee sent to inspect the site of this year's meet, I can promise all who come to the St. Lawrence a beautiful situation on high ground, no current and a clear course in view of the whole camp from start to finish. Dr. Neide, with his usual energy and interest has himself chained off the courses, breaking through snow waist deep to do the work. The time taken can therefore be depended on for records.

Very truly yours,

WM. WHITLOCK.

WHY THE "SNAKE" CARRIES A JIB.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I have at different times answered several inquiries about this unusual rig, and have heard of its condemnation by some others whose opinion is valuable, and who wonder that I continue to use a device so awkward, as they consider it. So if you will grant me a little space, I will say a word or two in defense of my jib, not of jibs for canoes in general, because "one man's meat may be another's prison," as old Æsop taught ages ago.

When I began sailing the *Snake* last spring I found that with her centreboard well forward, and her sail pressure (main and dandy together) rather aft of amidships, she was badly trimmed, so that if the dandy was well filled it only blew her stern round and positively retarded her. The mainsail alone balanced perfectly and was so good a sail that it was a model of flatness and shape.

Now, what was to be done. The centreboard might be moved aft; but it was just in the right place for cruising comfort, and for the pillow board at night, so that should

not be touched. The mast could be stepped more forward, as others in our club had been, but I determined that I would keep my rig in such shape that I could stow and re-set the whole (masts as well), afloat and unaided. The dandy could be discarded and the mainsail enlarged, but in strong winds that size main (about 46 ft.) was more serviceable than a larger one reefed, and the single sail is, as all sailors know, less susceptible of management in tacking, etc. So I added a few feet of canvas forward, and my canoe was again perfectly balanced with an even helm and splendid qualities in all winds. For, although it is more troublesome and takes longer to take off a sail entirely, than it does to reef, yet when done the remaining canvas is in so much better trim, and has so much less dead surface to increase windage that it seems to pay. Then as the base or length on foot of the sails is enlarged, their attitude is decreased (for similar areas). The short masts are retained, and with every thing else are easily stepped or removed, and whether sailing in a gentle wind with all canvas or buffeting in a gale with the reefed dandy (10 feet) set on mainmast, the rig is handy because no spars are exposed but those in use. My racing mainsail is the same that I use on every other occasion, so it is as familiar to me as my old coat, and I can do with it, what I could not with one brought out only for special occasions. This is my cruising rig, and it, plus the others, my racing suit.

The jib in question is set and furled just as the dandy is, the yard placed vertically becomes a topmast, and the boom a bowsprit, all managed from the cockpit. But, I dare say, it is one of those contrivances which cannot come into general use, because it was made under special circumstances by myself, and for myself; and I admit too, that it is quite possible I may abandon it on the *Snake*, but when I do, it will be for something better than a high mast and a topheavy sail, which have to be ballasted to stand up in a calm.

My new rig is only an improved edition of the old, and with it I hope to make a fair showing at regattas, without spoiling the real purpose of my boat, viz: freshwater cruising.

Let me be pardoned for riding a hobby, if it carries me well, and I don't ask anybody else to mount it with me.

R. W. GIBSON.

EDITOR CANOEIST: In the March number of the CANOEIST, I took exception to the elaborate kit required for the concoction of a "devil," the receipt for which appeared in a previous number. My communication is followed by receipts, requiring all kinds of flour, chutney, hominy etc.; former numbers of CANOEIST, and every number of "*Forest and Stream*" contained receipts, to take the materials for which would leave hardly sufficient room for the skipper, and surely, none for camping commodities.

All the receipts will do very well to try in a stationary camp near your base of supplies, where you expect to remain for some days or weeks, and to which you can send all the flour, oatmeal, etc., by express, but what canoeist setting out for a cruise down one of our rivers, or along the inlets and passages of the coast, would think of loading his canoe with anything but the most absolute and simple necessities and the most compact kitchen arrangement.

Cruisers in Floridian and similar waters, like the "Psyche," "Aurora," "Windward," etc., of course, do not fall under this criticism, for where they usually go, there is no base of supply to fall back upon, nor would an expressman venture to follow them.

Another objection to all such dishes, requiring such a lot of material, is, that even if it could be carried conveniently in your craft, the bother of unpacking all and then the preparing your dough for griddle cakes, your "devils," your onelets, seems to me, would be greater and more annoying after a day's paddle, than the enjoyment of your own, more or less accomplished cookery.

The experience gathered during five years camping under the most favorable circumstances, with wagons to carry the needful, a sutler to supply delicacies, well-trained servants to prepare the dishes, has induced me and others with similar experience, to take along for an emergency a "flamme forcé," to be used only when no firewood is obtainable; powdered coffee, sugar, biscuits, salt and pepper, perhaps two cans of beans and meats a coffee-pot, two plates, two cups, knife, fork and spoon, trusting to the country through which I pass for the delicacies.

FIOR DA LICE.

EDITOR CANOEIST: The "Deseronto Canoe Club," have organized and have at this writing fifteen members. Our officers

are: F. S. Rathburn, Captain, Geo. Clinton, M. D. Mate, E. C. French, Purser.

The Club signal is a pointed burgee, twelve inches by eighteen inches, the devices being four isosceles triangles, the two on outer edge of base being blue, the other two red with a white letter D in center.

We find much interest expressed in the sport of canoeing. Our ranks are daily growing, and the boys are looking forward to the time when they shall be around the camp fire at "Grindstone."

Yours very truly,

E. C. FRENCH.

Purser.

EDITOR CANOEIST: A meeting of the Amsterdam Canoe Club, was held on the evening of March 20th, at which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: C. H. Warring, (Canoe *La Polka*), Commodore, Dr. D. M. MacMarting, (*Gypsy*) Purser. The prospects of the club were considered very bright.

Four new members were admitted who will have canoes in commission, before the first of May, and more are looked for early in the season.

The club expects to send a delegation to the Newburgh Meet, and hope to be at the Thousand Islands en masse.

CHAS. E. BELL,

Sec. pro tem.

DR. HEIGHWAY, writes in answer to inquiry, that the centreboard used in the *Nina*, is the ordinary dagger centreboard, as made by Rushton, and furnished with all of his *Princess* canoe. It is made of wood.

[Send description you write about.—Ed]

The Fulton C. C., was organized, Dec. 19th, '83, by V. W. Poole.

They expect a busy season, and have arranged accordingly.

DEATH OF FRANK M. GLOVIR.

EDITOR CANOEIST: It becomes my sad duty to report the death of Mr. Frank M. Glovir, which occurred after a lingering illness, at the residence of his father, "Hermosa Vista," Hermosa, Cal., on the morning of March 29th. Mr. Glovir became a member of the American Canoe Association, March 14th, 1882.

CHAS. A. NEIDE,

Secy., A. C. A.

Schuylerville, N. Y., April 14th, 1884.

THE GALLEY FIRE

When frying pancakes over an open fire an extension-handle to the pan will be found a great comfort. This may be made by taking a piece of green wood an inch or so in diameter and three feet long, flattening a foot of one end and lashing it to the iron handle of the pan with a piece of copper wire. This will enable the cook to sit at a comfortable distance from the fire.

Didn't the cook forget the salt in the February batch of pancakes?

When milk is not obtainable, first-rate cakes may be made with water instead. (Don't forget the flour.)

A handier way than *turning* a "flapjack" with a knife, is to "toss" it.

You have all heard of the old trapper who could toss one up the chimney and run out doors and catch it as it fell, and perhaps have envied the dexterity of your guide when camping out. But if you have not already done so, just try it yourself and see how easy it is. Just loosen it from the pan with the knife, then an upward jerk, and the thing is done. Perhaps not the first time, but with very little practice. Try it with a cold pancake first.

Canned beans are very much improved by being warmed up with a piece of pork fried to a crisp.

Grouse and ducks are far more quickly prepared, if, instead of plucking the feathers, they are skinned. The flavor of many varieties of ducks is much improved by skinning.

Small fish, of a size to fry whole, if just caught, curl up and break in a very aggravating manner when placed in the hot pan. Divide the backbone in one or more places with a sharp knife, and the trouble will be partly overcome. When ten or twelve hours out of water, they will cook much more easily.

A quick and sure way to make tea is to put the tea in the pot and fill up with cold water and bring to the boil. It will not be quite as fine-flavored as if properly infused, but it will be good and always the same.

A handy pot and kettle lifter may be made in a moment by cutting such a switch as you used to string trout on when you were a boy, making one arm two inches and the other twenty inches long.

In washing dishes there is no need of putting your hands in the water. Tie a

bunch of rags on the end of a "bit of a stick," and you can then use boiling water, and even dispense with soap. Don't laugh and say I am afraid of my hands. Canoeists' hands generally are not made for this work.

Carry butter in two or three small tins, rather than in one large one; it will keep better in hot weather.

Lean pork is more salt than that which is fat, the latter soaking up but little of the brine. Therefore use but little salt in dishes in which lean pork forms an ingredient.

Lastly to the beginner: Don't build a fire to cook yourself by, and beware of soldered tinware.

JOE.

[The cook did not forget the salt in February pancakes, it not being thought necessary with sugar.

Condensed milk is better than water.

Boiled tea is bad cookery.

Salt pork is much improved for frying by boiling first, or soaking in water over night.

"CORDON BLEU."]

As to "them pancakes." By substituting Graham flour for the white flour referred to in last month's recipe, you get a delicious pancake, and very nutritious. A good way to carry the lightening-up stuff—baking-powder, or what not—is to prepare a small quantity of flour with it, quadruple strength, or "hexagonal" strength. Then in getting ready your pancake batter, put one spoonful of the prepared flour to three or five of the other, as the case may be. Fat ham is gorgeous stuff to fry pancakes with.

Porridge is just as good stuff in a canoe as it is ashore. Nothing beats oatmeal of course; and every one knows how to make it. Do not, however, bother yourself with cracked wheat. The ordinary "Graham flour" (wheat meal) makes a most delicious porridge, with a certain delicacy of flavor that the cracked wheat possesseth not. But mind that you have the water boiling hard before you put the wheat meal in, otherwise your porridge will have a pasty, underdone taste that subsequent boiling will not remove. Wheat meal porridge is more quickly made than any other. A fellow *can* eat sugar with porridge, when the milk is not.

—When on a camping-cruise one can always find a sheet of water on the bed of the ocean.

A. G. A.

CANOE CLASSIFICATION.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Permit me to reply to Dr. Douglas's letter in the February CANOEIST. We are directly at issue. He says the present classification is not a good one, and that the one he suggests would be better. I say that the present classification is the best we can have for the purpose for which it is intended—barring, of course, possible improvements in the same direction. Let us, however, make sure that we are arguing from the same premises, and that each understands what the other is driving at. To this end, I shall be greatly obliged if Dr. Douglas will answer the questions that I shall put to him in the course of this letter.

What are the objects of a canoe classification? I take it that they are as follows:

1. A classification is for racing purposes only. No classification is needed for cruising purposes. Do you agree in this, Doctor? All my argument is based on this proposition.

2. A classification is to enable every canoe present at the A. C. A. meet to enter races, and to contest with canoes sufficiently near its own dimensions to ensure a fair race. Do you agree in this, Doctor? In saying "every canoe," I mean, of course, within certain limits: as many canoes as possible.

3. A classification is to prevent the building of extreme types of canoes for racing purposes: namely, to prevent excessive beam for sailing canoes and excessive narrowness in paddling canoes. Dr. Douglas's proposed rules contain no provision for limiting the beam in sailing races. Do you agree that a limitation of beam in sailing canoes is necessary, Doctor?

Then there are some other points I would like to have Dr. Douglas's views on.

4. His proposed classification bars out the many Peterboro canoes 15 ft. 6 in. and 16 feet long, and *under* 28 inches beam. They are good, safe cruising canoes. Why do you want to bar them out of the races, Doctor?

5. In dealing with sailing canoes, one has two kinds of dimension to deal with, namely, *beam* and *length*—each of which is a factor in giving sail-carrying power. Up to a certain limit, a man should be allowed to use these dimensions as he

pleases; and this is effected in an admirable manner by the "sliding-scale" plan, which allows more beam as the length is decreased. Whereas, if you fix a maximum length and a maximum beam together, the canoe that is built right up to the limit has an enormous advantage. This cramps a man's choice very much. To illustrate: Dr. Douglas proposes, for the heavier canoes, two classes—one with a length limit of eighteen feet, the other with a length limit of fifteen feet. He proposes no upward limit for the beam; but we will assume that that was an accidental slip, and that he meant to put, say, a maximum of 30 inches for the 18-foot canoes, and 32 inches for the 15-foot canoes. The result would be that 18 feet by 30 inches, and 15 feet by 32 inches would be the two particular sizes that would have the best chance under this cast-iron rule. The same result follows, no matter what figures you fix for the beam. Whereas, at present, canoes of the following maximum dimensions can race together, all in one class for sailing, and with perfect fairness, namely: 17 feet by 28½ inches; 16 feet 6 inches by 29¼ inches; 16 feet by 30 inches; 15 feet 6 inches by 30¾ inches; 15 feet by 31½ inches; 14 feet 6 inches by 32¼ inches; 14 feet by 33 inches; 13 feet 6 inches by 33¾ inches; 13 feet by 34½ inches, etc., etc. See the wide range of choice this gives the canoeist, instead of limiting him to two arbitrary sizes. Of course, the foregoing refers to the heavier canoes only; and the figures given are the *maximum* dimensions.

I must repeat that the fact of there being six classes in the A. C. A. classification does *not* mean that each class is for a different kind of canoe. The *same* canoe goes in either Class A or B when she is sailing a race, and in either Class 1, 2, 3, or 4 when she is paddling a race. Therefore, practically, the four paddling classes include every canoe in the A. C. A. Barring out the 18 ft. by 24 in. canoes which Dr. Douglas doesn't like, that leaves three classes—just the number that the Doctor recommends.

Dr. Douglas stigmatizes the present classification as "complicated," and proposes his own as a simple substitute. I take the ground distinctly, that the present classification is the simple one, and that Dr. Douglas's proposed classification is the complicated one. The word "sim-

plicity" is a word to conjure with, in the eyes of some canoeists. Do not let us delude ourselves with mere phrases.

The true test of simplicity is not the number of words on paper, nor the fact that the figures and letters A, B, 1, 2, 3, 4 are used in the rules instead of only the figures 1, 2, 3. The true test of simplicity is "how the thing works." Under Dr. Douglas's rules, to give *one* paddling race and *one* sailing race to each class, would make *six* races. Under the A. C. A. rules, to give *one* sailing race and *one* paddling race to each class, would make also six races; or, only five races, if we exclude the 18 ft. by 24 in. darning-needles which the Doctor objects to. And on examining the operation of the proposed rules on the differing sizes of canoes racing under them, the A. C. A. rules will be found much fairer and more comprehensive. This talk about the "multiplication of classes" is founded on a delusion, arising sometimes from want of careful examination. The canoes of the A. C. A. are not actually separated into more divisions than they were at first. But because the limitations required for paddling and the limitations for sailing are diametrically opposed, it conduces to clearness to lay them down in separate paragraphs, under the heads of separate classes. The definitions might have been slung together in three paragraphs (omitting the darning-needles), but at a great sacrifice of clearness.

The somewhat random accusation, that the present rules are a mere copy of some stale scheme of Mr. Baden-Powell's, published years ago, may be disposed of by stating a simple matter of fact. The two men who formulated the 1883 rules are ex-Commodore Edwards and myself—building on some excellent work of our predecessors. We had nothing whatever of Mr. Baden-Powell's before us. The idea of separate classes (on paper) for paddling and sailing occurred to me in Mr. Edwards' office at Peterboro', when we were at our wits' ends how to reconcile in one definition or class the totally conflicting requirements of a paddling race and of a sailing race. At that time we were not aware that the Royal Canoe Club of England had separate classes for paddling and for sailing, as I have since learned. But there is this great difference between the R. C. C. and the A. C. A.: the former draws a sharp line between "pad-

dling" canoes and "sailing" canoes. Canoes in the "paddling" classes will not come into the "sailing" classes at all, and *vice versa*. There is absolutely no such thing as an "all-round canoe" in the Royal Canoe Club races. The very reverse is the fact in the American Canoe Association—a much preferable state of things, I venture to think. Only one of our paddling classes (the darning-needle class) comprises canoes that will not come in under one or other of the sailing classes. It might be interesting if the CANOEIST were to print the R. C. C. and the A. C. A. rules for comparison.

Dr. Douglas calls me "a strict conservative." My wife is delighted with the compliment. She has thought me too much given over to experimenting and innovation and radicalism generally, and says that I must be improving! The Doctor made that remark because I pleaded for the "vested rights" of the men who had built canoes of 24 inches beam under Class 1. Personally, I take no stock in such canoes, and don't care a stroke of the paddle about them. Yet they have their uses. A man who uses his canoe chiefly for an afternoon or evening spin of an hour or two under paddle will derive much enjoyment from the additional speed of a narrow and long canoe. I certainly don't see what harm is done by retaining this Class 1. I would be greatly pleased to have the opinion of some other canoeists about these 18-foot by 24-inch canoes.

I need hardly take up the comparison between amateur horse-racing and canoe-racing at the annual A. C. A. gathering: the two things are too wide apart. I think Dr. Douglas will find that the same man will not gobble too many prizes at future meetings.

It is because I have so great a respect for the opinions of a veteran canoeist like Dr. Douglas, that I have replied to him at this length. I agree with him in his liking for a 16-foot by 30-inch canoe, as being a good sailer, fast paddler, capable of being used comfortably for two persons, if necessary, and giving good stowage room.

Writing this long polemic has made me feel bumptious. If any other fellah has anything to say against the sailing rules of the A. C. A., I should like to tackle him.

ROBERT TYSON.

AN EASTERN MEET.

EDITORS CANOEIST:—Eastern canoeists ought to have a local meet, and it is proposed to hold one on the Merrimac river between Lowell and Lawrence, June 14, 15 and 16. Location is very central and will accommodate canoeists from Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Lowell, Lawrence, Haverhill, Newburyport, Salem, Cambridge, Boston, and intermediate points. A beautiful site has been selected, and permission obtained to camp, in a secluded spot opposite "Deer Leap," five miles below Lowell.

Proposition is to centre at Lowell, paddle in fleet to camp early Saturday afternoon, June 14, passing through Hunt's Falls, a half-mile series of easy rapids *en route*; camp Saturday and Sunday; break up Monday morning and paddle five miles to Lawrence, from which point canoes may be shipped home or cruise continued to Haverhill (18 miles from Lowell), at head of tide water, or Newburyport (36 miles) at mouth of river. Open space for sailing just below camp and races can be arranged if desired. Individuals or parties will of course provide their own outfits, including tents, blankets and three days rations. Ship canoes care Geo. E. Stanley, truckman, Lowell. Special rates for transportation may possibly be granted by railroads if enough applications are received to warrant. New England canoeists generally, and A. C. A. men especially, are cordially invited to attend. It is desirable to know at once who will come. Particulars by letter cheerfully furnished and views of camp ground and surroundings sent on application. All interested parties please communicate with R. F. Hemenway or F. H. Pullen, Lowell, Mass.

"Surge" wants to know why one of the most popular members of the N. Y. C. C. is always well provisioned when making a cruise outside. Our "Cordon Bleu" suggests that it is because he is always provided with a "*Freak-at-sea*" (*Éricassee*).

Do you know that the only club which cooked its own food and camped independently as cruising canoeists at the Stoney Lake Meet, Canada, last year, was the Lake George Canoe Club, which has none but active members, all of whom are canoe owners? No figure heads there.

THE AMERICAN

C · A · N · O · E · I · S · T

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

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No. 5.

TYPICAL CANOES OF AMERICA.

III RUSHTON

A DIGRESSION from what we call "Typical Canoes" to what we may call a *Typical Canoe Builder* can very well be pardoned.

In tackling and describing the work of Mr. J. H. Rushton, Canton, N. J., we find ourselves drifting on a subject it would be hard to do justice to.

In 1875 Rushton occupied a small loft 20x25 ft.—500 sq. ft floor area—and besides executing all his orders had lots of time to go a-fishing. Now he occupies a floor area of 15,000 sq. ft., and is in the habit of saying that "he has n't half room enough." He makes his work a specialty of light material and fine workmanship, and may be regarded as the pioneer of this class of build. The system of construction, while passing under the name of lap-streak or clinker, is peculiarly his own, and the improvement made over the work suggested by these names is about the same as that which the tailor makes over the housewife in cutting the small boy's trousers.

Rushton's canoes are as fine in model as any others; they are as light as other boats of equal capacity. The reason is that only the *lightest material* is used and every ounce is put where it will do the most good.

A cubic foot of white cedar weighs only 21 lbs., while a cubic foot of birch weighs 49 lbs., and all the hard woods vary from 40 to 75 lbs. per cubic foot; hence the reason why white cedar is adopted.

They (the canoes) are as strong as others of equal weight, because the Rushton sys-

tem of building, cutting and fitting each and every piece of wood to its proper place is one of the best methods known. Boats so built will always retain their proper form under any and every condition of use, and not warp out of shape. Steam wood and you can warp it to fit almost any mould, but it must be kept there partially by force, else even the action of the atmosphere will cause it to return to its original and natural shape.

Although Rushton's style of build is "common" to many other builders, one may fairly say that his canoes rank second to none.

The material used in all first-class canoes varies but little: oak keel or bottom; oak or hackinaback stern and stern post; *white cedar* siding, with or without the top streak of Spanish cedar; timbers of white cedar; deck and hatches of Spanish cedar or mahogany, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick; ribs of red elm, combing of oak, gunwales black walnut, copper fastened throughout and finished in oil and varnish.

Air chambers are placed in each end, and they are believed to be a great improvement over the water-tight bulkhead system. The air chamber is a box nearly the shape of the canoe at the ends. The ends of this box are cedar connected by a light framework of the same, and covered with canvas. They are then thoroughly painted and tested under pressure to make sure they are tight, after which they are securely fastened in each end of the canoe. Those used in the smaller size of canoe require a pressure of 40 lbs each to submerge them, and there is a consequent certainty that, in case of an upset, the air chambers

will float crew and cargo. The air chambers cannot be used for the storage of cargo, the space they take up forward and aft the mast-tubes being really of very little use for stowage purposes.

For dry storage a bulkhead is built just forward of the cock-pit or bunk of centre-board, with a door opening into it either through the deck or bulkhead. This is considered a most efficient plan, but not strictly adhered to if a customer desires otherwise.

Finding that the combing needed to be very strong, and not willing to add unnecessary weight by making it of thick material, a brass brace was devised, of which there are three on each side. They are not only ornamental but add stiffness to the combing. The deck is supported and strengthened by a number of small knees.

height for the toe or ball of the foot.

Mast tubes are made of 16 oz. copper, tapering a little to prevent the mast from sticking. They are perfectly water-tight and securely fixed to keel and deck to prevent leakage and getting loose.

The different classes of canoes built at Canton are "various."

There comes first what is called the "American travelling canoe," which is a mean between the Rob Roy and Nautilus. We understand that Rushton built the now famous "Stella Maris," St. Lawrence, Princess, Ellard and Grayling. Every style of canoe lines can be put in hand, and intending owner has only to express a wish about internal jibbing and he gets his idea carried out.

The dimensions and particulars of various canoes are given as follows:



SAILS.

I. AMERICAN TRAVELLING CANOE.

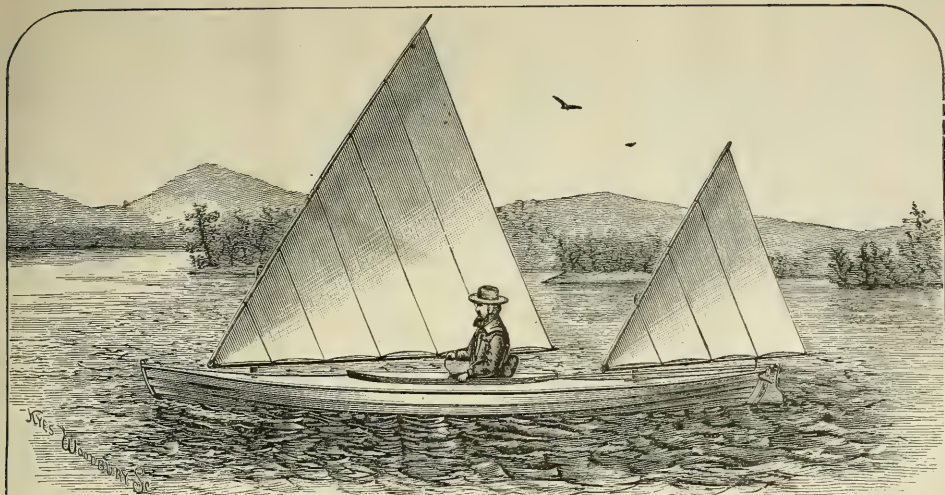
DIMENSIONS.—Length 14 feet, beam 26 inches, depth amidship at gunwales 8 inches, at ends 13 inches, rise of deck 3 inches, cock-pit 18x60 inches.

For curved stern posts a rudder brace is used to enable a *straight rudder* to be fitted. The advantages of this are apparent. The steering gear for canoes without a centreboard is undoubtedly one of the best steering gears yet made, and is described in the January number of the *AMERICAN CANOEIST* for 1883. For those with a centreboard a different method is necessary because the centreboard bunk has to be placed about where the steering gear should go, so a very simple yet effective device has been adopted. A bar is attached to a brace on each side of the canoe, forward, by a rope attached to the centre of the bar, the rudder lines being attached to the ends of it. These lines are kept taut and raise the bar to right

This once very popular canoe will only be built to order, as its place as a light paddling canoe has been more than filled by others, that, while quite as good paddlers, are better sailers.

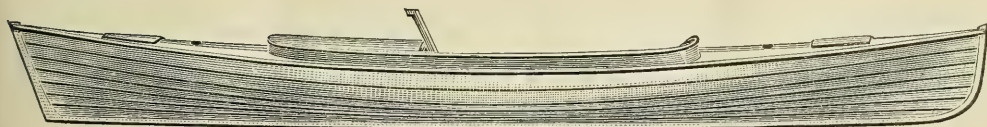
2. THE STELLA MARIS (*Star of the Sea*.)

Canoes built after the "Shadow's" lines have straight stern and stern posts, and are sawed from natural crooks of oak or hackmatack. They are built with seven streaks on a side, this giving very fine lines. Two inches deck rise and 5 feet cock-pit. Main hatch, in four pieces, is made to lock up. Length is 14 feet, beam at bottom of top streak 30 inches, at gunwale 28 inches, depth amidship from outside of garboard to top of gunwale 9½ inches, at ends, including keel, 17 inches.



II. THE STELLA MARIS (*Star of the Sea.*)

DIMENSIONS.—Length 14 feet, beam 26 inches, depth at bow 15 1-2 inches, stern 14 inches, amidship at gunwales 9 inches.



III. ST. LAWRENCE.

No. 275.

It is claimed by some that the *tumble home* of the Shadow impairs its sailing capacity. It is not our purpose to discuss that question here, but to propose a canoe to meet the wishes of those who make that their only objection to the Shadow. The St. Lawrence will be like the Shadow in every respect except that it will be 31 inches beam at top of gunwales instead of 28.

DOUBLE OR TANDEM CANOES.

Some canoeists prefer company and want a canoe to accommodate *two persons*. This is just the thing—the Shadow and St. Lawrence lengthened to 16 feet with a 7 foot cock-pit and fitted with two back-

boards, two cushions and two paddles. In midship section, depth, sheer and everything else except as above named, they are like the 14 foot canoes No. 260 and 275.

TANDEM SHADOW.

No. 325.

ELLARD.

No. 400.

Length 14 feet 6 inches, beam 30 inches, depth at gunwales amidship 9 inches, at bow 18 inches, at stern 17 inches; curved stern post and in general model like the Stella Maris, only larger. Built only to order.

GRAYLING.

No. 425.

This canoe is identical in size and model with the Stella Maris, except it is 28 inches

beam. It is fitted with Atwood's folding centreboard and designed to meet the wants of those who prefer a centreboard in a small canoe. We think it will prove like its namesake, a gamey fellow. Built only to order.

Such canoes before mentioned are fair samples of Rushton's variety of build. There is no end to his variety, for any canoeist can have his own lines built to. The Stella Maris and Grayling canoes are identical in size and model, only difference being that the Stella has a keel, the Grayling a centreboard. They are suitable for inland waters, and can safely be used on such open waters as Long Island Sound. These canoes command the largest sale, as there are more miles of inland waters cruised over than seaboard.

Two or three years ago no one would have thought of putting a centreboard in so small a canoe, and it seems only a matter of time when every canoe will be so fitted.

Any centreboard can be fitted, but by preference the "Atwood" is most used.

Mr Rushton says:

"Next we have a canoe, about 14 ft. by 30 inches, such as the Princess, Ellard, Shadow and Springfield, the last named being a new canoe just out. It has an Atwood board, and differs from the Shadow in having fuller lines, and stern and stern posts nearly straight, giving greater sail carrying power for rule measurement. The first is full bows, and differs from the others slightly in inside arrangements. The Ellard has curved stern post with medium lines; both have centreboards. The Shadow is cut away both at bow and stern and has a keel.

"These are all good and all-round canoes, but those like the Shadow will have to be adapted to the centreboard, if they would continue a rival for sailing honors. Then we have the 15x31 and 16x31 for open waters, timid canoeists, heavy weights and tandems. In my opinion these sizes about fill the bill. Whatever is required of a canoe some one of them can do, and do well. There will always be little changes in lines and inside arrangements, but these will be more to suit the fancy of the purchaser than because they are any better."

THE MARION'S FITTINGS.

GENERAL OLIVER, of the M. C. C., sends us diagrams of some of the fittings of the Marion, for 1884.

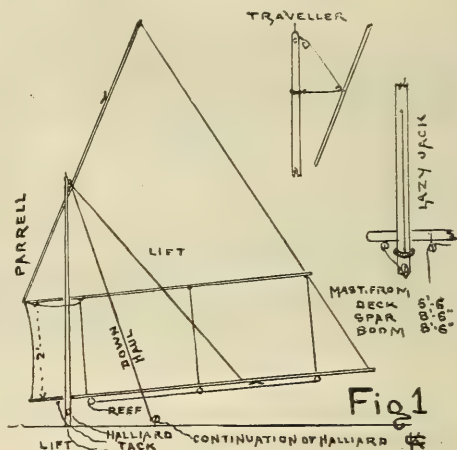


FIG. 1. *The sail*—Is simply a balance lug, but of lateen shape, having the usual ropes of the lug, complicated or otherwise at option of crew. I use the "Dot's" reefing gear, either to hand or made fast on boom, Tredweir's mast traveler and lazy jack—both good things.

Advantage claimed over lug: low mast and better shaped sail for windward sailing.

Sail when reefed becomes absolutely a lateen of proper cruising size; when shaken out becomes large for light winds and racing, and can be reefed before the wind.

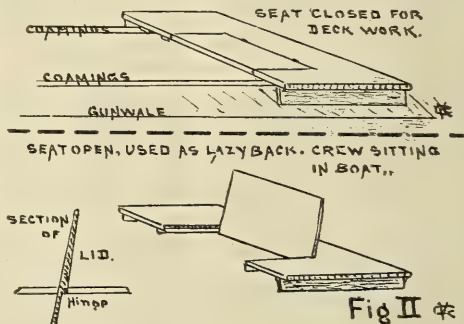


FIG. II. *Deck seat*.—It is important that crew sitting on deck should be comfortable. The seat opens and becomes a lazy

back. The half paddle, carried on deck while sailing, can be slipped under end of seat, and be always handy. When sails are furled and made fast on deck along coaming, the seat holds them fast, with one additional tie forward.

Steering gear.—For *feel*, I use the endless rope passing through sheaves in forward end of cockpit. Rope doubled where foot bar is placed, and bar held in place by sliding ferules—the device of Mr. William Wackerhagen, of the Mohicans. The tiller on deck is dropped over the dandy mast and plays upon it, the arms being toggled to foot tiller lines. All these lines are tightened by use of a figure eight (8) device.

Apron—Made of gossamer rubber cloth attached to forward piece of hatch on one end, and at other to small section of hatch, which section will slide along coamings, either stretching apron or gathering it when not in use. When stretched, a short removable stretcher is put under rubber acting as ridge strip, and keeping two pieces of hatch apart. Apron is held to sides of coaming by rubber cord stretched along deck at base of coaming. Apron is slipped under this cord, but not made fast. This gives an apron easily stowed, always ready, perfectly water-tight in position, and will detach itself at once in an upset. A bead may be put around end of hatch where it touches the body, and Baden Powell's rubber flounce to coat is stretched over it.

Atwood centre board.—This differs from those ordinarily in use, in that it has no handle *fixed* in place. The nut-shaped pivot end is used on *both sides*, and the wrench is thus used for tightening on *one side* and for centre-board handle on *other side*, and unshipped when not wanted.

For Dandy, I use my sail of last year—*i. e.*, the leg o' mutton, which reefs to a lateen—by using jaw at end of boom for full sail, and in usual place for lateen when reefed. For cruising, I should use main-

sail the same, as it served me well all last year, is very simple, easily reefed and stowed. I have also placed aft five independent air-tights made of very *light sheet-brass*. I can specially recommend them as very light and, virtually everlasting.

MARION.

Mohican Canoe Club, Albany, N. Y.

THE FAN MAINSAIL.

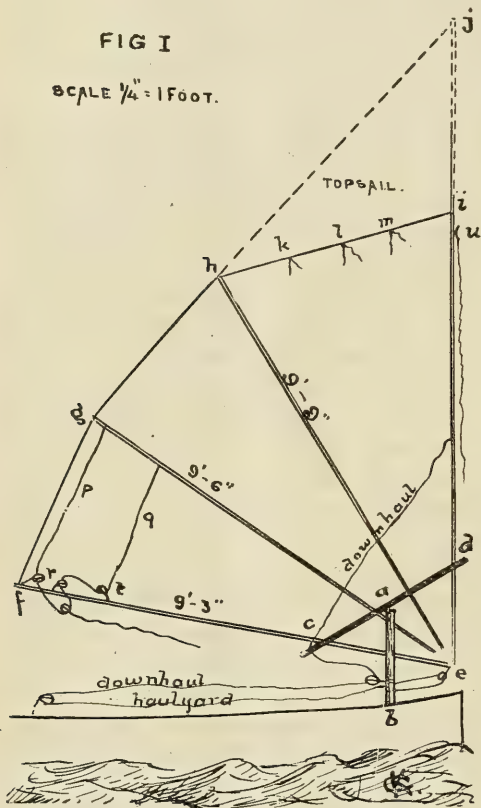
“**I**S it possible to unite in one sail the special excellencies of the balance lug and of the lateen?” This is the question that I tried to answer late last autumn; and I learn that other members of the A. C. A. have been working at the same conundrum. Can we combine the simplicity and the short mast of the lateen with the short boom, the handiness, and the reefing capabilities of the balance lug? The lateen carries a very long boom and yard in proportion to its area; and one cannot reef it when running before the wind, but must luff up and come round through the trough of the sea. Besides this, the boom is liable to “kick up” when running free. The balance lug, on the other hand, has a high mast and more gear than the canoeist likes.

I submit for the criticism of my fellow-canoeists a sail which I think combines to a considerable extent the advantages of both the lug and the lateen. I will not go into close detail, but will indicate merely the general construction. As, however, the efficient working of the sail depends largely upon certain points of detail being properly worked out, I shall be glad to furnish further information to any of my brethren of the A. C. A. who may be inclined to experiment in the same direction as myself. I have done all I can with the idea, and now I would like to see the massive brain of some other fellow brought to bear upon it.

The drawings show a “fan” sail of about sixty feet area, having two reefs.

The boom is 9 ft. 3 in. long, and the "hoist," or length of yard 9 ft. 6 in. About eighteen inches of the boom is forward of the mast; leaving 7 ft. 9 in. for the leeward boom projection. Similar spars and similar leeward projection in an ordinary lateen would give only forty feet of area.

FIG I

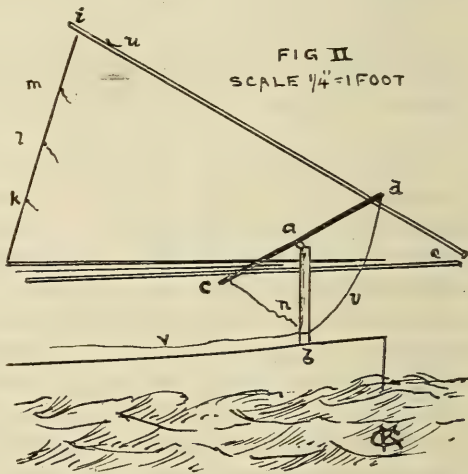
SCALE $\frac{1}{4}$ " = 1 FOOT.

A lateen of sixty feet area would require a boom over eleven feet long, and a yard of nearly the same length. There is my first claim—a shorter boom than the lateen in proportion to area. Besides, it will be seen further on that the boom shortens as the sail reefs. Hence, the lumpier the water the less danger there is of catching your boom in it; because the same wind which makes the water lumpy makes you reef your sail.

The first peculiarity is the mast, which is only a little over two feet high; shown at *a b*, in the engravings. It is bifurcated

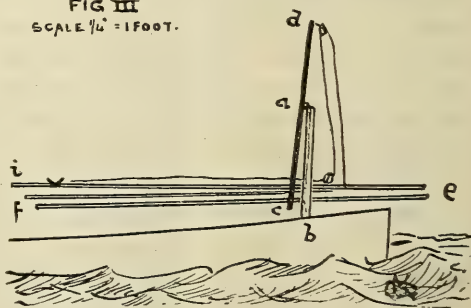
(two-pronged) having a slot running down it from the top nearly to the deck. In fact, my mast is nearly the shape of an ordinary tuning-fork, with the slot looking fore and aft. The handle of the tuning-fork represents the part of the mast which goes down in the mast tube. The boom passes through the slot in the mast, and as the boom swings the mast turns with it. An easy fit in the tube, and a protection metal collar at deck are therefore desirable for the mast.

FIG II

SCALE $\frac{1}{4}$ " = 1 FOOT

The next novelty is a sort of wooden topping lift, which I call the "slot-bar." It is a flat piece of $\frac{3}{4}$ th pine, four feet long and four inches wide, having a slot cut in it, extending nearly from end to end. This slot is exactly the same width as the slot in the mast—namely, the diameter of the boom and yard, with less than an eighth of an inch added for "play."

FIG III

SCALE $\frac{1}{4}$ " = 1 FOOT.

The ends of the slot bar are strengthened by iron angle-pieces, so as to prevent it suddenly becoming two bars. It is shown in the drawings at *d a c*, and its *thin* edge is towards the reader's eye. It is hinged on to the top of the mast by two common long hinges at the point *a*. When the canoe is under sail, the slot-bar is held in the position shown in Figure 1 and Figure 2 by certain ropes presently to be described. There is therefore a continuous slot extending between the points *c*, *n*, and *d*, and in this slot the sail works. A small roller is fixed in the slot at the point *c*, on which the boom rests, and on which it slides backward and forward when sail is reefed or taken in.

The sail is spread by the yard *e i*, the boom *e f*, and the battens *e g* and *e h*, all of which meet at the common point *e*. The sail is hung at the point *d*, and works on that point as a pivot, exactly on the same principle as a lateen yard is hooked to and works on the top of the lateen mast. Notice, however, that whilst the lateen yard is swung on the mast, the fan-sail yard is swung on the end of the slot bar, some eighteen inches horizontally forward of the mast. This enables the fan sail, when fully spread, to have a perfectly upright yard, and yet to have a fair proportion of boom and sail forward of the mast. The lateen yard does not leave the mast-head until the sail is taken off and furled entirely. Similarly, the fan-sail yard does not leave the point *d* while reefs are being put in, but only when the sail is furled and stowed on deck.

Now for the gear. I have shown some parts of it in Figure 1, some parts in Figure 2, and the remainder in Figure 3, so as to avoid confusing any of the drawings.

There is a combined halliard and downhaul, arranged with a "purchase" or block on the halliard; but none on the downhaul. Figure 1 shows this, together with the reef lines. Commencing at one end of the halliard, it is permanently fastened on

the mast, near the deck; it then goes around the block at *e*, back through a hole in the thick part of the mast to the skipper's hand and cleat, through a snap-hooked thimble back to a mast-foot block up to "*c*" on the lower end of slot bar, and thence to the yard, forming the downhaul. It is fastened to the yard at just such a point as will enable it to take up all the slack of the single-purchase arrangement at "*e*." This is the "anti-tangle" arrangement described in the CANOEIST last year, in which the downhaul takes up the slack of the halliard, and the halliard takes up the slack of the downhaul. The latter is a most useful rope, in case of the gear sticking, on almost any sail.

There are two reefs in my cruising sail of 67 feet; but for smaller sails one reef is of course sufficient. As the reef gear is alike on both reefs, I have shown it only on one; and its arrangement is apparent without description. I found myself compelled to take the line *q* forward and turn it round a pully in order to get length enough between *c* and *r* for the double line. The hauling-line *s* comes through an eye at *c*, then through a block at mast-foot, and back to hand; but I have not shown it in the drawing, to avoid confusion. The lines *p* and *q* have to be much nearer one to another than at first glance one would think. This reefing gear gathers in the canvas particularly close and snug; and it has less lines than any balance-lug reef can possibly be worked with. If one wanted to be very simple, he could dispense with the line *q* altogether. The line *p* would be enough to gather in the reef, but it would leave something of a bag at the point *t*. My present arrangement gives very little reef-line slack on deck—something over three feet. The hauling-lines of the reef-gear pass through an eye in the slot-bar at *c*, and prevents the sail from kicking up when on a free wind.

Figure 2 shows the sail double-reefed.

(Continued in our next)

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN A. C. A.

C. G. Y. KING, {
R. J. WILKIN, { Editors.
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EDITORIAL

WE give this month our third account of American Typical Canoes. We have had several proofs of the utility of these articles, and builders are heartily thanked for their promptness in furnishing the necessary information. Canoeists, especially young members, will derive great benefit from having "on file" such notes from all the various builders.

MR. GREENLEAF contributes a very concise account of "Down the Delaware," so evidently correct in its detail of information, considering the extent of ground covered, that any canoeist, provided with a good chart, should have no difficulty in locating all the troublesome spots.

We shall be pleased to have such like descriptions of canoe navigable rivers from all around, as their utility is incalculable to the intending voyageur.

PRESSURE of business and our limited space has compelled us to keep lying over a lot of MSS that apparently, to the contributors, should have appeared in these columns long ago. Messrs. Tyson and Oliver both send us good sails, and we have lots more waiting their turn.

SINGLEHANDERS IN THE A. C. A.

WHY and why not, and what constitutes a "Singlehander"?

Canoeists everywhere are taking to sailing as the duck takes to water. Our lakes, sounds, and great rivers are too rough for successful cruising *in a canoe which can be paddled by one man*. Larger canoes will be built every year, which will not be canoes in the strictest sense, but composite boats, only like a canoe by being sharp at both ends and decked like a canoe. These will be "canoeing yachts," but not true canoes. They will be too large, when loaded for a cruise, for the paddle; yet our men will insist in attempting to do with a small canoe that which belongs to a yacht. Then getting wet and feeling cramped in their composite canoes, they will get disgusted with canoeing, or, if still full of adventure, will get a sail boat of some kind and take half a ton of comforts of various kinds with them. *Where is the remedy?* Classify the craft in the A. C. A. as canoes (pure and simple)—craft easily propelled by the paddle—and the larger composite boats as canoe yachts or Singlehanders.

In that case a reclassification of the fleet will be necessary.

At present what is the A. C. A. canoe classification worth? How many are satisfied with it? There are many members of the A. C. A. cruisers or sailors. We must keep them from leaving the Association when they give up the battle with the heavy cruising canoe which cannot be easily paddled when loaded for an independent cruise. Now, to prevent some of our best and ablest men from leaving the A. C. A., because they cannot both sail and easily paddle the composite craft called a canoe, should a new class not be recognized in the list thus: The Sailing Canoe (no compromise with the paddle or anything else), limit in size; to be easily sailed in rough weather by one man. Type to

be a canoe in model, sharp at both ends, and similar in other respects to the Paddleable Sailing Craft. Not to be listed with paddleable sailing canoes, and not to be raced with canoes carrying paddles. Sailing races for sailing canoes. These canoes will be our lake and inland tidal water craft. They will form a novel and most effective fleet, unlike that of any fleet in the world, except that of the Mersey Canoe Club, England, which has a fine fleet of Singlehanders description of which lately appeared in these pages. Some may therefore say: "May I enter my Sneak-box in the A. C. A.?" Why? Your Sneak-box is the direct opposite of the canoe. It is broad where the canoe is narrow, short where the canoe is long. Our correspondence indicates that the Singlehander is coming into force; and what may be the result?

The committee of the A. C. A. may at no very distant date be requested to establish this new class.

A man cannot safely cruise in the canoe of the A. C. A. with his wife on board, with any degree of comfort. Shall we therefore call the canoe a failure, as many have done? Certainly not. It would only be necessary to build a "singlehand" canoe and join that class of effective sailing canoes now cruising outside the A. C. A. management, several such being the best cruising sailing canoes in America.

CORRESPONDENCE

EDITOR CANOEIST: A meeting of the joint committees of the Lake George and Whitehall Canoe Clubs was held at Whitehall on April 9, 1884, to make arrangements for a canoe meeting on Lake George next summer for the benefit of those canoeists for whom it is not convenient to attend the A. C. A. meet at the Thousand Islands.

It is the purpose of the committee to make this a cruising meet.

After gathering at the Canoe Islands to cruise in company through Lake George, holding races at different points, the time and place to be under the control of the programme committee, consisting of F. C. Cooke and E. A. Greenough, of the W. C. C., and Ranger of the L. G. C. C.

A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. N. H. Bishop for his kindness in placing the Canoe Islands at the disposal of the canoeists for a camping ground.

Mr. E. W. West, of the L. G. C. C., was made chairman of the committee, and W. W. Coke, Jr., of the W. C. C., corresponding secretary.

The dates decided upon were the 24th, 25th and 26th days of July next.

It is something new in the way of canoe meets, and it is hoped to be a move in the right direction. Why should not a canoe meet be a canoe cruise?

CLASSIFICATION.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I have just read Mr. Tyson's letter in May CANOEIST answering Dr. Douglas' objections. Permit me to add an opinion in favor of the existing classifications. I think they are admirable, and have worked and will work better than any yet suggested; and I believe all my club are with me in this satisfaction.

If any change is made it should be, as Mr. Tyson says, an "improvement in the same direction," and possibly the following circumstances may arise:

Canoes will be built in considerable numbers to the full limits of Class B; and the Shadows and Ellards and other medium boats (the all-round cruisers which merit cultivation) have to meet the big boats on equal terms, and of course other things being equal, will get worsted. I think, therefore, that the next change should be a division of Class B into two *when a majority of that class want it*, but not till then. The chief differences are in depth and weight, and I should like to see a "light B" class detached from the present B, the remainder called "heavy B," the former to have a smaller limit of depth and a limit for weight of hull including centre-board and all other things properly belonging to it.

But I do not now ask for this change. I am content with things as they are until the need I anticipate shall assert itself, perhaps this season, perhaps later. This is a suggestion of a possible line of "improvement in the same direction."

CAPTAIN MOHICANS.

SPEED WITHOUT STYLE.

EDITOR CANOEIST:—I, with others from our club, was at the Stoney Lake Camp of the A. C. A. of last year, and, of course, saw the sailing and paddling races. It is with regard to a feature of the latter that

I would, in a brief paragraph or two, jog the attention of amateur canoe men generally.

In the paddling races speed seemed the object. This was natural enough; but speed was made, it struck me, wholly at a sacrifice of style. It was the "*get there*" stroke—to borrow a rowing term—pure and only.

Now, why should this be so? In rowing, length, neatness and regularity of stroke, cleanliness of feather and all the little details attended to count. More, it is generally admitted that the practice helps materially to bring up the rate at which the boat travels.

I would make the suggestion that at the next meeting of the A. C. A.—the Thousand Islands Camp—that a special race or two—paddling races—be placed on the programme, with a view to encourage a more graceful and neat way of paddling.

How can this be done? By making "style" count as well as speed. In what way? Simple enough—by points.

Allow a maximum of say 20 points in all for "style;" divide it up under—I will use the expression for convenience sake—five heads

Five points for straight steering.

Five points for regularity of stroke.

Five points for position, say, absence of absurd swinging of arms, head, rolling from side to side, etc.

Five points for freedom from splashing, trim of canoe, etc.

There you have it. If a variety of "points" count in a slogging match, and if attention to these matters count in so-called athletics, paddling can stand a judicious amount of coaching in the direction of "style."

I make the suggestion in good spirit, and with the impression that Canadian paddlers, perhaps, stand in greater need of trimming up than their American cousins, who use the double-bladed paddle very gracefully.

FRANK H. DOBBIN,

Secretary Lindsey (Canada) Canoe Club.

EDITOR CANOEIST:—As the season approaches, the interest in canoeing increases. Eleven new members were voted into the Chicago Canoe Club at its last regular meeting, making forty-two now on the roll. Over a dozen canoes are being built for club men, principally by the Racine Boat

Co. Old boats are being overhauled and refitted in anticipation of the first Saturday afternoon cruise called for May 10th.

The first annual cruise will take place in June, from the 9th to the 15th inclusive. A regatta will be held at Madison, Wis., and the fleet, under command of Com. G. M. Munger, will run down Rock River as far as time permits.

The regular annual regatta will be held at Chicago on July 19th. Several handsome gold medals will be offered, by individual members, to be competed for. It is expected there will be forty to fifty canoes afloat on this occasion.

No site has yet been secured for a clubhouse. A committee is at work upon this problem, and a satisfactory report is hoped for at next meeting. QUI VIVE.

EDITOR CANOEIST:—I have had some air-tight boxes made for my canoe, and they are so light, strong and satisfactory, that I can recommend them to the fraternity. My boxes occupy the ends of the canoe; the forward one is 2 feet 3 inches long, 11 1/2 inches wide on top, and 5 inches deep at its after end; it is shallow, to allow the spars to run forward over it. The after one is 2 feet 9 inches long, 1 foot 5 inches wide, and 11 inches deep. This box weighs only 4 lbs., and floats 71 1/2 lbs. above water; the forward one weighs 1 1/2 lbs. and floats 15 lbs. These gratifying results are due to the metal, nickeline silver, No. 3, guage 32, made by the Holmes & Wessell Metal Co., West 24th Street, New York. This alloy is almost untarnishable, and so strong that even this exceedingly thin sheet refuses to yield to the pressure of the water. It seems to me the very best material for such tanks.

The nickeline silver for the air-tight cases costs \$1.25 per lb. The two cases required about 7 lbs. of metal, and the tinsmith charged \$3.75 for making them. Total, \$12.50. C. H. FARNHAM.

HITHERTO our year of issue commenced in the month of February. We are going to alter that to 1st January, so that our volume will close as the year goes out; and in September or October we issue a double number of thirty-two pages. It is also quite on the cards that the CANOEIST will likely be increased in number of pages next year.

CLUB DOINGS

FULTON CANOE CLUB.

THE Fulton Canoe Club are beginning to prepare for summer wanderings over many waters. Commander Poole has just had his fine canoe refitted, and to-day put it in the water; and it rides as proudly as did ever a "Mother Goose." It numbers three (3) canoes (two building, 14 feet by 30 inches) and thinks it shall be able to report the Fulton C. C. as floating eight canoes by some time in June.

With the beautiful Oswego flowing by, and the enthusiasm which prevails in this little club, it is apparent that the canoe fever will be contagious in Fulton.

F. D. VAN WAGENEN, JR.,
Secretary.

EDITOR CANOEIST.—*Dear Sir*—The annual meeting of the Whitehall Canoe Club was held on April 15th. The following officers were elected:

Commodore—E. P. Newcomb.

Vice-Commodore—W. C. Blodgett.

Secretary and Treasurer—W. W. Cooke, Jr.

Measurer—E. R. Bascom.

Cook—F. C. Cooke.

Ten members present.

Mr. I. E. Chapin elected a member of the club.

W. W. COOK, JR.,
Sec'y and Treas.

UBIQUE CANOE CLUB.—The Galt Collegiate Institute Canoe Club recently changed its name; it is now the Ubique Canoe Club. The officers elected for the current year are as follows:

Commodore, Mr. R. W. Waters, Norwood, Ont.

Vice-Commodore, Mr. Colin Fraser, Toronto, Ont.

Purser, Mr. W. M. Lowery, Petrolia, Ont.

Steward, Mr. J. N. Kendrick, Galt, Ont.

Boatswain, Mr. A. W. Fraser, Greenwood, Ont.

It is expected that the Club will have nine representatives at the A. C. A. meet at the Thousand Islands next August. Last year seven of its members were at the Stony Lake meet. Several intend cruising down the Trent River and Bay of Quinte next July.

I am pleased to announce the formation of the Hub Canoe Club of Boston, with the following members:

Capt., C. W. Hedenburg, *Rambler*.

Mate, T. A. Walter, *Alice*.

Purser, G. E. Dutton, *Waif*.

A. D. Hale, *May*.

C. F. Dodge, *Halcyon*.

Lawrence Abbott.

C. S. Clark, canoe not named.

The meeting was held at the office of the *Outing*. The members all seem to be enthusiastic, and have proposed a meet to be held in the harbor on Decoration Day.

The next meeting will be held at the same place on May 7th, at which committees on burgee, constitution and by-laws will report.

Hoping I may give you more information at a future date,

G. E. DUTTON.

The annual meeting of the S. F. C. C. was held at the residence of the purser, W. H. Byrnes, April 3d, '84, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: C. L. Barrett, Com.; W. W. Campbell, Vice-Com., and W. H. Byrnes, purser.

Mr. W. N. Bishop was elected to honorary membership, and three names of canoeists were added to the roll.

W. H. BYRNES.

—The Rochester Canoe Clubs will have their summer races June 19th, at Irondequoit Bay. A new uniform of gray has been adopted.

CANOE PILOT.

THE DELAWARE.

THOSE who are familiar with rapid rivers know that they present very different aspects in low and in high stages; that during low water the current may boil over rocks which are covered with smooth flowing flood in high water, and on the contrary rocks which stand high and dry on the shores during the warm summer months may cause breakers in the rafting season that no canoe can master. Such will take the courses recommended, with due regard for the conditions for which they are written.

The Delaware proper is formed by the junction of the West and East Branches, the Coquago and the Pepacton. They unite at Hancock, and from there form the boundary between New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. This explains the raftman's phrases, "to Jersey," and "to Pennsylvania," used in directions about the channel.

Much useful information can be gained from these raftsmen at the river towns. The two branches are each about eighty miles long, the Pepacton, if anything, the larger of the two. It flows mainly through a newer settled country than the Coquago, and concerning it some other canoeist will have to air his knowledge.

The Coquago rises on the side of the Catskills at Stamford, but it is hardly advisable to launch the canoe above Delhi, some twenty miles below.

The villages and their best hotels are as follows (distances approximate):

Delhi,		Edgerton House
Hamden,	10 mi. d'n	one hotel
Walton	10 "	one hotel
Rock Rift,	6 "	1 very poor hotel
Carpenter's Eddy,	6 "	stop with Mr. Peck
Cannonsville,	4 "	one hotel
Deposit,	8 "	Western Hotel
Hancock,	13 "	Griffith's Hotel

From Delhi to Rock Rift the river is fair for the canoe in all except low water. Below to Cannonsville it spreads out so as to give at places scarcely two inches of water over the stones, which are small and mixed with gravel. This is, of course, in low water; in a fair stage of the river there is no difficulty. During low water the ca-

noeing is decidedly better between Hamden and Walton than in this section.

The Little Delaware enters a mile below Delhi. There are no streams entering below it until the Oquaco is reached at Deposit. These two are about of a size; say thirty feet wide, with a good strong current over gravel in a fair stage of water. No larger streams enter below.

There are no rapids on the Coquago; only rifts over gravel and loose rock, with the exception of little Falls, near Hancock. These rifts are sometimes pretty wild, especially where the river cuts in against the side of the mountain at a bend. The chief object, however, in all stages of the river below a small freshet, is to avoid scraping on some half sunken stone on the rifts; no danger but to the ship's bottom.

Little Falls is the first place where the river crosses rock in place, and is a rather rough rift about two miles above Hancock. There is no danger, but in low water there is some difficulty, for a short distance only, getting the canoe between the rocks.

The Coquago, for its entire length, is a beautiful river, passing through ever varying mountain and meadow scenery, with succeeding still-water, rift, and eddy. No danger, and sufficient exhilaration—a model cruising stream!

There are countless good places to camp, if so desired.

The dams are as follows:

A dam two and one-half miles above Delhi; go down the race, and then carry across to below dam at village. Can easily get help.

Dam at Hamden; haul over crest in low water; possibly shoot it in a freshet.

Dam about one and one-half miles above Walton; if good stage of water, haul over crest; but if the river is low, go down race at right and get help to carry past sawmill into tail-race. The head race is sometimes filled with sawlogs.

Dam about three miles above Rock Rift; haul over crest.

Dam three or four miles below Cannonsville; low, and can pole over, except in very low water.

Dam one and one-half miles above Deposit, at Style's Settlement; haul over crest in low water; perhaps could safely shoot it in a freshet.

Dam at Deposit above the highway bridge, like the last mentioned.

Dam about six miles below Deposit;

could easily shoot it in high water, but dangerous in a low stage because of stones; haul over the crest.

A dam was recently carried out below the suspension bridge at Hancock.

If a stop is made in Hamden, get storage in stable near pond or hide canoe under bushes. At Walton, get hostler to help carry into hotel barn. At Deposit, store in cooper shop on right bank between the two bridges. At Hancock, stop at suspension bridge, and go to village and get team to carry to hotel. At the other stopping-places, hide canoe in bushes.

Finally, let me advise the canoeist to carry a "set pole," as well as his double-bladed paddle, on this stream. He will find it indispensable on many of the rifts. The lower ten feet of a stiff bamboo fishing-rod is admirable for the purpose.

The Main River.—The Delaware proper runs from Hancock to Fort Delaware, at the head of Delaware Bay, a distance of about two hundred and sixty miles. The canoeist should have Rand, McNally & Co.'s maps of New York and of New Jersey. He will find the U. S. Coast Survey charts useful below Trenton, and of great value if he extends his cruise through the Bay.

The following are the names of the towns on the river at which the canoeist is likely to stop, and, as for the West Branch, the distances given are only approximate :

Hancock.

Equinunk	-	-	-	10	miles below.
Callicoon	-	-	-	16	" "
Narrowsburg	-	-	-	12	" "
Lackawaxen	-	-	-	12	" "
Port Jervis	-	-	-	23	" "
Milford	-	-	-	7	" "
Bushkill	-	-	-	21	" "
Delaware Water Gap	-	-	-	15	" "
Belvidere	-	-	-	15	" "
Easton	-	-	-	12	" "
Frenchtown	-	-	-	19	" "
Lambertville	-	-	-	15	" "
Trenton	-	-	-	12	" "
Burlington	-	-	-	15	" "
Beverly	-	-	-	6	" "
Philadelphia	-	-	-	15	" "
Chester	-	-	-	15	" "
New Castle	-	-	-	17	" "

At Equinunk there is only one hotel. If a port is made at Callicoon, take the left channel and stop just above the village. Go to the hotel below the railroad track. At Narrowsburgh stop in the large bay, and

go to the hotel kept by Mr. Murray at the railroad restaurant. At Lackawaxen stop at the summer hotel on the right just at the mouth of the Lackawaxen, above the dam. At Port Jervis probably the best place to store the canoe is at a small hotel in Matamoras, on the right bank. Then cross the river, and go to the hotel at the railroad station. At Milford, which is almost out of sight on the bluff, go to the Bluff House, near the river. At the Water Gap are several summer hotels. After passing under the railroad take the Penn. channel around the island, and at the foot of the rift will be found the small steam-boat and several row-boats, where the canoe can be drawn up. The Kittatinny House is nearest to the landing, and the Gap House is further up the mountain. The hotels at Belvidere are not known. About eight miles below is a small hotel, at a settlement called Sandts Eddy, where the lodging is comfortable. The hotels of Easton and Frenchtown are not known. About two miles below the latter place is a large summer boarding house kept by Mr. Stover, where the canoeist is made very comfortable. The hotel accommodations of Lambertville are not known. At Trenton is an old toll keeper at the Jersey end of the first bridge, who lets boats, and is an excellent man to consign the canoe to. He and his cross dog are both reliable. The Trenton House will be found the pleasantest in town.

It is best not to stop over night at Bordentown, but go on to Beverly, where is a good hotel at the steamboat landing. At Philadelphia, an excellent plan is to store the canoe in Camden, at a boat-house just above the Vine Street ferry slip, I believe, the ferry highest up the river. A sign of "boats to hire," is on the front of the building. There is a pier sloping into the water, and a responsible man to care for the canoe. The best plan for the canoeist to follow who intends to stay over night at Chester, is probably to stop at Eddystone, about a mile above, where are some extensive print works, and then walk to the town. At Newcastle is a hotel quite near the docks.

If, in cruising down the river, the preference is for camping, many good sites will be found. There are no drawbacks to camping on the upper part of the river, except perhaps a dread of rattlesnakes on the part of the very nervous. On the lower

waters the famous New Jersey mosquito, and possibly malaria are the thorns that accompany the rose. As for mosquitoes, it is perhaps well to get toughened for what may be expected along the bay shore, and as for malaria, that does not seem to be very prevalent, although some localities below Trenton certainly have a reputation for it.

Before entering upon a description of the rapids to be passed, a word about rail and paddle may not be useless. The paddle will, of course, be always carried. The "ret pole," spoken of in describing the Coquago, or West Branch, will occasionally be useful if the water is low.

The rails will practically be of very little value, and hardly compensate for the space they take while on the rapid portion of the river. The winds are generally up stream. The use of rails is of course out of the question on the rapids, and, considering all things, the best way is probably to express the rails direct to Trenton, and make use of them from there down.

It is hoped that the following account of the rapids may prove of value to the cruiser on the Delaware. They represent the conditions for the stage of the river when the trip of last year was made, and if it is born in mind that a lower stage of water may change the channel, they will perhaps prevent the swamping or staving of a canoe.

The main river at its head runs from two to four hundred feet wide, with a current of two to four feet deep over the rifts in a good stage of water. In some of the eddies is good bass fishing. There are no real rapids above Cocheton Falls, but on several of the rifts the water runs swift, and there are large boulders, which must be avoided. In low water the canoe will scrape on the shingle in some places, and the abandoned fish-traps will be a nuisance. It is well to take the right channel around the island at Callicoon, unless a landing is to be made.

Cocheton Falls, the first rapids on the river, are two miles below the bridge at Cocheton Village, and the latter is about five miles from Callicoon.

The falls are a sharp descent over solid ledge rock (above this the bed is in the drift) for a space of some two or three hundred feet. You approach the falls through a big eddy, or still-water bending to the left with a steam saw-mill high on

the right bank. It is well to land on the right bank at a big rock a few rods below the mill, and go down the shore on a tour of inspection before making the passage.

The best channel is near the Pennsylvania shore, particularly in high water, when the left side must be white with foam. In medium stages of the river keep to the right, and then shoot diagonally across on the last pitch, which is the worst, into the eddy below, where is a sandy beach on which to bale out the water that will in all probability break inside.

From the Falls to *Harrisburgh* there is nothing special, and at this place is a quiet eddy except during high water, when the river surges in its efforts to pass the narrow gorge between the rocks under the bridge. Immediately below it spreads into a large basin.

From *Narrowsburgh* down to Lackawaxen Pond the river is rapid, and particularly for the last five miles.

Seven miles above Lackawaxen is Little Cedar Bridge, where the N. Y. L. E. & W. R. R. crosses, and right below it is a sharp rift for a few hundred feet. The best channel is about twenty feet to the right of the central pier. All that is necessary is to keep off of the rocks.

Some two miles below is a settlement formerly known as *Mast Hope*, where is a pine grove on the right bank, and the river bends to the left. Just below is a strong rift over large loose rock, and about half a mile below is

West Calang, a still heavier rift. These can rightly be dignified with the name of rapids, for the water boils over and around the numerous large rocks in a way that requires closest attention to prevent being upset or staved. The best advice is to keep in the centre of the channel, where the water is deepest, and look out sharp ahead for rocks.

A mile or two down is *Narrows Falls*, at the head of Lackawaxen pond. It is a sharp rift, but by no means the equal of the two above, unless it may be in high water. The channel runs diagonally to the left, then down, and enters the still water of the pond, a mile long. The dam is built for the purpose of filling the feeder of the Delaware and Hudson Canal.

At "*Lackawack dam*" the canoeist will have to haul around on the Pennsylvania side or over the dam in low water, for the brackets are then up. But when the water

is a little high they are down at the rafting channel, which is between the central two cribs, and it is then fine sport riding the breakers. It is best to keep twenty or thirty feet to Jersey of the long crib at the right of the channel, which runs down to the bridge pier.

From Lackawaxen to three miles above Port Jervis, a distance of twenty miles, the river is very swift, and there are six rapids that need care to pass in safety, although none are really dangerous. Two miles below the dam is *Big Cedar Rift*, where the river bends to the left, and then runs down a sharp incline over rocks which make the water very choppy. Striking the retaining wall of the canal, it bends again to the right. The best channel is on the Pennsylvania side of the centre of the river for the entire distance. In high water, however, it may be found easier to drop down along the left shore.

Mitchick Rift and *Shohola Falls* are practically contiguous, and are at the lower end of Barryville, a New York village, four miles below Lackawaxen. They are rapid and rough, and the best direction to give, is to keep near the centre of the river, and look ahead for rocks.

Mongaup Falls are eighteen miles from Lackawaxen, and near the foot of an island of the same name. The New York channel is small, and the Pennsylvania channel should always be taken. There are some large rocks in the current, but there is a shute between them where the canoe can pass safely. These falls are of no particular importance unless the water is low, and then they may be found very rough. In a medium stage of the river they will give no difficulty. Just below is the village of Mongaup on the New York side, with one or two canal-locks to distinguish it.

About one mile below Mongaup is *Butler's Falls*, where the river bends and runs along the canal wall much the same as at Big Cedar, but there is an island the entire length of several hundred feet, with the main channel on the left. The canoe must pass to Jersey of the island but very near it, except in low water, and, in order to do this, must cross over at the head of the rift. By this course the "Cellar hole" is avoided, where the water boils over a rock in an immense surge that is reported to have swamped one unwary canoeist. In low water the rocks will probably compel

a course nearer the centre of the channel.

Saw Mill Rift is a mile or so below Butler's Falls, and is a very rough place, but by taking the right course the canoe need scarcely ship a pint of water. The railroad bridge at the foot of the rift is in sight from the still-water above it. An island divides the river at the head of the rift, and the canoe should pass to Pennsylvania, but near it, and then at the foot, shoot across the other channel, just so as to pass on the Pennsylvania side of the first bridge pier from the Pennsylvania end.

From there down to Belvidere there is no rift of any account. For miles, the river runs placidly, with now and then a rift past beautiful islands and heavily wooded shores, in the fertile valley of the Minnesink waters. If the traveller floats along this valley early in a June morning, with the birds singing in the overhanging trees he is reminded of a certain river that "was parted and became into four heads."

Nearly half a mile below the bridge at Belvidere is the beginning of *Foul Rift*,—a most suggestive name, given by the raftsmen. Little Foul Rift is first passed—of no special importance—and then comes an eddy, as the still portions of the river are called. Beyond this is an island with some swift water above it, and rocks standing above the water on the Jersey side. The rafting channel is on the Pennsylvania side of the island, and the canoeist must keep in this, or there will be trouble. The best course is to keep within about twenty feet of the Pennsylvania shore the entire length, and then it is only necessary to avoid a rock now and then. In low water it would probably be necessary to follow nearer the centre of the channel, and the water would be found pretty rough. The raftsmen tell tough yarns about going three miles at Foul Rift in six to seven minutes in freshets, but there seems good authority for believing that a raft can reach the foot of the rift in nine to ten minutes.

Below there are several rather swift rifts, but nothing to make special inquiry about above Wells' Falls. Waricot Rift, which occurs at a gap quite similar to the Water Gap on a small scale, has some large rocks, but they can easily be avoided.

At *Wells' Falls* is perhaps the most difficult rapids on the river. About a third of a mile below the bridge at New Hope, which is a Pennsylvania town some three miles below Lambertville, is a dam two

or three feet high, and from that down for five or six hundred feet the channel is very steep, and full of large rocks over which the water surges in high water. It is difficult to give directions for passing these rapids, and perhaps any for one stage of the river would be wrong for lower or higher water. The best way is to go down to the dam and then paddle cautiously along it until the best place for crossing is found, and then below, keep a sharp lookout for the rocks, which come in sight one after the other with amazing rapidity. It needs a quick and strong stroke to go between them, but the very work in its excitement and exhilaration, is its own reward. When the river is two or three feet above low water the best course is probably to cross the dam in the rafting channel, which is to Pennsylvania of the centre of the river; then paddle diagonally toward Jersey through the quieter water at the foot of the dam until near the centre of the river; then head down stream and let her drive, passing to the right of the "Old Foamer," a great rock near the foot of the rapids.

Below Wells' Falls there is no rapid except at *Scudder's Dam*, until Trenton is reached. Scudder's dam is low, and of no consequence unless in rather high water. About five miles above Trenton are three islands connected by the dam in question, and the best plan probably is to pass very near the Pennsylvania side of the head of the central island, where the slash boards are omitted. In high water there is an open channel on the right of the island nearest the Pennsylvania shore.

Above Wells' Falls there are one or two low dams which are scarcely worth mentioning, as there are channels around them, except perhaps in low water, and then the canoe can be readily hauled over.

Trenton Falls are the last rapids on the river, and are just below the upper bridge. They offer no difficulty, and the best channel is the main one. Below them the canoe floats in tide water, and the sail must do its share from here to the Bay, some sixty miles below.

Of this sixty miles there is little to describe further than the tides, which run rather strong and rise about four feet.

He who anticipates uninterrupted use of the sail will be disappointed, as the prevailing winds are up stream, but there will be sufficient sailing to at least lend variety to the work at the paddle.

The temptation is strong to give a description of the Bay, but the merest abstract must suffice. Keep along the Jersey shore. Carry the U. S. Coast Survey Charts, a compass, and a field glass. *Do not camp out unless well protected from mosquitoes.* There are several light-houses where the belated canoeist can find shelter. There are also towns a few miles up some of the creeks. There are small seaside hotels at Sea Breeze, a few miles below Cohansey light; at Fortesque, some ten miles below Sea Breeze; at Pierce's Point, about two miles below Goshen Creek, and at Town's Beech, some two miles above Cape May Landing.

At times there is a surf which makes it highly dangerous to cross the "Ripps" around Cape May Point and enter the Atlantic, but with a moderate surf it is easy to beach the canoe right in front of the hotels of Cape May City. A west wind is most favorable. The "Ripps" might be rough enough to swamp a canoe while it could ride in safety elsewhere, but with a small swell rolling there is no trouble. They can be recognized at a distance by the white caps, and can be heard also.

It is a good sail from Cape May to Cape Henlopen, but a sure day should be selected.

From Cape May City to Lewes is about fifteen miles. From Lewes a comfortable steamer runs alternate days to New York.

JAMES L. GREENLEAF,
Knickerbocker Canoe Club.

P. M. SMITH, of the Clyde Canoe Club, has been in town, as also has W. S. Holden, Mersey Canoe Club. We are always glad to see friends from over the water.

Marcus C. Smith, Davenport C. C., Iowa, called while *en route* to Europe. We were pleased to give him letters to the "boys" all around over there.

FOR SALE.

Pearl Canoe "Tramp," for sale, full rigged, Address. C. P. OUDIN, 245 East 56th St., N. Y.

An Everson Canoe in splendid condition, with paddles, hatches, sails etc.; new suit of sails included; will be sold low, as owner is going away.

Address, "CANOE,"

Drawer 18.

Hartford, Ct.

THE AMERICAN C. A. N. O. E. I. S. T.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. III.

JULY, 1884.

No. 6.

TYPICAL CANOES OF AMERICA.

IV. ONTARIO CANOE COMPANY.

THE Ontario Canoe Company manufacture a style of craft peculiar in its detail and ingenious in its arrangement.

They are built under patents issued to Mr. John S. Stephenson, and owned by the present builders. Among the variety of canoes the patent cedar rib canoes deserve first attention. These canoes are built on an entirely different plan to ordinary canoes. Instead of being built of streaks or strips, running from end to end of the boat, they are built of cedar ribs running from gunwale to gunwale and forming an inverted arch. These ribs are about 5-16 of an inch thick and are matched on the edges and fitted together, and placed side by side on a mould. The ends are fastened to the gunwales, and the stem and stern are fitted with oak pieces. They are perfectly smooth inside and out, being built of a single thickness of cedar, and are strengthened by a few strips running from end to end inside, which serve to strengthen them and keep the bottom boards in their place, and are finished with thwarts and butternut decks, etc. For their lightness and durability they are unsurpassed, and the symmetrical beauty of the canoe on the water must be seen to be realized. For elegance of workmanship and beauty of finish, the cedar rib canoe is the equal of any.

They are built of cedar, with copper

nails and brass screws and trimmings, and well finished with oil and varnish.

A painted quality of the same work is built with iron nails and trimmings, and painted inside and out to suit customers.

Another style of canoe peculiar to this company is the Longitudinal Rib Canoe, likewise patented in Canada and the United States. In manufacture, it is not unlike Smith's Lansingburgh canoes as far as hull goes.

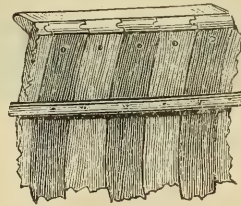


FIG. I. SECTION.

PATENT LONGITUDINAL RIB CANOE.

They are built of the same kind of sheathing as the cedar crib canoe, but instead of the cedar running across the boat from gunwale to gunwale, it is put on lengthwise of the boat and secured to half-inch oak ribs, running across the boat, and three inches apart. The cedar is about 5-16 of an inch thick and $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide, matched on the edge and fitted together and nailed to the oak ribs. As the edges of the strips are matched they do not require any battens or any device to render them watertight and are perfectly smooth between the ribs and easily cleaned out. This makes a very strong and serviceable canoe and is preferred by some to the cedar rib. These canoes have not been much tried, but we are confident that we can recommend them to the public.



FIG. II.



FIG. III.

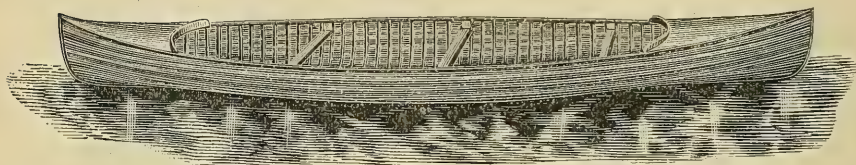


FIG. IV.

BASWOOD CANOES.

For a cheap and serviceable canoe, basswood answers every purpose, and if kept well painted will last for years. They stand a lot of rough usage.

Other moulds are being made but are not completed yet, and when completed, the proposed models will be about 14 to 15 feet long.

THE OPEN CANOE.

For those who desire to cruise or travel for their own amusement, the decked or sailing canoe is in all respects the best; but for general purposes, for pleasure or for sporting, the open Canadian canoe is to be preferred. In it you can, at any time, take a lady friend or gentleman for a paddle, or you can take a friend to participate in your sport or pleasure, and when required you can carry any amount of goods and chattels.

As one who had a No. 4 cedar rib, in the North-West Territory, says:—"For two years, it carried nearly all that came, anything and everything, it was the only boat in that part of the country and all used it. We used it for driving saw-logs, and as a ferryboat. It carried ploughs and harrows, cook-stoves, furniture, sheep, pigs, calves, etc., etc., and I never had any idea how much a canoe would carry until I saw some of the loads it took across the river—and when I left it had never leaked a drop."

The open canoe sails well with a lea-board, keel or centreboard, and you can sleep in or under it at night if required. There is no exercise so healthy as swinging a paddle (and none so pleasant as paddling your lady friends). Canoes are ordinarily finished with decks 2 to 2½ feet long, but can be decked longer if required. They are usually fitted with three thwarts, sometimes only two.

THE JUNIPER CANOE.

This canoe is designed and intended to combine, as far as possible, the distinctive advantages of each, the Open Canoe and the Decked Canoe. It is decked at each end about 3 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and the decking runs along each side, forming a long cockpit from 8 to 9 feet long, and from 18 to 24 inches wide. A combing runs around it, which is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches above the decking. The length of decking can be varied to suit orders; one is decked $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in bow and $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet in stern, and another 16 feet long is decked 4 feet at each end. The long cockpit makes the canoe nearly an open canoe, in its roomy capacity for stowage and carrying, and the decking and combing make it a very good sailing canoe. Those built have had a standing keel of 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep in centre, which does very well for ordinary sailing, but we can make the keel more or less without additional cost. They can be fitted with a folding centre board when required. They are generally fitted with two thwarts, so arranged that they can be used either double or single, or the thwarts can be left out and seat put in, or finished in any way that may be required.

Air tanks which are made to fit each end, can be taken out when the room is required, and two mast tubes and rudder, sails, canvas cover for cockpit, etc., are supplied as required.

These canoes, made on the Cedar Rib plan, are built on the same models as the Open Canoes, and they can be made deeper at the gunwales if desired.

THE ONTARIO CANOE.

The Ontario canoes are travelling or cruising canoes, and are easy paddlers and sail well. They are built on the Cedar Rib plan, and are built on the same models as the Open Canoes. It is not tried to make the canoes extra light, as there are no complaints as to weight, but they can be made lighter if wished—they are made strong and serviceable.

By putting in two extra air tanks, one to fill from bulkhead back to tank in stern, and one to fill from front of cockpit to tank in bow, a complete life-boat can be made of this canoe. They can be taken out if required.

Several sizes are built, and instead of a separate name are given the size and number. They are fitted with two air tanks, one in each end, between the mast tubes and end. Tanks are considered better than air-tight compartments, and can be put in or taken out if the room is required.

A sliding bulkhead is fitted back of the centre of cockpit, which is made to fasten in, and a hatch covers the back end, which can be locked down and used as a locker. This bulkhead is made as tight as possible, but cannot be made perfectly water-tight. It can be taken out when the room is required for sleeping, or if you want to take a passenger. The front of the cockpit is also covered with two hatches, which can also be locked up.

It is usual to deck with cherry, butter-nut, and other Canadian woods, but more expensive wood can be used at the additional cost of the wood. The cockpits are about $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, half-round in front and square at the stern, but the shape and size can be varied to suit customers.

The boats can also be cut deeper to the gunwale, and more or less sheer given to them without additional cost. Standing keels from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 inch in centre, rockered off to the ends. Mast tubes are of heavy brass, tapered and fastened to both keel and decking, so they brace the boat, and can be taken out if wished.

The Ontario Canoe Company say: "So convinced are we of the beneficial effects of canoeing, and that the demand for good canoes must increase, that we, last fall, erected a new factory, 30x65 feet, with four floors, and have also a building 36x85, with two floors, for offices and for storage for canoes and materials. We have put in a

steam engine, planer, moulding machine, band saw, circular saws and other machinery, and are laying in a large stock of lumber and materials to supply the demand for canoes, for which we have many orders ahead.

"We will continue to make our canoes of the best material we can procure, and try and make every one as perfect as possible, and will have to build many new models and sizes, which we will add to our list as we get them out. We thoroughly oil all our canoes and give them all the oil the wood will absorb before we varnish them. This makes the canoes heavier, but it makes them more serviceable and lasting. When a light canoe is desired we can make the wood lighter and give it less oil.

"At present we make nothing but canoes and canoe fittings, but can fit outriggers

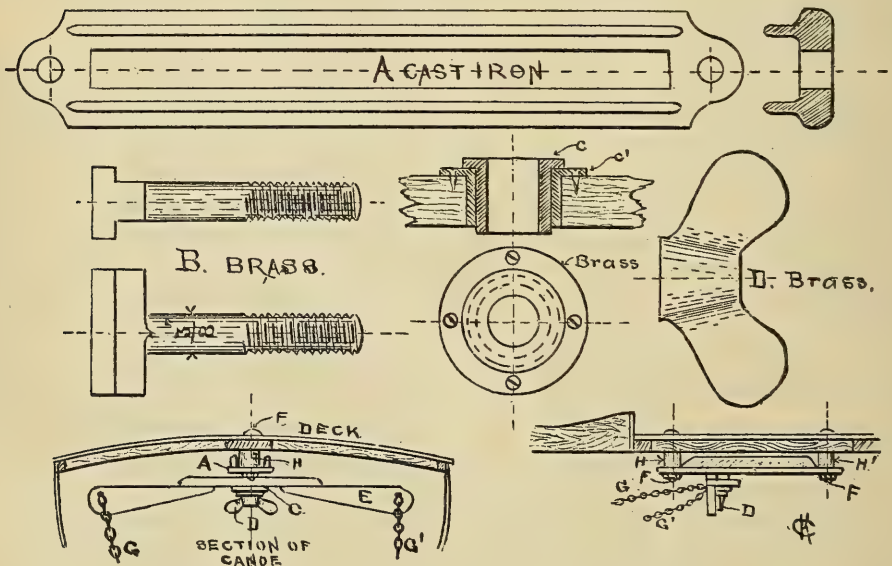
and oars to our own canoes when required.

"Our canoes are numbered now on the inside of stem piece, and we keep a record of them, so that by sending us the number we can tell all about it.

"We make air tanks, instead of air-tight compartments, of wooden frame covered with canvas and painted, to go under the decks at either or both ends; they can be taken out or put in as required.

"We are always willing to learn, and do all we can to meet the ideas of our customers, and are always ready to answer any questions and letters which we receive from canoeists. The perfect canoe is not built yet, but we will endeavor to meet the ideas of every customer and carry out his ideas as far as we can, so as to make his canoe for him as near the perfect canoe as possible."

STEERING GEAR.



I SEND you herewith a sketch and description of a "steering gear" for canoes, which I have made for my canoe, and I find it works very well indeed and is very simple.

Description is as follows :

A is the main piece, or slide, made of cast iron; *B* is the pivot bolt, made of brass or wrought iron; *C* and *C'* are the "bushes," made of brass, turned

smooth; *D* is the thumb-screw, tapped to fit bolt *B*, made of brass; *E* is foot yoke, made of any hard wood; *F* and *F* are small bolts for securing *A* to deck; *G* and *G* are rudder chains or wires; *H* and *H* are pieces of $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch gas pipe, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, to be used as shown.

Now, the slide *A* is secured to the main deck timber, or other suitable timber, by the two bolts *F* and *F*, passing through the small pieces of pipe *H* and *H*, which (the pipes) are made to take the strain of the bolts and make the parts rigid.

The bolt or pivot *B* is slipped into the slot in *A* made for it, and must be free enough so that it can be slid back and forth in it (the slide).

The two "bushes" *C* and *C* are next made; the outside one, *C*, is made fast in the foot yoke *E* by small wood screws.

(It will be noticed that the inside bush *C* is about one-sixteenth [1-16] of an inch longer than *C*; this is necessary, for when the thumb-screw *D* is screwed up on bolt *B* it will keep *C* from turning, and *C* can turn on it [*C*] easily.)

The bushes being made fast in yoke *E*, it is slipped on bolt *B* already in its place, and the thumb-screw *D* is screwed on and keeps it in its place.

After the gear is made fast in the canoe, the canoeist adjusts the yoke to suit the length of his legs, and then secures it by thumb-screw *D*.

Any difference in length or tightness of rudder ropes or wires is made up by having short pieces of chain, about a foot long, fastened to yoke *E* (represented by *G* and *G*); the chains should be parted in the center and one of the inside ends supplied with a small hook, which can be hooked into the links of the opposite end, thus making it easily adjusted.

It is well liked by all who have seen it.

WORKEASY.

—Many thanks to clubs for burgees, etc., to hand up to date.

HERE AND THERE.

YES, our burgee (emblem of patriotism) will doubtless float before the astonished gaze of millions of eyes foreign to the soil of Yenlav (our town) and these chilly days of spring almost seem the heated days of August, as we think how we shall lazily, dozingly, happily glide along in our jaunty boats over sluggish waters and past meadows, sweet-scented with the new-mown hay; while many a Maud Muller, resting on her storied rake, watches us pensively from beneath her broad-brimmed hat; and as the wind blows a few more snarls into her unkempt tow-hair, I think I hear her say to the Judge:

"Say, Judge, them fellers *is* my style!"

AFTER a portage of two miles over mountain, lake and bog, we landed on the hard, dry sand of the North Ford. It was low water, sand was everywhere, miles of sand, six miles of sand from shore to shore; in truth, a howling wilderness, with enormous jagged rocks jutting up from the sand. After waiting an hour, the tide commenced to make from the east, and a deep channel close to us was soon a roaring torrent. We were soon afloat, *en route* to the west of the Islands. In less than half an hour no sand was to be seen, and we were half way down the channel when the flood tide from the west side met us. We were under sail. B—— ran on a covered sand-bank and was brought up hard and fast. An energetic push of his double-bladed, jointed paddle set him free, but left one-half of paddle sticking in the sand, which he had to return for.

As we approached the west coast, facing the Atlantic, enormous water spouts were seen a mile or more ahead. We lowered sail and proceeded under paddle, as the channel took a windward course. The channel increased in width and depth, with no current to speak of. We felt isolated.

Not a house to be seen, and none within miles of us, so the chart said. The waterspouts continued with great regularity, so that the question of whales spouting and genuine waterspouts was out of the question. We had not long to wait for an explanation. It was the Atlantic rollers dashing themselves to spray on the steep sand-banks. Before entering the open water, we close-reefed and made everything snug. We could not turn back; we could not go ashore; so we had to go ahead. Making an offing of at least a mile closehailed so as to get into deep water and free from the terribles and-banks, we eased sheets and went off free for a run of five miles down coast to the only landing place shown on the chart for twenty miles. When far enough south, we lowered sail to finish under paddle, for we did not dare jibe, and we did not dare sail abeam to the sea we were in. We rounded a low-lying, rocky point amid a perfect howl of wind and rain. In two minutes we were all ashore drenched. Present on the shore were two men in the shelter of a fishing smack. We approached. They fled to a mud hut a few yards off. We procured the *spiritus fermenti*, neat, and again essayed an interview: "Can we have shelter here?" "*Hanail Sassanach.*" "Oh, you don't speak English. Well, have a drink." They soon spoke a broken mixture of Gaelic and broad Scotch Doric, and before long we were all as thick as thieves.

DURING a race we all (five) got becalmed within a few yards of each other. Some whistled for a wind, some chaffed others, some smoked.

A cat's-paw of wind was just ruffling the surface of the water about twenty yards away, and none of us seemed to get a bit nearer. W—— was in the middle of it almost at once, leaving the others staring in *blank* amazement at the doing of it. W—— sat amidships, took an extra pull at the halliard, and held down the clew of his

lug sail as tight as he could. The sail now lay fore and aft like a board. By a judicious rocking from side to side of the canoe, the sail held rigidly in position, acted like a propeller blade, and fanned the canoe onward into the breeze and home for the cup.

THE BUTTERFLY CLUB.

We are not anxious to increase the number. We count three: Jersey Blue the pioneer, Racine Shadow, who soon followed, and Stella Marie the last to come, and who might on that account be called the baby.

We are pleasantly located on a busy creek that helps swell the river that Hendrick Hudson discovered, but were that bold navigator to sail up the river of his name to-day, and meet our fleet he would find that evolution had not been idle since his last visit, and that the relation of the present canoe to the ones that paddled around the *Half-moon* so many years ago, was the same that at the present time exists between the gorilla and man.

Down the river seven miles is an uninhabited, but not desolate island, well wooded and with several desirable beaches and camping sites, and of about 100 acres in extent. It is said by tradition, that Captain Kidd's treasure is hidden somewhere in the scanty soil of this island, and at intervals of varying length fortune hunters come and dig for this money that cost so much blood and misery, and it is noticed that they always come in the night, for who would not be ashamed to be caught on such an errand?

Up the river is good fishing and a beautiful view of the mountains, which are a dozen miles away westward, and in whose shade dwelt Rip Van Winkle.

Up the creek are the falls, where a shower bath can be had at any time and where the black bass are so shy as to not even bite for a Butterfly.

The Butterfly Club is not an organized club with a "Com.," and a "Vice," and a

"Sec.," and its members are not bored with monthly meetings, nor harassed with dues. They won the name of the "Butterfly Club," because it was noticed that when starting out for a cruise they always went the way the wind was blowing, or if calm, the tides running, and without a thought of how they were to get back; and yet they always did turn up, and with renewed vigor were at their posts on Monday morning.

On a certain Saturday afternoon; by chance the three members met in the Post Office, a meeting was called and held in a corner, and it was resolved that if the elements moved that way, the following day would be spent in camp upon the island, and that each one should proceed to the *rendezvous* as suited his convenience best, and after an animated discussion on the "grub" question the meeting adjourned.

Jersey Blue got away first at five o'clock and made an uneventful run down: Racine Shadow sailed at seven, and Stella Marie cleared at 10 P.M., and on her arrival at midnight found the Captain of the Jersey Blue wrapped in her blanket and slumber, and the Captain of the Racine Shadow sitting on a rock by the fire, robed solely in a gossamer coat, a perfect picture of misery, while the rest of his apparel was spread about the fire, and making an attempt to dry.

The following tale was told in answer to the question of the last arrival:

"After sounding the second light house a head wind sprung up and made paddling up-hill work, and I paddled near and hailed a sloop that had been following me down and asked for a tow. They threw me a line, and I took a turn with it around my waist. It was the first time I had ever towed; I know more about it now than I did then.

When the sloop went about, my craft kept independently on her course, and when the sloop gathered way on her new tack the tow line around my waist brought

up suddenly, hauled me overboard and capsized the canoe. The line being fastened at the middle of my body I did not tow much better than the canoe had done, and half the way across the river my head was under water and when it was above I was so strangled I could make no noise. I thought a great deal in that short time, and I would not like to tell you all that came into my mind, but all the bad things I had ever done or thought of seemed to be like mountains, and I thought I was being dragged by the Devil over them. I have heard delirium tremens described, and my experience was much like it. I am trembling now. When the sloop came up to the wind on the opposite side of the river I managed to make myself heard, was hauled aboard and laughed at. The captain agreed to go back and pick my wreckage, and after doing so landed me here. We recovered everything but the life-preserver, and like all life-preservers, it was more than it could do to save itself."

G. V. D.

—We have received our copy for 1884, of third issue of the American Canoe Association book. Besides giving a list of officers and members A. C. A. there is an admirable list of the names of canoes enrolled with the Secretary. Information in re. 1884, camp on Grindstone Island, will be found of great value to intending Thousand Islanders. The book is necessary to every canoeist, and without which no canoeist is genuine.

—Mr. Tyson wants us to state that his letter in reply to Dr. Douglas was written and forwarded to us last February, a few days after he got the CANOEIST for that month. It has been unavoidably held over in this office. It has not taken him three months to excogitate his answer to the veteran doctor.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN A. C. A.

C. G. Y. KING, }
R. J. WILKIN, } Editors.
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OFFICERS AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—F. A. NICKERSON, Springfield, Mass.

Vice-Commodore—C. K. MUNROE, New York City.

Rear-Commodore—COL. H. C. ROGERS, Peterboro, Ont.

Secretary and Treasurer—DR. CHAS. A. NEIDE, Schuylerville, N. Y.

Executive Committee—H. NEILSON, Toronto, Canada; R. J. WILKIN, New York; W. B. WACKERHAGEN, Albany, N. Y.

The Secretary of the American Canoe Association request, parties sending money to him, to do so either by *registered letter*, or *Post Office money order*, on *Saratoga Springs, N. Y.*

If canoeists will send application to the Secretary of the A. C. A., Dr. C. A. Neide, Schuylerville, N. Y., enclosing \$2.00 for initiation fee and dues for the first year, their names will be presented for membership.

EDITORIAL

WE have much pleasure in discussing, as far as our space allows, the manufactures of the Ontario Canoe Co. Our correspondence betokens interest in these articles, and their practical utility is productive of great good among the boys.

WE have circulars and maps per favor of Mr. C. H. Warner, of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba R'y Co., St. Paul, Minn., in re the Park Region of Minnesota, so called on account of the succession of lovely lakes, rivers, wood, and prairies for 225 miles west from St. Paul. This railway penetrates this region, and offers special inducements to canoeists desirous of an outing. Hotels are numerous and good, but no use to the camper. The boys west are to be envied.

WE give cuts and descriptions of a very substantial and well arranged steering gear,

designed by one of the Ianthe C. C. We lately visited this club house in company with Mr. Holden, Mersey Canoe Club, and were hospitably received by the Commodore. Nearly all the Ianthes are canoe owners, and have built their own canoes, in canvas. They are an energetic lot. Their house is romantically situated, and canoeing on the Passaic is delightful.

WE have still many communications awaiting their turn, and our ever steadily increasing mail is encouraging. We are always open for notices of Regattas, cruises, and club meetings, such information, at present, taking precedence of other communications.

WHO knows anything authentic about the proposed A. C. A. Badge? We criticised Orange Frazer's design, after carefully drawing it out, and Orange Frazer's ancient Scotch blood has risen up; said that "She'll be—" we won't say what. Say, Mr. Frazer, we did not mean to skin you quite so close as you thought.

Now that cruising is in order, who will send us their menu for the cruise, and how they got it up, and what they had to get it up on?

THE A. C. A. meet will soon take place and a possible re-election of officers will be *en regle*.

May we suggest at this early date that the present Secretary be again appointed to fill the position he has so well presided over?

To be Secretary A. C. A. requires no small ability and tact, and when a gentleman like Dr. Neide has all the organizations at his fingers' ends, 't were a pity to let him discontinue his valuable services.

Secretaries of clubs are requested to send us regatta notices, races and all club news if possible, between the 1st and 20th of each month.

A. G. A.

By action of the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association, the following named gentlemen have been elected to membership in the A. C. A. :

J. J. C. Brown, Laconia, N. H.
 Verne W. Poole, Fulton, N. Y.
 James T. Van Dalfsen, Newburgh, N. Y.
 William G. Van Dalfsen, Newburgh, N. Y.
 Grant E. Edgar, Newburgh, N. Y.
 C. F. Holdship, Allegheny, Pa.
 W. W. Lawrence, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 J. J. Lawrence, Jr., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 J. C. Wilson, Watertown, N. Y.
 Rev. O. P. Meeks, Clayton, N. Y.
 William F. Ranger, Glens Falls, N. Y.
 M. V. Brokaw, New York City.
 George T. Carter, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 George Clinton M.D., Deseronto, Canada.
 W. B. McMurrich, Toronto, Canada.
 C. A. Melliner, Toronto, Canada.
 Herbert B. Rathbun, Toronto, Canada.
 C. V. R. Schuyler, New York City.
 Thomas R. White, New York City.
 A. K. Nimick, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 J. B. Wetherbee, Middletown, Conn.
 John A. Berkley, St Paul, Minn.
 E. Ophorp Abbott, Boston, Mass.
 A. W. Dodd, Hartford, Conn.
 Jos. G. Walton, Sherbrooke, Canada.
 R. Clinton Tucker, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 W. B. Davidson, Hartford, Conn.
 R. W. Gilbert, Buffalo, N. Y.
 Dr. W. H. Daly, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 William Schnur, Warren, Pa.
 J. P. Jefferson, Warren, Pa.
 Fred. Morck, Warren, Pa.
 W. A. Greaves, Warren, Pa.
 C. H. Noyes, Warren, Pa.
 W. C. Warner, Warren, Pa.
 B. Kittenger, Warren, Pa.
 Willis Cowan, Warren, Pa.
 W. E. Woodwell, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Since action on the foregoing, the following named gentlemen have made application for membership :

Rodney F. Hemenway, Lowell, Mass.
 William Weightman Walker, Troy, N. Y.
 Jansen Hasbrouck, Rondout, N. Y.
 Edward M. Francis, Hartford, Conn.
 John Wilkin, Middletown, N. Y.
 Alonzo Hankens, Middletown, N. Y.
 George Shiras, 3d, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Prof. Elias H. Wing, Boston, Mass.

Howard G. Blood, Amsterdam, N. Y.
 Oscar W. Meyrowitz, Albany, N. Y.
 Sumner H. Babcock, Albany, N. Y.
 Elias H. Plummer, Rochester, N. Y.
 Samuel C. Eaton, Rochester, N. Y.
 George C. Gray, Rochester, N. Y.

The Association Book for 1884 has been distributed. Last year several members failed to receive the publication simply because of an obscure post office address. When no number of box or street is given, the postal authorities do not bother to look up the party addressed, for *unsealed* matter. Members who have given me simply the name of the town or city in which they receive their mail, will please, *at once*, send me full post office address. I would also call the attention of members to Art. 1 of the By-laws.

CHAS. A. NEIDE,
 Sec'y A. C. A.

THE 1884 MEET.

Grindstone Island, August 1st to 15th.

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME OF RACES.

TUESDAY, August 12, 1884.

Race — Class — Time — Distance

1. Paddling, II. 9.30 A.M. 1 mile.
 (Length not over 16 feet
 Beam not under 26 inches.)
2. Sailing novices. Any class canoe.
 10.30 A.M. 1½ miles.
 (Canoeists who have never
 sailed a canoe before 1884.)
3. Paddling, III. 11.30 A.M. 1 mile.
 (Length not over 17 feet.
 Beam not under 28 in.)
4. Sailing, A. & B. 2 P.M. 3 miles.
 (No limits as to trim or rig.
 Start 10 minutes apart.
 A. Length not over 16 feet.
 Beam not over 28 inches.
 B. Length not over 17 feet with a limit
 of 28½ in. beam for that length.
 Beam may increase ¾ in. for each
 6 in. length decreased.)
5. Paddling, Tandem, 4 P.M. 1 mile.
6. Upset, Decked canoes, 4.30 P.M. ¼ mile.

WEDNESDAY, August 13, 1884.

7. Paddling, Long distance, 4 P.M. 3 miles.
(Not under 27 in. beam
and not over 16 ft. long.)

THURSDAY, August 14th, 1884.

8. Paddling, I. 9 A.M. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.
(Length not over 18 ft.
Beam not under 24 in.)
9. Paddling, IV. 9.30 A.M. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.
(Length not over 16 feet.
Beam not under 30 in.)
10. Sailing A. & B. Cruising rig. 10.30 A.M.
3 miles. Start together—
A. Not more than 50 sq. ft. } any ballast.
B. " " 75 " " }
11. Paddling and sailing combined, 1 mile
each way, 2 miles. 2 P.M.
12. Sailing, Light race, 3 P.M. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.
(a) Canoes without ballast.
(b) Canoes with heavy board only.
13. Hurry skurry Race, 4.30 P.M. 220 yds.
(Entries Race 100 yards, for choice
of canoes, which are drawn up in
line on shore, first canoe touched
to be used.)
14. Exhibition of canoe tricks and Gym-
nastics.

Wm. Whitlock, *Chairman*.
E. B. Edwards.
L. Q. Jones.

THROUGH the efforts of Dr. Neide, the N. Y., Ontario and Western Railroad Co. have made an offer to all canoeists intending to attend the A. C. A. meet on Grindstone Island this year to carry canoes and camp kits each way free of charge. The regular excursion fare for one passenger is \$15.00, but for a party reduced rates will be given. Mr. J. C. Anderson, General Passenger Agent, writes us that the canoes, etc., will receive no rough handling, but will be treated the same as fully paid freight.

Owing to lack of space and much matter, Tyson's Fan Mainsail article will be continued and concluded next month.

REGATAS

HUDSON RIVER LOCAL MEET—*Camp Nate Smith, held on historic ground*—Between fifty and sixty paddlers and sailors gathered on Plum Point, about three miles south of Newburgh, N. Y., on the afternoon of May 29th, to hold the first local canoe meet on the Hudson. Many well-known faces were there to insure a good time, and a thoroughly enjoyable camp it was. Of the representative A. C. A. men there were Secretary Dr. C. A. Neide, Vice-Commodore C. K. Munroe and Executive Committeemen Wackerhagen and Wilkin. The three large clubs of the district, viz., Mohican, of Albany; New York, of Staten Island, and Knickerbocker, of New York City, sent in large delegations, while the Rondout, Lake George, Amsterdam and Middletown clubs were also on hand. The Rochester C. C. sent on their commodore, Mr. F. F. Andrews, who remained in camp during the meet.

The spot chosen for the camp was truly historic, being as it was on the Verplanck estate, just north of "Murderer's Creek." A number of the tents stood just inside of the earthworks of old Meacham's Battery, which commanded a full view of the river and was to defend the chain obstruction thrown across the stream at the Storm King. The beauty and interesting reminiscences of the place were not lost altogether on the campers, as several had brought along their cameras, notably General Oliver and Mr. Jones, while Mr. L. W. Seavey, the artist, of New York, and President of the Kit Kat Club, of that city, was also there with Mr. Fitler, and each kept busy during their stay gathering up beautiful souvenirs in oil and pencil of the meeting.

On Thursday, the 29th of May, most of the campers arrived, and in the evening, around a blazing camp fire upon the beach near the Mohicans' tents, the first business of the meet was transacted. The call to order was made, and on motion of Mr. Wilkin, Dr. Neide was elected Commandant of the Camp. General Oliver then moved that in appreciation of the efforts made by Mr. Smith, of Newburgh, to insure the success of the gathering, the camp be called "Camp Nate Smith." This was also approved.

A regatta committee consisting of Messrs.

Gibson of Albany, Vaux of New York, and Smith of Newburg was then selected. Mr. Vaux acted as secretary.

After the enrolling of all those present and their canoes, the telling of a good story by Oliver, and the singing of a few songs, the "tattoo" was sounded by Mr. E. C. Delevan of New York, and all went off to bed.

On Friday, 30th May, Messrs. Bartlet and Van Dalfsen, the judges, and Mr. Harrison, the timekeeper, were on hand promptly at 2.30 P. M., and the first race was called. It was Paddling, Class II; Distance one mile with two turns. Prize, a silk flag. The entries and finish was as follows, viz:

1. *Never sink*, E. Gould, K. C. C., Time, 9 m. 30 s.

2. *Red Rover*, W. P. Stephens, N. Y. C. C.

3. *Coquago*, Jas. L. Greenleaf, K. C. C.

4. *Crazy*, R. Tompkins, Rondout C. C.

The next was a sailing race, and the classes finished as follows:

Class A.

1. *Marion*, R. S. Oliver, M. C. C., Time, 21 m.

2. *Helena*, Grant Van Dusen, R. C. C.

3. *Dido*, Grant Edgar, Newburgh.

4. *Day Dream*, W. G. Val Dalfsen, Newburgh.

Class B.

1. *Thetis*, P. M. Wackerhagen, M. C. C. Time, 13 m.

2. *Guenn*, W. Whitlock, N. Y. C. C.

3. *Aurora*, C. A. Neide, L. G. C. C.

4. *Nettie*, E. Fowler, K. C. C.

5. *Minx*, M. V. Brokaw, N. Y. C. C.

Distance in above race was one mile, turning one buoy. Prizes, Silk flags.

Third race was Paddling, Class 4.

Distance a little less than a mile.

Which ended as follows:

1. *La Polka*, W. P. Stephenson, N. Y. C. C.

2. *Tip*, R. J. Wilkin, K. C. C.

3. *Aurora*, C. A. Neide, L. G. C. C.

4. *Uncas*, H. Pierson, M. C. C.

5. *Minx*, M. V. Brokaw, N. Y. C. C.

This closed the racing for the first day.

In the evening a large campfire was lighted in front of the Knickerbocker and Amsterdam C. C.'s tents and with stories and songs the evening was spent very pleasantly. At about eleven all were asleep dreaming of past pleasures and of others still to come.

Saturday morning there was little breeze, but at 2 P. M., when the great race between the "*Dot*" and "*Snake*" was set for, a gale was blowing. The course was from off the camp to and around Pollopel's Island back to the starting point.

Both got well away together and worked for over two hours, but the wind and strong tide kept them outside the limit of time in which the race was to be sailed, and Captains Vaux and Gibson returned to try some other day to solve the problem of the boats and men.

The other races of the meeting were as follows:

Paddling race, Class II. Distance about two-thirds mile.

1. *Helena*, Grant Van Dusen, R. C. C.

2. *La Polka*, W. P. Stephens, N. Y. C. C.

Sailing race, Class B, canoes, no limit of weight. Distance two miles.

1. *Guenn*, W. Whitlock, N. Y. C. C. Time, 1 h, 9 m.

2. *Aurora*, C. A. Neid, L. G. C. C.

Prize a Childs' centre board.

At the same time a race for Class A boats was held, over the same course; also for a Childs' centre board. They finished thus:

1. *Helena*, Grant Van Dusen, R. C. C.

2. *Siren*, R. B. Burchard, N. Y. C. C.

Class 4. Paddling race brought out only two and they came home in the following order:

1. *Snake*, R. W. Gibson, M. C. C.

2. *Aurora*, C. A. Neide, L. G. C. C.

The last races were started together and had seven entries.

Class B, without ballast. Distance two miles.

1. *Thetis*, P. M. Wackerhagen, M. C. C.

2. *Annie O.*, R. L. Thomas, M. C. C.

Class A, without ballast.

1. *Crazy*, W. Whitlock, N. Y. C. C.

2. *Helena*, G. Van Dusen, R. C. C.

3. *Siren*, R. B. Burchard, N. Y. C. C.

4. *Marion*, C. Winne, M. C. C.

5. *Fior da Lice*, B. Fernow, M. C. C.

The prizes for the above were silk flags given by the M. C. B., and Gen. Oliver respectively.

Another night was spent in camp, and on Sunday morning the white tents were fold-

ed, the boats packed and the campers left. So ended the first local meet on the Hudson, but with its ending also was assured its repetition many times again.

The first annual regatta of the PITTSBURGH C. C. was held on Decoration Day. The races were confined to sailing, only one race for each class A and B.

The entries for class B were ;

E. B. Woodwell, in the *Whiffler* (shadow).

G. A. Howe in the *Reba* (shadow).

W. H. Rea in the *Mary C.* (shadow).

The course (of about two miles) was on the Monongahela river; breeze very light; the *Whiffler* coming in first, followed by the *Mary C.*—*Reba* having given up, being becalmed.

Class A was next started in a good breeze. Entries were :

G. H. Singer, in the *Marguerite* (shadow).

L. W. Bakewell in the *Flotsam* (Birdie Kane).

J. K. Bakewell in the *Electra* (St. Paul).

W. H. Nimich in the *Solitude* (Stella Maris).

B. C. Bakewell in the *Lady Jane* (Grayling).

R. W. Bailey in the——(Stephens' Voyageur).

On the home stretch, lumpy water and the absence of aprons played general havoc, causing several to lower sail and take to paddle.

The *Marguerite* came in first; "*Voyageur*," second; *Lady Jane*, third.

The TORONTO C. C. held races on May 31st and June 7th, for two different challenge cups. The first was for the Running Cup; no close-hauled sailing allowed. Six canoes entered, and got away in the following order: John L. Kerr, in A. H. Mason's canoe, 1; Frank M. Nicholson, *Sadie N.*, 2; Rob't Tyson, *Isabel*, 3; Hugh Neilson, *Boreas*, 4; Fred W. Mason, *Whimbrel*, 5; J. T. R. Stinson, *Racine Shadow*, 6. The course was across the wind, in four laps, making about seven miles in all. There was a brisk breeze. There was not more than fifteen or twenty seconds difference between the arrival of the three leading canoes. Following are the prizes: *Boreas*, Running Cup and Atwood centerboard, 1; *Isabel*, spirit stove, 2; *Sadie N.*, pocket knife, 3; *Whimbrel*

(prize given by commodore), 4. Mr. Kerr will challenge the commodore for the Running Cup, race to be on June 1st, when Mr. Kerr's new canoe will be ready.

The T. C. C. race, on June 7th, was for the all-round sailing cup, which was held during the winter by Secretary Tyson. Four canoes started, and got away in this order: Mr. Neilson's *Boreas*, Mr. Kerr in Mr. A. H. Mason's craft, Mr. Fred W. Mason's *Whimbrel*, Mr. Tyson's *Isabel*. The course was from the foot of Lorne street to Blockhouse Bay and back twice, about nine miles in all. *Boreas* kept the lead throughout the race. *Isabel* overhauled both the other canoes on the first round and got within two boat-lengths of *Boreas*. Kerr and Mason did some good sailing on the first length, and the former was especially hard to get past. After passing the first mark Neilson increased his lead, and came in a winner of the cup. Tyson crossed the line three minutes afterwards. The other canoes did not complete the course.

The Fourth Annual Opening Regatta of the KNICKERBOCKER Club was held at the boat house at 152d St. and North River on Saturday, June 14th.

The bright sunshine of the day insured a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen. Of the many guests of the club present were several members of the Neptune Canoe Club of Newark, N. J. Mr. W. J. Root, the inventor, and Mr. Childs, the maker of the centre-board bearing the latter's name, were also present.

Mr. E. A. Hoffman, Jr., acted as Clerk of the Course.

The first competition on the programme was a Paddling Race for Classes 2 and 4. Distance, one mile straight away, starting at 172d St. and finishing off club house.

The entries were as follows :

CLASS 2.—*Coquago*, J. L. Greenleaf.

Idler, E. Gould.

Skip, H. T. Keyser.

CLASS 4 —*Marguerite*, A. I. Griffin.

Tip, R. J. Wilkin.

The start was an even one, and all kept close together until the half-mile stake was passed, when *Coquago* went to the front, followed closely by *Idler*. The others followed, bunched together. The race was won in Class 2 by the *Coquago* in 10 minutes, 30 seconds; *Idler* second, in 10 min-

utes, 40 seconds. In Class 4 *Marguerite* won in 10 minutes, 44 seconds, with *Tip* second, in 11 minutes, 10 seconds.

The next was a Sailing Race; distance, about one and a half miles. The distance was shortened as the wind died out just as the race was started. The finish was as follows:

CLASS A.

Nettie (I.), W. L. Green, 23 m. 7 s.

Coquago, J. L. Greenleaf, 27 m. 33 s.

CLASS B.

Nettie (II.), E. Fowler, 21 m. 20 s.

Manche, W. Dormitzer, 27 m. 30 s.

Tip, R. J. Wilkin, 28 m. 36 s.

Marguerite, A. I. Griffin, 30 m. 17 s.

At the signal Prof. Fowler's boat went over the line, and was followed by the *Tip* and *Nettie* (I.); then came the *Coquago*, *Manche*, and *Marguerite*. Before the first buoy was reached the *Tip* caught the *Nettie* (II.), but, getting to leeward, lost the breeze, and the *Nettie* rounded first. The *Tip* then lost the wind and drifted down stream with the tide, *Nettie* (II.) rounding in the meantime. *Tip* then worked up to the buoys, closely followed by the rest of the fleet, but, the rudder-lines fouling, could not turn, and for a time held all the boats from rounding. At last the *Coquago* started for home, then the *Manche* and *Marguerite*. The *Tip* rounded last, but on way home passed the *Manche* and caught the *Marguerite*. The finish was as above.

The last race of the day was the most exciting—a tandem paddling. The crews and boats were as follows: *Tip*, Peterboro decked canoe, Messrs. Greenleaf and Green; *Saskatchewan*, canvas Shadow, Messrs. Gould and Wilkin; and *Nettie*, Rushton Stella Maris, Messrs. Fowler and Dormitzer.

This race was close from start to finish, and was won by the *Tip* in 8 minutes, 38 second. *Saskatchewan* second, in 8 minutes 39 seconds.

After the races a number of the Club went to the Hotel Royal and entertained the visitors.

The NEW YORK CANOE CLUB (1872) held their seventh Spring Regatta on June 21st, at New Brighton, Staten Island. The events, entries and results of races are here given:

1. Sailing race, 2 miles—3 P. M.

CANOE.	CLASS.	OWNER.	FINISH.
Siren, - A., -	R. B. Burchard, -	-	-
Psyche, - A., -	C. K. Munroe, -	-	-
Ripple, - A., -	E. C. Delavan, Jr., -	-	-
Pathfinder, A., -	J. Fraser, -	-	-
Guenn, - B., -	W. Whitlock, -	-	3
Surge, - B., -	H. O. Bailey, -	-	1
Dot, - B., -	C. B. Vaux, -	-	2
Freak, - B., -	C. V. R. Schuyler, -	-	4
Minx, - JR., -	M. V. Brokaw, -	-	-
Theresa, - JR., -	Frederic Read, -	-	-
Pirate, - JR., -	A. C. McMurray, -	-	1
Fanny, - JR., -	S. B. Crane, -	-	-

2. Paddling, class III., 1 mile—5 P. M.

*Neversink, -	E. Gould, -	-	1
Siren, -	R. B. Burchard, -	-	3
Psyche, -	C. K. Munroe, -	-	2

3. Paddling, class IV., ½ mile—5.30 P. M.

Surge, -	H. O. Bailey, -	-	4
Guenn, -	W. Whitlock, -	-	5
Dot, -	C. B. Vaux, -	-	1
Pirate, -	A. C. McMurray, -	-	3
Theresa, -	E. Gould, -	-	2

4. Tandem Paddling, ½ mile—6 P. M.

Dot, 14 ft. -	{ C. B. Vaux, -	-	2
	{ D. Vaux, -	-	
Siren, 14 ft. -	{ R. B. Burchard, -	-	3
	{ Wm. Whitlock, -	-	
Freak, 16 ft. -	{ C. V. R. Schuyler, -	-	1
	{ H. I. Drake, -	-	

5. Upset race, ¼ mile—6.30 P. M.

Siren, -	Wm. Whitlock, -	-	3
Lark, -	C. B. Vaux, -	-	1
Neversink, -	E. Gould, -	-	2

In the sailing race twelve canoes started. The four B. boats finished, and one Junior in a B. canoe. The wind was light and fitful, and the strong flood tide prevented the lighter canoes with smaller sails from beating back to the club house.

The *Surge*, *Guenn* and *Dot* were all becalmed near the finish line, and for fifteen minutes did their best to cross the line—now one just missing it and then another, till finally, *Surge* being to windward when a puff came up, slid over the line a winner; the *Dot* being next, was awarded second prize. The *Pirate* took the Junior prize, but crossed the line after the *Freak*.

* Mr. E. Gould of the K. C. C., was winner in event 2. The N. Y. C. C. have always allowed members of other clubs to compete in their races, and only once before have they been able to award prizes to non-members, the former occasion being in '81, when the Alcione tandem crew won first, and the Hussey Bros., of Orange, took second prizes.

CLUB DOINGS

—The *Springfield C. C.* continues to progress in a marked degree. Were the members to hear the flattering remarks about their *personnelle* and location, as shown in a splendid photo, that came to us from England, they would be no end pleased. Articles of Incorporation will be issued to them soon, if not already, and new canoes are being rushed in. Their list stands something like 27 members, 21 active, 6 associate, with 6 Shadows, 2 Graylings, 4 Springfields, 1 Ellard, 2 St. Lawrence, 3 St. Paul, 2 16-ft. open Shadows, 1 St. Lawrence Boat, 1 Rushton sneak box, 1 birch bark, 1 Joyner cat boat, *et hoc genus omnia ad infinitum.*

—The *Rochester C. C.* has adopted a new uniform of gray stuff!

—The *Toronto C. C.* had a race announced for May 24th, but shortly before the time set, flames and smoke were seen coming from the "Mail" Building, wherein is the office of Commodore Neilson and the club library. The club lost its library and the Commodore some valuable personal property, including his marine glass and club uniform. The race was postponed in consequence.

—The *Peterboro Boating Club* (so called to distinguish it from a rowing club and including, as was intended, the canoeists of the place), was organized in May, 1872, Henry Calcutt being the first President. There have always been about ten canoes to one rowing boat in the club.

—A large and enthusiastic meeting of the *Philadelphia C. C.* was held on the evening of March 28th. The membership is now twenty-six, and the fleet consists of twenty-three canoes with more coming. With only one or two exceptions all the members made cruises during last summer. Two members ran the rapids of the Susquehanna, starting as near its source as possible and navigating it to its mouth, and thence across to the Delaware Bay, and home, a distance of four hundred miles; and two others made a similar trip from Dellis on the Delaware, to Bridesburg, a distance of three hundred miles. W. Howard Falkner was elected captain and Thompson S. Westcott, purser. A

committee was appointed to make arrangements for securing a club house, and the club adjourned to meet April 28th. The executive committee consists of the officers and Messrs. Moses, Dixon and John Stewardson. A regatta will be held before the summer cruising commences, and the regatta committee consists of Messrs. Harrison, Leonard and Brinton.

THOMPSON S. WESTCOTT,
Purser.

—We used to wonder why the *Yale C. C.* gave up last fall. Now it is understood that the reasons for its non-success are:—

The lack of any need for a club so long as the Y. U. Boat Club allowed their boat house to be used by all boat owners free of charge. The short season during term time when canoeing is possible. The distance at which the boats of most of our canoeists are from New Haven and consequent expense of transportation. The lack of time to spend in canoeing, only Wednesday afternoon and Saturday, being free from recitations, and these afternoons generally having their base or foot-ball games, etc., tempt one away from the water. The natural sociability of most students which leads them away yachting.

—*Vesper Boat Club*, Lowell, Mass.—The annual meeting of the Vesper boat club was held at the American House with a good attendance of members and Vice-President Harry A. Brown in the chair. The following officers were elected: President, Paul Butler; vice-presidents, Harry A. Brown, Fred P. Marble; secretary, Walter U. Lawson; treasurer, Ralph F. Brazer. Signal, a blue flag with V. B. C. in white, 25 canoes. Canoeing is becoming a prominent feature of the club work, and with about 25 canoes in the boat house, it may be advisable to form a canoe division and open communication with the American Canoe Association. [The A. C. A., it may be stated, is a national organization, having about 500 members scattered all over the United States and Canada. Its primary object is cruising. A two weeks' camp will be held under its auspices at the Thousand Islands in August next, and a regatta of sailing, paddling and upset races will form one of the attractions. Individual fees are merely nominal, being but \$1.00 for entrance and \$1.00 annually.]

Applications for admission may be sent to Dr. Charles A. Neide, secretary and treasurer, Schuylerville, N. Y.] The report closed with an appeal to sustain the interest in aquatic sports.—*Lowell Daily Courier*.

—[The Club's canoe fleet consists mostly of Birches and open lap streak canoes with which is used the single paddle. The club has no special canoe signal, but has, as a boating club signal, a blue flag with V. B. C. in white, which is never carried on a canoe. Ed.]

—The second meeting of the *Hub C. C.* was held on the 7th May, at which burgee, constitution, and by-laws were adopted.

All the members are in high spirits, and it is hoped to enroll a few more members at the meet on May 30th.

Enclosed you will find a draft of the Club burgee, which by inserting three red stars, one in each corner, forms the captain's; two, on the corners nearest the hal-yards, the mate's; one on the point, the purser's.

G. E. D.

[Burgee is

C
H U B
C

in white on blue ground.—Ed.]

—The *Flushing, C.C.L.I.*, did not survive its first winter of organization. It never had a burgee or anything else but a set of officers and a gilt-edged constitution and by-laws.

Since you last heard from us, our regular semi-annual election of officers has taken place, with the following result:

Wm. Marvin, Commodore.

B. S. Neumaun, Treas.

J. B. Russell, Sec.

I enclose a sketch of our burgee; and a very pretty flag it makes. At least, that is our private opinion. Burgee: White arrow-head on blue ground.

J. B. RUSSELL,
Secretary.

—Harvard Canoe Club was formed April 25th, Commodore, L. Dunham; Vice-Commodore, P. L. Livingston; Secretary-Treasurer, A. G. Webster.

Burgee crimson ground, ring and shield gold, in black centre of shield.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE NO BALLAST QUESTION.

EDITOR CANOEIST:—I have pleasure in responding to Mr. Whitlock's request for expressions of opinion on this question.

Although I am one of the heavy-center-board-pig-lead men, I am decidedly of opinion that "without ballast" means Without Ballast, either inside or out. The rule in last year's programme appears to me to be explicit enough. I quote it: "Q. Sailing, Classes A and B: *without* ballast: heavy centerboards *or* keel not allowed: *keels* and centerboards must be of *wood*, except in cases of canoes fitted with Atwood or similar boards." In the face of this, how *could* anyone be allowed to carry thirty pounds of lead on his keel? Perhaps Mr. Whitlock means: Should the regatta committee alter this mere programme regulation so as to allow men to carry outside ballast and not inside ballast? That would be a most unfair discrimination against the common and handy shot bag, and in favor of a racing appliance.

"No ballast races" originated with the 1883 regatta committee, entirely at the suggestion of Mr. Edwards, and I know exactly what his intention was in regard to them. It was to encourage the sailing of a canoe in light cruising trim, without any racing appliances. And the distinct intention of the 1883 committee was that no ballast of any sort, fixed or movable, inside or outside, should be carried; that boats with heavy keels must either remove them or stay out of a race not intended for them. Canoes with a mere light "shoe" of iron, intended solely to protect the keel, would not, of course, be ruled out.

It may be of some use to the 1884 committee to know what was the policy of their predecessors, so that they may judge the desirability of following it.

I for one shall bring along a 30-pound stick of lead and tack it on my keel for that one particular race, if the regatta committee rule that it is no ballast. But I do n't think they will do anything so absurd.

ROBT. TYSON.

EDITOR CANOEIST:—In the April number of *Outing*, Frank H. Taylor places all canoeists who expect to be at the Thousand Islands meet under great obligations by

supplying them with an accurate map of Grindstone Island and surroundings.

Let me recommend, in your columns, all who intend going to the meet in August to cut it out, mount it on cardboard and color it. I am sure it will be found to add greatly to the pleasure of those who expect to cruise in the vicinity.

JOE.,
Of the Nancy Bell.

EDITOR "CANOEIST":—In criticism of my tea making in your issue for May, "Cordon Blue" says: "Boiled tea is bad cookery."

Has any one else the temerity to put down Nessmuk also?

His little book, "Woodcraft," which I recommend to all outers, has come out since my points were written. Hear him: "Black or Oolong tea is excellent in camp. It should be put in the pot with cold water, brought to the boiling point, and allowed to boil five minutes."

Nessmuk is one whose writings and long experience have made him an authority on the subject of which his book treats, that is gospel to hundreds of amateur woodsmen.

Still, I did not recommend *boiled* tea; only that it be *brought* to the boiling point.

"*Fior da Lice*" has anticipated me. His remarks, to my mind, are sound. Twelve years' experience in camping out at all seasons, from one hundred degrees above to twenty-four below, has taught me, first and foremost, that one will carry less each trip than he carried last time.

Take *Go Light* for your motto. As "*Fior da Lice*" says, you can find luxuries enough on your route. If you are going beyond the reach of luxuries, *go lighter still*.

JOE
of the Nancy Bell.

Our "Cordon Blue" says that there are few American housekeepers, far less canoeists, who know how to make tea, Nessmuk included.

[We are not responsible for our *chef's* ideas. We would not swear to our brew ourselves, so hence our publishing above verbatim reply anent the boil. Ed.]

—We are in receipt of several very interesting articles which we would like to have had in present and former numbers, with illustrations. Unfortunately they have to take their turn, as we cannot crowd enough MSS. for three months into one.

CRUISING

To any canoeist who may happen to pass down the Connecticut River, directions given below may be of interest, and will, if followed, afford a delightful variation to their trip. After passing Goodspeed's Landing, 41 miles, and Hadlyme, 44 miles, from Hartford, there will be seen, two or three miles further down, and on the east shore nearly opposite Deep River Landing—which may be known by a long, low island, with a tree on it, if I be not mistaken, just below the dock—the mouth of a narrow, deep channel, made by a flood several years since, which runs easterly. If this channel be entered, the canoeist will, after going a few rods, find himself in a large pond known as Selden's Cove. Near the southeast corner of this cove will be found a deep, narrow creek free from all obstructions, which winds pleasantly along through a charming country, composed of high rocky hills, alternating with green meadows and picturesque valleys, for about three miles, where the Connecticut River will be again entered just above Brockway's Ferry, which is 50 miles from Hartford. In this cove, and near where the creek flows out from it, will be found a botanical curiosity, which is very rare in this part of the country, namely, the yellow nelumbo, or water chinquepin (*Nelumbium luteum*). It is improperly called in this section the Egyptian lotus. It has a pale yellow flower, resembling a pond-lily, but from five to ten inches broad. The leaves, green, circular in outline, with a depressed centre, are about two feet in diameter. The voyager will be well repaid for the trouble of entering this quiet cove, if he should happen to find these magnificent lilies in blossom, which, I think, will be the case in July and August.

The canoeist should manage, if possible, to make his trip down the lower part of the Connecticut with the ebb tide; for from Middletown down to Long Island Sound one will find it rather hard paddling against the flood tide.

It may not be noticed much at Middletown, but every mile south of there will add to the tide's influence. It is astonishing how one will fly down stream with the tide and current with him. I enclose a chart I sketched from memory.

G. L. PARNELL.
Hartford, Ct.

THE AMERICAN C. A. N. O. E. I. S. T

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

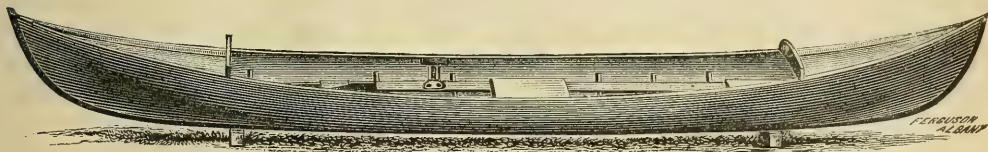
VOL. III.

AUGUST, 1884.

No. 7.

TYPICAL CANOES OF AMERICA.

V. THE PAPER CANOE.



OPEN CANOE "BISHOP."

The above cut represents the famous Canoe, "Marie Theresa," built on the "Nautilus" model, as used by Mr. N. H. Bishop in his 2,700 mile trip, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico.

Mr. Bishop did not use sails, but depended upon the paddle and sculls fitted in portable outriggers. In very rough weather the well was covered with a water-proofed apron buttoned to the gunwales.

For a full and very interesting description of this voyage, see "The Voyage of the Paper Canoe," by N. H. Bishop.

HAPPENING to be in Troy one bright forenoon two years ago, we turned our steps to the factory of Messrs. Water & Sons, fully prepared to enjoy the treat of investigating the manufacture of paper canoes. Receiving a hearty welcome from Mr. Waters, we are shown over his interesting establishment. Passing by several racing shells in course of construction and repair, a canoe is laid on trestles for our examination, which even at that time would have been called antiquated in England, although it was a correct Nautilus. We had been devouring Bishop's "Voyage of the Paper Canoe" some months previously, so we all the more enjoyed witnessing the construction of a paper craft.

The possible advantages possessed by paper canoes over those of wood are that by the use of paper for the skins of canoes *where* experience has demonstrated the smooth bottom to be the best, under water lines of any degree of fineness can be developed, which, if successfully pro-

duced in those of wood, must be done where the streaks are so reduced in thickness that strength, stiffness and durability are either wholly sacrificed or greatly impaired.

Hence, so far as this point is concerned, it is only necessary to have those models, or moulds of them, which science, guided by experience, points out as the best. In the process of construction the paper skin, after being waterproofed, is finished with hard varnishes and then presents a solid, perfectly smooth and horny surface to the action of the water, unbroken by joint, lap, or seam.

Unlike wood, either in lap streak, carvel or veneer boats, the paper has no grain to be cracked or split, it never shrinks, it is moulded to the required shape, instead of being sprung or warped, and therefore has no tendency to spring out of shape, and paper being one of the best non-conductors, no ordinary degree of heat or cold affects its shape or hardness and hence

these canoes are ordinarily adapted for use in *all* climates.

As the skin absorbs no moisture these canoes gain no weight by use, and in lightness as combined with a proper stiffness and strength, the paper canoe bids fair to surpass its wooden rivals. The process of building the paper boat is as follows :

The dimensions of the boat having been determined upon, the first step is to construct a wooden model or form, an exact fac-simile of the desired boat, on which to mould the paper-skin, suitable rabbets being cut to receive the keelson, inwales and bow and stern deadwoods, and some six pair of rib timbers, to all of which the paper-skin is secured by copper fastenings.

Two kinds of paper are used, that made from the best manilla, and that prepared from pure unbleached linen stock, the sheets being the full length of the models, no matter what length they may be.

If manilla paper is used, the first sheet is dampened, laid smoothly on the model, and securely fastened in place by tacking it to certain rough strips attached to its upper face. Other sheets are now superposed on this and on each other, and suitably cemented together, the number depending upon the size of the boat and stiffness of shell required.

If linen paper is used, but one sheet is employed, of such weight and dimensions that when dry it will give just the thickness of skin necessary.

The model, with its enveloping coat of paper, is now removed to the drying-room, and as the skin dries, all wrinkles disappear, and it gradually assumes the desired shape. When all moisture has evaporated, it is taken from the mould the exact fac-simile of model desired, exceedingly stiff, perfectly symmetrical and seamless. The paper is then waterproofed, and the skin, with its keelson, inwales and deadwoods attached, is then placed in the carpenter's hands, where the frame is completed in the usual manner, as described for wooden

boats. The deck is of bass-wood, paper covered, to prevent cracking under exposure, supported by a longitudinal ridge of hard wood, notched into arched beams, which give roundness to the deck, and which are sufficiently strong to admit of being sat upon without injury.

Internal fittings in these canoes can be made in all varieties to suit purchaser's ideas of utility, and watertight compartments can also be fitted at both ends.

An oak keel one inch deep is firmly secured to the bottom, and scarfed on to the cut water at either end. The lower face is three-eighths of an inch wide, and is protected from abrasion by a band of flat iron one-eighth of an inch thick, screwed on and scarfed to half-round copper rods of same dimensions, which pass up the face of the cut water and over the top of the stem and stern-posts on to the deck.

A REMINISCENCE

AFTER 20 YEARS.

ONE September afternoon last season, while drifting down the "American Channel" of the Thousand Islands, in my skiff with a friend, we chanced upon an embowered camp of a trio of A. C. A's. They were *en route* from the Stony Lake meet to Lake George. Foremost to answer our salute we recognized the genial Dr. Neide of Schuylerville, N. Y.

He outlined some incidents of his long voyage of the previous year down the Ohio and Mississippi, and along the Gulf to Pensacola, and then turning to my companion, said :

"Your name is peculiar. I do not remember ever meeting with it before except in a single instance."

"Ours," said my friend, "is, I think, the only family of Schalkenbachs in this country. My father had a brother who joined the Union army, and we never heard from him afterward. The mystery has been a sad one to him."

"He is undoubtedly the exception to which I referred," replied the doctor. Capt. Schalkenbach and myself were warm friends. He was killed in the ineffectual assault which followed the explosion of the "mine" at Petersburg. I saw him fall, and think I could give you the names of the burial party that laid him in the ground."

Thus, after many years in a scene of surpassing peace, amid the singing of birds and the gentle ripple of summer wavelets, two strangers come together, the mystery of a lost life is revealed, and doubt, which is more dreadful than death, is forever dispelled.

F. H. T.

AN EXCITING SAIL.

WHILE taking a delightful sail in my Everson "Shadow," a day or so since, with the sun shining brightly, and a gentle breeze blowing from the south, I was reminded of a trip on the same waters (the Connecticut River), but under entirely different circumstances. There are few people who witnessed the gale of March 30th, who will soon forget it. At that time the Connecticut was twenty-two feet above high water mark, being the highest point reached since '75. On the day in question two members of the Hartford Canoe Club, the writer and the commodore, started from Middleton, at 4 P.M., having reached that point the night previous, in a fourteen feet Everson "Shadow."

The dandy was stepped forward, as the wind was blowing a hurricane from the north, and the *Kismet* was shoved off into the turbulent waters, the sheet hauled aft and away we sped, the waves dashing around us. Before we could think, Middletown was far behind, and we entered the "Narrows," the most dangerous place on the river in a blow. Onward we flew, thoroughly enjoying the sail. We had proceeded but a short distance, when we

began to realize that the sun had gone under the clouds, as the spray which was dashed over us quickly gave both us and the canoe a solid coating of ice. But the thought of running ashore was out of the question, for the *Kismet* was but four inches above water amidships, and the result of so foolish a move would have been a bath in the ice-cold waters.

So, with teeth set, we plunged along, scarcely being able to breathe. Our only hope was that the mast would hold, as with the wind increasing in violence we caught glimpses of Middle Haddam, Higginun, East Haddam and Godspeed's. After passing the latter place, we could stand the tempests no longer, and darkness was drawing on. Gradually shaping our course for the ferry-slip at Hadlyme, the commodore—who is our ideal sailor—by a skillful manœuvre brought her into the wind and we were shot into the slip, where a dozen willing rivermen lifted us from our "frail bark," and hauled her high and dry on the beach. We were taken into a warm room, and our "reefers" taken off, and *stood up on the floor*. The plucky commodore then bethought himself of the time, and on looking at his watch, found the hands pointing at 5.42 P.M., having made the distance—twenty-two miles—in a little over one hour and forty minutes. We were soon in a warm bed, and next morning were rowed across the river and boarded the train, arriving in Hartford safe and sound, with the exception of two of the writer's fingers, which were pretty badly frozen.

H. T. S.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are invited to send in all regatta notices, club items, cruises and races.

We are often asked for the address of various members of the A. C. A., and often get letters from say, John Smith, Chicago. Will correspondents kindly send correct postal address in all instances?

THE FAN MAINSAIL.

(Continued from June number.)

A GLANCE at the sketches will show how the boom shortens when a reef is put in. It is exactly on the same principle as a lateen boom is shortened by the "two jaws" arrangement for lateen reefing. This shortening of the boom, besides adding to safety when running in a heavy sea, prevents the tendency to gripe which would be caused by throwing the sail aft when reefing, if the boom did not move.

The slot bar acts as a topping lift and prevents the boom from dropping into the water. It also holds the boom, yard, and battens in exactly the same vertical plane, so that the sail sits a little flatter than either a lateen or a lug. At the same time it allows the yards and battens to slide freely up and down the slot in reefing or furling.

A topsail for light winds can be added this mainsail in a very simple way, without the use of a single additional rope. It is shown by the dotted lines at *hji*. There is a short topmast, *ji*, which is jointed on the yard by a simple fishing-rod joint at *i*, and four ties at *h*, *k*, *l*, and *m*. If caught in a prolonged squall with this topsail on, luff up and loose the halliard. The topsail then comes right into your hand. Take it entirely off, and hoist sail again.

As compared with the lug, it is an advantage, when you put in a reef, to take your top-hamper altogether off the boat; not leaving the bulk and weight of the mast-head and halliard block ten feet above deck. When the sail is stowed, as in Figure 3, the highest projecting point (*d*) is only four feet above deck for a sail of sixty feet area. This is a great point where bridges have to be passed, or much paddling done, and it entirely obviates the necessity for the "tabernacle" so frequently found in English canoes.

Several variations of the sail might be

made. For instance, the halliard could raise and lower the sail at *d* instead of at *e*. This would save one rope, but it would lessen the area of sail, by compelling the battens and yard to be no longer than the boom; it would also cause the boat to gripe when running under reefed canvas.

Writing away from home, I have been obliged to put measurements from memory, and they are not exact. But they are near enough to show the principle.

I have sketched out a spinnaker for this fan rig, which I anticipate can be used for "reaching" in light winds, *a là jib*. When I have tested it practically, I may have something to say about it.

For canoeists who do not care to put in a running reef, I have got a form of the fan mainsail with absolutely no rope but the sheet. Its advantages over the lateen are, ease of "hooking-up," increased area on short boom, and a flatter sit.

ROBERT TYSON.

I now see my way clearly to the following simplifications:

1. To retain only the halliard, reef hauling line and sheet. Every other rope to be absolutely abolished.

2. To simplify the reefing gear so that only one pulley and one line is used, as against the six pulleys and three or four lines of the Baden Powell gear.

3. To enable the canoeist, when afloat, to remove the slot-bar and the sail from the mast, thus leaving only a double stump 2 feet 6 inches high, modified in shape so as to remove to a great extent the forked appearance.

I will send you detailed description of these arrangements when I get them in concrete shape

I am much pleased to know that I am in friendly competition with the Mohican Club in the endeavor to solve the lug-lateen problem. The Mohican sail recently described in *Forest and Stream* is a valuable invention, and I hope that the CANOEIST will illustrate it for the benefit of its

readers. It may not be objectionable for me to call attention to three features of my sail in which I think it excels the Mohican, namely: It cannot "kick up" when running; part of it is forward of the axis of the mast, thus lessening the weight to leeward, and it will sit flatter. On their side the Mohicans would probably point to my forked mast and queer looking slot-bar as undesirable; and their boom is relatively shorter than mine. R. T.

ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

ABOUT 3 A. M. the lights of Gozo showed ahead and in course of time were passed, and the lights of Valetta (Malta) were seen twinkling like stars.

Presently a strange looking craft draws alongside and a native pilot comes on board. Our first experience of native boats leaves a peculiar impression. The high bow and stern posts and the attitude of the oarsmen facing forward strikes a stranger as being Eastern. Just about 4.30 a thin streak of daylight lights up a long line of shore, and in less than half an hour Valetta stands exposed in all its variety of coloring. Houses, blue, red, green, etc., in all shades of color, add warmth and beauty to the scene, and before one is aware the anchor is dropped and we are surrounded by dozens of native craft.

Looking around the harbor thoughts of canoeing flash into our head, and *if only* we had a canoe all would be well.

* * *

Strolling towards the rocky shore past the Marsaumcetta steps one morning early (6.30 A.M.), admiring the lovely view on the Pieta side, a small shanty having the appearance of a boatbuilder's shed is discovered and at once made for to inspect local manufacture. Turning a corner to get to the front we almost fall into a canoe—a veritable imported English Rob

Roy, kept for hire and never used. In haste we interview the native owner and strike a bargain for that craft as long as we stay on the island. The owner thought he knew all about everything, and looked askance when we asked if he had a sail. One was found belonging to a small open boat, area of sail about fifty square feet. In less than an hour we get rigged up in a fashion and go afloat, and after sundry warnings and instructions as to handling the dangerous (!) craft, away we go, virtually helter-skelter towards a fruit stall at the head of Quarantine Harbor, and for a few cents overload with green figs, prickly pears, pomegranates, oranges, grapes, apples, melons, wine and biscuits enough to last for all day. It feels like being at home again skirting the rocky coast, and we did not start sheets till St. Paul's landing place was reached. In imitation of St. Paul we also landed.

Turning back we pass Valetta and its harbors and take a turn along the southern shore. About a couple of miles down coast a lovely dark cool cave is seen and the canoe is beached at what might be called the shore end of it, on a sandy patch. In a few minutes we are head over heels in the water. Temperature outside the cave, 110°; inside, 85°.

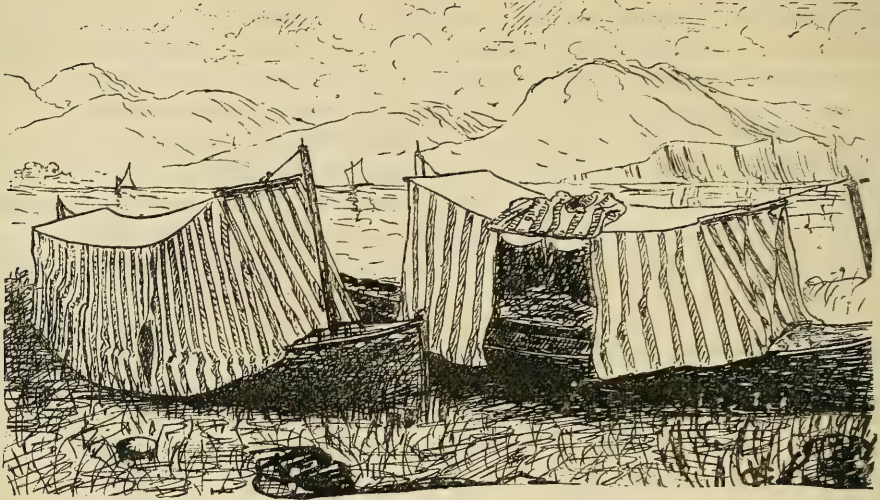
A steamer's funnel is seen on the horizon and we go to meet the mail from Alexandria, Egypt. We meet about two miles from the shore, and the captains of both craft exchange signals.

Before leaving Malta we go entirely around the island and take our own time to do it, camping *en route*, and very much astonishing the natives.

There are several canoeists at Malta, chiefly naval and army officers. Some of their canoes are very well rigged and well handled under sail. It is unusual to go far outside the harbor, as a breeze might spring up at a few minutes' notice and a nasty sea get up almost all of a sudden.

IMMURO TAL PIETA

CANOE TENTS.



NO cruising canoeist's outfit is complete without a *good* canoe tent. Indeed I think it may be safely said *nothing* else will afford quite so much satisfaction or add so much to his comfort as a *well-constructed, neat-looking, weather-proof* tent such as General Oliver presented to the fraternity, and which was immediately adopted and used by the members of his club at the meet on Stony Lake last year.

The idea was suggested by a sketch in Mr. Alden's "Cruise of the Young Canoe Club," and was first used by General Oliver on his Susquehanna trip in May, last year.

The Canadian cruise tested its merits pretty thoroughly, and convinced us of its indispensability. Beneath its shelter we paid as little heed to the terrific thunder storms of the back lakes as to the heavy dews of that region.

The accompanying sketch shows the shape of tent and its method of fastening. It is so simple and comprehensive that no directions are necessary, but a few hints may prove useful. Select pretty awning material for the sides and *white* canvas for the roof. Height must be sufficient to allow a person to sit upright on cushions

or seat without touching his head. Width at bottom, of course, depends upon width of deck to be fitted, allowing enough at the ends to button *tightly* over *small, round* head brass screws, which are screwed in under side of fender—four of these screws on each side of canoe are plenty, though some may prefer six on a side. Roof should be narrower and shorter than bottom, both for appearance sake and to lessen bulk. Carry the top (roof canvas) over the ends, and make a loop of it, into which insert the spreaders. These loops extend across the top, that is, they are as long as *width* of top, and the spreaders ought to be made of ash or other stout wood about three-eighths of an inch thick by one inch wide, and should *fit* the loop. A grommet hole is made in seam where loop joins tent at each end, and a stout rope rove in. With a couple of half hitches of these end ropes the tent is strung to the masts; the sides are then buttoned down, canoeist steps in, ties his side curtains (which should lap two inches on each side), and bids defiance to the weather.

By using these tents we have—with perfect comfort—been able to take a number of pleasant cruises, with the temperature

so low that it would have caused us to hesitate if not give up the idea entirely had we not been thus provided, and a cloudy sky does not now deter us from starting, as it did a year ago.

W. B. WACKERHAGEN.

HERE AND THERE.

ONCE launched on a voyage down stream the green banks fly past, the secret of the sweet country unveils itself. Hamlets, churches and waterside inns appear new things in the new perspective. The canoeist, automatically guiding his vessel, becomes consciously part of the landscape and absorbed in its charm. His presence and rapid noiseless departure make something of the delight of the country view in the eyes of men on dry land. This is a pleasanter experience than that of the Lucretian tag, *Suave mari magno*, for the crew of the canoe, gliding on the water, likes being stared at as much as the rustic spectator likes wondering and staring. The advent of the canoe with its novelty and romance is a boon to the peasant spectator who sees always the same field and stream. It disposes him in a Christian land to be polite and hospitable. In Palestine, on the other hand, the father of the sport was fired at by a rustic, out of no ill-will but simply in the spirit of sport. "You went by so quickly," said the child of nature, "that I could not help potting at you."

NOT THE FIRST AND NOT THE LAST.

On the 5th of July, a canoeist was afloat on the Passaic near Bellville. The sun was lazily sending its rays around, and the wind was coming in fitful gusts from over the tree-topped river banks.

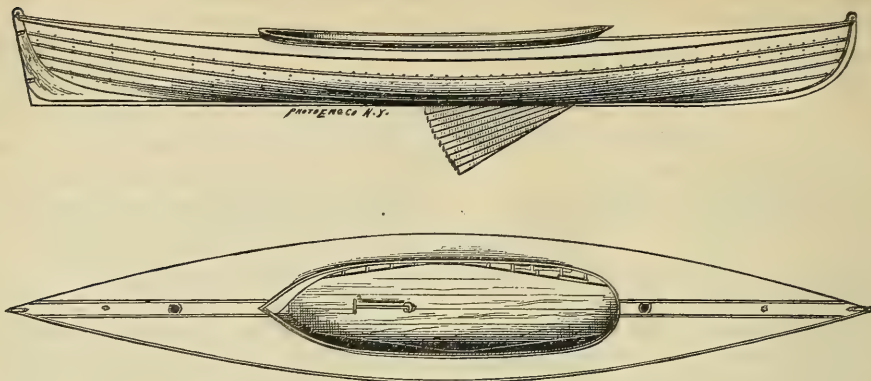
Our canoeist was luxuriously reclining and enjoying the deliciousness of the afternoon, thinking of the nice time he was having, when a wandering gust spied the white canoe sail, and went for it like

a bull at a red rag, and our friend went over as neatly as if done to order. He was noticed to be unfastening an apron or rubber weather-proof hatch cover from around his waist. Now this action betokened either ignorance, or indifference and total disregard to the first laws of self-preservation. Any canoeist who willingly and designedly *fastens himself into his canoe* deserves the censure of the club committee. Our friend may not get out so easily next time and instead of being within hail of his friends he might be beyond reach of any assistance, and cause the club flag to fly half mast.

CANOEISTS who visit the Thousand Islands at any time, or who may have been there, should procure as soon as possible a copy of Mr. Frank H. Taylor's book, "Glimpses of St. Lawrence Summer Life," published by Messrs. Leve & Alden, 107 Liberty Street, New York. Besides being well written and charmingly illustrated, it possesses a fascination from first to last page, and exercises a spell of delight on all who read it. To canoeists it is specially interesting, as it contains maps, charts and illustrations of all the favorite localities among these islands. The book is evidently complete in all its details, giving information as to means of access to every point desired, that no one could fail to find their way anywhere. Historical, combined with modern local, camping, canoeing, boating and fishing dissertations give a never-ending charm to every reader. The CANOEIST would like to present every reader with a copy but cannot, as only one copy has been received—and we want that copy ourselves.

SECRETARIES of clubs are requested to send all club, regatta, cruising and canoeing information to us at least before the 15th of each month, for publication in month following. Many thanks for burgees received. There are several we still want.

CHILD'S FOLDING CENTRE-BOARD.



IN our issue for June, 1883, we gave some description of this new board, remarking, "When it has been applied to a canoe and tried, we will be heard from again." The success which it has since attained, and its hearty endorsement by prominent canoeists and builders, urges us to make room for a fuller description and illustration of the board as now made. In the interest of the art, canoeing, we have investigated the claims of the inventors, and we take great pleasure in being able to quote from no less an authority than that prince of good fellows, and enthusiastic canoeist, Dr. Chas. A. Neid , Sec. and Treas. A. C. A., whose letter of July 2d, '84, is before us.

"I have now had a thorough chance to test the qualities of the 'Child's Sectional Centre-board.' I have had my canoe on Lake George for the last two weeks, and as I am about to start on a cruise of some length (using the canoe in which I have this board), I deemed it best to put it to a practical test as to its liability to foul in grass, or with sand. I am satisfied that it will not foul in grass to prevent its working, as I have had it in one of the densest seas of the same, and worked it up and down, while the wind was blowing a canoe-gale, twisting the grass into whirls and snarls, and even with a small sail set, heeled the canoe over, so that had there been any

liability of fouling it would have occurred then. I shall not go out of my way to avoid grass. I had a fear when I purchased this board that sand would work into the spaces between the leaves, and so clog them that they would not close one within the other, and so prevent the entire closing of the board. I am now convinced that this will not occur, as I have made a practical test of it in the sandy beach near my camp, putting the board down, and then, under sail and good headway, let her go full on to the sand. The result is perfectly satisfactory. As to its utility in holding the boat up to the wind, it passes my fondest expectations. Both before and on the wind, it works very easily, indeed, requiring but a slight effort to raise and lower it. Being made of brass, there is no danger of its rusting, and thus sticking the leaves one against another. It is very stiff and rigid, and closes on meeting an obstruction without damaging the board or boat. I believe it to be the best board made, and am thoroughly satisfied with it in every particular. I have given it as thorough tests as could be brought to bear on it, and do not find it wanting."

For canoes and small boats it is made of hard rolled brass, is thirty inches long, and has fifteen inches drop below the garboard. When applied to a boat built for a centre-board, it will house almost entirely in the

slot, as the blades are but two inches wide. A casing is furnished to cover the slot, which in most boats need barely project above the floor. There will be no projection below the keel when board is housed. The weight of this form is only about nine pounds. When a boat has a narrow keel and other forms of folding boards cannot be put on, this board can be used without in any way weakening the boat.

The sections or blocks are double, except the lowest one, and to this the operating rod is attached, working between the others, and entirely protected by them. The rod, which has a section of $\frac{5}{16}$ by $\frac{3}{4}$ inch, is jointed so as to fold in the boat when board is housed, and is provided with a stuffing-box, which is perfectly tight, being packed with lamp-wick hemp, or other suitable material, and screwed up with the fingers, no wrench being necessary. The stuffing-box is bolted to the keelson, occupying the space below the floor, which is freed away for it, and also for the rod when it is folded down, leaving little or no obstruction in the boat, whether up or down.

Our illustrations are from a boat just built by Everson, who, by the way, has put several of these boards on his boats this season, and says they are 'way ahead of anything that has been invented in folding boards.

The inventors tell us that not until they had applied to the patent-office did they know that any form of folding-board had ever been made. This is not, therefore, an attempted improvement on any other board, but strikes out in a new direction.

When canoeists realize that they can now have a board which is perfectly stiff on either tack, will last as long as the boat, has no open space between the blades and the keel, one which, in fact, strongly suggests nature's centre-board, the lower fin of the fish, and that with these advantages are combined the minimum of inconvenience in the boat, they will perhaps thank us for calling their attention to it.

WE call attention to an article in the London "Field" about a new canoe designed by and built for Mr. W. Baden-Powell, who says in a letter to us: "She is built mostly for cruising on lake and sea, but of course, in my case, with an eye also on possible racing, and therefore within and agreeably to the R. C. C. rules of measurement. Every one seems to say a good word as to her looks and as she won her maiden race in a good strong breeze, nothing can be said against her speed. She beat 'Violet,' the late 'Pearl' of E. B. Tredwin, but of course now in different hands. Canoeing (especially sailing) is reviving here, but all canoeing is sleepy owing to the want of energy on part of the executive. Having myself retired to the private quiet of an ordinary member and having taken no active part in canoe racing or club affairs for two years, I have just started working them up. It would be a wholesome rule if seats on the executive could only be held by owners of canoes, and only such as have, during the previous year, either raced in the matches or contributed a log of a cruise taken during the year—practical men, actively engaged in the sport, work better and inspire greater activity than ex-owners who have retired on 'past fame.' We are to have an autumn camp, but the scheme is as yet poorly developed and not half advertised. A camp without a Regatta is like a ball without a supper—dry work. However, there is time to mend matters and we have an A-1 Secretary, so we may yet revive before the summer is gone. The cruiser races (2d class) so far have failed, only one or two old traps of craft competing, the modern second class boat not turning up. I think we shall have to alter the class to 'cruisers,' *i. e.*, any canoes within first class rule, but not over a weight of ——— pounds, including spars, gear, ballast, centreboard, etc., to sail half the course and paddle half the course."

[During the pow wows that are sure to be held around the Grindstone Island camp fires we recommend these few remarks of Baden-Powell's as worthy of strong discussion. He gives a fair *resumé* of the Royal Canoe Clubs' doings, their "meet" has every appearance of turning out the *fiasco* we said, months ago, it would be.—Ed.]

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN A. C. A.

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R. J. WILKIN, } Editors.
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The Secretary of the American Canoe Association request, parties sending money to him, to do so either by *registered* letter, or Post Office money order, on *Saratoga Springs, N. Y.*

If canoeists will send application to the Secretary of the A. C. A., Dr. C. A. Neide, Schuylerville, N. Y., enclosing \$2.00 for initiation fee and dues for the first year, their names will be presented for membership.

EDITORIAL

ALTHOUGH we cannot be with you all at the Thousand Islands, none less hearty is our wish that you may have a good time. Several will be tasting their first experience of canoe cruising, and to you who are doing so, do not be led away by older heads, who ought to know better and go to the nearest hotel, but stick to clubs like the L. G. C. C., or any good Canadian club, and you will have the best of good times.

KEEP your eyes and ears open wide, for the pick of all that is choicest in canoeing will be on view, and you will not have such another chance for months to unravel all the latest *kinks* that will be there.

To you who will have charge of grouping the camp for photographs, watch closely that no *boats* but canoes are in the picture. The Newburgh meet photos by Joslin, while splendid in execution, are nearly all spoiled by row-boats shoving in ahead of canoes and making a bad picture.

MR. HOLDEN, Mersey Canoe Club, who was on a visit here last month, had an unusual experience. He was a passenger on the steamship *Aurania* when she ran ashore on the Irish coast. He says it was an awful but grand time. No one expected to see the vessel float for many hours and Capt. Hains proved himself the hero he was always taken for.

MR. L. A. CLARKE (Chic.) suggests a salt-water cruise in company—meeting, say, at Whitestone, about the middle of August, and doing the north shore of Long Island Sound. Hotel and camping facilities are numerous, and are probably unequalled by any other short cruising route, and boats and trains of the Long Island R. R. furnish frequent connections with the city for those whose time is limited. Any one desiring further information, please address L. A. Clarke, 25 Broad Street, Room 10, New York.

WE give this month description of the Waters' Paper Canoe, the only paper canoe built in the States. The manufacture of these canoes has been somewhat, *pro tem.*, stopped lately, owing to very large orders for shells, and it is Messrs. Waters' intention to commence reproducing the very latest and best modeled canoes in paper.

WE give a short article on the Child Centreboard as designed and patented by Mr. Root.

Those who have tried this board speak very highly of its qualities.

THE Canvas Backs (canoe club), New York, are a quiet, steady-going collection of aquatic curiosities. We have made inquiries as to their *locum tenens* and internal club arrangements. They have no officers except the cook, scullion and moabite. The offices of Secretary of Navy, First Lord of the Admiralty, Admiral of the Blue, Commodore, Captain, etc., they give to friends elsewhere. We have visited their

quarters at 155th St. and North River. The club, if it may be so called, consists of three members, all canoe owners.

The house is a comfortable wooden shanty, partly overhanging the river at a ten feet elevation. The internal arrangements are unique. In one corner a commodious stove and set of shelves lined with rare *bric-à-brac* modern delf ware, set off with pots, pans, pails and other useful etceteras.

Around are benches, armchair, rockers, ice box, large table, pipe rack, tobacco jars, match-box, paddles artistically arranged, photos of camps and incidents *en voyage*; on the side of the room towards the river is a continuous range of windows, affording a lovely view, while on the other side are ranged in tiers the three canoes, respectively called *Tramp*, *Bubble* and *Au revoir*.

Bubble is said to be the first shadow model ever launched by Mr. Everson.

The Canvas Backers do not race. They are content to cruise around, camp out and enjoy life on the water in the most thorough, easy-going way possible. They say that racing is not the *sine qua non* of canoeing, and are content to be shinging lights in their own sphere.

We shall likely hear more from this energetic triumvirate who inhabit the "Castle on the cliff."

WE call attention to description of canoe tent by Mr. Wackerhagen, M. C. C. Canoeists desiring such tents will get practical exhibits of them at Grindstone Island. The question of sleeping in canvas or in a tent has not yet been worn threadbare, and we intend to say a few words on this subject at an early date.

A. C. A. REGATTA—COMMITTEE REPORT.

IN a recent issue of *Forest and Stream*, "Dot" has an able criticism on the apparent omission elsewhere alluded to.

Why this evident neglect, and for what

reason? Is the cruising canoe not far more important than the racing craft? According to the present A. C. A. regatta organization, it does not appear to be so. Dot suggests the addition of two extra prizes, the first to be given to the canoe making the best average of all the races, the second to go to the next best canoe. He proposes to have a record kept of each competing canoe's "place" in all races in which it has been raced, thus offering an inducement to hang further to windward to get a better finish. The record may be as follows (*ex Forest and Stream*): Suppose there be thirteen events, and that ten canoes enter in one of them, the other races all having less than that number. The maximum number of points will then be 10 x 13, or 130 points. The first canoe in each race (no matter how many may enter it) will receive 10 points, the second 9, third 8, and so on. A canoe not entered or not finishing to get nothing of the thirteen events. One canoe can enter, perhaps, eight, and if it wins them all, will receive 80 points. The canoe securing the most points, all told, to be No. 1 on the record. In case of a tie, at, say 10, then two canoes would be numbered each 10; 11 would be dropped. A synopsis like this reminds one of a cricket-match abstract. At a meet like that to be at Grindstone Island, it would be interesting to have such an analysis of the races, and the canoe winning the most points could almost be ranked as the champion canoe for the year. It would also tend to develop the perfect canoe.

True, this would debar heavy lead mines from paddling and upset races, and all canoes could not expect to make a record. In class races for *bona fide* cruising canoes (canoes that can be portaged up the beach single-handed), this "record" system might be interesting, because cruising canoes alone can enter, or should be able to enter every race on the list. Let us see what takes place at the Island.

WE lately called attention to the present classification of the A. C. A., and asked the question, Who is satisfied with it? Elsewhere we publish a communication from the Mohicans, well worthy the attention of the racing committee A. C. A. The *sine qua non* of racing is not the fact of having a canoe specially fitted up for racing; heavy ballast and large sail area. The result that the Mohicans (and others) are driving after, is to have races for their "Perfect" canoes, canoes that the owners can race with or without their cruising kit on board. Canoes that can be, single-handed, hauled ashore and fixed for camping. Such craft are by no means debarred from carrying a Child's or an Atwood or other light centreboard, and the very nature of their utility is a bar against having a lead mine on board. It is worth the trouble to the Racing Committee to consider this question and the Mohicans are a club not to be thrown aside lightly.

A. C. A. BADGE.

COMMODORE NICKERSON very aptly gives CANOEIST a side hit. This badge question has been "on the table" for some months now, and appears to be no nearer a solution. Various though few designs have been "sent in."

The CANOEIST *does* reach a large majority of the A. C. A., and the CANOEIST is not at all surprised at Mr. Nickerson's remarks that few seem to take an interest in such things. Witness the Camp-fire meets held in New York. How many canoeists, first-class men, and well-known too, took what might be called a *tangible* interest in the discussions, and so it is with canoeists all over the country. The majority are what might be called energetic, but in instances of this kind they say, "Oh! I cannot draw a badge or make a design;" no, they let the matter drop. The CANOEIST will be very pleased to receive the best set of badges and illustrate them so that all canoeists may have an opportunity of ex-

pressing an opinion, and thus help Mr. Nickerson's committee to an universal selection. Committee! let us hear from you.

THE publication of Mr. Wackerhagen's description of the Albany Canoe Club has been delayed from time to time in the late expectation of including it in a descriptive article on Canoe Tents, proposed to have been read at one of the camp fire meets.

Circumstances prevented this being done, and as the Albany Tent (if we may call it so) is deserving of close attention we have great pleasure in recommending to our readers the investigation of a camping outfit, suitable for use, afloat or ashore.

CANOEISTS who have read and discussed "Dot's" letter have unanimously expressed the opinion that "Dot" has hit upon a scheme whereby every place in a race will be contested for. No more handicapping a man because he has won one race. Chances are, he may not get the next race, and even last-in for first race may make a good record before the meet is over. We have heard of prizes being offered to those who were, by opinion, the most energetic canoeists, and who had cruised and camped the most. Such an arrangement is nowhere beside that alluded to by "Dot," and a club record thus kept would be an interesting record to look over at the autumn meeting.

—Four canoeists, who call themselves the "Sans Souci Cruising Canoeists," are having a trip to Seneca Lake, via the Susquehanna. They apparently have been at Albany and were hospitably entertained by Mr. W. B. Wackerhagen, of the Mohicans. The headquarters of the four are somewhat scattered, one hailing from Brooklyn, N. Y., one from Bergen Point, one from Newark, N. J., and one from Boston, Mass.

CLUB DOINGS

A PROTEST.

Whereas, it appears from the published list of races to be held during the A. C. A. meet for 1884 at Eel Bay, that no race has been provided for canoes of class "B" without ballast, and without heavy centreboard, and,

Whereas, the majority of canoes of this club, and many others in inland waters are of class "B," without heavy centreboard, and are usually sailed without ballast,

Resolved, that we respectfully request the Regatta Committee A. C. A., to place upon the programme of the meet, a sailing race for canoes of class "B," without ballast and without heavy centreboard.

Resolved also, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Commodore and the Regatta Committee, A. C. A., and to the editors of the "*Forest and Stream*," and of "*CANOEIST*."

Resolved further, that should such a race be placed on the programme, the Mohican Canoe Club will contribute a flag for first prize in such race, if the Regatta Committee desire it.

B. FERNOW,

ROBERT W. GIBSON,

Sec'y M. C. C.

Captain M. C. C.

—PADDLING THEIR OWN CANOES—*Organization of a Washington Canoe Club.*—

A number of canoeists resident in the district met at Dr. Latimer's office, No. 1326 New York avenue, and effected the temporary organization of a club. There are about twenty-five canoeists in the district, of whom about half are owners of canoes. Races are contemplated some time during the summer, and a squadron cruise of the whole canoeing fleet is talked about for the near future. A permanent organization of the club will be made at the next meeting, at the same place, Monday evening, July 7.

There were present at the meeting last night Messrs. A. S. Flint, Arthur Brentano, H. H. Soule, F. N. Moore, J. R. Lake, G. E. Channing, Rev. Theo. S. Wynkoop, and Charles H. Calvert.

The proposition to secure a canoe house to be used by the club was discussed, and everybody was in favor of it. Committees were appointed to report at the next meeting upon a constitution and name and

quarters for the club.—*National Republican*.

—The BAYONNE C. C. recently held a most enjoyable evening in the spacious club house of the Bayonne Rowing Association.

Over two hundred Bayonnettes assembled to enjoy the performance of several musical selections, and the performance of the farce "The Little Savage." Dancing followed till the wee sma' hours crept along, and the dollars realized are being utilized in the erection of a new boat house.

Mr. Ed. Smith is Commodore and Mr. L. P. Burke Sec'y.

—The ROCHESTER C. C. held a capital regatta in June; too late for us to have an account in last month's issue. There were seven well distributed events, closing with an enjoyable upset race. We should like Huff to croak a little more frequently.

—The KNICKERBOCKER C. C. had some members afloat on the "4th," who came ashore drenched, having been caught in a thunder shower.

MERRIMACK RIVER MEET.

This meet differed somewhat from those on the Hudson and Connecticut, in that there was no racing, but a thoroughly good time was nevertheless enjoyed, and the thing proved a success. About fifty canoeists were present, with more than half as many canoes, the latter being mostly of the open variety, but including a number of cruisers. Camp was pitched at Deer Leap, a delightful spot, June 14, 15 and 16. Several canoes ran Hunt's Falls on the way down, and one light-weight filled; another was capsized opposite the camp. Lowell, Lawrence, Haverhill, Salem, Boston and Dedham were represented, while at least ten canoeists who had promised to come from different points failed to show up at the appointed time. They missed a treat. Camp-fires, banjo-playing, songs, jokes, tugs of war and a general frolic kept everybody happy the first night; Sunday was passed quietly, and on Monday the camp broke up. John Boyle O'Rielly and Fred J. Stimson who had been cruising on the Charles and Concord rivers visited the camp and were entertained by members of the Vesper Boat Club. After the meet,

canoes "Chemaun" and "Clytie," A. C. A., cruised down the river to Newburyport and around the coast to Salem.

THE ATLANTIS.

—Mr. S. R. Stoddard, accompanied by Mr. R. B. Burchard, has recommenced his last year's cruise round the coast, presumably for the St. Lawrence.

That Mr. Stoddard will have a good time is certain, and we wish him *bon voyage*.

—The first canoe club in the Province of Quebec, has been formally organized at Lachine. The name decided on was the Lake St. Louis Canoe Club, and the following officers were elected for this season:

Commodore, Mr. W. H. Rintoul; Vice Com. Mr. R. M. Grahame; Sec'y and Treas., Mr. J. P. Edwards; Exec. Com., Messrs. E. S. Clouston, J. G. Brock and Geo. Auldjo.

Club pennant, a pointed burgee 15x10 inches, a scarlet St. George's cross on white ground. The club has already a membership of 22, and owns 17 canoes. The prospects of a successful season are good, and it was decided to hold club meetings every Wednesday evening and cruises every Saturday afternoon.

—THE OSHKOSH C. C. held the first race since organizing at 3.17 P. M., July 4th. The wind was very light most of the time and varied from W. to N. W. Course, around a triangle, about three miles. The entries with time of race were as follows:

<i>Alice</i> ,	Otto Schloerb,	47 min.
<i>Sis</i> ,	F. H. Gary,	47 min. 30s.
<i>Reine</i> ,	Will Session,	48 min. 20s.
<i>Dollie R.</i> ,	Wm. A. Radford,	} Time not taken.
<i>Aloha</i> ,	Wm. J. McKoy,	
<i>P. D. Q.</i> ,	Frank Hellard,	
—	Gus. Timne,	

The *Reine* led around the first buoy, with *Alice* second, the rest being bunched until after rounding, when *Sis* commenced gaining and passed the *Reine* and *Alice*, which had passed the *Reine*, and rounded buoy 2d first, with *Alice*, *Reine*, *Dollie R.*, *P. D. Q.*, *Aloha*, and *Timne* following in the order named.

There were three prizes, the first being a tent; second, hammock; and third a canoe anchor, all of which were given to the club.

Mr. D. H. Montgomery acted as judge. The next race is to be July 16th, for the championship.

F. H. GARY.

ONE OF THE CREW TO 'TEND SHEET.

We clip from one of our exchanges the following description of an invention of Mr. T. F. Coleman, of the Monmouth Boat Club, at Red Bank, N. J., and owner of the canoe *Molly Coddle*, which is intended for use on small boats and canoes. The idea is to supply, if possible, an appliance that will hold the sheet while the captain is doing something else, which requires both his hands:

"Nothing is seen of the appliance above deck except a cord running over a roller and terminating in a clasp that holds the sheet. This cord passes through the deck and around a reel, which contains a brass spring controlled by a little crank and ratchet. The reel is under the deck behind the boatman's back. The spring can be wound to any degree of tension that is desired, the idea being to grade its resistance so that the pressure of a force of wind which would careen the boat will be sufficient to unwind the cord and so let off the sheet. The working of this little invention was tested, before the boatmen of the Shrewsbury the other day, and the exhibition was thoroughly successful. The danger in jibing is entirely removed by it. It can be applied to any light boat or pattern of sail. The one on the *Molly Coddle* is no bigger than a brass reel."

[A Mr. Cruickshanks, of Scotland, exhibited an appliance to the writer exactly like this in 1876.—Ed.]

—Thanks are due to the Vesper Boat Club for some excellent photos received. We always regret not being able to reproduce photos in these pages, so that all readers may enjoy the treat.

—We are asked to oblige "by having the word *Secretary* after Mr. Byrnes's name in the canoe directory changed to *Purser*." The S. F. C. C. has no Secretary, and *entre nous* the Purser has no duties, but he has lately experienced an awakening, furbished up his canoe, painted her, and has actually

been out several times. I don't know but it will be safe for you to say there are *five* members in our club.

—James B. Rogers, of Peterborough, Canada, has been having some canoes on exhibition at Ottawa. His "Rob Roys" were especially good. Tyson has been at Ottawa as well. He and Baldwin saw daylight in.

—At a recent meeting of the Potowonk C. C., the title of officers was changed to Captain, Mate, Purser and Secretary. Their signal has also been overhauled and changed from a solid blue field with white letters, to two triangles, white, top and bottom corners, and the rest of burgee a red parallelogram with P. C. C. in white.

—At the annual meeting of the Peterborough B. C., E. B. Edwards was elected President, A. J. Belcher, Captain, G. Stevenson, Secretary, Alexander Elliot, Treasurer. Sixteen new members were elected. A thoroughly live season is anticipated both in rowing and canoeing. The camp at Stony Lake last year, will not be without its good results.

—The Hub C. C. of Boston have now a constitution, by-laws, and a burgee. Burgee is a blue field with Hub in centre and C above and C below, all letters white. It promises to be an active club.

—T. R. Webb, of Staunton, Va., intends cruising down the Shenandoah this coming summer, from the nearest point, five miles from Staunton, to Harper's Ferry, thence probably on down the Potomac to Washington. The Shenandoah is truly a river of sparkling waters and flows through as fine a stretch of wild mountain country as can be found anywhere. It passes within a few miles of Weir's Cave and the Caverns of Luray. We shall be pleased to hear from Mr. Webb later on, with full directions for navigating the Shenandoah.

—The Neptune Canoe Club, Newark, N. J., had quite an exciting and enjoyable time going to Bayonne lately. They had joy, sunshine, flat calms, strong winds, adverse tides and an upset, the wet man towing his canoe with the painter in his mouth, four miles (?) to the Central R. R. Bridge. Neptune C. C. have twenty-one members.

A. C. A.

FROM THE COMMODORE.

I have appointed as a committee on the A. C. A. badge question the following gentlemen:

Wm. B. Wackerhagen, M. C. C., 41 State street, Albany, N. Y. Dr. Geo. L. Parmele, H. C. C., Hartford, Conn. James L. Greenleaf, K. C. C., New York City.

Months ago I requested the members of the A. C. A. through the AMERICAN CANOEIST, to send in designs for this badge, or to suggest designs that I might work out and present to the committee, thus giving them valuable assistance in the selection of the badge. The result was the reception of designs from three members of the A. C. A. One of two things appear as almost certainties. Either the CANOEIST reaches only a few A. C. A. men, or else very few A. C. A. members are at all interested in the badge question. Once more I will express my desire that the designs be sent to Chairman Wackerhagen at the earliest moment possible, in order to have the committee report at our annual meeting.

July 8, 1884. Respectfully yours,

F. A. NICKERSON,
Com. A. C. A.

—Mr. R. Forsyth, of Montreal, who owns some islands near Gananogue, kindly consented to lend one for the A. C. A. meet, but the committee meanwhile had made their selection. He also offered to give another site on Grindstone Island, if the one chosen was in any way unsuitable. Mr. Forsyth, in offering to facilitate the meet to the best of his ability, says that "we have now got a *post-office* for the accommodation of our people there on Grindstone Island, where the American quarry is situated, so the correspondence of the A. C. A. can go through it, and consequently save some considerable trouble sending mail matter to Gananogue or Clayton." The post-office name is Thurso, Jefferson County, N. Y.

CORRESPONDENCE

EDITOR CANOEIST: Referring to Mr. Whitlock's letter about lead ballast and heavy boards, permit me to make an observation or two. I take it that in making regatta rules there is to be considered not only their effect upon the craft already in commission, but also their influence upon the fashioning and designing of craft to come.

For vessels striving to *combine* ease in paddling and sailing and portability, light weight, light draught and handiness generally are important considerations, and I take it for granted that canoes are such vessels. Therefore, ballast may under certain circumstances be tolerated or even advocated, so long as it does not exceed in weight a fair cruising load of baggage, and it does not endanger the crew in case of a capsize, and it does not encourage a form of hull specially reliant upon it. Now, fixed ballast, either as keel or centreboard, does this last very much.

Although salt-water canoeists may legitimately cultivate deep models with deadrise to use effectually inside or outside lead, and may demand a race to show their special capabilities, yet, since these are obtained at the expense of qualities esteemed by fresh-water men (*viz.*, draught and paddling and portaging facility), therefore, they are not models to be directly encouraged by the A. C. A. The Association regatta rules must be made with wisdom for the benefit of the majority, else we shall have continual discontent and change as this party or that gets hold of the reins and advances its special views.

I take it that the enormous majority of canoeists in America are cruising and camping men who aim at the combination of qualities before mentioned, and who find a flat floor a more convenient aid to stiffness under sail than heavy ballast, because it draws less water and is easier carried, and who find fixed ballast of any kind an objectionable impediment under most circumstances.

And lastly, I take it that if the A. C. A. fails to foster the ideals of the majority, and instead cultivates a special sailing racing type, then either the sport will suffer as it did in England or we shall hear more of the threatened separate organization of cruisers which I for one should deeply

regret. We must look ahead and consider the future as well as the immediate effect of any regulations proposed.

R. W. GIBSON.

LEAKS IN CANVAS CANOES.

EDITOR CANOEIST:—Some time since I wrote you in regard to compound for patching canvas canoes, and you were kind enough to give me the address of several parties who might know of it, with the request that I forward their names to CANOEIST for publication—it happened that none of them knew of anything, so I wrote to Mr. W. J. Alden (as he had referred to the compound in one of his canoeing sketches) and he obtained it for me from Mr. C. H. Farnham. I have Mr. Alden's permission to give it to CANOEIST, so here it is at your service:

"The pitch for mending leaks is made by rosin and any kind of grease melted with it.—Melt the rosin, add some grease, a very small proportion, then drop a little of the mixture into water, the temperature of that you navigate. The grease must be increased until the pitch when thus coated is firm but not brittle—the consistence of shoemakers' wax in a room where it is used." Mr. Alden adds, "it should be warm; applied to a piece of canvas or any cloth, and placed over the leak."

F. R. WEBB, A. C. C.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—One-half pound of tapioca; cover with water and soak until soft. Then cook and stir until clear. Sweeten and flavor with vanilla. Ready when cool. Serve with cream (if you have it.) This pudding is easily made, and is nourishing. The materials can be had almost anywhere.

FIG PUNCH.—Spts. fermenti, one part; aqua pura, one part; lemon, two thin slices; sugar, one teaspoonful. The above is the quantity for each thirsty one. Before mixing, multiply the above quantity by the number of noses in the party. Put all the ingredients in a vessel, and boil until the steam has a fig-like odor.

—L. D. KENDALL reports glorious cruising grounds around Tarpon Springs, Fla., his only drawback being a lack of A. C. A. men.

—Next month we issue a double number and will give preference to all regatta and race news.

THE AMERICAN C · A · N · O · E · I · S · T

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. III.

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Nos. 8 and 9.

LINES READ AT ONE OF THE MEET CAMP FIRES.

Can we ever forget how in Eighty-four,
We met on this island's wave capped shore ;
Not men of the pulpit, the desk, and the law,
But a host of braves, an occasional squaw.
"What think the shades who nightly haunt this
shore?"

They say, "Who are they?" and "Great Cæsar!
how they snore."

Like fabled heroes seeking Mother Earth,
Return we mightier to the home and hearth ;
We've skimmed the waters in our light canoes,
Checkmated dyspepsia and dispelled the blues ;
Laden with memories, incidents and health,
We now go back to seek the road to wealth ;
With firmer grip we'll seize the mighty dollars,
And squeeze the golden eagle till she hollers.
But let us not so eagerly pursue,
This golden path, lest we may not be true,
To this sane, wholesome life, we've led in camp,
Approved by health, restored and sealed, with
Nature's stamp.

Let us the winds, the waves, the memories recall,
And get the proper flavor as we tell to all,
How we sat by the camp fire's lurid glare,
Or sailed the moonlit sea with Ganonoque's fair :
How the Canadian boatmen played and sang,
And with bold Wilkin's tones the welkin rang.
How we wondered where Vaux keeps his stores of
vivacity,

Like Koely's famed motor in one hat's capacity.
How he murders Shakespeare and departs to snore,
As if not covered with his sacred gore,
Leaving his corpse to be restored to life,
By Dr. Russell's tones, and Shylock's dreadful
knife.

How the yacht Idler, loafing round the bay,
Rescued from watery ruin and DeKay,
A lorgnette and two members of the A. C. A.
How brigand Rogers sketches off a view,
Or softly plays upon the sweet Kazoo.
How Dr. Neide quickly groweth rich,
By charging dollars for a badge and sich.
How the races weren't sailed and the commodore
upset,

And Hoffmann, the gallant, his raiment got wet.
How Mr. Delaney who kept the hotel,
Kept that hotel so exceedingly well,
That he barred his front gate, and tore off his bell,
To keep off the legions that wished to dine well.
How the Knickerbocker's who seldom, if ever, get
left,

Practising wisely that ancient traditional thrift,
Which they from Dutch ancestors have duly derived,
Had pre-empted the claim and the honey had hived,
Defended their bread, their butter, and honor,
Against Tompkinsville foes and the hungry new-
comer.

These perched on the eaves and sat on the grass,
They clung to the window, and pressed noses on
glass ;
And as each morsel disappeared down Knickerbocker
throats,

What a wail of anguish on the still air floats ;
Like the cry of a restless, despairing fowl,
A hungry, untuneful, ornithological howl.
These are only a few of the things that took place,
To tell more would be taxing your time and my
space.

The beneficent powers in solemn conclave
Have conspired together to honor the brave,
And the charming squaws on the famous point,
Have helped to get the times in joint.

"What shall we do to honor the brave?"

Said the beneficent powers in secret conclave.

"I'll get full," said the Moon, "and I mean

"That the rippling waters shall dance and gleam,

"And be sure that however full I may seem,

"I shall manage somehow to keep on my beam."

Said the Wind, "A cooing, fair child I'll be,

"That is dandled on old Mother Nature's knee ;

"I'm wayward and restless, but shant be wild,

"Just a lovely, uncertain, vexatious child.

"I'll not raise thunder on this terrestrial ball,

"But I must occasionally have my squall."

"Me," said the Wave, "O, me and the Wind intend
to behave,

"But that depends more on the Wind than the Wave ;

"Now, Boreas, if you don't vex and tease,

"And raise the devil and my high seas,

"I'll guarantee that my lap shall be,

"As soft as that of the tenderest she,

"If there's any row, its the wind, not me."

"As for me," said the Sun, "I'm always full
 "For a compliment *that* is simply null.
 "But the lovely Aurora an eye-opener shall mix,
 "That will beat anything this side of the Styx.
 "Sun, moon and stars, the sea and shore,
 "A slice of lemon, a straw and something more,
 "With lots of dew in a jewelled cup,
 "To their health and joy shall I drink it up.
 "My broadest, stunningest, heartiest smile,
 "Shall I quaff for them on that happy isle.
 "You, Wind and Wave, must soothe and heal,
 "If I wound my friends with too fervid zeal."
 Oh, beautiful powers, well fulfilled,
 What Heaven has sanctioned and you have willed,
 Each day was a solid Chrysolite,
 A starry path each perfect night,
 Which led to a morning's whispering breath,
 That told us of life and not of death.
 Ah, friends, as down Time's stream we cruise,
 Will not such memories bless and soothe,
 Those vexed and angry days of strife,
 With which the happiest lives are rife:
 When heavy clouds the stars have dimmed,
 And with careful hands our sails are trimmed,
 Look back through memory's stereoscope,
 And drink this solid draught of hope?

BERNARD H. NADAL.

THE 1884 MEET.

A. C. A. CAMP, GRINDSTONE ISLAND,
 NEW YORK, *August, 1884.*

A SMOOTH brown hill on the left, sloping gently down to the eastern water. The tops of clustered trees peeping over the hill, and showing themselves gradually more and more from behind the lessening ridge till the trunks of the easternmost ones can be discerned. A fringe of gleaming white tents along the base of the hill at the water's edge, and a large crimson flag glowing vividly against the quiet background beyond. Away to the west of the brown hill, a greener expanse, the cultivated portion of Grindstone Island. Before us, and stretching eastward, the lake-like stretch of open water known as Eel Bay, dotted here and there with small islands. Such was our first view of the camp of 1884, as the steamer *Puritan* emerged from the Cut, a narrow, rocky strait leading northward from the Thousand

Island Park, on Wellesley Island.

The shores of Grindstone Island approaching the point face northerly and easterly, and along these are pitched the canvas abodes of the canoeists, the majority of them on the low eastern shore facing Eel Bay, where the sailing and paddling courses have been laid out for the races. Here the thickly-clustered encampment is gay with bunting, and vocal with the shout and laugh of the jolly canoeists who move about among the tents along the shore in their light and convenient canoeing dress. Knee-breeches and stockings are almost universal; whilst club uniforms are much more frequent than formerly. The New York Club is in a handsome dark shade of green; the Knickerbockers in dark blue; the Rochester, Albany and Toronto men in gray, and so on. The prevailing colors are blue and gray. The exuberant spirits of some of the men manifest themselves in occasional oddities of costume. When over at Gananoque, six of the canoeists purchased tall-peaked, sugar-loaf straw hats, and ornamented them with tassels and broad hat-bands of bright red. These hats and the canoeing dress on six mustached, stalwart, good-looking fellows, gave them a striking resemblance to Italian brigands—as seen on the stage. A tall young gentleman from New York, who is sometimes known as "Jingle," rejoices occasionally in a gaudy, striped jacket, white knee-breeches, and a tall straw-hat. A learned judge in one of the Canadian camps put on a still brighter tunic, and wore it about the main camp, telling me laughingly that he and his tent-mates would wear that solitary jacket in turn, when down in the big camp, and break the New Yorker's heart with envy of their brilliant "club uniform!"

Notwithstanding the number of canoe tents used, there are no less than ninety-three shore tents on the ground, including those at Squaw Point—the ladies' camp.

There are 202 canoeists in camp, and 161 canoes. These figures may be relied on, as they are the result of a careful tent-to-tent tour of the whole camp—a “canvassing visit” so to speak.

Its pioneers were Mr. Secretary Neide, Mr. Secretary Newman (N. Y. C. C.), and one or two others. They came here in July, and had the necessary preliminary work done—in fact, did much of it themselves, owing to the difficulty of obtaining assistance. Building a steamboat wharf near the point was the most important of the “public works.” Dr. and Mrs. Parmelee, of Hartford, who cruised from Lake George to camp, were amongst the earliest arrivals. They have a large Rushton Princess. On Sunday, August 3d, divine service was held by the light of a huge camp fire.

Very Rev. Dean Hoffman, and Rev. Samuel Buell, officiated.

On Monday evening, August 4th, another large fire was lighted and a pleasant evening passed. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, were busy, bustling days; canoeists constantly arriving, and working energetically to get “settled down” in camp.

On Wednesday evening the Gananoque military brass band paid the A. C. A. the compliment of a visit and a serenade. They were introduced by Mr. C. E. Britton, Captain of the Gananoque Field Battery and Commodore of the Gananoque Yacht Club. Mr. Parmenter, Mr. Brough, and others accompanied them. The band was escorted by the canoeists to the top of the hill which bounds the camp, and stragglers were summoned by bugle. An enormous pile of firewood was lighted, and the band played several pieces in admirable style, alternated by vocal choruses from the canoeists. Professor Russell, of Waterbury, gave a speech and recitation. Then Secretary Neide rose and read a letter of regret from absent Orange Fraser.

“God Save the Queen,” by band and chorus, finished a most delightful evening.

On Thursday afternoon the A. C. A. sailed over to pay the Gananoque people a visit. The afternoon was favorable. About fifty canoes left camp under sail, and scudded along close-hauled on a brisk northwesterly breeze which enabled them to make good time across the four miles of island-studded channel.

On Friday night the Gananoque Yacht Club tendered a moonlight excursion to the A. C. A. Shortly after six o'clock the steamer Puritan took on board nearly all the members of the Association, and conveyed them to Gananoque where they were received by Commodore Britton and the officers and members of the Gananoque Yacht Club, who came on board with many ladies and other friends to join in the trip. The Gananoque military brass band supplied the music. Dancing, promenading, and fun went on until the Thousand Islands Park was reached, and the merry crowd debarked. Here they found an encampment of about a dozen of the A. C. A., consisting chiefly of Springfield, Hartford, and Rochester men, who had ranged their canoes with military precision along the gravel walk, and erected over the canoes their picturesque little canoe tents, and spread their mattresses and blankets within. The canoeists and their friends embarked again and proceeded to Alexandria Bay, thence back to the park, and reached the camp about 1.30 A.M.

On Saturday evening sixty or seventy canoeists left camp in their canoes for Round Island, in acceptance of an invitation from Mr. F. H. Taylor to visit him at his summer residence, Shady Lodge. Mr. Taylor is artist, author, canoeist, and wheelman. He entertained his visitors to lunch, and a pleasant evening was spent, enhanced by the music of the Utica band. An adjournment was made to the large

Round Island Hotel for dancing, and in due time the canoeists paddled home.

There was divine service in the mess-room again on Sunday, Very Rev. Dean Hoffman, Rev. Samuel Buell, and Rev. T. S. Russell officiating.

On Monday, August 11th, gala day, everything was put in the best order, and tents cleared of dunnage, so as to be available for the reception of visitors.

In the morning, the preliminary annual meeting of the Association was held, and a nominating committee appointed. The review of the fleet took place about three o'clock, when a large part of the canoe fleet sailed and paddled past the Commodore and officers of the Association—about seventy canoes under sail and forty under paddle took part in it. The paddlers were formed in two lines, the double paddles in front and single paddles behind. They kept an admirable line and looked very pretty as they passed with even and regular stroke, the wet paddles flashing in the sun. The sailing canoes followed, bowling along on a lively breeze under all the sail they could carry. After the review, a race came off between the Snake and a Sneak-box Snake won. In the evening about fifty crafts mustered for the "parade of fire canoes." Each carried from one to a dozen lighted Chinese lanterns, suspended on lines run from mast to mast. Under the command of the Commodore, the squadron advanced in twos and threes, wheeled, formed line, and executed various evolutions. Imagine the charming effect of this procession of hundreds of colored lights, moving in regular order over the dark still water, which reflected the floating lanterns in long trembling colored streamers. On shore, the whole camp was illuminated with Chinese lanterns and occasional outbursts of red fire and Roman candles. Presently the canoe procession massed itself into a great irregular disk of radiance, and serenaded the camp with

several hearty canoe choruses to which the admiring listeners on shore responded by rounds of applause, the tooting of horns, calliopes, and whistles, and more fireworks. The procession next visited the northern camps, and repeated its serenade, with the same hearty response.

The races began Tuesday, August 12, and continued on Wednesday and Thursday. Oddly enough, the wind, which had been blowing a lively and steady breeze every day of the camp so far, fell light on Tuesday, and continued light during the next three days. The novices sailing race came off on time, but the other sailing race appointed for Tuesday had to be postponed. Owing to the fact that the starting point was under the lee of the high bluff at Delaney's Point, the light winds made starting an uncertain and bothersome matter in the sailing races. Speaking generally, the admirably arranged programme was exceedingly well carried out, by the following executive: Clerk of the course, W. M. Carter, of Trenton, N. J.; timekeepers, C. H. Warring, Amsterdam, N. Y., and F. S. Westcott, Philadelphia, Pa.; judge and starter, H. C. Rogers, of Peterborough, N. Y.; measurers, J. H. Rushton and W. P. Stephens; water police, the Brockville Canoe Club. Mr. Vaux took Mr. Whitlock's place on the regatta committee. This is the first year that the starting point of the races has been actually at the camp, and the great convenience of it is apparent.

Speaking of the paddling races first, M. F. Johnston, of Toronto, swept the field. He had three canoes which enabled him to enter almost any paddling race he desired; and he took first prize in every race in which he started. He used a long double-bladed paddle, sits up very high in his canoe, has perfect balance, and a long sweeping stroke of great power. Next to him, J. L. Weller, of Peterborough, was the most successful paddler present, and took

several prizes. He uses a single-blade chiefly, although in one race he swung a double-blade. Mr. Weller sailed also, and was very successful, taking two first prizes and a second in class A—the smaller canoes. This combination enabled him to win the “average prize,” given for the largest number of points on an aggregate of all the races. The other winners of paddling races were C. B. Vaux, of New York, and Arthur H. Mason, of Toronto; who beat four and six competitors respectively in the two extra races. The second “average prize” was taken by Mr. Johnston, notwithstanding he did no sailing. The best paddling time made was nine minutes and thirty-one seconds for one mile, in canoe “Maggie” (decked), eighteen feet long and twenty-four inches wide, manned by Mr. Johnston and his cousin, Mr. Williams,

Messrs. F. Adams and J. L. Weller, of Peterborough, in a sixteen foot open canoe, of twenty-six inches beam, using single paddles, made the mile in nine minutes and forty-two seconds. The best paddling time made by any one man was that of Johnston in the mile and a half race, in canoe “Maggie,” fourteen minutes and forty-eight seconds. Mr. Weller made the same distance in fourteen minutes and fifty-five seconds. The water was in excellent condition for paddling. There is no doubt that in some of the paddling races the open canoes had a great advantage over the decked ones; first, by reason of their lightness, and second, by reason of their two feet additional length. In Class 2, for instance, the three leading canoes were all open, and all sixteen feet long; whilst none of the decked canoes was over fourteen feet. This inequality was seen last year, and remedied by having two “Class 1” races; one for sixteen foot canoes, and one for fourteen foot.

Probably the 1884 Regatta Committee did not wish to crowd the programme. But

there is no other way out of the difficulty if justice is to be done to the short decked canoes than by having two Class 2 races instead of one.

For the sailing races there was not as much wind as the contestants would have liked; but the large number of entries and the close contests at the finish made the races very interesting and picturesque. The two principal races were sailed simultaneously, thus making an exceedingly numerous fleet. Considerable interest attached to the race for the sailing novices. Several of the clubs had each its own pet novice, around whom its hopes clustered and who was to do great things. Albany, Harvard, and Toronto were the fortunate clubs whose novices came to the front, in the order named. Mr. G. H. Thacher, Jr., the winner, sails a canoe fourteen feet six by thirty inches beam, carrying a “Mohican” sail, mizzen, and jib, and noticeable for the beautiful finish of all her appointments; every metal fixture being nickel plated, and the woodwork finished to match. Mr. E. G. Rand's canoe Tarentula, second, is of the same size, and carries a beautifully sketched mermaid done in India ink, on its sail.

Coming now to the “old hands.” The successful men were L. Q. Jones, of Hartford, in canoe Venture, fourteen feet six by thirty inches; S. W. Bowles, jr., Springfield, canoe Glück, fourteen feet by thirty inches; Mr. E. W. West, of Glens Falls, in canoe Jap, fifteen feet three inches long by thirty-one and one eighth inches beam over the limits, by the way; R. W. Gibson, in canoe Snake, fourteen feet six by thirty-one inches; and C. B. Vaux, of New York, in canoe Dot, fourteen feet four by thirty inches. Messrs. W. B. Wackerhagen, H. L. Thomas, and F. A. Nickerson, took thirds and fourths; and Mr. R. Tyson took first prize in a race for canoes with heavy boards. Of the gentlemen named, Mr. Jones was first and third in

the two races in which he entered; Mr. Bowles was first and fifth in his two races; Mr. Gibson was twice second and once fifth; Mr. Vaux was once second, once third, and once seventh. Mr. Gibson was only defeated by a few feet in the "Cruising rig" race; and in the "No ballast" race he was defeated by a much larger canoe, so that the Snake well supported her last year's reputation. Dot wanted more wind.

In Class A, canoes not over sixteen feet long and not under twenty-eight inches beam, the foremost men were Mr. J. L. Weller, of Peterboro', in an open canoe, sixteen feet by twenty-six inches. He took two first prizes and one second. Next is Mr. Grant Van Dusen, of Rondout, who in canoe Helena, fourteen feet by twenty-seven inches, who was first, second, and fourth in his three races. Mr. G. E. Edgar, jr., a promising young canoeist from among the Dock Rats of Newburg, in canoe Dido, fifteen feet by twenty-eight inches, was second, third, and fourth, respectively. Mr. G. K. Monroe's well-known Psyche was third, fifth, and sixth; and Mr. F. Adams, of Peterboro', took a third prize.

The remarks already made about sixteen feet and fourteen foot canoes in paddling Class 2, apply equally to the open and decked canoes in sailing Class A. Two Class A races are necessary in order to do justice to the fourteen foot canoes. They should not be called on to sail against the long sixteens.

The upset race, which is always interesting, was more than usually successful. No less than nine canoeists entered, all clad in bathing suits and ready for a ducking. They were started a quarter of a mile from the finishing post, and soon came dashing along, well bunched together until they were well within sight of the crowd of spectators on the hill and in the numerous steam and sailing yachts. On they came

in an expectant silence, broken only by the splashing of their paddles. One loud clear blast from the bugle, and over they went, every man into the water, every canoe upside down. The whistles of all the steam yachts screamed a chorus of shrill delight at the catastrophe, and the loud report of an alarm gun came booming over the water from one of the sailing yachts. With marvellous quickness Johnson, Weller, and Vaux righted their canoes and got in. It was just twenty seconds from the time Johnson capsized until he took the first stroke of his paddle to resume the race; and Vaux and Weller were nearly as quick. Weller, who is very powerful in the water, performed the extraordinary feat of emptying all the water out of his canoe, and then getting in over the side. Vaux unfortunately mislaid his paddle twice, which delayed him somewhat. It was most comical to see the other wet canoeists come in. Two of them had their canoes so full of water that nothing was visible but the torso of a man wielding a double-bladed paddle. Commodore Nickerson, seeing there was no chance of a prize for him, dived under his canoe and wiggled her rudder vigorously. Another man got into his canoe when upside down, and managed to turn her right side up whilst he was lying inside at full length.

The hurry-scurry race was the last of the day; and it concentrated an immense amount of fun and laughter into a few minutes. The eight canoeists who entered drew their canoes up in a line on the sandy beach, and then retired two hundred and twenty yards up the gently sloping hill for a little preliminary foot race. The first man at the beach had the choice of canoes—in fact, each man could take the canoe he first touched. "Go"—and down the hill they came like a small whirlwind. Oh! the scramble and the splash and the rocking and the collisions and the laughter, as they tumbled head first into the canoes,

giving them a mighty push by way of start. It was especially stipulated that "fouling" in this race was quite correct and proper, and the canoes bumped and jolted one another unsparingly as they paddled out to a buoy a short distance from shore, scrambled round it, and paddled back again. Weller again distinguished himself by coming in first; Mr. D. A. Burgess, of Norwood, Ontario, was second; and Mr. T. Gibson, of Toronto, was third. The two last named are members of the Ubique Canoe Club.

The details of the races are as follows :

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, AUGUST 12.

Paddling, Class 2, 1 mile; for canoes not over sixteen feet long, and not under twenty-six inches beam.

First, M. F. Johnston, Toronto, open canoe Hill Crest, and double paddle; time, 10 minutes and 34 seconds.

Second, J. L. Weller, Peterboro', in open canoe Zulu, with single paddle; time, 10.44.

Third, Frank Adams, Peterboro', with single paddle, in open canoe Ada M. S.; time, 11.24.

Eight starters.

Sailing, any class; for canoeists who have never sailed a canoe before 1884. Mile and a half; triangular course.

First, G. H. Thatcher, Mohican Club, Albany; in canoe Lasca.

Second, E. G. Rand, of Albany; in canoe Tarantula, fourteen feet six by thirty inches; Mohican sail and Atwood centre-board.

Third, Arthur H. Mason, Toronto; in canoe Evora, fourteen feet eight by thirty inches and a half, modified Pearl, balance-lug sail and Atwood centerboard.

Ten starters. There was not half a length between Rand and Mason at the finish. Time, Thatcher, 32.20; Weller, 34.55; Rand and Mason, 35.55.

Paddling, one mile, for canoes not over seventeen feet long and not under twenty-eight inches beam.

First, M. F. Johnston, open canoe Hill Crest, sixteen feet by twenty-eight inches.

Second, J. C. Wilson, Watertown, canoe Idyl, fifteen feet by thirty-two inches.

Third, E. C. Griffin, Knickerbocker Canoe Club, New York, canoe Marguerite, fourteen feet six by thirty inches.

Six starters. Time, 11.20, 12.00, and 12.15 for the first three.

Tandem paddling race, two men in a canoe; any size canoe. One mile.

First, M. F. Johnston, of Toronto, and Willie Williams, of Brockville, with double-bladed paddles. Time, 9.31.

Second, J. L. Weller and Frank Adams, of Peterboro', in open canoe Ada M. S., sixteen feet by twenty-seven inches; single-bladed paddles. Time, 9.42 Two entries.

Upset race, any canoe; quarter mile. Contestants to capsize their canoes at a signal, get in again and paddle to finish.

First, M. F. Johnston, decked canoe Maggie, eighteen feet by twenty-four inches.

Second, J. L. Weller, open canoe Zulu.

Third, C. Bowyer Vaux, New York Canoe Club, in his little canoe Lark.

Nine starters.

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12.

Three miles paddling race; canoes not under twenty-seven inches beam, and not over sixteen feet long.

First, M. F. Johnston, open canoe Hill Crest, double-bladed paddle. Time, 31.38.

Second, J. L. Weller, open canoe Zulu, single paddle. Time, 32.42.

Four starters. F. Adams and E. Gould were the other two.

Paddling race for a paddle presented by Mr. Rushton, for large canoes.

First, Arthur H. Mason, Toronto, canoe Evora, fourteen feet eight inches by thirty and a half. Time, 12 minutes.

Second, J. C. Wilson, canoe Idyl, fifteen feet by thirty-two inches. Time, 12.10.

Third, E. L. French, Buffalo, canoe Elf, fourteen feet by thirty inches. Time, 12.20.

Eight entries. Canoe Nellie, W. F. Kipp, St. Lawrence Canoe Club, was first in but was ruled out for accidental fouling. All decked canoes and double-blades.

Paddling race for paddle presented by Mr. Rushton ; light canoes.

First, C. B. Vaux, New York, canoe Lark, fourteen feet by twenty-six inches. Time, 11.17.

Second, G. O. Totten, Jr., canoe Aquila, fourteen feet six by twenty-eight inches, of the Neptune Canoe Club, Newark. Time, 11.25.

Third, E. Gould, Knickerbocker Canoe Club, New York, canoe Fanita, fourteen feet by twenty-seven inches. Time, 11.44.

Five entries. All decked canoes and double-bladed paddles.

THIRD DAY, THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1884.

Paddling, Class 1, for canoes not over eighteen feet long, and not under twenty-four inches beam. One mile and a half.

First, M. F. Johnston, canoe Maggie, eighteen feet by twenty-five inches. Time, 14.48.

Second, J. L. Weller, canoe Zulu, sixteen feet by twenty-six inches. Time, 14.55.

Third, Frank Adams, canoe Ada M. S., sixteen feet by twenty-seven inches. Time, 17 minutes.

Three entries.

Paddling, Class 4, length not over sixteen feet, beam not under thirty inches ; half a mile.

First, M. F. Johnston, canoe Mamie, sixteen feet by thirty-one inches.

Second, W. F. Kipp, St. Lawrence Canoe Club, canoe Nellie, fifteen feet by thirty-one and a half inches.

Third, J. C. Wilson, canoe Idyl.

Eight starters.

Sailing, Class B ; no restriction as to ballast, trim, or rig. Length not over seventeen feet, with a limit of twenty-eight and a half inches beam for that length. Beam may increase three quarter inches for each six inches in length decrease. Three miles—twice around the triangular course, including the beat to windward.

First, L. Q. Jones, Hartford Canoe Club, canoe Venture, about fifteen feet by thirty inches ; carries Mr. Stoddard's new style of sail, and a Child's centreboard. Time, 63 minutes 47 seconds.

Second, C. B. Vaux, canoe Dot, fourteen feet four by thirty inches ; Shadow model, no centerboard ; balance-lug sails. Time, 65.31.

Third, W. B. Wackerhagen, Mohican Canoe Club, Albany ; canoe Henrietta, fourteen feet six by thirty inches, with Mohican sail and Atwood centerboard. Time, 67.45.

There were twenty-two starters, and the next dozen canoes arrived in the following order : Annie O., Snake, Lasca, Sophronia, Isabel, Sadie N., Boreas, Evora, Girofla, Aurora, Freak, Kate.

Sailing, Class A, no limits as to trim, rig, or ballast ; length not over sixteen feet, beam not over twenty-eight inches. Three miles.

First, J. L. Weller, open canoe Zulu. Time, 83.44.

Second, Grant Vandusen, Rondout Canoe Club, New York. Time, 88.49.

Third, G. A. Edgar, Jr., Newburg, New York, canoe Dido. Time, 91.13.

The canoes Syren, Diamond, Psyche,

Nettie, Lady Jane, and three others started. The five named came in in the order noted.

Sailing, Class B, as above ; any ballast, but with sail area limited to seventy-five square feet.

First, W. S. Bowles, Springfield, canoe Glück, fourteen feet by thirty inches, of the new Springfield model, Mohican sail. Time, 57.11.

Second, R. W. Gibson, Mohican Canoe Club, Albany ; canoe Snake, fourteen feet six by thirty inches, Atwood centerboard and Mohican sail. Time, 57.24.

Third, L. Q. Jones, Hartford, canoe Venture. Time, 58 minutes.

The next ten canoes came in in the following order : Girofla, Jap, Katrina, Dot, Sophronia, Henrietta, Isabel, Whimbrel, Fred Mason, Toronto ; Corinne, Kate, Colin Fraser. There also started the Lasca, Boreas, Evora, Sadie N., Sapphire, Tarantula, Minx, Freak, Elf, Aurora, Argo, Edna—twenty-six in all.

Sailing, Class A, as above ; any ballast, but not more than fifty square feet of sail. Three miles.

First, Grant Vandusen, canoe Helena. Time, 65.50.

Second, J. L. Weller, canoe Zulu. Time, 75.52.

Third, C. K. Monroe, New York Canoe Club ; canoe Psyche. Time, 78.39.

Nine starters.

Sailing race for Class B, canoes without ballast. One and a half miles.

First, E. W. West, Glen's Falls, canoe Jap, fifteen feet three by thirty-one and three-eighths inches ; special centerboard and Stoddard sail. Time, 29.30.

Second, R. W. Gibson, canoe Snake. Time, 33.15.

Third, C. B. Vaux, canoe Dot. Time, 33.17.

The next seven came in in the following order : Glück, Girofla, Henrietta, Katrina, Sophronia, Sadie N., Kate. There were fourteen starters.

Sailing, Class A, without ballast. Mile and a half.

First, J. L. Weller, canoe Zulu. Time, 36.41.

Second, G. E. Edgar, jr., canoe Dido. Time, 45.48.

Third, Frank Adams, Peterboro', canoe Ada M. S. Time, 45.46.

Canoes Helena, Psyche, and Muriel, R. W. Baldwin, Ottawa, and three more also started.

Sailing, any class, for canoes with heavy centerboard and no other ballast.

First, Robert Tyson, Toronto, canoe Isabel, fourteen feet by thirty-three inches. Time, 54.55.

Second, Hugh Neilson, Toronto, canoe Boreas, fourteen feet by thirty-two inches.

Four entries.

Hurry-skurry race.

First, J. L. Weller ; second, D. A. Burgess, Norwood, Canada ; third, R. T. Gibson ; fourth, G. O. Totten ; fifth, J. N. McKendrick ; sixth, E. Gould ; seventh, E. C. Delavan.

An admirable exhibition of canoe gymnastics by Messrs. Vaux and Weller.

At the annual meeting held on Friday, the 15th, the badge question was advanced a step and put on a satisfactory footing. The regatta committee made a recommendation to their successors that in future races each man should use only one canoe—an excellent idea. The following popular board of officers were elected amid great applause :

Commodore, R. S. Oliver, Albany.

Vice-Commodore, F. S. Rathbun, Deseronto, Canada.

Rear-Commodore, F. F. Andrews, Rochester.

Secretary-Treasurer, Dr. Neide, Schuylerville, N. Y.

Members of the Executive Committee : Messrs. Rand, Wood and Vaux.

The breaking up of camp commenced immediately on the close of the annual meeting.

Down came the tents in all directions, and away went men and canoes, after cordial adieus and promises to "meet next year."

ROBT. TYSON.

THE STORY OF THE ATLANTIS.

ON the morning of the 4th of July, amid the boom of numerous fire-crackers and the thunder of a pint of torpedoes,*

* We afterwards learned that this was not in honor of our arrival.

the captain and newly-shipped crew of the Atlantis—i.e, *me and the other fellow*—assembled on the dock at Wood's Holl, he being captain and the majority of the crew, I, the rest. Each had just escaped from his professional tread-mill, gaunt and sallow and seedy, a sorry looking couple to undertake the cruise of the coast.

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"

So Sancho Panza said, and so say I,"

and at the same time may I never forget John Mac Gregor, of England, who first evolved the happy idea by which over-strained nerves and sleepless heads may learn to enjoy all the tranquillity of the somnolent Sancho, yea, even under the nose-defacing carlines of a Rob Roy, in the stifling atmosphere of a rubber-tent sweat-box, or indeed, upon the softer side of a hemlock plank.

An energetic tug at the painter roused the lethargic Atlantis from her winter's hibernation, under the bench of an adjacent carpenter-shop, but it took two whole days' steady mastication to satisfy that rapacity for brass screws which Alden speaks of, while a vigorous application of

Crockett's Spar Linament served to loosen out her sapless joints.

The third day was the Sabbath!

Monday morning, the 7th, found the Atlantis gracefully riding at anchor, and the officers and crew, shrived and scrubbed, and above all satisfied, ready for inspection, which formality was duly conducted by a numerous delegation of the multitudinous small-boy fraternity, with the assistance of the all-wise and omnipresent local inhabitant.

It had been the writer's good fortune last winter to speak a good word for the captain and his craft, both then unknown to him save by reputation, and now as he saw the sturdy little ship gracefully jumping to the big Sound rollers as they bowled in, and thought of the care, the ingenuity, and the well-directed perseverance of her originator, he felt that his little gauntlet had been thrown in a worthy cause.

The Atlantis is not as light and pretty as our canoes; she is of a more masculine build—a sort of live ichthyosaurus, or better, pterodactyl, as I believe these latter beasts had wings, among the smaller races of Canoeeldum—stout and sea-worthy is she, with her heavy bearings, high free-board, raking stem, full entrance, and clean run, and withal generally light and bouyant. Larger by far than Mr. Whitlock's big Guenn, but not much larger than our Tandems, and certainly, unless isolated as a type *sui generis*, must be classified under the kingdom whose primal germ was evolved from the brain of the great Mac Gregor.

And now with a kindly and sympathetic good-bye, and a dubiously expressed hope that "we'd git raound" from the local inhabitant, coupled with the reassuring request if we didn't drown in the next day or two, to let him hear from us, we hoisted sail and were off.

I had been warned by an eminent member of the N. Y. Yacht Club to keep away

from Wood's Holl, but I rather missed my expected tremor of apprehension as the narrow entrance closed behind us, and the canoe, heeling over and parting the water as with the sound of a hundred sizzling griddles, headed toward Vineyard Sound. A good sail is never tiresome to a canoeist, but a description too frequently is. *Nuff sed!* A smart rain-storm suggested an early supper and a sociable evening at Hyannis.

Tuesday morning: the air, muggy and hot; the water, quiet as a July butter-tub. We drifted toward Bishop and Clerk's Light with no apparent change in the air, but with steadily falling barometer until afternoon.

Then we got it. We had steered as nearly as possible by compass from Hyannis towards Monomoy Point, for we were told the surf was too high at Chatham Entrance for us to attempt that passage until the blow had subsided.

And now the fog settled down so that we saw nothing but its gray circle around us. The wind freshened to a gale, so nearly dead ahead that we could barely keep our course close-hauled. With the sea running high, the compass gyrating, standing on its head and "skinning cats" through itself, we found it necessary to cut down sail to its lowest limit.

Fastening down the water-proof (?) cover, through the meal-sack aperture of which our heads protruded with Chang-and-Eng-like intimacy, we let the waves break over us as they would, and, instinctively shortening our necks to dam up the channel down our backs, enjoyed each other's turtle-like stolidity.

We suffered about an hour of this sort of thing, each not at all afraid himself but sure that the other fellow was (we learned this afterwards), and when at length the ungainly bulk of a life-saving station began to develop itself upon the uncertain negative before us, we proposed sending a man ahead to invite them to come out and save

us. There came a little difficulty, however, concerning "the delicate question which." The captain hadn't his visiting cards and wouldn't go without the ceremony befitting his rank. The crew mutinied and wouldn't go anyhow. We then decided to put it to vote, but it turned out a tie in favor of the captain, and a tie against the crew, and the whole scheme was abandoned. Meanwhile, the wind was bringing us to shore. Even if we hadn't seen it we would have been duly apprised of its approach by numerous lobster-pots and fish-nets, which worked us into a deliciously intricate maze, the perplexities of which seemed to interest our ingenious captain, for he persistently ran from net to net, avoiding open water as far as possible. Then he headed off to leeward, but the vigilant and sagacious crew suggested keeping up to windward, and following the shore along until we found the Powder Hole, which on the chart (and there only), is a large, sheltered harbor.

Did you ever get lost on an Adirondack lake and try to find the carry? If so, the needle and hay-stack being played out, liken it to nosing along a strange shore, filled with uncertain rips and sand reefs, beaten by an uncomfortably high surf, hunting for the only harbor accessible for miles.

The Powder Hole is a queer place every way. Had we looked for it where the chart directed, we would have landed on a sand bank. It is a shallow, circular harbor, on the inside of Monomoy Island, say 500 yards in diameter, with an entrance about 100 feet wide, which gives about six inches of water at low tide. This hole changes its situation to suit its own sweet will. It walks up the shore a half a mile one year, and wanders back if so disposed, the next. The local inhabitant remembers when it opened its sandy maw to make a harbor for a hundred sail of vessels, and when the disintegrated buildings near by

were the seat of an enterprising commerce—*Tempora mutantur* !

The centre-board of the *Atlantis* struck into the reef which once gave an easy entrance to the dashing trading vessels, whose masters grew rich on these shores, before Congress had gone to seed, and the unhappy crew was sent forward, alligator fashion, as the boys take headers in coasting, to keep a look-out for the channel. He who has taken one little cruise, knows that a pleasure, peculiarly ours, is found in the surprises which constantly turn up. Who now reading this would not go back and take all the hard and perplexing ones over to enjoy the jolly ones again? And say Stoddard, way off "in the lonesome latter years," will you ever see that Massachusetts elbow on the map, without recalling with Flemish-school minuteness, the dismal tramp across those sand hills, so suggestive of a stereoptican show of the Dead Lands or the Sahara, the gloomy prospect of food or bed at that lonely light-house, and a bored and imposed upon light-keeper, as the alternative to a wet bed in the canoe, and then the *presto* : at the gate of the parapet which warded off the shifting sand hills from the house, the dignified and yachtsman-like appearance of a gentleman in full naval uniform, the sort of baronial hospitality with which he ushered us over the sandy *glacis*, and when we came to know him, the native prince of a fellow whose whole life, save the recess of a few years around '62, from which he returned richer by several pennyweights of lead, had been spent on the light-ship in the distance, or here where we found him, at his post ; who, while separated from the world, and apparently unfamiliar with its meaner parts, talked with unassuming familiarity of men and books, of Huxley, and Tyndall, and Arnold, and chatted categorically about the great singers and actors whom we had been more fortunate in hearing? The comfortable evening with the cozy family

will not be forgotten, nor the bright little fellow of nine, who wrote letters to *Harper's Young Folks*, and who liked Kirk Munroe, and doted on Alden, and whose big, delighted eyes, opened like saucers when we told him we knew and had cruised with both.

Well, "gentle reader," these reminiscences are fun for us but they may be death to you.

A day's sailing with a fresh beam wind took us from Monomoy to Race Point ; we had a hard job beating round against wind and tide into Provincetown.

We can give little practical information to those who choose the same trip, because the conditions vary so with the tide and weather ; a promising day must be chosen because the long run from Monomoy or Chatham, or at best Nauset, which last two places cannot be entered when a hard easterly wind has been blowing, must be made. When you get there, the ever useful local inhabitant* will advise you well. Very heavy storms, however, are likely to blow up at any minute and, as you may learn from Thoreau's excellent book on Cape Cod, it is often impossible to swim ashore through the surf, especially if the wind is blowing towards the shore, because of the fierce under-tow.

The next afternoon and evening were spent in beating against a head wind straight across to Plymouth. The next morning we hunted up some Pilgrims, and started off at three o'clock, reaching Scituate at six. Here the *Atlantis* is enjoying her frugal repast of brass screws, while we are chewing lead-pencils over the log.

BUCK.

* I know this is not the customary thing, for on inland waters we are all fellow sufferers from the stupendous idiocy of the L. I.'s, whose erratic ideas as to distance, are proverbially funny as they are annoying. Its something of a bore to paddle two or three hours towards a place, which was at the start ten miles away, and then learn that you have some twelve miles more to do.

TWO SAN FRANCISCO STEERING GEARS.

IT has become impressd upon my understanding, that no person, however otherwise great, can lay claim to the proud title of "Canoeist," until he has invented some portion of the outfit of that most wonderful of nautical productions, a canoe. It is even given to some to invent a whole canoe, in fact one beatified individual has gone so far as to invent a "perfect" canoe. I aspire to no such heights of glory, but the thought has grown upon me that I might perhaps achieve a steering gear. I did once present one to the attention of the canoeing world, but tho' it was, it is true, honored with a place in *Forest and Stream's* columns, it was accompanied by praise of such extreme faintness that I was not surprised never to hear of it again, and this too, despite the fact, that I stole ("convey, the wise it call") the idea bodily from a Norwegian fishing boat.

Now having exhausted myself in the direction of "boom toggles" and "lazy reefs," I am determined once more to enter the arena; stimulated thereto by "Workeasy's" gear in the July number, which really strikes me as an excellent idea. I therefore present to the distinguished consideration of your readers the following plans which may be described in words and figures as follows, to wit:

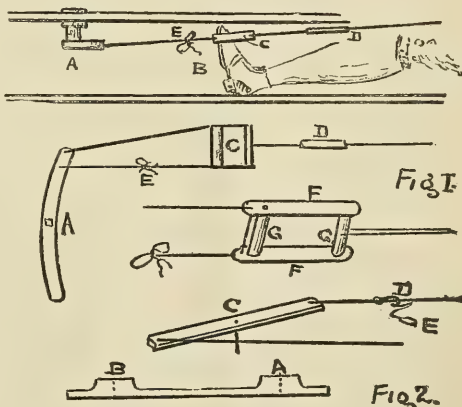
A in figure 1 represents a yoke, suspended from the deck as far forward as circumstances and the bulkhead will permit. A good plan for thus suspending it, is to have a brass bolt with a large thin head; put this through a hole in the centre of deck-beam, or carline; slip on a washer of brass (or copper, no iron) then a washer of hard wood, then the yoke, then a nut set up until tight enough, then drill a hole through the end of the bolt, put in a piece of brass wire, bend it and the nut cannot come off until you want it to.

B represents the foot of the canoeist,

C a stirrup, into which the toe of that foot may be easily inserted, or therefrom withdrawn. *D*, a thing I don't know the name of, but everybody knows it when he sees it, a piece of wood with two holes in it, used to tauten up tent guys. *E* a bow knot in a cord, which, however, had better be a thing like *D*.

In the larger view of the "stirrup" *F. F.* represent sides made of sheet brass. *G. G.* foot pieces of hard wood.

The manner of arranging the gear is as follows: the yoke *A* is put in once for all, then seating yourself in your canoe in an easy attitude, place the feet in the stirrups *C*, and slack or tauten at *D* until the pressure is equal and the helm amidships, then take in or slack out on *E* as may be necessary, until both tiller lines are taut without your intervention, and the rudder is true with the line of the keel.



If then you wish to lend your canoe to a short man (or woman) slack away at *E* and take up at *D*, if to a person of longitude, simply reverse the operation. The form of the stirrup will admit of steering with one foot, and the arrangement of the line *E* will keep the stirrup in proper position.

It is perhaps unnecessary to state (which is my reason for doing so) that there are supposed to be two feet, two stirrups, and two tiller lines to this gear. The lines

should run through guides to prevent the stirrups from sagging down so low as to be at all liable to hold the feet in case of a capsize.

I may also remark that I have never tried this gear, having invented it only about two hours ago, but I think it is a good idea, and write thus hastily, lest

“The native hue of resolution
Be sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought
— and lose the name of action.”

Where a canoe is habitually used by two persons of considerable difference in stature as a canoeist and “canoeiste” (is that permissible?) I have found the plans in Fig. 2 to work well.

A piece of oak (a rider) about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick *AB*. is screwed to the bottom board, holes at *A* and *B* permit a brass pin *C* in the yoke to be dropped in. The distance from *D* to *E* on the tiller lines, is the same as from *A* to *B* on the rider, and that distance should be about half the difference in the height of the parties. The pin should be about 3 inches long and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch in diameter; the height of *AB* may be as you fancy; we used it so low as to steer with the heels, it can be as well arranged for toe work. The yoke sometimes shows a tendency to rise out of its place, which may be corrected by boring the holes with a slight inclination forward, or by striking the yoke occasionally with the heel or paddle.

The length of the bolt and thickness of hardwood washer, &c., in Fig. 1, will depend upon the “crown” of the deck, the greater the crown the longer the bolt, the flatter the deck, the shorter the bolt.

S. F.

—Lieut.-Col. Edgar Kensington (Kington), Royal Military College Canoe Club has removed permanently to England, and is succeeded by Maj. Fairtlough, R. A., as commodore of the club.

A NOVEL EXPERIENCE.

WE could not speak Italian, but could understand a few words here and there, enough to follow a conversation between others. Of French, we could jaw no end, at that time.

One morning about 5:30, we cast anchor in Leghorn Harbor, after a moon and sunlight trip from Naples, which we saw and survived. Canoeing was apparently out of the question, so we went ashore and took the train for Pisa, and after a long, interesting run around, returned on board the S. S. “Malta” about 1 p. m. We were timed to start again at 2 p. m., so sketches were rapidly being struck off. Suddenly we are interrupted by the steward who speaks French, asking us to go to the gangway. “Count Florios compliments. Will the American go afloat in a canoe for a few minutes before the steamer starts?” In an instant we are down the gangway alongside the queerest craft we ever saw. It was built of three planks, one flat for the bottom and one for each side. Width on floor 8 inches amidship; at gunwale 20 inches; length 14 feet. Now, had we been at home on our own club slip, the man who would have asked us to go afloat in such a thing might have lost the number of his mess. We hesitated, but “He funks” in Italian settled the question, and handing our coat, vest and watch to the steward, we step on board and sit down as if we were quite accustomed to such a craft.

To keep her going was our salvation till our balance was found, and that was soon. A black buoy is seen one half mile away and the two of us paddle there and back under a boiling, scorching sun, at racing speed. Result of race a tie.

We found out afterwards that there were several such crafts around, all built in the same style, and before sailing we left sketches of what the canoes should be.

PIOMBO.

CLUB CLASSIFICATION.

It might not be out of place to consider club classification rules from over the water.

So much discussion has taken place lately in reference to classification rules that we are sure a comparison of two of the most prominent English club's rules with those of the A. C. A., may be productive of good. As the A. C. A. rules are widely and generally known. We only give those of the Royal C. C. and Clyde C. C.

ROYAL CANOE CLUB. (England)

CLASSES FOR CANOE PADDLING.

Measurements for the Three Classes.

Canoes eligible for these Races must not be of greater length nor of less beam, and must be of the material and construction set out in the following classes :—

1st Class.—Any Canoe.

2nd Class (*Ringleader*).—Any material or build, decked with wood ; greatest length not more than 15 feet, greatest beam not less than 26 inches.

3rd Class (*Rob Roy*).—Clincher-built, of any material, decked with wood ; greatest length not more than 15 feet, greatest beam not less than 36 inches.

CLASSES FOR CANOE SAILING.

First class measurement. Keel, centreboards, ballast. Second class.

Canoes eligible for these Races shall be not over the following dimensions, viz :—

1st CLASS.—Any material and build ; greatest length over all, from stem to stern post, not more than 20 feet, with a limit beam of 2 feet ; but the beam may be increased by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches for each whole foot of length decreased ; greatest depth at fore end of well under the centre of the deck to the garboards, not more than 16 inches.

Fixed keel of wood, not more than 2 inches deep, a metal band, not exceeding half an inch in depth, may be added to the wooden keel, in which case the depth of the keel, inclusive of band, must not exceed 2 inches.

2nd CLASS CRUISING CANOES.—Canoes in this class shall not exceed the following limits, namely : beam 30 inches ; depth from underside of deck to garboard streak, 16 inches ; keels and centreboards as in 1st Class. Weight of Canoe, including all spars, gear, fittings, and ballast, not over 150 lbs.

CLYDE CANOE CLUB. (Scotland.)

The length shall be the greatest length ; the beam shall be greatest breadth ; the depth shall be the distance between the top of exterior keel and top of gunwale amidships.

	Length.	Breadth.	Depth.
Sailing Canoes shall not exceed :	17.6 in.	x36 in.	x18 in.
Nor less than :		28 in.	x10 in.
Cruising Canoe's maximum :	17.6 in.	x32 in.	x13 in.
“ “ minimum :		27 in.	x 8 in.
Paddling Canoe's maximum :	17.6 in.	x32 in.	x12 in.
“ “ minimum :		22 in.	x 6 in.
Keels not to exceed $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches in depth.			

It has been told in an American sporting paper that the Royal C. C. holds the same position towards or over other British Clubs, that the A. C. A. does over American Clubs. This is not the case. The R. C. C. has one or two branches, the most notable being the Eastern branch at Hull. All other clubs stand on their own footing. The consequence being that each club has a classification of its own, said classification being governed by locality of club's cruising ground.

The R. C. C. have a sliding scale embracing all dimensions. The Clyde have a maximum and minimum scale, those who build to the limit having the most powerful boat.

The result of these various classifications is that very few, if any canoes of one club can enter for the races of another club.

Herein is the advantage of the A. C. A. All the clubs which are "members," and that have likewise adopted A. C. A. rules, have a universal standard, thus enabling any club to enter for any club races.

WREN.

OBITUARY.

Died, on Saturday, August 30th, 1884, Arthur Allen, of the Buffalo Canoe Club, in the twenty-first year of his age.

Reviewing our own long summer of active canoeing, of paddle and portage, of glassy lake and plunging rapid, it is with mingled feelings of awe and sorrow that we chronicle the fearful catastrophe which robs our fraternity of an honored member,

More keenly and more painfully real does the calamity seem to us, since the same issue which records the sad event, bears to our subscribers a letter from the deceased, over the name of "Surf," promising good things for the young club to which he belonged.

We take the liberty of quoting an account of the accident as given from the pen of Mr. Allen's father in a letter to the *Forest and Stream* of Sept 11.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock on Saturday, the 30th, my son started to take his canoe, which he had named the Surf, back to the club boat house in front of Fort Porter, from the shop of Mr. Hingston, the builder, on the line of the canal near the foot of Jersey street, where it had been for some days for a slight repair. The boat could have been taken home by the route of the canal by its being lifted with assistance into the Black Rock harbor over an intervening wall. The only other course was to paddle up the canal to the Erie Basin, and thence crossing three-fourths of a mile of open lake which lay between the basin and the end of the Bird Island pier, enter the Black Rock harbor. A strong southwest wind was blowing to land from off the lake, and the sea was running very high and angry, so much so that the raised tracks of the railroad opposite the

lake were wet, and the spray was tossing and falling around the rows of cars that stood in the vicinity. Arthur struck out to paddle the race for life or death across this stretch of open foaming lake. I do not doubt that he reasoned rightly in holding that the trip was one perfectly feasible to him to make, all the conditions preserved, only as is shown clearly by the event, he did not leave a just margin of allowance for contingencies. He had crossed about three-fourths of the distance to be overcome when it is said by an eye witness that he was observed to be standing in his canoe; it is supposed that probably the rudder was then broken and that he was trying to unship it.

The next view of him was in the water to the windward of his boat, swimming behind it. But the unballasted canoe being driven sideways shoreward by winds as well as waves, it was not possible for him to reach it. After some moments of swimming, the canoe being blown near the shore abreast of the formidable projecting piles and rocks that form the buttress of the railway tracks against the sea, the brave boy, either exhausted or drawn in by undertow, sank down to rise no more. Only one man was found at the scene daring enough to attempt a rescue. The boat in which he started out was speedily swamped, though the lad making the venture was happily saved. The body of my son was discovered about noon on Tuesday in Black Rock harbor, in the neighborhood of the water works, caught amidst some stray pieces of boards and timber near the line of the break-water. His watch found upon his person stopped at seven minutes to five, which must mark nearly the time when his brave, loving and manly heart ceased to beat.

Mr. Allen was an experienced yachtsman and was well acquainted with all points on lower lake Erie. He was of a genial, generous, high spirited disposition, and was evidently the leading spirit in his club. Our deepest sympathies are extended to his bereaved family and the members of his club.

From San Francisco:—

It is expected that there will be seven canoes in the races at the Columbia Rowing Club Regatta on admission day. There will be a sailing and a paddling race. The canoes and mosquito fleet of Oakland were out in force yesterday. A couple more canoes are expected to be ordered for these waters shortly.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN A. C. A.

C. G. Y. KING, Editor.

BRENTANO BROS., 5 Union Sq., N.Y.C., Publishers.

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OFFICERS AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—ROBERT SHAW OLIVER, Albany, N. Y.

Vice-Commodore—F. S. RATHBUN, Deseronto, Ont.

Rear-Commodore—F. F. ANDREWS, Rochester, N. Y.

Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. CHAS. A. NEIDE, Schuylerville, N. Y.

The Executive Committee is composed of the Officers and the following members at large:—E. G. RAND, Cambridge, Mass.; R. E. WOOD, Peterboro, Ont.; C. B. VAUX, New York City.

The Secretary of the American Canoe Association request, parties sending money to him, to do so either by registered letter, or Post-Office money order, on *Saratoga Springs, N. Y.*

If canoeists will send application to the Secretary of the A. C. A., Dr. C. A. Neide, Schuylerville, N. Y., enclosing \$2.00 for initiation fee and dues for the first year, their names will be presented for membership.

EDITORIAL.

LAST fall when one of us took the tiller and the other the main-sheet of this craft, gripped our pens as we were wont to do our paddles, prepared to keep going, and ahead if possible, the charge entrusted to us. This month a change has taken place, one of us stepping ashore and leaving the CANOEIST to go under whole sail as before with one less of a crew. That one likewise goes ashore at the end of this month, and herewith begs to tender (on his own and the "other ones" behalf) thanks for all courtesies and forbearances received. "Wren" officially dips to Saskatchewan and thanks him for all his kind assistance.

We have had a delicious time "making up" month by month, and during the whole of our official career have only received one ill-natured note, and that from a man out west, whose only plea was that *he and we* held different opinions:

"Far from the madding crowds ignoble strife,
Our sober wishes never learned to stray.
Here in this cool sequestered vale of life
We pass the even tenor of our way."

We must beg the kind indulgence of our subscribers for the very late appearance of this issue.

The CANOEIST has had a hard rapid to run, but the breakers being now passed we hope to glide serenely on with the smooth swift current of coming events.

Mr. King being suddenly called to England in the latter part of August, was compelled to leave the manuscript without editorial inspection. Mr. Brentano being away from the city it drifted hopelessly until a temporary pilot was found. He in turn, in the midst of the work was stricken down with a fever, and the CANOEIST must be sent to press with many misgivings.

The October number, which is to be issued under an entirely new *regime*, will be distributed as soon as possible.

After that the CANOEIST will appear on the first of every month.

"VACATION CRUISING."—There is an occasion in the career of a canoeist when a quiet, solitary cigar in the recesses of ones own private den is one part of the enjoyment. A congenial book is the other part, and often the difficulty of deciding what to go in for that is new, is hard to decide.

We were in the above quandary lately and for solace commenced to read "*Vacation Cruising*," by Dr. Rothroch, Professor of Botany in the University of Philadelphia, and published by Lippencott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. A primary glance through the book reveals good engraving of quiet scenes, nautical and landscape, and an utter absence of the pictorial *dash* that usually accompanies canoeing literature.

The very quietness makes us change seats to a comfortable go-to-rest arm-chair, and we settle for a long read. The engraving "*Berkely-on-the-James*," we are told privately, is an exact representation of that old mansion. "Why!" our informant told us, "There is the very corner in the

veranda where I slept when we occupied the house during the war."

We cannot help following the route on the map and in succession visit James River, Delaware River, Fortress Munroe, Chesapeake and Delaware Bays, and many other scenes, historical of early settlement.

There are *bits* where we feel the wind blowing our hair around in such a way that we instinctly lie up to windward, and again we recline further back and the sheet feels slack, so warm and quiet is the descriptive style of being becalmed.

We cannot tell you all about it here, get your own copy, and—

"But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream and hold it true;
For tho' my lips may breathe 'Adieu!'
I cannot think the thing 'Farewell!'"

STODDARD's photographs of the Meet have been received, and if possible they generally excel his work of previous years. For such small figures the likenesses in the group are wonderfully distinct. Vice-Com. Monroe, however, isn't sawed in two, the Toronto fellows don't sell Chinese tea-pots and its the immortal Sob, and not a bouquet from Squaw Pt. in Gibson's right-hand.

The views Dr. Neide's tent with Rogers sketching, and Squaw Point from the reeds are, from an artistic point of view, the most satisfactory. The mess table is certainly realistic enough to suit Ruskin.

The start of the Paddling Race, event VII, gives a good idea of the men, their positions and boats.

The view of the Aurora and Jap has a beautiful effect of the reflected light from the sails, and gives a good idea of Dr. Neide's rig. The Jap shows the Stoddard rig as it is, or rather was, on the Atlantis. The view of the Siren would convey to those who had not seen the boats themselves a better idea than we could give in print, of the New Yorkers' balance-lug sails, position while sailing and use of deck-tiller.

Mr. Frank Taylor took some excellent views; the best that we have seen of them is a photograph of Dr. Neide, which is the best individual portrait yet presented.

THE sun-pictures of Hiawatha (Mr. L. W. Seavey) are also before us. Those of us who treasure his excellent set of the Newburg Meet will not be disappointed with these of the greater conclave.

The several photographs of canoes under sail, including the Snake and Mr. Neilson's Pearl, aside from being very pretty pictures will be valuable reminders to those who were at the meet, and will be suggestive, and indeed instructive, to those who are not familiar with the various sailing rigs. They show the individuality of the two mentioned very clearly, and give good examples of batten lugs, lateens, and leg-of-mutton sails.

The writer was somewhat annoyed the other evening at not being able to explain how the Snake's jib was hung. On consulting the photograph the whole thing was made perfectly plain.

In this, even the reefing gear shows, and the Stoddard drop-rudder raised half-way out of the water. The proof would be a useful auxiliary to Com. Oliver's description of the Mohican or Stoddard sails in the June CANOEIST. Those which show the Hiawatha in commission seem impregnated with an atmosphere truly aboriginal:

"With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the rushing of great rivers."

Gibson and Webster sitting in front of a canoe with tent raised, not to mention the immortal Sob and his tent, would be a better illustration to Wackerhagen's article of last month than the one given by us.

Of the larger views, the one of four canoes under sail with free wind is very beautiful. I think it is the start of Class A race. Whether the sky effect is *printed in* or not I cannot determine. If so, it is a

clever piece of work. Mr. Seavey has gotten the knack of intensifying to perfection and to this is due his success in lights and shadows on water. Hanging on our wall, this view will often renew the memories of breeze and ripple, and the green of floating islands during the coming winter evenings.

The view of four dock rats under sail (if you will permit the expression) is a good companion piece to the above. Squaw Point lies before us under a hazy atmosphere that is suggestive of a time in the morning which we did not see in our tent.

The numerous groups taken near Squaw Point are fertile in satisfactory likenesses, the boys in their best clothes, and contain bits of excellent artistic composition.

Dr. Neide always shows to advantage, one can seem to hear again the seductive "Have I got your dollar?" and in the distance the sound of the plaintive Kazoo—for Rogers is not far off.

The Dock Rats Retreat is also worthy of mention, but aren't there too many traps on exhibition for an orderly camp such as the captain of the Dido always kept? It seems rather too apparent that the boys are being *took*.

We would particularly call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of The Merriman Graduate Water Belt which appears on the first cover page of this issue.

This belt has been on exhibition at the recent Camp of the American Canoe Association and excited considerable attention among the members in Camp, and as all were invited to test its merits, many trials were given and the most satisfactory results ensued. We have secured one of them and are glad to express our complete satisfaction. Its manufacturers have made a special effort to meet all the requirements of the canoeist for a light, strong and cheap air cushion which will also be a means of safety in the event of a sudden upset and a belt which can be carried in the pocket, worn without inconvenience, completely hidden; a teacher to the novice and a help to the swimmer.

A. C. A.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION,
EXECUTIVE OFFICE,

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 9th, 1884.

I. There will be a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Association at the Delavan House, Albany, N. Y., on Saturday, October 4th, at 10 A.M. All members of the association are cordially invited to present, either in person or by letter, any suggestions or ideas for the action of the committee that they may deem of benefit to the association.

II. The following members will constitute the Regatta Committee, and they will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

R. W. Gibson, of Albany, Chairman.

R. J. Wilkin, of New York.

J. S. Weller, Peterboro', Ontario.

The committee will meet at the call of the chairman previous to October 4th to prepare such matter as it may deem advisable to submit for the action of the Executive Committee.

Members are respectfully requested to address all communications relative to matters in the jurisdiction of the Regatta Committee to the chairman thereof, on or before October 1st.

By order of the Commodore,

CHAS. A. NEIDE,

Secretary A. C. A.

To the Members of the A. C. A.:

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
SCHUYLERVILLE, N. Y., SEPT. 1, 1884. }

Gentlemen: I find it necessary to call your attention to Article II. of the by-laws: "Each member shall send into the Secretary by October 15 of each year, a log of such courses as he may have made, noting especially the condition of such waters as he may have cruised on, rapids, dams, shoals, good and bad camp grounds, and

all items of value to other Canoeists." I particularly request that those members who have made cruises to or from the "Grindstone Island Meet" in part or whole, will send me a condensed report of same at their earliest convenience, not only that they may be placed on file in this office, but with the hope that they may, at no distant day, be published in book-form, as a reliable ground for canoeists who may wish to cruise on the waters mentioned. It is also necessary that I call your attention to article I. of the by-laws, regarding the payment of annual dues: " * * * * Each subsequent annual payment shall be one dollar, and shall be payable at the Annual Congress. If not paid within two months thereafter, the Secretary shall notify the member in arrears, and if at the end of one month more the dues are still unpaid, the membership shall be forfeited and the member's name stricken from the roll, except in case of absence from the country, or other sufficient reason." I urgently request that all members who have not complied with this law will do so *at once*. Money should be sent in registered letter, post office order, or postal note on Saratoga Springs.

I would also say to those members who have not reported their canoes to me that they will be furnished with blanks on which to do so if they will apply to me for the same. It is very necessary that all canoes belonging to members of the association be registered. As the committee having charge of the 1885 Regatta will insist on the strict letter of the law being enforced, therefore no canoe not registered with the secretary will be allowed to enter any of the A. C. A. races.

CHAS. A. NEIDE,
Secretary-Treasurer.

—Mr. Blow's new double cruising Racine canoe is 15 feet long and 36 inches wide. She is rigged with two sails

MEETING OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION AT GRINDSTONE ISLAND, RIVER ST. LAWRENCE, 1884.

A preliminary meeting of the American Canoe Association was held in camp at Grindstone Island on Monday, August 11, at 10 o'clock A. M., with Commodore F. A. Nickerson in the chair. A Nominating Committee was appointed, consisting of one member from each of the clubs represented at the meeting and three members at large, representing those having no club organization, as follows: New York C. C., C. B. Vaux; Lake George C. C., E. W. West; Knickerbocker C. C., H. T. Keyser; Rochester C. C., George C. Gray; Toronto, J. W. Bridgman; Peterboro' C. C., E. B. Edwards; Deseronto C. C., E. Clement French; Mohican C. C., W. B. Wackerhagen; Watertown C. C., J. C. Wilson; Philadelphia C. C., T. S. Westcott; Springfield C. C., Frank D. Foot; Brockville C. C., B. C. Richards; Neptune C. C., George O. Totten, Jr.; St. Lawrence C. C., J. H. Rushton; Pittsburgh C. C., Reade W. Bailey; Hartford C. C., Dr. Geo. S. Parmele; Rondout C. C., Jansen Hasbrouck, Jr.; Lake St. Louis C. C., Walters; Whitby C. C., George H. Dartnell; Crescent C. C., W. M. Carter; Ottawa C. C., Robert W. Baldwin; Ubique C. C., McKendrick; Royal Mil. College, J. G. Weller; Amsterdam C. C., Charles E. Bell. Members at large: Nathan I. Smith, Newburgh, N. Y.; James Esplin, Montreal, and Charles I. H. Buchanan, of New Orleans, La. This committee was directed to hand in their report to the Commodore at the annual meeting to be held on Friday, August 15.

The annual meeting of the American Canoe Association was held in front of the Secretary's Quarters on Friday, August 15, at 10.30 A. M., Commodore Nickerson in the chair. The minutes of the last annual

meeting were read by the Secretary, and accepted; also the minutes of the "Executive Committee Meeting," held in Albany, N. Y., October 13, 1883. The committee on A. C. A. Badge reported, and recommended a design submitted by "Mr. Shed," the cost of which would be \$7. Mr. C. B. Vaux moved that the report be accepted. A discussion on the price of the badge followed, and Mr. Whitlock moved, in amendment, "that the report be referred back to the committee, and that the limit of price be fixed at \$5;" seconded by Mr. E. B. Edwards and carried.

The report of the treasurer was then read and accepted, and on motion of Mr. R. J. Wilkin, an annual allowance of \$300 was voted to the Secretary-treasurer for clerk-hire and expense. Mr. E. B. Edwards then read the report of the Regatta Committee, and Mr. Vaux recommended in regard to rule 2, that the last paragraph be amended by adding, "that any member entering the races of the A. C. A. can use only one canoe"—one man and one canoe only shall figure in these races. Some discussion followed as to the right of way, and the Commodore called attention to the necessity of members making themselves familiar with the rules; he pointed out that coaching and pilotage from the shore was not allowed. Mr. Wilkin stated that these points had come up at each successive meeting, and it appeared a waste of time to discuss them; the only way was to insist on the rules being enforced.

On motion, the report of the Regatta Committee was then accepted.

Secretary Dr. C. A. Neide moved that the election of officers be now proceeded with; seconded and carried.

Mr. Vaux reported that the committee were unanimous in nominating Gen. Robt. Shaw Oliver, of Albany, N. Y., for Commodore. They were also unanimous on the names of Mr. F. S. Rathbun, of Deseronto, Ont., for Vice-Commodore; Mr. F.

F. Andrews, of Rochester, N. Y., for Rear Commodore, and Dr. Charles A. Neide, Schuylerville, N. Y., for Secretary-Treasurer. For the three members at large the names of Messrs. E. G. Rand, Cambridge; R. E. Wood, Peterboro', and C. B. Vaux, of New York.

Mr. E. B. Edwards recommended that Dr. Charles A. Neide be appointed Perpetual Secretary of the association.

The report was submitted and accepted. On motion of Mr. R. J. Wilkin, Mr. J. F. Newman cast a unanimous vote for the election of the officers as nominated.

Mr. Tyson claimed the attention of the meeting in regard to certain reports which had been current prejudicial to Mr. M. F. Johnson's standing as an amateur in the association. He wished to contradict the report that Mr. Johnson had been associated with Hanlan and that he had trained specially for the A. C. A. races. Mr. Vaux said "no statement had been made to him officially or unofficially about Johnson." The Commodore said he had had a great many inquiries as to whether Johnson was to enter the races, and that these parties did not care to compete with him. He wished to apologize if he had said anything that had caused any feeling in the matter. Dr. Neide moved that Mr. R. W. Gibson be appointed to wait on Gen. Oliver and inform him of his election. Carried. Mr. Whitlock moved three cheers for the retiring officers.

The secretary then read the recommendations of the Executive Committee as to honorary members, viz.: that article iv. of the constitution be so amended as to read: "Honorary members may be elected by a unanimous vote of the Executive Committee. To be eligible for such membership the applicant must be a practical canoeist. Carried. Mr. Wilkin moved that the word "person" in article iii. of the constitution be changed to "gentlemen." Carried. The same gentleman also moved that a flag be provided for the secretary, and suggested white ground with the letters A. C. A. and a quill pen in blue. Carried. It was also moved and carried that the secretary be authorized to purchase a suitable tent for the association.

Dr. Neide moved that article iv. of the by-laws, as to size of flag, be changed from 10x15 to 12x18. Carried. By the same gentleman; That the last clause of article vii. of the by-laws, in reference to the sale of association book, be struck out. Carried.

Dr. Neide then stated that he had conferred with Mr. Delaney, and had learned that he was disposed to allow the association the use of the grounds for next year's meeting; after which a vote of thanks to Mr. Delaney was passed. A motion was made to make the *Forest and Stream* the official organ of the association in place of the *American Canoeist*, on the ground that the former was published weekly. Mr. Brentano stated that the objection to the CANOEIST appearing only monthly might be overcome by its being published semi-monthly during the summer months. The motion on being put to the meeting was voted down.

A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Charles E. Britton, of Gananoque, and the Gananoque Military Band, and the Secretary requested to convey the same.

On motion of Dr. Neide, a vote of thanks was passed to the "Forest and Stream Publishing Company" for their courtesy in publishing the Association Book at a reduced rate. Also a vote of thanks to Mr. Hugh Neilson, for assistance in arranging for reduced railroad rates in Canada. Also a vote of thanks to Mr. Frank H. Taylor. On motion of Mr. R. W. Baldwin, a vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Forsyth, for offer of camping ground. Dr. Neide moved a vote of thanks to Mr. L. W. Seavey, for providing entertainment at the camp-fires. Carried. Then followed the presentation of prizes, after which the meeting adjourned.

CHARLES A. NEIDE,

Secretary A. C. A.

SCHUYLerville, N. Y., Aug. 30, 1884.

CLUB DOINGS.

K. C. C. ANNUAL REGATTA.

THE annual regatta of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club occurred on Saturday, 20th inst.

Up to late in the afternoon the weather was charming; the sky was blue but flecked by masses of driving clouds, while a fresh, strong breeze ruffled the broad bosom of the Hudson and covered it with white foam streaks. A considerable number of visitors were present, and ample accommodations for the ladies were provided by the gallant Knickerbockers in the form of camp chairs on the dock and on the floor of the club house.

For the first time, the Regatta Committee adopted the policy of throwing a race open to members of sister clubs—a wise innovation which might well be extended to every race on future programmes—and this resulted in the visit of a number of the New York Club whose presence added spirit and interest to the occasion.

At a rather late hour the paddling race for Classes I. and II. was called. The course was half a mile in length, and six crafts were entered for the double event. R. J. Wilkin winning first place in one and E. Gould, in the Atalanta, in the other. Second places were respectively gained by H. D. Brewster and H. T. Keyser.

By the time the triple sailing race was called it was quarter to five o'clock, the wind had almost dropped, and only blew in faint variable puffs. The ill fortune that seems peculiar to canoe regattas was well exemplified. As an Irishman would say, "There was no wind, and that dead ahead." The course was laid half a mile up stream, the light variable breeze was almost dead ahead, and a strong ebb tide running down. As the canoes left the dock, heavy clouds gathered in the north.

"Noctem hiememque ferens, et inhorruit unda tenebris."

A gallant array poured forth. Twelve canoes, including four of the New York fleet, belonging respectively to Messrs. Monroe, Curtis, Stephens and Schuyler, came up to the starting point, and, at the given signal, laboriously crossed the line. A most discouraging and unsatisfactory struggle it was to cover that short half mile.

When a stronger puff came the boats advanced a few feet, when it ended they made stern-way to such an extent that sometimes the only chance to reach the mark seemed to be in the expedient of the small boy who, having by mistake donned his lower integuments hindside foremost, found the only practicable means of reaching school was to turn round and walk homeward. If the navigator ran out into the river to gain an offing, the tide and current caught the boat broadside and drove it helplessly down stream. If he tried to edge up inshore he made no visible progress, and became entangled in a maze of docks, canal boats, and eddies. The writer was one of the bewildered mariners, and knows whereof he speaks. Hence these tears.

After a series of disastrous collisions bumpings against and behind piers and involuntary returns to the line, it dawned upon the most unperspicuous mind that the only method of rounding the flag-buoy was by an infinity of short tacks close inshore out of the full force of the current—gaining on an average, five yards at each tack—and the fleet buckled down to this dismal proceeding. Small boys on shore hooted and yelled invidious criticisms. Darkness was now coming on, and, worse still, the heavy clouds to the north came pouring down in a furious squall of rain, the big pattering drops rushing from above in a dense sheet that hid the anxious captains from each other and the shore. Then despair seized coldly on many a manly heart. Rain, gathering gloom, a head wind and an ad-

verse tide combined with yearning stomachs to chill the emulative ardor, and a growing conviction seized on many that life was too short for an enterprise such as this.

Argo, with its solitary Jason, returned to port and dreamed no more of Colchis and its golden fleece. Pretty *Marguerite* went home in a pet, indignant with things in general and the weather in particular, and woman-like, upset herself still worse by joining in the capsize race. *Nettie* sniffed viciously, remarked *soto voce*, that "if *Psyche* or that bold forward *Guenn* chose to *Zip* about with *Tramps* at midnight hunting for the b(u)oys, no *Doubt* they could do so, but, as for *her*, she trusted *she* had been very differently—etc., etc."

A considerable part of the fleet held bravely on, and deserve credit for their persistence and courage. One after the other Messrs. Whitlock, Brown, Brewster, Stephens, and Munroe, rounded the goal and came into dock. What became of the others the present deponent sayeth not. As he stood on the hill-side, returning to the 155th Street station, he saw vaguely in the gloom white objects struggling desperately on the river's breast, and, for aught he knows to the contrary, these canoeistic Vanderdeckens may still be vainly striving to round the fatal cape.

In meantime a most amusing and interesting upset-race had occurred between Messrs. Wilkin, Dormizer, and Griffin, success crowning their efforts in the order named.

The regatta can hardly be said to have been a brilliant success, so far as the interest of the sailing race was concerned, but in all other respects the K. C. C. and their friends from Staten Island enjoyed a pleasant afternoon, and met untoward circumstances with a jolly good-fellowship and good temper that no clerk of the weather could dampen.

Appended is the official report with corrected time :

1st race. Paddling. Class 4. Half a mile. 1. R. J. Wilkin, Saskatchewan, 6.00. 2. Doubt, H. D. Brewster, 6.12. 3. Manche, W. Dormitzer. 4. Kaloolah, R. P. Brock.

2d race. Class 2. Half a mile. 1. E. Gould, Atalanta, 5.10. 2. H. T. Keyser, Skip, 5.27.

3d race. Upset. 1. Tiptop, R. J. Wilkin. 2. Manche, W. Dormitzer. 3. Marguerite, E. C. Griffin.

Class.	Name.	Boat.	Start.	Finished.	Elapsed
B	R. P. Brock,	Kaloolah	4.53.50	—	—
B	E. W. Brown,	Zip	4.53.55	6.25.00	1.31.05
B	H. H. Brewster,	Doubt	4.48.10	6.23.30	1.35.20
B	Wm. Whitlock,	Guenn	4.46.36	6.14.00	1.27.24
B	B. H. Nadal,	Argo	4.53.00	—	—
B	E. C. Griffin,	Marguerite	4.49.15	—	—
B	E. Fowler,	Nettie	4.54.30	—	—
A	A. I. Gardner,	Osceola	4.56.20	—	—
Open	C. K. Munroe,	Psyche, NYCC	4.47.50	6.25.15	1.37.25
	Dr. B. F. Curtis,	Ripple, "	4.47.35	—	—
	R. J. Stephens,	Tramp, "	4.47.20	6.20.55	1.33.35
	C. V. R. Schuyler,	Freak, "	4.46.30	—	—

1st prize. Class B. Guenn, Whitlock, 1.27.24. 2d prize. Class B. Zip, Brown, 1.31.05. 3d prize. Class B. Doubt, Brewster, 1.35.20.

1st prize. Open. Tramp, Stephens, 1.33.35. 2d prize. Open. Psyche, Munroe, 1.37.25

—The Annual Fall Regatta of the NEW YORK C. C., open to all canoeists, will be held on Saturday, Sept. 27th, 1884, at 3 o'clock p. m., off the Club House at New Brighton, S. I. There will be a 3 mile sailing race for Classes A & B, and 1 mile paddling races for Classes II & IV, also a Tandem race. Canoeists are invited to send entries as early as possible to C. V. R. Schuyler, Chairman, Regatta Committee, 35 Chambers Street, New York.

—The Washington Infant appears to have suddenly developed into a remarkably robust and vigorous youth; or rather like the Athenian Pallas, it forgot to be an

infant altogether. Following, clipped from Washington *Capital*:

It has taken longer than was at first expected to finish fitting up the new quarters for the Washington C. C., but the members have all worked with a will, and the prospect is that by the middle of the coming week the house will be ready for the inspection of friends of the club and others who may feel interested in canoeing. During the past week the float (a fine one), incline, and truck-way from the house to the float have been finished. It is what is generally known as a barrel float, and is one of the best of its kind. Ten large oil barrels are securely fastened in a strong frame, and on the top of this frame the floor timbers and flooring are laid. This float has the advantage of great buoyancy and of never leaking, requiring no expensive caulking and repairing every spring, as is the case with the box float. The truck-away was built to save the long carry of boats from the house to the float. It is the work of the members, and its appearance alone repays the labor and care it must have cost. A light truck, supporting a rubber-cushioned cradle for the boats, runs from the further end of the boat house to the water's edge, and will enable a canoeist to get his canoe to and from the house alone. As its entire distance is nearly two hundred feet, its advantage can be easily seen. Inside the house, the plumbing has been finished, and the locker room partitioned off on the second floor, and the construction of the lockers commenced. Only a limited number of lockers will be built at present, but the dimensions of these will be such as to enable two members to occupy the same locker if necessary. A neat, little bath room five feet square has been built, so that the house will have all the conveniences of the larger boat-houses.

The lower floor will be devoted to the storage of boats, the second to the locker and reading room, and the third or loft to

repairing, building and sail making. The boat room has a capacity for half a hundred canoes, and the very large yard in the rear will afford an unusually convenient place for rigging, painting, varnishing, &c., so essential to a canoeist's happiness.

It is proposed to have an exhibition night as soon as everything is completed about the house, when the house and grounds will be lighted, and the entire fleet of the club, rigged up in sailing order, so that visitors can see the various designs and styles of canoes and their accoutrements.

In the yard a canoeist's camp will be shown, and in case the club cook returns from the national meet in time canoeists' grub will be dispensed.

Cards of admission are to be had from the various members or at Brentano's.

The paragraph in one of the dailies which intimated that two canoeists were recently in dangerous proximity to the Great Falls was either written under a misapprehension of the facts or as a purely sensational article. The two canoeists in question are members of the Washington C. C., are both gentlemen of mature years and extremely careful and reliable in the management of their boats and would not permit themselves to be drawn into such danger. Furthermore, they each of them state that the article in question was highly colored and misleading, that they were at no time in any danger whatever from the and that they were conscious of their proximity, and were careful to avoid even the semblance of danger.

Mr. Soule's sneak-box had a load of its namesakes the other day. He left it at Alexandria for a day or two in charge of a boatman, with instructions to allow no one to use it. Hardly was his back turned when the faithful Virginian took two of his ilk in with him, and the little craft, which was built for one, or at most two persons, being over-loaded, dumped its precious cargo into the Potomac. Truly, as one canoeist says, "canoes have a moral nature."

—As illustrating the way in which old canoeists may differ in their ideas of what constitutes a perfect canoe, it may be stated that Passeno has just commenced work on a new boat for Mr. More, who has thoroughly examined the one just finished for Mr. Soule, and in giving his order has chosen different dimensions in every particular. Apropos of this it may be well to state that the canoe owners in the Washington club, realizing the difficulties that surround a novice in selecting his craft, have agreed to allow the new members the use of their canoes for the purpose of assisting them in determining their choice. No man ought to allow himself to be carried away by the glowing descriptions contained in the circulars issued by the various builders, but should avail himself of every opportunity to learn the practical workings of the various canoes before he gives his order.

—Vice Commodore Dodge's *Wanderer* and Mr. Linton's *Herald* have each had a taste of the brush the past week, and now look as bright and shining as if just out of the shop.

—Mr. Soule's *Sneak*, sneaked into the club house last Saturday, being the first boat to take a ride over the B. H. and F. (boat-house and float) Railroad.

—Mr. Flint has concluded to have his canoe brought around from Boston by schooner. She will probably arrive within the next two weeks.

—The first regatta of W. C. C. will be held Saturday, September 20. Probably ten canoes will participate.

—A special meeting of the Canoe club has been called for next Tuesday evening at 6:30 o'clock at the club house, 3,140 Water street, Georgetown. Among other matters, a date will be set at that meeting for the formal opening of the house; the

subject of a regatta to be held in the near future will be taken up and acted upon, and the regular weekly meets on sailing days established. Lockers will also be assigned to the members at the meeting, and other business of importance transacted.

THE TORONTO CLUB SAILING CUP.

The Toronto Canoe Club raced for the all-round sailing cup on Saturday, July 27, in a single-reef breeze, over a triangular course; total distance, three miles. Following are the entries and the result:—

Mr. F. M. Nicholson's <i>Sadie N.</i>	1
Mr. Robt. Tyson's <i>Isabel</i>	2
Mr. John L. Kerr's <i>Ada</i>	3
Mr. S. Mason's <i>Whimbrel</i>	0
Mr. Hugh Neilson's <i>Boreas</i>	0
Mr. Arthur H. Mason's new canoe.....	0

There was a bad start owing to the signal not being distinctly heard. *Sadie N.* and *Boreas* led the fleet for two rounds, keeping close to one another. When rounding the turning-mark, a wave threw the *Boreas* against it, wrenching off her side flap, and placing her at a disadvantage in sailing. *Sadie N.* then took and kept the lead. *Isabel*, which had been last at the start, gradually won her way to second place. In order of time Mr. Neilson was third and Mr. Arthur Mason fourth; but they were ruled out for accidental fouling, leaving the result as above. In addition to the cup, Mr. Nicholson wins a spirit-stove, presented by Aikenhead & Combie. Mr. Kerr wins some canoe cleats presented by Mr. Tyson. The time of the three first arrivals at the stake-boat was 37 minutes, 30½ minutes, and 39 minutes, respectively.

PITTSBURG.

Interest in canoeing seems to be increasing in Pittsburg. An interview with one of our old boatmen was recently published in a Pittsburg paper, in which he stated that the canoe was the neatest craft for a pleasure boat that had ever been seen on these waters and that next summer he pro-

posed to substitute canoes for skiffs at his boat house.

A few weeks ago I received from Boston a new curious canoe, made by W. C. Shepard of that city, and called by him the "New Mystic." It is by far the best canvass canoe I have ever seen, the wood work being remarkably well finished and everything put together with brass screws so that it is very light; weighs short of 35 pounds, and is at the same time very strong and handsome in appearance. I think this style of canoe is destined to be very popular with those wanting a good serviceable paddling canoe at a reasonable price.

C. G. C.

OSKOSH, (WIS.) C. C.

This club had a fine sailing race lately which attracted a great deal of attention. The course was a triangle of about 3 miles. The wind was light, blowing from the east. The entries with the start and finish were as follows:

	Start.	Finish.
Bon Ami....R. P. Finney.....	3:00:30	4:28:20
Jen.....Wm. Brand.....	"	4:29:35
Sis.....A. M. v. Kaas.....	"	4:32:25
Reine.....W. A. Sessions...	"	4:34:50
Alice.....Otto Schloerb.....	}	Time not taken
Aloha.....W. J. McKoy.....		
Dollie R.....W. A. Radford.....		
Meta.....Gust Timm.....		

The first prize was a champion pennant and a challenge prize which is to be owned by the canoe winning it three times.

After the annual race a scrub race was started for three prizes: \$3 to first, \$2 to second, \$1 to third, offered by spectators on the yatch "Hattie." The start and finish were as follows:

	Start.	Finish.
Alice.....Otto Schloerb.....	4:45:00	5:43:40
Reine.....W. A. Sessions.....	4:45:00	5:45:40
Aloha.....W. J. McKoy.....		5:48:50

The rest either gave up or came in so far behind that they would not cross the line. F. H. Gary acted as judge on both races.

BUFFALO.

The first races of the Buffalo Canoe Club were held in the harbor Saturday afternoon, Aug. 23, despite a gale of wind. The steam yacht which had been chartered to accompany the canoes around the course, owing to the rough weather, refused to go out. This necessitated placing our invited guests on the Porter Avenue pier and altering the course to give them a view of the race. The canoes entered for class A sailing, were Eloise, War Eagle, Elf and Elgiva. Won by the Eloise after an exciting contest, one canoe capsizing. Terror and Surf were the class B entries, both under double reefed mainsail and dandy. Surf winning by 30 seconds. The third event a paddling race was postponed on account of rough water. In the upset race, which was perhaps the most interesting of the three to the spectators, the whole fleet competed, Eloise winning with Elf a close second and Surf third.

At a recent meeting a club uniform of blue knickerbockers and Norfolk jacket, with white flannel shirt and yachtman's cap was adopted and a committee appointed to get up a badge.

We are now talking about a Club House and if permission can be obtained from the Park Commissioners, we will have a site overlooking the lake and river where the courses can be plainly seen from the veranda.

SURF.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The programme of the Columbia Rowing Club's regatta held on Oakland Creek, September 9th, included a paddling and a sailing race for canoes.

The paddling race was short but exciting. W. H. Campbell winning easily in his Alaska skin canoe.

Entries and finish of sailing was as follows: Zephyr, W. W. Blow; Hattie Belle, W. H. Byrnes; Moth, C. L. Barrett, and Folly, Will Brooks. The two former boats are cedar lap-streaks, and the two latter paper Nautilus canoes.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I notice in your August number a description of the so-called Albany canoe-tent, in which the writer says that the idea of it was suggested by a canoe-tent described in a little book written by myself.

In justice to Colonel C. L. Norton, I beg to mention that the tent described by me was entirely his own invention. I saw it at Lake George, in 1881, and on my return to New York, made one like it, and induced Mr. Everson to make them for sale. If I understand the Albany tent, it differs from Colonel Norton's tent by being swung between the masts instead of being supported by tent poles. The credit kindly given to me by the writer, in the August CANOEIST, should be transferred to Colonel Norton.

W. L. ALDEN.

NEW YORK, August, 1884.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Mohicans ahoy! and W. B. Wackerhagen in particular. Please look over Stoddard's photographs of the Lake George Meet in 1881, and note a picture of the subscriber's tent pitched over the canoe "Kittiwake," with a likeness of the crew seated inside, the flags being raised. Then turn to your August CANOEIST, and fancy the feelings of said crew on reading that Mr. Alden's "Young Canoe Club" supplied the idea, and that General Oliver first used such a tent in 1883. I do not expect to achieve immortal fame from the invention, if such it may be called, of the tent, and I was not intending to say anything about it, although I heard that the Mochicans were calling it theirs, but when the CANOEIST, of which I was the first Editor, went and printed the claim and enforced it with an illustration, I says to myself says I "This will never do." In point of fact, Mr. Alden took his "Young Canoe Club" tent from mine which he saw

at Lake George, I gladly giving my consent that he should do so, but never dreaming that anybody would go and calmly appropriate the whole business. I still have the original tent, and if I am not mistaken, Mr Delavan, N. Y. C. C., took it to Grindstone Island with him this year. At any rate, I told him he might take it if he wished, but have not seen him since, and do not know whether he took advantage of my offer.

CHARLES L. NORTON, N. Y. C. C.

PHILADELPHIA CANOE CLUB,

COOPER'S POINT, N. J., Sept. 8, 1884.

EDITOR CANOEIST: In looking over the A. C. A. book for 1884, I was impressed with what seemed to me an incompleteness in the list of members. I refer to the fact that a member's club connection was entirely overlooked. I was told, when I spoke of it to other members of the A. C. A., at Grindstone Island, that this was done purposely to unite the members of the association in closer bonds of fellowship, &c., &c. This seems to me all fudge. It cannot be denied that club organization is a vital element in the success and enjoyment of the A. C. A. That this is so needs but the confirmation of a visit to the annual camp. Neither would the attendance at the annual congresses be so large, nor would new members join the association, if the individual clubs did not keep the sport alive, and bring converts into the fold. And, indeed, the A. C. A. officially recognizes this fact in granting an electoral vote to every club represented, and in distinguishing her members by their club associations.

I have no doubt that every good canoeist of the A. C. A. carries his book with him when he leaves town. Now the fact that a stranger canoeist, member of the A. C. A., has, or has not, experienced the "refining influences of club life," would

make considerable difference to me in deciding whether to approach him and slap him on the back and talk canoe, or pass on my way on the other side. If I know this man is a member of N. Y. C. C., or S. C. C., or K. C. C., for instance, I am sure that he is a good fellow, and know that I shall receive a hearty welcome. Do not misunderstand me to say that the "unattached" would do the reverse, by any means, and my experiences with all strange canoeists have been of the most pleasant and cordial kind; but, seriously, I should hesitate to call for even the slightest courtesy in a city like New York, for instance, upon a canoeist whose social instincts had not driven him to seek membership in the New York or Knickerbocker Canoe Clubs; and so, in any other place boasting a canoe club, where I may be a total stranger to everyone. A man whose sociability is so slight, is apt to accord a very chilling reception to a stranger. I should prefer not to risk the chances of rebuff.

As to practical objections, a system of abbreviations could easily be devised—many of which, as N. Y. C. C., K. C. C., M. C. C. or T. C. C., are already a part of the canoeist's vocabulary—which would add little mechanical labor to the committee, and make the catalogue a more complete, if not more interesting and valuable, book of reference.

This may be a one-man's idea. I refer it to my fellow-canoeists for discussion.

T. S. W.

THOUGHTS ON AMERICAN CANOEING.

EDITOR CANOEIST: The English canoeist, when visiting the United States for the first time, as I did in the spring of this year, is particularly struck with nature's wonderful provision of vast lakes and water-courses, so admirably adapted for canoeing purposes, and can hardly help exclaiming: "At last I am in a country where canoeing

ought to flourish." I was fortunate in having the close friendship of your well-known editor, Mr. King, with whom in former years I had enjoyed many a paddle and sail in the Western Highlands of Scotland and on English waters, as well as many discussions on things, canoeing over winter "camp fires," and so I found myself at once almost in the centre of canoeing in the States.

Unfortunately my visit was too short and too early in the year to enable me to obtain any practical experience of American canoeing, but judging from the spirit of the boys I met, I have little fear that the future of canoeing in your mighty land is in safe hands.

A week spent under the hospitable roof of that most genial of American canoeists, Mr. N. H. Bishop, on the shores of lovely Lake George, convinced me that the cause of the paddle is growing each day, dearer and dearer to the thoughts of young America. If I, an English Canoeist, may express an opinion on the canoe most adapted for real canoe life in your land of lake, river, and forest, I should say the Canadian canoes, as built by the Ontario Canoe Company, are those most likely to be the ones generally used in the future, lightness being an essential where portages have often to be made under circumstances which preclude extraneous help. To me it appears that the single bladed paddle is the poetry of motion and that for canoeing the pure type of the original canoe is the one to be followed.

Sailing and paddling can hardly be combined, and in a canoe intended to be the most important auxiliary of camp life, the yacht canoes, which many of us have adopted for the sake of sailing powers are hardly suitable.

This is only an opinion founded on conversations with canoeists in the States, and I shall read the future numbers of your official organ with the hope of seeing what

is the real opinion on the practical type of canoes for your waters. Whilst in the neighborhood of New York I visited the New York, Knickerbocker, and Ianthe Canoe Clubs, and was delighted with the situations of their respective club houses, situations which invite the most lazily inclined canoeists to take to the water.

A short paddle on the Hudson from the club house on Staten Island to the Narrows reminded me very much of a paddle on the Mersey and the area of sail I observed on several of the canoes which were afloat that day, delighted me as one who is fonder of the sail than the paddle, notwithstanding the opinion I have already expressed.

One thing was new to me, and that was observing the almost universal practice which seemed to be followed by the New York canoeists of sitting on the decks of their canoes whilst sailing. We in England wish our brothers of the paddle and the sail and the American Canoe Association success, and I am sure we will try our best to return the hospitality and kindness we experience when we visit your shores whenever canoeists of the Star Spangled Banner pay us a return visit either with or without their craft.

W. S. HOLDEN,
26 North John Street, Liverpool,
England.

*This reminds me pleasantly of an afternoon of a little cruise once taken by chance, with a brisk wielder of the double-blade. The sun was unmercifully hot, while a gentle, following wind filled my little cruising lateens wing-and-wing, and sent my canoe along at a comfortable rate, while I, lounging on my cork cushion, consumed generous portions of Lone Jack and crackers and cheese, and indulged in sundry little pleasantries at the expense of my Spartan companion who was paddling his best to keep by my side. It is but justice to myself, to say that in that trip, I generally cooked the supper, washed dishes and packed away the tired bones of my athletic co-voyageur to rest, while he vowed that before his next cruise he would have a mast tube stepped in his canoe or sell her to his worst enemy.

ED. PRO TEM.

DRIFTINGS.

The berths in canoes do not necessarily add to the census of club membership. The hatchways are not hen's nests and the way of the craft is not the extent of her avoirdupois. The ship's head is often piped with a meerscham, and there is no wake held over a dead calm. The swell on the side of a shadow canoe is not the result of dropsy, nor is the taper of a bowsprit a tallow candle. The hold is not the canoe's grip, and the bow of a dug out is not dug out of the log. The crest of a wave is not always an indication of its rank. The buoy is not the captain's son. Canoes are not boarded at hotels, and the bow is not evidence of the owners' politeness. A canoeist's stockings are never manufactured from a yarn of his own spinning. The sails are not made by an auctioneer, nor are blocks the result of obstruction. The stays are not constructed by the club milliner.

—Capt. Jos. S. Crane (Laloo), one of the members of the Clyde Canoe Club, paid us a visit a few days ago. He is *en route* for a trip to Vancouver and British Columbia.

He says that the C. C. C. is not increasing in membership nor in the spirit of the sport. A *few* still keep it up, and they have all built new canoes up to the limit of cruising canoes. They have no centerboards, but allow shifting ballast, have side flaps *a la* "Pearl" and carry only one sail, a batten lug, Chinese pattern as introduced by Capt. Crane, area from 80 to 90 square feet. This area is used for cruising and racing.

The C. C. C. are exclusively salt water sailors.

—Stoddard and Burchard wont drown.

—It is claimed for the diamond model that "when under sail and heeling slightly, they strike their long slim nearly *straight*

water lines, running well fore and aft, *enabling them to carry a large amount of sail*" The last italics are our own; we contend that any canoe having tumble home, loses stability after the greatest beam has been passed, and the greatest beam commences at the point where tumble home commences, so a canoe thus built is not so safe carrying as one built with straight sides.

—One of the unlooked-for things to cause a ripple as it were through the camp while the boys were cooking breakfast on one of those fiendishly hot mornings, was the apparition of a strange craft, with enormous top-sails, bowling along, like the phantom ship, on no wind. The racing-men who had been secure in the size of their spinnakers may have felt their lungs collapse as the unknown approached the camp. All were curious at any rate. As she carefully wared round and departed toward Squaw Point without the formality of reporting to the Commodore, it was discovered to be a little vagary of Kirk Munroe's.

He was trimmed out with new racing main-sail with old cruising main-sail for mizzen, new mizzen for main-topsail and old mizzen for mizzen topsail.

Strange to say this heterogenous combination sat very well, and looked quite stately. The wonder is how the crew managed to make the cranky Psyche stand up under so much sail area.

[May-be the fact that he changed his clothes shortly afterward explains how.—ED.]

—Our readers may have heard through the daily press of the unfortunate and nearly fatal accident to Mr. Stoddard's Atlantis, which left her adrift off Whale's Back Light House, Portsmouth, N. H., her crew being rescued by Pilot Amee. They may not have learned, however, that the Atlantis was thrown up by the sea the fol-

lowing day on the only 100 feet of sand-beach near that place; that a week was spent in replacing sails and outfit, and the cruise, although greatly delayed, continued to Portland.

Here another stop was made as Mr. Burchard had to leave to keep his engagement for the A. C. A. meet.

Mr. Stoddard, after visiting the meet, returned to Portland; and with Captain Amee, in Mr. Burchard's place, cruised to Mt. Desert. We may expect a full account of the wreck in the continuance of Mr. Burchard's letter.

From Montreal Daily Witness, Sept. 6.

DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE IN A CANOE.

"When the Canoe Congress at Grindstone Island broke up a couple of weeks ago, a band of bold spirits who had just had enough of canoeing to whet their appetite for more, started off to run every rapid on the St. Lawrence. As they gaily sailed and paddled down the wide river and in and out among the islands, they talked about the monstrous seas, swift currents and treacherous eddies they were to encounter, and they also talked to all the old boatmen and summer visitors they met. The information they received did not make them cheerful, and when Ogdensburg was reached all but one of the canoeists found that he was earnestly required at home, and, accordingly, all but one went. The "Siren," a cedar canoe built on a modified "Nautilus" model, 14 feet long, 28 inches wide, and weighing 55 pounds, started out alone under the sole charge of her captain, crew, and owner, Mr. R. B. Burchard, of the New York Canoe Club. Besides her crew, the "Siren" carried a full camping outfit of about 90 pounds weight. The first rapid was the Galops, and provided with a chart marked by an experienced river pilot, Mr. Burchard started out to run them. After a pleasant rush down a smooth current he asked a fisher-

man where the rapids were as he could not find out where he was by his chart, and was somewhat surprised when informed that he had already run them. The next day he reached the Long Sault, and spent some time getting a knowledge of what he had to face going through a part of them with a revenue officer. Then came the test, and a rushing splashing, exciting day he had of it, but not the shadow of an accident. Sometimes the water foamed all over the plucky little boat, but as the rubber cockpit did its work well there was no harm done. Through Lake St. Francis the "Siren" rushed under her two lateen sails, brought through all the rapids for this, and this was one of the pleasantest parts of the cruise, coming as it did as a quiet breathing spell after the intense excitement of the rapids. It ended, however, with what was almost a catastrophe.

The voyageur was kindly misinformed by the crew of a lightship that a certain church steeple was the Coteau Landing mark, whereas it was on the wrong side of the river. Sailing along in a security based upon official information, the "Siren" was suddenly aroused to action by the fact that she was in a strong current that was carrying her somewhere, but where, neither the canoe nor her crew had the slightest idea. The canvas was taken in and the paddle swung desperately, but with no effect but to work her in shore, and as it proved into danger, for the water became very rough, rocks began to show everywhere; she touched at last and would have been wrecked in a jiffy had not Mr. Burchard jumped overboard, and by good luck managed to carry her ashore uninjured, wading along a shelf of rock. After finding out where he was and drying his boat out—for she had shipped some water in the broken rapid—Mr. Burchard got over to Coteau, and spent a day with a couple of men getting some knowledge of the Coteau and Cedar rapids.

The first channel he was shown somewhat unnerved him, but he got through all right, and in coming down the Cedar rapids he tried his boat in the biggest seas he could find and was not disappointed, for she went over them like a jumping horse. The long run down to Beauharnois was a grand and exciting one all through. Out of the storm of white water she shot into the calm of Lake St. Louis, and again her canvas was shaken out and she slipped gently and quietly along until yesterday morning she passed Caughnawaga, and a short distance below it a landing was made and some information as to the course and the river obtained from an Indian. Mr. Burchard then started to run the greatest rapid on the St. Lawrence, with nothing but a chart and a few directions from an Indian to depend on, and he did it, coming down the raft channel, along the south shore, which he says he found as smooth as a sheet. A landing was made at the Island wharf, and the "Siren" was put on a cart and taken off to a friendly warehouse, to be packed up for her journey by barge to New York, whither she will be preceded by her owner, who leaves by the Vermont Central Railway to-night."

It will be remembered that there was some misunderstanding between the Montreal newspapers last summer concerning the running of the St. Lawrence Rapids by one of our canoeists. This year there is no mistake, however, Mr. Burchard having been the first canoeist to make the run (so far as our information goes). The Montreal *Herald* credited the Siren with being the smallest boat that has accomplished the trip, and it probably is the first boat that has done so managed by one man.

The reporter of the *Witness*, however, allowed his sentiment to run away with him in the description of the start, as Mr. Burchard himself did not expect to be able to run any but the easier rapids.

Dr. Neide and Mr. Whitlock intended in the spring to make the attempt during the summer, but all who were at the meet know to their regret that Mr. Whitlock has been unable to take an active part in his favorite sport this season.

GALLEY FIRE.

Most of what Joe of the Nancy Bell says on the subject of cookery has "hand and foot," is sensible (doesn't he agree with Fior da Lice), but I was almost paralyzed when I saw that he defends Nessmuck's heretical advice, how to prepare tea. Boil it! horror of horrors!!! There are nations on this globe with whom tea drinking became a custom, probably about the time when Colom. discovered America, if not before. Although they are only barbarians or half civilized people in American eyes, they happen to know how to make tea. They boil the *water* and *then* pour it on the tea; but never allow the liquid browned by the extract of the tea leaves to reach the boiling point.

FIOR DA LICE.

Apropos to Fior da Lice's tea, the same thing may be said of coffee. Some barbarians are known to eat man and boil coffee. It seems to us that whatever method is used, the secret of getting the best flavor out of your coffee is to have the water boiling at the moment of contact with the coffee, but not a moment afterwards. ~~THE~~ B.

TAKE a piece beef steak, cut thin off the round, pound well and spread out; cover over with bread crumbs, pepper, salt, cold potatoes, if handy; roll up tight into a long roll, cut it into thin slices and fry brown. This makes a good dinner, with a cup of coffee.

GOOD FRITTERS.—1 egg, cup milk, flour enough to make a batter, a little salt and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat up this batter and add chopped apples, canned corn or chopped clam. Fry in hot lard.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.—A little canned chicken chopped fine; bread or cracker crumbs added and wet in milk and rolled tight; dip in eggs and then flour, and fry.

THE AMERICAN C. A. N. O. E. I. S. T

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. III.

OCTOBER, 1884.

No. 10.

TO THE A. C. A. CAMP.

Read by the light of the camp fire, August 6th.

My thoughts drift out towards you—
Boys of the A. C. A.—
In your camp upon the island,
This glorious August day.

To one and all best wishes
Go with my heart and hand,
Reached outward toward your camp fire
By river breezes fanned.

May your joys exceed in numbers
The islands of the lake ;
Bright stars be with your slumbers,
And sunshine when you wake.

May your shadows never lessen
As meal-time rolls around,
And "Dinner, here, Mo-hee-gans!"
A'ye prove a welcome sound.

May L. G. C. C.'s banner grow
To Jumbo's monstrous size,
Till at each turn its field of blue
Greets proud Lake George's eyes.

May "Nigger-boggers" and "New Yorks"
Their jealous feelings calm,
And in contiguous tents lie down
As fabled lion and lamb.

May "Vauxy" win a sailing prize,
The first upon Eel bay,
And Nickerson and Shedd remain
Twins of the A. C. A.

May Fernow catch the largest fish
In Thousand Island lake,
And Edwards with a snide John Smith
A new acquaintance make.

May Wood, the mountain climber,
In tramping take the lead,
And Oliver avoided be
By festive centipede.

May the dudelet of the party,
Though clothed like Western tramp,
Meet kindest reception
Within the ladies' camp.

May Tyson get his rigging
Arranged to suit his taste,
And Whitlock understand his sails
And where his lines are placed.

May Coudert get enough to eat,
And Neid  sleep his fill ;
Brentano serve the porridge
In style "just fit to kill."

May Neilson in his roomy pearl
His bed of blankets make
Without a single night-mare dream
Of racing with the "Snake."

May Green and Hoffman wash the plates
Without a naughty word,
And artist Taylor tell such tales
As never yet were heard.

May Baldwin run the scale of ills
That gripped his sickly man,
All in a way to bring the laugh
As only Baldwin can.

May Wilkin roll a human down
In bloodless vocal fight,
And Robert Neidé make a mash
For each mosquito bite.

May Keyser, Wicksteed, Kensington
And all the other boys
Spend days brim-full of gladness
And rounded up with joys.

May the ladies—Heaven bless them !
Lend to the camp their grace,
And in return gain homage
From the manliest of our race :

Their smiles and songs of gladness
And glance of brightest eyes
Make of their waved-kissed island home
An earthly paradise.

May Britain's cross and Stars and Stripes
Each toward the other lean,
And "Hail Columbia" stir the heart
To sing, "God save the Queen."

May the American Canoeist's Outing
In Forest and on Stream
E'er prove a rest from cankering care—
A happy summer's dream.

May the sun of many an August
Our annual meetings see;
While brighter grow the colors
Of the A. C. A. burgee.

Each member float for years to come
On waters without shoal
Ere's loosed the cord of silver
Or broke the golden bowl.

And when life's cruise is over,
The paddle laid aside,
And the sail is furled for ever
On this side Jordan's tide.

May softest breeze of heaven
Your spirit vessels kiss,
And waft you to a harbor
Where is eternal bliss.

ORANGE FRAZER.

Wilmington, O., Aug. 1st.

THE GRINDSTONE ISLAND MEET.

SECOND LETTER.

WHILST at the meet, the writer hereof set himself the task of making a complete tour of the camp, visiting each club or individual group, and collecting pretty full statistics. The task proved an exceedingly pleasant one, and many an agreeable chat he had whilst carrying it out. He purposes now to repeat this tour, and to take the reader of the *CANOEIST* with him, giving an introduction to every man in camp.

Come, then; let us, you and me, take a walk through these A. C. A. grounds. Let us go first to the extreme west of the camp and commence our interviewing there, thence making our way eastward.

Here, at last, is "Clan Alpin's outmost guard"—the furthest man to the west—Mr. John Miller, of Peterboro', in a tent all by himself. Next east is the Ubique Canoe Club—nine men, in two large tents, with four open canoes. They are aspiring young fellows, evidently, for see! their club flag floats proudly from an upright staff lashed to the topmost branch of a lofty, spire-like tree, a hundred feet from the ground—the highest flag in camp. Their members live in different parts of Ontario, and meet once a year to camp in the summer vacation. Formerly it was called the Galt Collegiate Institute Club. R. W. Waters and D. A. Burgess, Norwood; Colin Fraser, T. Gibson and W. G. McKendrick, Toronto; W. M. Lowery, Petrolia; J. N. McKendrick, Galt; W. A. Fraser, Greenwood; and R. Lees, Lindsay, are the nine present here.

Their immediate eastern neighbors are the Canton (N. Y.) Canoe Club, with five men—Messrs. Asa Daly, Williston Manly, Mark Manly, Frank Scribner, Charles Dunn.

Next is the Deseronto Canoe Club's en-

campment, numbering, with their visitors, the following eleven men :—F. S. Rathbun, W. C. B. Rathbun, E. Walter Rathbun, George Clinton, M.D., E. C. French, Rev. R. J. Craig, all of Deseronto; W. B. McMurrich, Jas. F. McMurrich, and V. G. R. Vickers, of Toronto; S. C. Titus, Auburn (N. Y.); and W. Hindlaugh, Oswego. They are in five commodious tents, and have brought a cook with them, who daily and regularly furnishes forth the table of their canvas mess-room. They are very proud of the excellent bread that he bakes—white, light, and delicious. The Deseronto Canoe Club is comparatively young, but has already rendered substantial service to the parent Association. The Vice-Commodore for 1884 has been chosen from this club. Its "float" here contains three open Peterboro' canoes, with lateen sails, and one birch-bark.

Here is the Lake George Canoe Club, with the headquarters of Secretary Charles A. Neidé, whom everybody knows. Behold the secretarial desk, standing out in the open air, close by the open door of the neat secretarial *marquéé*. On the beach below lies one of the most famous canoes of the Association, the *Aurora*, in which Dr. Neidé made the longest canoe cruise on record. Starting at Lake George on the 19th August, 1882, he did 3,800 miles of actual sailing and paddling, and terminated his cruise at Pensacola, Florida, on February 3, 1883. His route was through Lake George and Lake Champlain, along the Erie Canal to Syracuse, through Onondaga Lake and Onondaga River to Lake Ontario, thence to Sodus Point, back to Erie canal and on to Buffalo, portage to Olean, thence down the Alleghany, Ohio, and Mississippi rivers, to New Orleans, portage to Lake Pontchartrain, and along the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico to Pensacola. The *Aurora* is a Rushton-built canoe of the *Princess* model, 15 feet long, by 31½ in. beam, and carries now a

Child's centreboard and a large balance-lug mainsail.

Mr. E. W. West, of Glens Falls, whose face is familiar to attendants at former A. C. A. meetings, is here with a big, able canoe, *Jap*, about the size of the *Aurora*. Mr. E. O. Finel, the third L. G. C. C. man here, has a well-arranged "bonnet" on the lateen sail of his canoe *Diamond*.

Pursuing our eastward walk, we read the startling legend "Dock Rats' Retreat." Looking further, we see fluttering in the air a small burgee of the usual triangular shape adopted by canoe clubs, but having for its device "a dock-rat rampant on a field argent." This is the camp of the Newburgh (N. Y.) Canoe Club—four tents and five men. Hard pressed for a good site for their club-house at Newburgh, they accepted the friendly offer of a lower story, close to the water, under a large warehouse on one of the Newburgh docks. Some of their friends poked fun at them by calling them "dock-rats"; and they, following the example of the noble "beggars" of Holland, adopted the name given them in derision, and made it their title of honor. Their men present here are J. T. Van Dalfsen, Nathan S. Smith, Rev. W. H. Burbank, William Van Dalfsen, and Grant Edgar, Jr. Their canoes comprise a 16 x 30 *Everson Shadow*, with Child's centreboard, an open canoe, two of the *Stella Maris* model and one canvas.

Four small camps come next. The first tent contains Secretary Newman, of the N. Y. C. C., and M. V. Brokaw, of the same club—Everson Shadows with balance-lugs. The next one holds Rondout's contingent—Grant Van Deusen, who was at Lake George in 1882, and Jansen Hasbrouck. Mr. Van Deusen's *Stella Maris* has a "water-guard" on the forward deck, shaped somewhat like the letter V, which throws the water to each side before it reaches his cockpit when a wave gets on deck. The next camp is that of Dr. Douglas, Lake-

field, Ont., with whom is Mr. H. L. Dixon. Dr. Douglas is a retired army surgeon and a member of the Toronto Canoe Club. He has perfected an ingenious "folding canoe," which is exceedingly useful where it is an advantage to be able to fold a canoe into a small space for transportation. The fourth camp is occupied by two members of the Knickerbocker C. C.—Mr. E. Gould, an indefatigable paddler, and Mr. Hendrick.

The Whitby Canoe Club, which comes next, is brimful of artistic talent. The party consists of Judge Dartnell, County Court Judge of Ontario; W. Beith, banker, Whitby; Julius Von Humme, Toronto; and E. S. Shrapnell, grandson of the celebrated General Shrapnell, inventor of the shell of that name. Messrs. Shrapnell and Humme are artists, and each has a portfolio of sketches with him, in water colors and oil. Their friends have persuaded them to give the canoeists the benefit of their art. Accordingly, one of the tents has been converted into a picture gallery, and its walls hung with the contents of the portfolios; the result being a continual levee of admiring canoeists and visitors.

This is, I believe, the first time that the Province of Quebec has been represented at an A. C. A. meet. Messrs. W. A. Farwell, of Lennoxville; J. G. Walton, of Sherbrooke; and Mr. George Edwards, of Thurso, are the Quebec men. Geographically, we have not reached Mr. Edwards yet; he occupies the last tent at the southern end of the camp.

Here are the three tents of the Crescent Canoe Club, of Trenton, New Jersey, in one of which resides also Mr. G. O. Totten, Commodore of the Neptune Canoe Club, of Newark, N. J. The three Trenton men are Messrs. W. M. Carter, commodore; R. G. Lucas, vice-commodore; and F. W. Sigler, purser. They are three of the most successful fishermen in camp, and possess some very fine rods and tackle.

Mr. Carter will be remembered as the Clerk of the Course at the races; and a thoroughly good one he was.

We have now reached the camp of the Toronto Canoe Club. They boast the possession of the biggest flag on the ground—a huge Canadian ensign about 24 feet long, swinging lazily between two large trees, from the boughs of which it hangs suspended. On the other side of their large tent are thirty globular Chinese lanterns, suspended so as to form the letters "T. C. C." These were lighted on the night of the illumination, and showed finely from the water and the lower camp. There are here Messrs. Hugh Neilson, commodore; J. M. Nicholson, librarian; Robert Tyson, secretary; J. W. Bridgman, who owned the first decked canoe in Toronto; Arthur H. Mason, Fred. W. Mason, and M. F. Johnston. Mr. Arthur G. Webster, of Harvard University, is an appreciated guest in the Toronto tent. Mr. Norman B. Dick, a member of the T. C. C. has been here with his yacht *Bonita*. Messrs. F. W. Green, J. D. Warde, Thomas Mason, and W. Williams, four non-members of the club are camped with it. The T. C. C. has six sailing canoes here, all of which carry balance-lugs. Three of them have double centreboards—a heavy one forward and a light one aft, and another has a single heavy centreboard. Mr. Bridgman's new canoe *Sapphire*, built by John Clindinning, of Toronto, has been much admired.

The mess-room and store terminate our eastward walk, and we turn south, passing the last camp on the high northern ground. It is that of a party who came from Ottawa in the steam yacht *Constance*. Among them are some McGill College medical students who make things lively with their college songs. "Alouetté! gentil Alouetté!" The four encamped here are Messrs. A. H. Edwards, G. C. Edwards, E. F. Burritt, and Charles W. Wilson, an excellent banjoist. More are at Squaw Point.

A little way down the slope are the two tents of the Hartford Canoe Club. Hartford is very proud of owning the "American Canoe Association Kat." This is a very lively and pretty little black-and-white kitten. When camp breaks up the kitten is to be left in charge of Mr. Delaney, who solemnly swears to produce her sound and well to her Hartford friends on the re-assembling of the A. C. A. camp in 1885. Messrs. L. Q. Jones, commodore; A. W. Dodd, secretary; and E. M. Francis are the Hartford men present. Mr. Jones is a member of the A. C. A. regatta committee, and his canoe *Venture* won the full-ballast race. Mr. E. A. Hoffman, of the Knickerbockers, camp near the Hartford men, and they claim possession of him and his tent under the title of "The Hartford Annex."

Amsterdam, N. Y., another newly represented club, furnished an excellent time-keeper during the races in the person of Mr. Charles H. Warring, its commodore. He has with him Messrs. D. M. McMartin, secretary, and Chas. E. Bell.

Springfield, Mass., is next in geographical order, with eight men, nearly all of whom sleep in canoe tents. The 1883-4 Commodore of the A. C. A., Mr. F. A. Nickerson is a Springfield man, as every canoist knows. The club commodore is Mr. F. D. Foote; the secretary, C. M. Shedd; and they have with them Messrs. W. S. Bowles, Emile Knapp, George Barney, C. H. McKnight, and Mr. B. Patterson, of Baltimore, the latter not a member of the S. C. C. Springfield has one of the largest and finest canoe club-houses on the continent. The S. C. C. have three Mohican sails here; the remainder are lateens.

We now step into the camp of the Mohican Canoe Club of Albany, N. Y., a noted club; and the one from which the 1884-5 Commodore of the A. C. A. is chosen—Gen. Oliver to wit, a thoroughly popular choice. The Mohicans are very successful sailing men, and their last year's nov-

ice, Mr. R. W. Gibson, of the well-known canoe, *Snake*, took the majority of prizes at the Stony Lake meet. Mr. Gibson is the happy possessor of the A. C. A. *yaller dorg*. This is a handsome and intelligent little terrier known as "Sob." Mr. Gibson has with his own hands erected a tent for Sob to dwell in; said tent being no less than one foot and a half high, and covering a great many square inches of floor space. Sob goes out cruising in his master's canoe, and is a well-behaved puppy of vivacious manners. The worst thing he is guilty of is an occasional skirmish with the Hartford kitten, in which, however, the latter holds her own, and no blood is spilt. Six of the Mohicans are here. One of them, Mr. W. B. Wackerhagen, has a device on his sail in the shape of a big fish, which he says is the muskelonge he caught at Stony Lake last year. Mr. E. G. Rand, canoe *Tarantula*, is not a member of the M. C. C., but is camping with them. He carries a mermaid on his sail, finely executed in India ink. Messrs. F. L. Mix, H. L. Thomas, E. D. Jamieson, and G. H. Thatcher, jr., are the other Mohicans here.

The one large tent of the New York Canoe Club is pitched just east of the Mohicans. The New York C. C. is the oldest canoe club on this continent—older considerably than the A. C. A. itself. It is represented at this meet by a round dozen of men, with ten canoes, all of which carry the balance-lug, and all but one of which are keel boats—no centreboards. The Club Hat of the New Yorkers is an institution rivalling the Hartford Kat and the Mohican Dorg. It is a battered white plug, and has a habit of turning up in most unexpected places. There it is now—on the top of the N. Y. C. C. flag pole, forty feet above ground. Its custodian is C. Bowyer Vaux, well known as the most daring and successful sailor in the A. C. A.—he was not at Stony Lake last year—and as

an accomplished "water gymnast" who can do almost anything in a canoe. He has held high office in both the club and the Association, and the name of his canoe, *Dot*, is as familiar as a household word. She is a 14 ft. 4 in. by 30 inches Everson shadow. The other now present members of the N. Y. C. C. are W. P. Stephens, yachting and canoeing editor of *Forest and Stream*; C. K. Munroe, the 1883-4 Vice-Commodore of the A. C. A., who has done considerable canoeing in Florida; W. A. Rogers, an artist of the *Century's* staff; E. C. Delavan, the A. C. A. official bugler; R. B. Burchard, C. V. R. Schuyler, E. N. Perrin, Charles De Kay, Charles Marr, and the two formerly named. A pleasant incident was the arrival of Mr. Wm. Whitlock, of the N. Y. C. C., near the end of the meet in "long-shore togs" and without a canoe. Owing to illness and family bereavement it had been feared that he could not get here; and the hearty cheers he received on reaching the wharf showed what the A. C. A. men generally thought of him. The Seawanhaka Yacht Club of New York has been offering prizes for canoe races at their annual regattas. The last was a \$30 cup, which Vaux won. This year the Royal Canadian Yacht Club in Toronto is doing the same sort of thing.

Next door to New York stands a large tent belonging to Mr. J. H. Rushton, the well-known canoe builder, about whom I shall have something to say subsequently.

We come next to the hospitable camp of the Rochester men, who number thirteen men, with thirteen canoes. Their eight tents are picturesquely arranged on three sides of a hollow square—the large club tent forming one end of the square, facing inward and to the shore, while the seven other tents are arranged in rows on each side, leaving a sort of lawn or court-yard between them and in front of the main tent. This large tent is decorated with a number of heraldic shields, bearing the stars and

stripes, each shield having on it the name of one of the club's canoes. The effect is very pretty. "Rochester" is one of the four largest encampments on the ground. The other three are Peterboro', with nine tents, and the Knickerbockers and Brockville Club, with seven tents each, arranged in the same manner as the Rochester tents. The names of the Rochester canoeists present are: F. F. Andrews, captain; Matt. Angle, purser; Geo. W. Gray, F. W. Storms, H. L. Ward, F. W. Rew, W. B. Williams, W. C. Seward, H. M. Stewart, J. W. Force, J. E. Mellen, H. J. Wilson, C. H. Moody. They have with them some photographs of their fine new club-house on Irondequoit Bay. The Rochester Canoe Club had probably the most comfortable journey to and from camp of any club on the ground.

They chartered a small steamer for their exclusive use, to bring themselves and canoes here, and take them back again, right up to their own boat-house. Among their insignia is a stuffed frog standing on his hind legs, and leaning on a paddle. This aquatic gentleman they hold in great esteem. He is known as "Mr. Huff," and they have reproduced him in various sizes and styles. Even a living cousin of his has been caught and petted. ROBT. TYSON.

THE DOT SOLD.

The Arab and his steed are parted, and the *Dot*, long known as the "invincible," has been sold. Mr. E. O. Perrin, Jr., the senior brother of the "Daisy," is the purchaser, and the diminutive clipper of New York Bay will be removed from the scenes of her conquests to enjoy her years of senility in the peaceful retirement of the Florida lakes. Her big racing sails go with her, but whether they are to be cut down or not is a point upon which we have not been informed.

Vaux held to his "rocker keel" to the last moment, nor did the *Dot* suffer in comparison with the centreboard racers last summer. In the class B sailing race, three miles, Event IV., out of twenty-two starters she stood second, being beaten by Com. Jones, of Hartford, by 2 minutes and 4 seconds.

SEPTEMBER ON THE BAY.

IT is a gusty September Saturday—the last of the month. The level greensward of the cricket grounds is dotted with gay costumes. Bats click, and tennis players flit to and fro, while beyond them the blue waters of the Bay are flecked with white-caps by a stiff southeaster. We are bound for the quarters of the New York Canoe Club, on Staten Island, whose Fall regatta is down for the day, and after watching a few moments the lively sets at tennis and cricket, we pass on, descend the long plank incline, pass through the boat-house occupied by canoeists in various stages of undress, and emerge on the breezy float, where a dozen or fifteen canoes are making ready for what promises to be a more than usually exciting run.

Do HOUR readers know what a canoe is? Most of them will reply: "Yes, certainly we know. It is a boat made of birch bark, or hollowed from a log—a rough affair made by savages, and mostly used by them."

On the contrary, a canoe in the civilized acceptance of the term is a beautiful piece of builder's art, shining with varnish, finished like cabinet work," with brass or nickel fittings, and carrying an amount of canvas that makes a sailor wonder how she keeps right side up. Indeed, she does not always succeed in doing this, but your true canoeist cares little for a wet jacket, and receives small sympathy or help unless he really gets into trouble.

There is one now, who is ready for the race, and under a single-reefed mainsail stands out from under the lee of the land to try the force of the wind. He goes a hundred yards, perhaps, before the flaw strikes him. See how he leans out to windward with his feet under the lee gunwale, so that his whole weight is brought to bear as a lever. The little boat fairly flies through the water, and he holds her up as

close to the wind as she will lie; but the blast presses her over, the sail sinks lower and lower, the foam boils over the lee side, she broaches to, fills, settles down, and her crew coolly sets to work unshipping his masts and making things snug for getting ashore. A boat is sent out for him and he is brought in, and straightway bails out, takes another reef and prepares once more for the race, with canvas reduced to a minimum. Meanwhile two others make like ventures and gain similar experiences. The rest of the fleet take the hint, and when all is ready they carry mere handkerchiefs for sails, and find them none too small for easy handling even then.

The writer hereof, be it understood, forms one of the contesting crews—for a canoe ordinarily carries but one man in a sailing race, and upon him devolve the duties of captain, navigator, executive officer, helmsman, and Jack-tar all in one. Having been one of the three who came experimentally to grief before the start, he has taken warning and set a modest storm mainsail, with a little triangular lateen for mizzen. His craft is a light one, but ballasted for the occasion, and has no centre-board, as have all the professed racers. His hope lies, therefore, in the run down the wind to the stake-boat, for he will assuredly be distanced on the dead beat to windward for the home-stretch.

Eleven canoes are ready for the start, several having prudently withdrawn at the last moment, and at the word "Go!" they round the home-stake boat, one after the other, and square away before the wind for a huge red and green barge that lies at anchor over toward the Jersey shore, and which has been designated as the turning-point.

Kitty fails to get away among the first, and when she rounds the first boat and catches the wind astern, at least half a dozen of her competitors are well away on their courses, staggering over the seas which

grow heavier as they clear the shore. She is light of heel, however, and her captain notes with glee that she gains perceptibly on some, at least, of her predecessors.

There is a wild excitement in this race over the white-caps. The *Kitty's* crew was already wet to his waist, and the flying spray soon leaves him very short of dry clothing as to his shoulders; but the water is warm, and thrill of excitement still warmer, and with his feet on the steering gear, and the main sheet in his fingers he determines to "drive her for all she is worth."

Why not try her "wung-out," as the fishermen say. Happy thought! and the crew, carefully steering with his feet, "lays aft," gets hold of the mizzen boom, and by main strength pulls it over to starboard. It goes with a rush when it does go, and *Kitty* makes a wild effort to broach to. This is happily foiled, however, and an instant acceleration of speed is perceptible, as an increased area of sail catches the wind. Even with her storm canvas *Kitty* now and then drives her nose under the big seas nearly to the hatch-coaming.

But what is this? Here is one of the leaders of the fleet broached to in the trough of the sea, and the whole crew "laying for'ard," along the weather bow trying to lose something that seems to have gotten foul about the tack of his mainsail. She rolls heavily, and *Kitty* expects every moment to see her upset to windward; but evidently she needs no assistance, so *Kitty* flies on her way.

There is surely something wrong, too, with that other craft ahead, there. Yes! she has to come up in the wind, and her captain is busy with his running rigging.

Kitty's crew cheers as she skims past with only one of the fleet now in advance of her, and she gaining on that one. The stake boat is close aboard now!—It's abeam!—It's astern, and now *Kitty*, darling! jibe gently, like a good girl, and we will try the homestretch. Not much hope

for us, though, the racers are under way again, and they can do so much better to windward than we can, that our hope for winning is but slender.

'Tis done! *Kitty* is close-hauled on the starboard tack, and runs out from under the lee of the stake boat, to feel for the first time, the full force of the wind. When running free one does not realize this. She is all right, however, and noses bravely into it till it is time to go about. Then her light weight tells against her. The sea is so high that her momentum is not enough to send her in stays. Three times she misses, and then her crew in desperation puts her before the wind, and "wears" her about on the other tack, shipping a gallon or two of salt water in the course of the operation.

Fatal loss of time! Two of the flyers are already well up to windward, but a third has carried away her mizzen halyards, and a fourth is sitting calmly astride his cap-sized boat, waiting to be sent for.

Take heart, *Kitty*! If you are number three in such a race as this, you need not be ashamed of your record.

So *Kitty* tells off the starboard watch—namely, the right hand—to the pumps, for she has taken a good deal of water aboard, while the port watch attends ship. Standing over into comparatively smooth water under the Staten Island shore, *Kitty* goes obediently about, and so in three or four tacks is the third to cross the line out of eleven starters, any one of whom is easily her superior under ordinary racing conditions.

Kitty, therefore, discharges her crew, and retires to rest in the boat-house, conscious of having made a good record, just as the sunset gun from Governor's Island thunders across the bay, and the various light-houses begin to flash their all-night signals across the darkening waves.—*From the Hour.*

C. L. NORTON.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

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The Secretary of the American Canoe Association requests persons sending money to him, to do so either by registered letter, or Post-Office money order, on *Saratoga Springs, N. Y.*

If canoeists will send application to the Secretary of the A. C. A., Dr. C. A. Neide, Schuylerville, N. Y., enclosing \$2.00 for initiation fee and dues for the first year, their names will be presented for membership.

EDITORIAL.

TO ALL canoeists, commodores, captains and novices to whom the AMERICAN CANOEIST comes, greeting: By your hearty will as expressed through your representatives at the A. C. A. meet, we live, and under your patronage and support we hope to prosper.

As it was in the beginning, it shall continue to be our purpose to afford a means of inter-communication between all canoeists throughout our country; to present to them whatever is best in the multiplicity of new inventions; to record noteworthy cruises for the interest of all who are in sympathy with the cruiser, and for the assistance of any who may subsequently choose to make the same trip. Especially

do we hope to be a guide to the novice. With all such we cordially invite correspondence, hoping that we may be useful in putting them on the right track, introducing them, perhaps, to the older canoeists in their locality, and by a word of timely advice or warning, do what we can to avert in future such appalling and needless calamities as that which recently occurred on New York Bay.

In August, 1882, the CANOEIST became the adopted child and protégé of the A. C. A., and by the vote at Grindstone Island the association again acknowledged and cemented the relation. It shall therefore be our filial duty to keep members posted upon all matters of fraternity interest. The club interest has greatly increased since the founding of the A. C. A., and the club men at the great centres are naturally anxious to be promptly posted concerning the doings of sister clubs. This, indeed, was the argument advanced by some of the club men who believed that it would be better to recognize a weekly paper as the official organ of the A. C. A. and the avenue of information upon cruising matters.

Now, while considering the circulation of this particular information is only one department of our work—and not by any means the most important—we believe we can furnish, with all necessary promptness, all that is desired by nine-tenths of canoeists. Important news upon canoeing matters is now published in the daily papers, and the canoeing department occupies considerable place in several prominent sporting periodicals. All of these are within reach of any of the club men, and clubs will find it to the interest of their members to keep files of *Forest and Stream* and *Outing* at the boat-house.

To these and to all journals devoted to out-door life and manly sport we cordially extend the right-hand of fellowship.

On the other hand there are obligations

which we claim at the hands of those who are interested in our welfare.

Unlike our larger contemporaries, our work covers a special and limited field, and, affording no monetary return, it must necessarily be a labor of love. On this matter we can do no better than quote the editorial in the first *CANOEIST*, February, 1882: "A moment's consideration will prove to any one that unless a degree of success wholly unlooked for attends the venture, it can not pay. All the publishing and literary work will be done gratuitously; but the paper dealer must be paid and so must the printer. The Post Office Department does not furnish postage stamps gratis; nor can wrappers be addressed, nor an edition mailed, without a cash outlay. We therefore urge upon every one to send his dollar without delay; and we can confidently promise a full return in the course of the year in the way of correspondence, suggestions and notes."

Aside from this we need from you other assistance. In the first place, will not every club appoint some one man to keep us posted on local news and matters of club interest? Everybody's job is nobody's. Again, each individual will do us a favor if he will inform us concerning his own cruises and his own boat. Pursuant of a suggestion of Rev. W. H. Burbank, of Newburgh, to lighten the responsibility and the labors of the New York editors, we have requested certain gentlemen, representative men in their centres, to act for us and receive all matter from correspondents in their districts, pass upon it, correct it, and forward it to us.

Contributors will please notice that we request them to send all lengthy articles to the Associate Editor of their district; news items, however, brief correspondence, etc., you will please send directly to the *CANOEIST* office, and if received a week before the first of the month your contribution will probably appear in the next issue.

If each canoeist will feel that it is his duty to, in part, support the *CANOEIST*, there need be no apprehension for the permanent success of the official organ of the A. C. A.

A CALIFORNIAN CRUISE.

Mr. William H. Byrnes, San Francisco, C. C., has recently returned from a two months' canoeing trip on the Russian River. The canoe looks a little the worse for wear, and has a hole in her side.

The mouth of the Russian River is about sixty miles north of San Francisco. The course up the stream would be northeast through one of the most fertile valleys in the state to Healdsburg, after which the river turns a right angle, and one would travel northwest, parallel to the coast through the picturesque mountain region of Mendicino Co. The upper part, however, is not navigable.

Mr. Byrnes took the river at Russian River Station, and from there he made excursions down to Duncan's, up to Guerneville, etc. The highest point reached was Korbel's, within about thirteen miles of Healdsburg. The water was rather low, and the riffles and logs were bad for canoeing. On the lower part of the river the water was better. When he went up first Mr. Byrnes could go from Guerneville to the coast without having to get out anywhere. He made one trip to the coast, and went in the canoe out over the bar, and thence out on the ocean. The residents in the locality thought this quite a feat to perform in such a small boat. The "Hattie Belle" is a lapstreak shadow canoe, built in San Francisco. She is thirteen feet long and thirty inches beam. Mr. Byrnes slept in his canoe occasionally, and at other times stopped at cabins along the river. Much of his time was spent in sketching, and he has brought back a large portfolio of sketches. His camping and cooking outfit, made for this cruise, was very compact, and worked satisfactorily. Blankets and clothing were carried in waterproof bags. The cruiser was very hospitably treated by all the residents whom he met along the river.

A. C. A.

A. C. A. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

MEETING ON OCTOBER 4TH, AT ALBANY.

The meeting was called to order by the Commodore, General Robert Shaw Oliver, shortly after 10 o'clock on Saturday morning. Mr. Rathbun, Vice-Commodore (Deseronto); Mr. Andrews, Rear-Com. (Rochester); Dr. Neid , Secretary (Schuylerville); and Messrs. Rand (Harvard) and Vaux, (New York) Executive Committee members, were present. Mr. Wood, (Peterboro), was the only member absent. The Regatta Committee also held a meeting at the same time in a parlor of the Delavan House adjoining the one occupied by the Executive Committee. Chairman Gibson presided. The full committee of three were present; Messrs. Weller (Peterboro) and Wilkin (K. C. C. New York), having arrived at the same time as the other committee members. Mr. Wood arrived in the afternoon and passed upon matters acted on during the morning.

Delaney Point was settled upon as the camping ground for 1885. The dates for the meet being July 24th to August 8th, so as to get the full benefit of the moon. The Commodore requested a full list of Club Commanders from the Secretary, remarking that his experience in dealing with large bodies of men had led him to believe that they could only be successfully managed by dealing with them through their officers. Many minor matters were talked over and some changes in the Constitution and By-Laws voted on. The Regatta Committee's report was acted on, and this included a number of changes in the sailing rules. These changes will be published in the A. C. A. book for 1885. The Racing Programme was not made up during the meeting, but was talked over, and

will, no doubt, be ready to publish in the November number. It was promised not later than January 1st.

The Record, instituted at the 1884 meet, was accepted as a permanent feature of the Regatta, and it was decided to award at least five prizes to the five leaders on the Record of 1885. A number of points were decided on to induce more entries in the paddling races in the future, and each canoe will be allowed only in its own class either paddling or sailing. The programme is to be so balanced that there are an equal number of events for both classes A and B, with their corresponding three paddling classes II., III. and IV. Class I. is to remain, but will probably not be on the record. It being only left on the books in order to show the minimum time in which distances can be paddled. Membership numbers are to be placed upon the sails so as to make the canoes easily recognized. No excuse will be accepted for entering a race without such number on the sails. The "one man and one canoe" proposition was passed upon favorably. The meeting adjourned just at dinner time.

The Mohican Club House was the centre of interest directly after dinner. It was inspected while the cigars were being smoked. A few visiting canoes were on hand. Mr. Barney's red canoe Ibis, from Springfield, was of great interest on account of her nickel plate and numerous inventions. Canoeist will have to request Ibis to give an account of her new dodges—rudder-slide, dandy mast, handle-locking, adjustable tiller gear, hatch compass, ferrules, and other wrinkles. The stately ship Guenn—unfortunately found to be over the limits by the Mohican ruling stick—was being prepared for the regatta by her owner. Mr. Whitlock (N. Y. C. C.), Messrs. Vaux and Weller were provided with canoes by the Albany members. Ex-Commodore Nickerson and his twin Shedd were on hand from Springfield. The sailing race was a

drift, Marion, Annie O. and Guenn being the first prize winners in the three classes A, B, and unclassified.

General Oliver gave a dinner in the evening to the Executive and Regatta Committees, and Mr. Fernow presided at the Delavan House dinner for all canoe visitors—not officers—and Mohican club members. The officers joined the plebs later at the Delavan, and songs, speeches and fun were the order of the rest of the evening over the Turtle punch bowl. The visitors took their departure in various directions Sunday evening, considering themselves royally treated by the order of the Turtle.

C. B. V.

OFFICIAL REPORT.

The 1884 meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association was held at the Delavan House, in the city of Albany, N. Y., on October 4th.

The meeting was called to order by the Commodore at 30:10 A.M. The Secretary then called the roll. There were present, Robert Shaw Oliver, Commodore; F. S. Rathbun, Vice-Commodore; F. F. Andrews, Rear-Commodore; Chas. A. Neid , Secretary; E. G. Rand and C. B. Vaux. Mr. R. E. Wood was absent, but reported later on. The Secretary reported, informally, a balance in the treasury of \$344.17, with about \$300 now owing the association in annual dues, and that about 150 names would be dropped from the roll for non-payment of dues.

The first subject taken up was that of the site for the 1885 camp. Commodore Oliver read communications from Mr. B. W. Richards of Brockville, Ontario, and from Mr. Robert Tyson of Toronto. Setting forth the advantages and disadvantages of "Grenadier Island" in the River St. Lawrence as a camp site for 1885. These communications were accompanied by a carefully-prepared chart showing the locality mentioned. The matter was

thoroughly discussed, and on measurements and estimates being made, it was found that the expense of fitting up the site would be much in excess of what the funds of the association would allow.

Secretary Neid  made a motion, seconded by Mr. Vaux, that a committee be sent to inspect the site, but on being put to vote it was lost. A vote of thanks to Messrs. Richards and Tyson was then passed for their kindness in calling the attention of the committee to the "Grenadier Island" site. The motion of Mr. E. G. Rand, seconded by Vice-Commodore Rathbun, "that the next meet of the A. C. A. be held at the Thousand Islands," was carried. Secretary Neid  then moved, seconded by Rear-Commodore Andrews, that the camp for 1885 be held on "Grindstone Island," which motion was unanimously carried. Mr. C. B. Vaux moved, seconded by Mr. E. G. Rand, that Art. III. of the By-Laws be changed, by striking out the words "August of." Carried. Mr. E. G. Rand moved, seconded by Rear-Commodore Andrews, "that the 1885 meeting of the American Canoe Association be held from July 24th to August 8th." Carried. Mr. C. B. Vaux moved, "that no member of the A. C. A. shall race for a money prize," but no action was taken on his motion. Commodore Oliver moved, seconded by Dr. Neid , to amend Art. VI. of the By-Laws by changing the word "*shall*" to *may*, and striking out the words, "a drawing of which must be filed with the Secretary." Carried. Secretary Neid  then moved, seconded by Rear-Commodore Andrews, that Art. V of the By-Laws be changed so that it shall read "the officers' flags shall be swallow-tailed pennants 12x18 inches, that of the Commodore to be of *blue*, on which shall be displayed in *red* a pair of crossed paddles, with the letters "A C. A." in the upper three corners, and a star in the lower one; that of the Vice-Commodore

to be of *red*, with the same device in *white*; that of the Rear-Commodore to be of *white*, with the same device in *red*, and that of the Secretary to be of *white*, with the letters A. C. A., supported by a quill, in *blue*." Carried. Vice-Commodore Rathbun moved, seconded by Rear-Commodore Andrews; that "the uniform of the officers of the A. C. A. shall be of *blue*, with the letters A. C. A. embroidered in gold on the collar, and that the words, in Art. X., "the uniform of this association shall consist of a blue shirt and trowsers and straw hat," be stricken out. Carried. A discussion on the advisability of publishing a record of "Cruises of Members" followed, but no action was taken.

On motion of Mr. E. G. Rand, seconded by Secretary Neidé, a new law was created, to be known as Art. XII. of the By-Laws, "Any canoeist who shall, after this date, race for money, shall be considered a *professional*, and therefore ineligible to A. C. A. membership."

The Secretary then submitted the following names of applicants for election to membership in the A. C. A., viz.: No 753, W. N. Smith, Clayton, N. Y.; 754, Paul Butler, Lowell, Mass.; 755, C. P. Nichols, Lowell, Mass.; 756, Octavio A. Pujana, Troy, N. Y.; 757, J. S. Ehrich, New York City; 758, Charles Esemán, Chicago, Ill.; 759, W. H. Allen, Pittsburgh, Pa.; 760, Charles Moody, Rochester, N. Y.; 761, E. B. Lewis, Norwich, Conn. The Secretary was instructed to cast a vote for all, and they were declared to be elected. Misses Mary and Sophia Burnett of Peterboro', Ontario, were elected lady honorary members.—*To be continued in November issue.*

A. C. A. GROUP.

Mr. Seavey ("Hiawatha") undertaking the publication of an outline key to explain any of the photographs of the group taken at Grindstone, has thus far secured the names of all but eleven of the one hundred and twenty-one canoeists.

The Brockville and Deseronto men seem to be the ones without "labels." He will be glad to hear from them.

CLUB DOINGS.

THE K. C. C. ANNUAL DINNER.

On Monday, the 6th inst., the annual dinner occurred at Martinelli's—the occasion being the more interesting from the fact of its being the Club's third birthday. Thirty-five stalwart members deposited themselves around the festive board and engulphed éatables and drinkables with a splendid avidity, which spoke libraries for canoeing as a tonic, and elicited an expression of interest even on the wooden faces of the waiters. Among the guests were Dr. Neidé, Vice Commodore Rathbun, Messrs. Gibson, Vaux, Munroe and others. Commodore Brentano presided, being kept in countenance by the Vice, Mr. Greenleaf, and Mr. Wilkin brandished the toasting-fork over his victims with point, grace, and effect.

The Homeric meal over, the Secretary was called upon for the Club History. Every other man present lay back in his chair, furtively unbuttoned the lower half of his vest and lit a cigar.

The Secretary briefly sketched the progress of the Club from the egg (so to speak) to the rooster. He thereupon soared into the Empyrian. Instigated thereto, doubtless, by Asmodeus, and not having the fear of man before his eyes, he did then and there claim, aver, assert, and declare, that the K. C. C. was the hugest, wealthiest, spryest, liveliest, handsomest, cruising-est, racy-est, and best-behaved club on this side of the Golden Gates—supporting his monstrous assertions with many alarming statistics and much splendor of rhetoric.

In response to the prod of Mr. Wilkin's instrument of torture, Dr. Neidé made some pungent remarks on cruising and cruisers, and entered into some delicate personal explanations of his financial relations with the A. C. A. Mr. Rathbun responded pleasantly for "Our Canadian

Brethren," Mr. Gibson for the braves who bear as their totem the turtle of Tamenund, and Mr. Munroe for the gallant band of misnomers who adorn New Brighton and upset in New York Bay.

Mr. Stevens modestly admitted the dread power mercifully latent in the thunderbolts of the Press, and Mr. Vaux indulged in various dry-nurse reminiscences of the infancy of the lusty club whose natal day was being celebrated.

As representing "the Ladies" the mighty chief "Bigfoot" curbed his native ferocity, remembered that the war-whoop "is a parlous wild fowl among ladies," and "roared as gently as a sucking dove." His picture of *Squaw Point* powerfully affected the younger members, many of whom inly swore that next August they *would be there* if they had to knock off cigarettes and pawn their canes to do it. Mr. Dormitzer read a "Klub Pome," constructed on the Irishman's principle, "Wherever you see a head hit it." Mr. Wilkin mellifluously chanted a similar flight of genius from the pen of Mr. Nadal, who feelingly acknowledged the applause it justly elicited. Mr. E. D. Jones, as representative of the "laymen" present, claimed that he was a theoretical canoeistic of A 1 grade, copper-bottomed. He had once drunk a cup of camp coffee and still lived; this had given him a confidence in canoeing which nothing but a Mulligan letter could shake.

The Commodore presented Mr. Greenleaf with a very pretty "long-cruise" medal, the design of which tastefully represented a tin canoe plunging through an old-gold ocean. This commemorated a paddling trip so lengthy as almost to rival the "widow's cruise"—which, as you know, never came to an end. Mr. Greenleaf said it was the proudest moment of his life, or words to that effect, more or less.

The evening was enlivened by some jolly and time-honored old songs by Messrs. Wilkin and Monroe, among which "The

Tree," "Il Trovatore," "John Brown's Body" and "Roll a Man Down" stood out in glorious prominence. All joined in chorus and when, in the last, the company stood up in their napkins and claw-hammer coats and hauled at an imaginary sheet the effect was almost equal in its nautical flavor to a whole line-of-battle frigate,—bo'sun's whistle, slush-pot, cat-o'-nine-tails and all.

The company broke up at about half-past twelve, happy but not too happy.

"They were na fou, they were na fou,—
Jist a wee drappie in the 'ee."

And one might almost have supposed that around the mighty central bowl had been inscribed in letters of gold, Mark Twain's discreet and wise advice, which ought to be printed on the heart and brain of every convivial canoeist.

"PUNCH, BROTHERS, PUNCH WITH CARE."
NETTIE.

NEW YORK.

Fall Regatta, New York Canoe Club (Sept. 27, 1884) Commodore Whitlock and C. V. R. Schuyler in charge. Mr. Stevens was appointed Starter and Judge. Five visiting members from the Bayonne Club were present, and two from the Knickerbocker C. C., not counting the N. Y. C. C. Commodore, who is a member of the K. C. C., but was, by the kindness of that club, loaned to the N. Y. C. C. for the occasion. All of the N. Y. C. C. races are open to all canoeists.

A very strong, southeast wind against a lively ebb tide resulted in such rough water as few canoeists are used to. The usual course around buoy 17 was abandoned on this account. A number of too ambitious Corinthians were sailing about before the race with too much sail up. Five of them upset, and were rescued, three being visiting Bayonnese. The two New Yorkers were ready to enter the race. The Knickerbocker members present were paddlers—not sailors. The course was (wind free) across the Kills channel around

a canal-boat at anchor to starboard, and back (to windward) to the club float, finishing between it and a boat at anchor.

CLASS B.

GUENN,	William Whitlock.
TRAMP,	C. J. Stevens.
DOT,	C. B. Vaux.
ESMERALDA,	Dr. F. B. Curtis.
KITTIWAKE,	C. L. Norton.
MOSQUITO,	E. C. Delavan.
SURGE,	A. C. McMurray.
MINK,	M. V. Brokaw.
FREAK,	C. V. R. Schuyler.

CLASS A.

PSYCHE,	C. K. MUNROE.
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Dot lead at the start with two reefs in mainsail and storm dandy set. All were closely reefed down.

Chairman of Regatta Committee of One—Schuyler—made an error in rounding the starting boat and withdrew. *Minx* found she had too much sail up, and also dropped out. *Dot* parted her steering line while trying to avoid a steamer, and dropped sail to repair damages—proceeding on again shortly, but well behind the fleet, having to come about twice before rounding the turn to prevent a jibe. Much time was lost in this way by several canoes, as a jibe would have been fatal in such a sea and wind. *Mosquito* upset and *Surge* and *Esmeralda* went to her rescue, and thus all three dropped out of the race. The *Guenn*, not having learned the course before starting, went out of her way on the beat home, and *Dot* got a lead on her again and won. *Guenn* second and *Tramp* third, with *Psyche*, class A, but a short distance behind. The sailing of the *Psyche* in such rough water was wonderful, and her skipper, undoubtedly, did the best work of the day.

Gus, of Bayonne (T. Garrett) won the the class IV paddling; *Mist*, F. B. Collins, also Bayonne, second; *Slipalong* and *Minx* later.

The tandem was entered only by two Bayonne canoes, *Ella* and *Kelpie*. *Ella*, G. Hurd and T. Garrett won.

Class II, paddling had three entries:—*Lark*, McMurray; *Black Maria*, Stevens;

Fanita, E. Gould, (K. C. C.). *Lark* won, *Fanita* second. Vaux, Munroe, T. Garrett, G. Hurd, and McMurray therefore gained the prizes in their respective classes—flags.

PITTSBURG.

The Fall Regatta of the Pittsburg Canoe Club was commenced on Sept. 25th with a sailing race, for each class, A and B, and a paddling race open to all. The Regatta Committee were Lieut. Geo. A. Howe, and Messrs. W. H. Nimick and C. F. Holdship. The prizes following A. C. A. precedent, were all flags, and very handsome ones they were. Of the five Class A canoes enrolled in the club, one belongs to a member who sails a Class B boat, the owner of another is away on his wedding trip, while a third was kept away by business, so the only entries were:

Marguerite....	Capt. G. H. Singer	14.6x28
Nirvana.....	Alex. K. Nimick.....	14x27½

They each carry about 65 ft. of canvas in their two sails, all in settee shape, except main of Nirvana, which is a balance lug. The course was from Sixth Street Bridge down the Alleghany southwest to its mouth, then west down the Ohio to a buoy, and return. The wind was westerly, but changeable in direction as well as force, so that at times a course could be laid straight down the Alleghany, and again tacking became necessary. Contrary to general anticipation, Nirvana took the lead at once, and gained steadily, winning by several minutes, her time over the 2½-mile course being 55 minutes.

The Class B canoes were started about half an hour after the smaller ones, over the same course, the entries being:

Mary C	W. H. Rea.....	14.4x30
Lorna.....	J. K. Bakewell.....	14x29½
Whiffler.....	W. E. Woodwell.....	14x30
Katrina	R. W. Bailey.....	14.6x31

Of these Mary C. and Whiffler were provided merely with cruising latteens of 37 and 43 ft. area respectively. Lorna had a fan main and settee dandy, total 80 ft., and

Katrina had a Mohican main and settee dandy, total 75 ft. At the start Lorna took the lead and held it nearly to the Ohio, after which Katrina passed her, and was never afterwards headed, winning in 47 min., Lorna 2d, Whiffler 3d.

The entries in the paddling race were :

Lady Jane.....	Woodwell.....	14x28
Flotsam.....	Singer.....	14.6x27
Nirvana.....	Nimick.....	14x27 1/2
Katrina.....	Bailey.....	14.6x31
Electa.....	Bakewell.....	14x26
Mary C.....	Rae.....	14.4x30

Bakewell took the lead and held it to the turn, but, having no rudder, made a very wide turn and was passed by the next three, the finish being in the order given above. Lady Jane's time was 14 min. Distance about one and one-fourth miles.

The free-for-all sailing race was postponed until Saturday, October 4th, when all the canoes entered in the two sailing races above appeared, except Mary C. The course and general direction of the wind were the same as on the former occasion; the wind being very strong at the start, but dying away to nearly nothing at the finish. Katrina, with her sail reefed, went to the front on the first tack, and continued to gain during all the windward work. The other four kept very close together, sometimes one and sometimes another being ahead; Nirvana reaching the buoy 2d, and Whiffler 3d, the others about even. On the run home Lorna's big spread of canvas pulled her up to the third place, the time at finish being Katrina 46 min., Nirvana 51 min., Lorna 55 min. Whiffler came in fourth.

TORONTO.

The paddling races of the Toronto Canoe Club, fixed for Saturday afternoon, Sept. 13th, duly came off.

The handicap paddling race, one mile, for T. C. C. canoes, brought out five starters, one of whom, Mr. Johnston, gave a time allowance to the others, partly on account of the superior speed of his long and narrow canoe. Despite this he won, the result of the race being as follows :

M. F. Johnston.....	1
F. W. Mason, 3 minutes' start.....	2
J. W. Bridgman, 3 1/2 minutes' start.....	3
F. M. Nicholson, 3 minutes' start.....	0
Hugh Neilson, 3 1/2 minutes' start.....	0

The tandem paddling race one mile, open to non-members of the T. C. C., resulted in a fine struggle between the six competing crews. Over the first half of the course they kept very near one another, turning the buoy in rapid succession, they made a good finish. All used single-bladed paddles and open canoes. Result :

L. H. Whittemore and R. H. Boulton, canoe	
Lilabel.....	1
George T. Alexander and E. B. Freeland.....	2
James Scott and Arthur H. Scott.....	0
John Sanson and Alex. Clarkson.....	0
J. S. Thomson and Geo. Castle.....	0
Henry Hayes and Hugh V. Payne.....	0

In the sailing race four canoes started, but were unable to finish in accordance with its conditions. The race was therefore held over.

An exhibition of canoe upsetting and water gymnastics closed the programme, after which the successful men received their prizes at the hands of Miss Mason.

HARTFORD.

The meet of the Hartford Canoe Club, about a mile below the Colt ferry slip, Saturday afternoon and night, Oct. 4, was a jolly affair. "Camp Explosion" was the name given it. The club's fleet of fifteen cruising and paddling boats had excellent water for racing, and the sport was very exciting. The sailing contests came off with a strong wind blowing from the north. Prizes were offered by the associate members of the club for the paddling races. V. B. Hubbell won the two hundred yards with a turn race, in the *Hartford*, and H. T. Stancliff, Jr., took the three hundred yards straightaway race in the *Venture*. The camp was serenaded late Saturday evening by the Slater string band, of Hockanum. Yesterday morning there was a short devotional service, and the campers rested until late in the afternoon, when a barbecued sheep was served for dinner. Upwards of thirty associate members were in camp as guests of the boat owners. Most of the canoeists returned last night, but some of the more ardent remained and came up to-day.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Aye, aye, Mr. Norton, the Mohicans hear your hail and lie to to listen to what you say concerning the canoe tent.

The writer has no Stoddard photographs of the 1881 meet convenient, or he would gladly do as requested, and avail himself of the opportunity to take a peep at the Kittiwake, her tent and its inventor; then, at same time, he could see how far this tent resembles ours—beg pardon, how closely *ours* resembles *it*.

It is true that General Oliver "first used a similar tent in 1883;" also true that "the idea was first suggested to him by a sketch in Mr. Alden's 'Young Canoe Club;'" for, to quote from the same author as Mr. Norton, "He himself has said it." So, as you see, he does not claim priority of invention, and I gave the credit to whom I supposed it due.

I imagine General Oliver has so much improved on the original (no reflection, Mr. Norton—he generally does improve on what he uses, either of his own invention or adopted) that the Kittiwake would find it difficult to recognize it for her own. After all I don't know but this particular style has the right to the name it bears; *still*, I wish every one to know that the *Mohicans* did not christen it. Some of the articles on the '83 meet mentioned the "Albany Tent," and it had been advertised under that name long before we thought of calling it that, much less claiming it as an original invention.

While on this subject of invention and adoption, I would speak of another article of canoe equipment which seems to have several claimants for the honor of invention, viz.: what is spoken of as "Joiner Sail," "Stoddard Sail" and "Mohican Settee." I know for a fact that when General Oliver studied out his rig that he had

never seen Mr. Stoddard's nor heard it described; yet the two styles are markedly similar. Now, under the circumstances, *have* we or have we *not* a right to call ours "Mohican Settee?" What ever your decision, I would like it distinctly understood that it is not our fault that it is so called. We have taken pains to say that Mr. Stoddard used the same principle before ours was thought of, but the name has been forced on our favorite sail by *outsiders* and as long as it was really put in its present convenient shape by one of our own men, what's the use of insisting that it shall not be?

Please know that we use a combined deck-seat and back-rest, which we are *certain* originated with a Mohican; likewise foot steering gear, deck steering gear, boom crotches, sliding parrel and *cam* cleats. Our canoes are supplied with Joiner (?) drop rudders, but we have added an improvement or two, and next season will probably see another borrowed from Mr. Barney, of Springfield C. C., and I expect to adopt that gentleman's friction clutch for my deck tiller. Right here let me warn canoeists who may chance to see them, not to apply the words *Albany* or *Mohican* to these last.

Yours truly,

W. B. WACKERHAGEN.

Albany, N. Y., Oct. 6, 1884.

[The "several claimants" of the sail under discussion have been Messrs. Oliver, Stoddard and Joiner. The two former gentlemen, besides publishing descriptions of their sails in the CANOEIST, and have shown no anxiety about their inventions, and are probably satisfied, the one that the *Marion's* sails make her one of the fastest class A canoes in the A. C. A., the other that the *Atlantis* can be reefed before a squall of ordinary racing ability can catch her. Both have shown repeatedly that they are capable of clever things, and no one doubts that they worked out their sailing rigs independently.

Reference to the CANOEIST of April will show that Mr. Stoddard there described a sailing outfit, origi-

nal in every particular, both in shape of sail and running gear, including reef.

In Gen. Oliver's article, in the June CANOEIST, he claims nothing but the supposedly new combination of the lateen and balance-lug. He adopts Dot's reefing gear and Tredwen's traveler and lazy-jack.

It seems to us that Mr. Wackerhagen settles the only mooted question when he says: "We have taken pains to say that Mr. Stoddard used the same principle before ours was thought of." It is certainly the custom to award the credit of a disputed invention to him who proves priority of invention. We do not think Gen. Oliver's combination of Stoddard's sail, Vaux's reefing gear, and Tredwen's traveler and lazy-jack, gives him any more right to claim the invention of the sail than the invention of either of the other three devices.

After a canoeist has graduated from the pin and jaw lateen, his rig is seldom exactly like any other. If we name each combination of old ideas after its owner, we shall have as many original rigs as there are *permutations and combinations* of the *points* or parts in a canoe rig.

Usually canoeists have gotten over the difficulty in describing their rigs by such expressions as:

"Balance-lug sail, with Dot's or Baden-Powell's reefing gear," or "Pearl's sail with Baden-Powell's reef instead of Tredwen's;" etc.

We would thus describe Gen. Oliver's rig as consisting of the Stoddard sail with Dot's reefing gear.

The question of the tent is similar to that of the sail. It was Col. Norton's bright idea to raise a light tent over the cock-pit. Gen. Oliver, as Mr. Wackerhagen thinks, improves upon it. Mr. Kirkpatrick, probably never having heard of Col. Norton's tent, improves, as *he* thinks, upon the Mohicans' (Oct. Outing).

As we view it, Col. Norton invented the canoe tent (as a generic term), just as Howe invented the sewing-machine, 'though there are now a hundred varieties bearing different names. There are, however, new points in both tents referred to, and, differing as they do from the original tent, the simplest way to distinguish them is by calling them the "Albany Tent," the "Kirkpatrick Tent," or by any other name their designers and the *vox Canoeideli* may adopt.

Mr. Joiner's claim, like the Mohicans', was only to modifications of Stoddard's work. In a letter to Mr. S., dated October 23d, he withdraws any other claim, saying: "We beg to say that the combination of the well-known lateen sail and the batten-lug, and the rudder with the blade to raise and drop below the keel, was, so far as we know, original with you."—Ed.

GALLEY FIRE.

Et tu, Fior da Lice! Well, his notice is worth something, though his approval would have been more gratifying. But I fear I am misunderstood, so if your patience is not exhausted, Mr. Editor, please spare me a little more room at the Galley Fire.

The generally accepted recipe for tea-making is as follows: Put the tea into the pot, dry; fill up with *boiling* water (great stress being laid on the fact that the water should be boiling), and let it stand in a warm place ten minutes.

Now, why is tea so often spoiled, even in kitchen cookery? One reason is that the water is *not* boiling when the pot is filled, or it does not stand long enough; or being set on the corner of the stove, it gets on a little boil of its own, unbeknownst to Bridget, and boils several minutes on the quiet, till it is fit to "float an axe;" or perhaps it is not kept hot enough and it comes on the table shivering with the cold—and oh! so thinly-flavored. All these difficulties are greatly enhanced in camp-cookery, and it was to avoid them that I suggested, with apologies, our method. See how simple it is and how few chances for failure.

Make the fire, fill the pot with cold water, put in the tea and set it on. In two minutes it foams up; take it off and serve. It is only necessary to watch it that it does not boil but for an instant—that is, to take it off the moment it comes to the boil. Though good old Nessmuck lets it boil five minutes few like it that way. Every one who has tried it likes it our way.

The whole idea, as I understand it, is that continued boiling extracts the tannin and dispels the aromatic flavor of the tea. This being the case, either process carefully conducted will equally well avoid the trouble.

JOE, OF THE NANCY BELL.

THE AMERICAN C · A · N · O · E · I · S · T

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. III.

NOVEMBER, 1884.

No. 11.

A CRUISER'S PROTEST.

I agree with MacGregor when he says that there are too many "improvements" in the modern canoe. I have always insisted that the multiplicity of gew-gaws and complicated machinery was the bane of cruising, which is, or should be, a synonym for canoeing.

The novice who is led to take up canoeing nowadays buys his canoe ready-made, "complete with fittings," as the builders' catalogues say. Perchance he is one of the right sort, who would like to strike off down a strange river, all alone; paddle or sail leisurely, fish a little, hunt a little, poke his boat's nose into all the little inlets on his course, and commune only with himself and nature, perhaps for a week, perhaps for a month.

Soon, alas! he finds that his craft wasn't built for that purpose. A complicated steering gear, with stirrups and yokes, takes up room he needs for blankets and fishing tackle. Either his centerboard folds within his boat, and forces him to lie all night in one position, or it folds outside, and he cannot work his canoe back and forth in the sand to secure a position for it where it will not be sprung when slept in. When he sits in his cabin to cook a meal, and wants to rest a dish on deck while he stirs his oatmeal,—hang it all! there is not a place free from cleats, screw-eyes, mast-plates or rudder-yoke, large enough to hold the dish. He gives up, cruises no more and uses his boat for the purpose for which she was built, viz., a paddle or sail on the river in the afternoon after office hours, and for racing.

I venture to say that the canoes built

from eight to twelve years ago, and derided now by frequenters of canoe-houses, are better fitted for real canoeing—cruising—than those built to-day. I "kicked" for a long time against using even a rudder on a canoe, and will only use one now on a boat built for open water work, with no portages. When Jarvis the builder, fitted the *Psyche* in 1876 with a rudder, my astonishment was boundless, for it was the first I had seen; and I predicted, falsely, I dare say, that it would help to make the owner's first camp-fire. Now I have succumbed to the rudder for open waters, but use no yoke or gear except an endless tiller line *running* around the well on my deck. Canoes are now fitted with prettily made seats, which serve that purpose and no other. They are nuisances on any cruise, and are so much extra wood to be kicking out of the way. The "grub-box" makes the best seat extant, and the back rest can be used to just the same advantages. This, or a clothes-bag, or a coat double dup, will make a more comfortable and better seat than any of the pretty things that come with new canoes.

To a cruising novice I would say: Attain simplicity in your sails, gear and fittings of all kinds. Don't let the men around the canoe club-house talk you into rudder yokes, telescoping aprons, sliding gunters, topsails, spinnakers and batten-lugs with reefing-gears requiring miles of rope and blocks, cleats, belaying pins *ad infinitum* and you will never be forced to give up cruising for afternoon sailing and racing.

SENECA.

THE HISTORY OF THE DOT.

The *Dot* having been sold and removed to southern waters, as noted in our last issue, we believe that the publication of its history will be appropriate as well as interesting to canoeists. Long known as a representative canoe and the most successful racer in our navy, the *Dot* has achieved a well-earned reputation in two continents.

The *Dot* was built by James Everson, of Williamsburgh, during the winter of 1877-8. It was the third shadow canoe. Mr. Alden, in the fall of 1877, had furnished Mr. Everson with his ideas about a new model, and the *Shadow* was the result. The second shadow was the *Bubble*, owned by Mr. Chase. It has since often been heard of. Mr. Farnham bought the original *Shadow* from Mr. Alden, and in it took many notable cruises, for the most part in Canadian waters. The name was changed to *Allegro*. This same canoe was at the 1884 A. C. A. meet, with *Orford* painted on the top streak on either side of the bow.

Could CANOEIST get a history of either of the *Dot's* predecessors it would be interesting to its readers, and this history would be read last—following the order of construction.

The *Dot* was launched at 6 P. M. on Saturday, April 20th, 1878, on the East River, near the shop where she was built. Nothing but a paddle was bought with her. Her skipper left Everson's with a flood tide, using his coat for a cushion and steering with his feet, the rudder lines being looped and passed over the toes of his shoes. The builders did not put steering-gears in canoes in those days. The first voyage was up the East River into the Harlem, after dark, through Spuyten Duyvel Creek to the Hudson and up the Hudson to Alpine, New Jersey, opposite Yonkers—a distance of twenty miles. She was housed before eleven o'clock, having made the trip

including a portage over the road at King's Bridge, in less than five hours. No water was sponged out on her arrival at Alpine, notwithstanding it was the first time the canoe had been in the water.

Work was at once begun on sails and rigging. A steering yoke was put in, supported by a foot stretcher about four inches wide, which fitted into slots, two on either side, arranged for the single bar stretcher. An upright rod of iron supported the iron yoke at just the height of the toes above the bottom board. This rod was a flat rod of iron, bent at a right angle, one arm being screwed to the stretcher from beneath, and the other supporting the yoke. Lifting out the stretcher and unhooking the lines removed the whole affair from the canoe. As the skipper had previously learned to sit on deck while sailing—having owned a canoe before 1878—he had a tiller adjusted to the deck as a supplementary steering-gear, because he had found it most difficult to reach the lines below deck when sailing. This was the first application of a deck-tiller to a canoe. The rig at this time consisted of two sails; a sprit-sail dandy and a large jib, not going beyond the bow of the canoe, with two sheets, a halliard and a line from its lower angle leading through a block at the bow and thence aft to a cleat on the coaming. It was thus possible to set the jib from the cockpit without going forward. The halliard and "out-haul" were each furnished with snap-hooks, so the jib on being lowered could at once be unhooked and stowed below. This arrangement of sails was very fair for general going about, and enabled the crew to paddle while sailing, there being nothing in the way between the masts. In August the *Dot* took a week's cruise up the Hudson to Rondout and back, in company with Grant Van Deusen in canoe *Tula*. A canoe tent—still in existence—made the year before, was used, proving itself

very serviceable. It covered the cockpit and was fastened to the mast forward, running down to the deck aft. Spread out flat, it was about the shape of Mr. Dick's Kite. A standing lug foresail was also carried for light winds; more especially for fair winds when the jib could not be used. The boom had a snap-hook at its forward end, which snapped into a ring on the deck, just aft of the foremast. The halliard also snapped into the ring on the yard, so the sail just balanced. It was easily set and stowed, and made an excellent cruising sail. The mast step was just forward of the coaming, fully 4 feet 6 inches from the bow. There were no reefs in the sails; dandy 25 feet, jib 20 feet, foresail 40 feet. The canoe had no extra keel. The after hatch fitting to the movable bulk-head was the only one ever used though a complete set for closing the well came with the canoe. The forward bulk-head was cut out to allow the stowing of sails below deck. The *Dot* spent the winter of 1878-9 at Alpine. In the spring of 1879, with three other canoes, it joined the Resolute Boat Club, 152d street, North River, now the Knickerbocker Canoe Club's quarters.

On June 7th occurred the first regatta that the New York Canoe Club had held in seven years. It was at New Brighton, Staten Island. The *Dot* entered and sailed her maiden race with no keel, against other canoes having rockered keels of five inches and over. The *Dot* was the only canoe of the twenty or more present carrying the crew on deck. Owing to her lack of keel she was unable to make the buoy on the second turn, a very strong head-wind and tide opposing. Only two canoes went over the course, though more than fifteen started. The *Dot* went over the full course, and though ruled out of the race on account of the failure to make the correct turn, came in second. This race was productive of much good to *Miss*

Dot. She at once sailed away to Yonkers, had a three-inch rockered keel added and her mast stepped further forward. The jib was thrown aside and a flat-setting standing lug made. The rudder was deepened over an inch. With this new rig, the rest of the season was spent in practice. Ballast, in the shape of wet blankets in a rubber bag, was tried and found to work well.

In May, 1880, the *Dot*, in company with two other canoes, took a 300 mile cruise down the Susquehanna River, and during the summer of that year was constantly sailed on the Hudson River at Fort Washington.

In August she joined the New York Canoe Club, and on September 5th sailed her first race of the season, against four N. Y. C. C. canoes. This race, owing to her large amount of sail (25 feet dandy, 50 feet mainsail), and the position of the crew on deck, she easily won, the *Pschye* being the only other canoe to finish. A week later another race was sailed—open to all canoeists—having ten starters. *Dot* was the first of the fleet around the buoy when the wind died out. All but one paddled home. The one canoe drifted about for two hours, and finally the flood tide carried her over the line, a winner—there being no time limit. In the meantime *Dot* had won the upset race. The first race for the club challenge cup was sailed on September 26th. The Pearl canoe, *Queen Mab*, entered this event as her first race. There were three other entries. The course was a five mile triangle. The *Dot's* sails for this race were a new set of balance lugs; dandy, 20 feet, with one batten and one reef; mainsail 60 feet, with two battens and two reefs. The main sheet was run through a ring on the keelson to the skipper's hand, he sitting as before, on deck. All the others sailing in this race followed his example, except the skipper of the Pearl. The *Dot* won by seven minutes. This

ended the racing for 1880. The *Dot* was overhauled by builder Stephens, and a pointed flare coaming, the first on a canoe, put in, with a pointed hatch, running about 18 inches aft. A quick reefing gear was added to the foresail—the one now in use. The *Dot* spent the winter in town at the house of Mr. C. P. Oudin.

The racing for 1881 began on June 25th, with the N. Y. C. C. Spring Regatta. The sailing race was for a club prize, it also being the second race for the challenge cup. There were five entries. The *Dot* won, having 13 minutes to spare over a two mile course to windward and return. As there was no wind on the day of the July regatta, no sailing race came off.

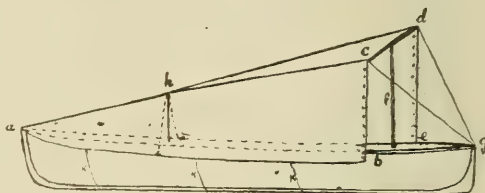
In September, the third race for the cup was sailed. It was necessary for the winner of this cup to receive two challenges before a race could be called. Five times winning the cup brought it into the possession of such winner. The *Dot* won the third race, and held the cup through the winter as it had done the year before. This race made the third she had won in succession. A complete suit of new sails was made during the early Spring of 1882; dandy, 25 feet, mainsail 70 feet, 75 lbs. of shot ballast—in three bags—was also added to the racing outfit. Each year many short cruises were made, no appliance for racing being added that in the least interfered with successful cruising and comfort. The floor boards of the canoe were raised $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches above the keelson. This was found to be a great improvement in keeping everything out of whatever bilge-water might happen to get aboard. All the waters for 50 miles around New York were cruised over at different times. Several trips were taken down the Sound. Two weeks in August, 1881, were spent at Oster-ville, on Cape Cod, and much sailing was done in company with the canoe *Natalie* on really open water.

(To be continued.)

A CANOE CABIN.

Cut out of muslin the triangles a b c, a e d, h c d also the rectangle c d e b and sew them together in the manner indicated; step your mainmast aft and your dandy mast forward—c d, is a twig, or a stick, carried for the purpose, about twenty inches long. C g and d g, are lines which make the structure firm—and k, k, k, tapes fastened underneath the keel.

It will be noticed that a h c b, will assume a warped surface, but this will not be objectionable.



The above is intended for a Racine Shadow, in which the masts permit of this arrangement, if, however, the Lord Ross lateen is used, the mast would have to be lengthened, by lashing pieces of stick to them.

If it is not desired to cover so much deck forward, the triangle h i j, could be set in; but the space so covered will be found very convenient for stowing things when sleeping in the boat.

Along c b, and d e, put a row of buttons, so that when ventilation is needed the corner can be raised.

When the "cabin" is finished, soak it in a preparation made by dissolving five or six parafine candles in about a gallon of benzine, and letting the benzine dry out. This takes but a few minutes.

The advantages I claim for this canoe-shelter are, that it presents little surface to the wind when the canoe is placed on shore, "bow on," for the night, and that the upper part having a good slant, the water runs off freely.

HUGH L. WILLOUGHBY.

THE 1884 MEET.

THIRD LETTER.

Resuming our walk at the Rochester tent, we find three single tents are next in order; occupied respectively by Warren, Pa.; Pittsburg, Pa.; and Philadelphia. Pittsburg has a novelty in the shape of a steel canoe, constructed of thin sheet steel, weighing about 125 pounds, perfectly water-tight and wonderfully strong. It is affectionately called "The Tin Pot," "The Bath-tub," etc. The Philadelphia Club are chiefly University men. *Personnel*:—Warren (2): J. P. Jefferson and E. D. Wetmore; Pittsburg (5): G. H. Singer, captain; Geo. A. Howe, lieutenant; R. W. Bailey, purser; J. K. Bakewell, B. C. Bakewell. Philadelphia (2): T. S. Westcott and Chas. H. Hagert.

Here is the Peterboro' camp, under the presidency of Mr. E. B. Edwards, and having the largest muster of any club in camp—twenty-one men, with thirteen canoes. All but three of the canoes are open, all but one carry sails, and all have single-bladed paddles. Every one knows Peterboro' and its hardy paddlers. The club includes in its ranks the 1883-4 Rear-Commodore, H. C. Rogers, and a member of the 1884-5 Executive Committee, R. E. Wood. The eighteen other members present are: Messrs. George Stevenson, the Secretary; J. Z. Rogers, J. L. Weller, F. Adams, John Hawkins, Mr. Yeomans, J. A. Fairweather, Robert Tate, H. Rogers. T. Haultain, C. Haultain, W. Haultain, H. Roper, H. A. Morrow, H. Cottingham, F. Cox and W. Rutherford. The Peterboro' Canoe Club, like the N. Y. C. C., is older than the A. C. A., having been organized in 1872. Its President, Mr. E. B. Edwards, is well known to the readers of the CANOEIST as the 1883 Commodore of the A. C. A., and the one to whom the successful visit of the Association to Canada last year is greatly due.

Another large encampment, and the immediate southern neighbor of Peterboro', is that of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club, New York City. Jovial Knickerbockers! Whole-souled Knickerbockers!—not that they have the entire monopoly of these amiable qualities, but there is no mistake about them, and they must excuse one for calling names. They muster seventeen men, with fourteen canoes. The camp postmaster, Robert J. Wilkin, is as well known in the Association as are those other old stagers, H. T. Keyser, A. Lowenthal and Arthur Brentano.

The remainder of the K. C. C. contingent are Messrs. B. Nadal, W. L. Greene, R. P. Martin, A. P. Gardner, R. P. Brock, H. D. Brewster, E. W. Brown, E. C. Griffin, L. W. Seavey, C. S. H. Buchanan (from New Orleans), S. V. Hoffman, and the two others mentioned above.

Not long since the Knickerbockers changed their New York quarters, and have now an exceedingly handsome and commodious club-house. The social element is strong among the Knickerbockers. They are not a racing club as a rule, although their men occasionally enter contests.

Watertown and Buffalo are the next camps. The latter club has for its burgee a black buffalo disporting itself in a very rampant and lively manner on a white background.

Watertown: J. C. Wilson and C. H. Remington. Buffalo: E. L. French and Williams Lansing.

Dr. and Mrs. Parmale, who cruised from Lake George, are camped next to "Watertown." They are members of the Hartford Canoe Club. Their southern neighbors are the Brockville Canoe Club. Only organized this year, this club nevertheless make the creditable showing of thirteen members present, with the same number of canoes, all open ones. The Brockville

men are chiefly paddlers, having only two sails (lateens) among them. The club's growth has been much helped by the proximity of the meet. The members present are: G. A. Dana, commodore; B. W. Richards, vice-commodore; W. S. Cruston, secretary-treasurer; E. Pitt, G. Hutchinson, J. Carron, J. C. Smart, A. J. Dana, J. Firth, N. McLean, Allan Turner, W. Richards and D. Wright. Good practical boating material this for a permanent and healthy club. Brockville is situated on the Canadian shore of the St. Lawrence, just below the Thousand Islands, and its canoeists are probably better acquainted with this locality than any other men in the A. C. A.

They are just the men to know where the good sites for next year's camp are to be found.

Here our tour of the camp is finished but we have yet to visit Squaw Point, that most delectable locality, which is set apart for the ladies. Jumping into a canoe, less than a quarter-mile's paddling brings us opposite its sandy beach, where the green foliage of a fine grove of trees makes a charming background for its dozen or more white tents and striped marquees. As we come nearer, the picture is enhanced by groups of ladies here and there, in the most picturesque head-dresses. Landing we note the abundance of cut flowers in water in front of the various tents—water lilies and other wild flowers principally—many of them gathered, no doubt, as floral offerings by gallant canoeists from the larger camp. In passing the open tent doors we note the feminine neatness of their interior arrangement, where such material as bright colored drapery, pieces of carpet and big Saratoga trunks are used to the best advantage for decorative purposes. The population of Squaw Point is about twenty-five—chiefly ladies, but including three or four married couples. Here is the sole representative of the Ottawa

Canoe Club Mr. Robert W. Badwin, accompanied, of course, by Mrs. Baldwin, who is just now utilizing her husband's lateen sail as a sun-shade. Here also are Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson, of Toronto, and a number of ladies from Peterboro' and other parts of Canada, some of whose names I have, but unfortunately the list is not complete. Mr. Seavey, of New York, whose family is here, is custodian of Squaw Point. I need not tell members of the A. C. A. that he is an artist and amateur photographer of recognized merit.

Speaking of photography, there are a dozen or more amateur photographers in camp, and they held a meeting of their own one evening in the tent of the Toronto Canoe Club, on the invitation of Mr. Hugh Neilson. Much useful information was exchanged, and Mr. Seavey's stores of knowledge were largely drawn on. Amateur photography is now a favorite pursuit with many canoeists, and the art affords unrivalled opportunity for picturing the picturesque.

Mr. Seavey paddles—or helps to paddle—a large open canoe, a family canoe, named *Hiawatha*. It is of a golden yellow color, and bears on the bows these appropriate quotations:

"And it floated on the water
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily."

"And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic."

ROBT. TYSON.

Toronto, Sept., 1884.

—Mr. Frank Bowles, now superintending the building of the steel cruisers for the U. S. Navy, stopped a few days with Com. Foote S. C. C. and became deeply interested in canoeing. He inspected the clubhouse, was pleased with the outfit and intends ordering from Rushton a St. Lawrence canoe with Child's centerboard. He then proposes to do the proper thing by joining the Washington D. C. canoe club.

THAT FATAL TOW ROPE.

There is among canoeists a wide-spread conviction that canal navigation is comparatively free from the dangers that beset the fraternity in broader waters, and that the average canal boat is highly exemplary in the matter of minding its own business and keeping a straight course, except when it meets another of its own kind. With this conviction firmly implanted in his mind, the writer, during the season just ended, being of a timorous and retiring disposition, undertook what he had every reason to believe would be a safe and not uninteresting cruise through a certain canal, which he believed to be frequented only by boats of a mild and innocuous character, manned by kindly and sweet-tempered "bargees," commanded by truly good captains, and hauled by well-broken and unobjectionable mules.

His confidence was somewhat shaken during the first few miles by encountering at least two large steam barges, which went with a portentous speed of at least seven miles an hour, and carried a long, smooth, insidious swell that threatened to drag his canoe under the counter of the passing boat. Experience proved, however, that in themselves these barges were not necessarily dangerous, and with a lightened heart he proceeded on his way, all unconscious of impending fate.

It was about half a mile beyond a lock, through whose damp and chilly depths he had triumphantly passed, to the admiration of the local officials, that his dream of bliss was rudely broken.

In order to understand the situation, let the next printed column represent the canal, C the canoe, B B two ordinary canal boats, and S S two large freight barges, one of which was a steamer having the other in tow. The canoe is supposed to be advancing toward the top of the column, and the boats and barges are proceeding in the

opposite direction. The tow-path is on the left of the column. When C is abeam of first canal boat B, S starboards his wheel, as if to overtake and pass B B. Obviously it is C's policy to starboard his own helm, and, crossing B's wake, to give S the right of way. This he accordingly does, when, just as it is too late to repent, S No. 1 casts his tow-line adrift, and S No. 2 heaves a line ashore to a team of vicious mules, driven by an evidently malevolent driver. S No. 2 forges rapidly ahead,

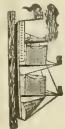
with almost undiminished speed. The tow-rope, one end of which is attached to the mule team, is still slack, and comes skipping along the surface of the water in a big bight as the driver whips up his team to keep abreast of the barge. It is impossible to cross B No. 2's bow, and there is no time to turn and flee, even if it were practicable to run away. What shall be done?

Just here it is necessary to pause and explain that C had not, as the CANOEIST puts it, "graduated from the pin and jaw lateen." For convenience, he was paddling with his masts on end.

Two courses were open to him. He could try the bight of the tow-rope at its most practicable point, but its action was so erratic and violent that there was no apparent hope of successfully clearing it. The only remaining avenue of escape was to slip under the rope close to the side of the barge, where it was three or four feet above the surface of the water, the only question being whether the rope was high enough to clear the mainmast. Unship it? Well, it takes time to unship a mast. Only a little, it is true; but still, time is necessary, and there was not enough.



S No. 2.



S No. 1.



B



B



C

Now, although time was short, art, in the shape of the mast, was over long, and—well, what is the use of going on? Suffice it to say that the crew of that barge and the malevolent driver aforesaid did not get over the fits of laughter into which they were thrown until after they had disappeared round a bend in the canal.

C holds that, acting according to his light on the situation, he took the safest course throughout; but he does not think that canal navigation is so safe as once he did.

SEA ROOM.

PERSONAL.

CANOE.—Everything wrong. You the only consolation left. EVER YOURS.

The above appeared under the head of "Personals" in our esteemed contemporary, the *Herald*, not long since, and was repeated in several successive issues. The pathetic statement cannot fail to touch a sympathetic chord in the heart of every canoeist. Has "Ever Yours" been trying Tredwen's reefing gear, or endeavoring to construct one of Farnham's aprons? Or has he tried to fold a folding centreboard that won't fold, or did his main sheet get jammed as a squall struck? We shall probably never know. Happy is "Ever Yours" that "Canoe" is left, and that she is his only consolation. We are willing, under the circumstances, to overlook the slight discrepancy of statement, so long as it turns out, after all, that *everything* is not wrong. If "Canoe" is still a consolation, there is good ground for hope.

THE CANOE AMONG THE YACHTS.

We are glad to notice that Lieut. Kelley has made an honorable mention of canoeing in his recent work on American yachts.

The text of this book is so free from scientific technicalities, and is so abundant in entertaining narrative, as to be of unusual interest to the general reader; and if

the same discrimination and good judgment that is exhibited in the few pages devoted to our sport, is sustained throughout the work, the satisfaction of the yachtsman must be complete. We shall quote from it in another issue. A judicious flavoring of agréably new and delicate transcriptions, from a range of poets, including the Persian Jámí and Swinburne, ennobles the book and sustains the sentiment of the theme; for yachting offers stronger incentives for the cherishing of all that is beautiful in nature than any other diversion—well, yes! except canoeing.

The book is written to accompany a series of twenty-five large lithographic plates—in color—representing groups of representative yachts, from the *America* to the *Namouna*, including the new cutters, the Poughkeepsie ice-yachts and the canoe *Lita*—an antiquated Nautilus, rigged with one of those antediluvian balance-lugs, whose yards sweep aft (lateen fashion), while the tack is hauled down close to the bow.

We, who have been wont to follow, with wistful eyes, the stately cloud of snowy sails sweeping by, leaving our frail craft to rock upon their forgotten rollers, will certainly find enjoyment in these excellent reproductions.

It is neither within our province nor our capability to discuss the minutiae of the representations. One cannot fail to be impressed, however, with the conscientious accuracy of detail and freedom from the common nautical blunders such as have repeatedly subjected marine paintings of real artistic merit to the bantering criticism of "ye ancient mariner." Our only regret is, that, for a work of such ambitious design and sumptuous execution, the modern French process of photogravure in color, or *aquarelle*, the perfection of water-color reproduction, could not have displaced the old and heavy lithographing in oil.

American Yachts; Their Clubs and Races—J. D. Gerrold Kelley, Lieut., U. S. N. Water Colors by Fred'k Cozzens. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

THE RECENT CANOE ACCIDENTS.

We republish the following clippings from New York papers, in order to put into the hands of canoeists what appears to us to be two of the best and most authoritative opinions published, regarding the fatalities which have lately been charged against canoeing.

From N. Y. Evening Telegram, Oct. 11.

A reporter of the *Telegram* called yesterday on Colonel Charles L. Norton, ex-Commodore of the New York Canoe Club * * * and asked him if he had seen the despatch from Halifax announcing the drowning of three canoeists in a Nova Scotia lake.

"Yes, and very sad the whole affair is," was the reply.

"Do you think the occurrence of such accidents will have any effect on the popularity of canoeing?" asked the reporter.

"Not a particle," was the answer. "In the first place, this evidently was not a 'canoeing party,' as we understand the phrase here. It was a hunting party whose members were all in the same canoe, and some accident upset them, heavily loaded as their boat probably was. Most of the club canoes hereabout are intended to carry but one person, and are decked over fore and aft, so that they are far more seaworthy than the open hunting canoes of Canada."

"But," said the reporter, "have there not been several fatal accidents, even to these decked canoes, during the present year?"

"Yes, I am sorry to say there have, but one of them was the result of inexcusable rashness on the part of a novice, and the other two were such mishaps as might befall any sailor in any kind of a boat. The fact is that a modern decked canoe handled with a moderate degree of skill, and with reasonable prudence, is the safest craft of her size known to boating men. * * * No out-of-door recreation that is attractive to men of daring and nerve is without its dangers. Men break their necks by falls from bicycles, and are killed and maimed at cricket and baseball, and I venture to say at a rough guess that at least fifty lives have been lost this summer because of runaway horses and other driving accidents.

"Oh, no! canoeing will not be affected by these accidents sad as they are. Such things will happen as long as men love excitement and adventure. There are now several thousand canoeists in the United States and Canada, not counting professional

hunters, and as a rational means of recreation it is destined to rank among the most popular in the country wherever there is canoeable water.

By W. L. ALDEN, IN THE *N. Y. Times*, Oct. 10.

The melancholy accident by which a young canoeist lost his life in Newark Bay last week may produce the impression that canoeing is a particularly dangerous sport, instead of being, as it is, the safest of all aquatic sports.

Almost every sport, from bathing and gunning to bicycling and boating, may be a source of danger to a reckless or inexperienced person. It appears that the young man who was drowned last week had never been in a canoe until he made his fatal voyage from Williamsburg to Newark Bay, and that he knew nothing of the management of boats. He selected as the time for his voyage a particularly blustering afternoon; he started at an hour which would compel him to be out after dark, and he tried to cross Newark Bay, a broad and shallow sheet of water, where in certain winds a dangerous sea is found. An experienced canoeist could have made the trip in daylight in perfect safety, but for a man to attempt it at night who was unfamiliar with boating, and absolutely ignorant of the management of a canoe, was to the last degree reckless.

A canoe of the model of the one in which this reckless attempt was made will live in almost any sea, provided she has a proper apron and is kept with her head to the sea. In such case she cannot be swamped, and from the fact that the crew sits much lower than a man sits in an ordinary rowboat she is less liable to capsize than is the latter. On the other hand, if she is permitted to get into the trough of the sea, or if she is handled by a man who does not know how to manage her, she is, like all other mismanaged boats in bad weather, liable to come to grief. Even in the latter case a man who could swim would be in little danger in Newark Bay in the daytime, since his canoe could not sink, and he could cling to her until rescued. Whether the drowned canoeist knew how to swim or not is not known, but obviously there was little reason to suppose that he would be picked up in case of a capsize on a dark and stormy night.

In proportion to the number of canoeists in England and in this country the number of fatal accidents has been extremely small. This fact supports the opinion of all experienced canoeists that the canoe when properly handled is the safest of all boats. To hold canoeing responsible for an accident such as that of last week is as absurd as it would be to condemn all steam boilers because of the explosion of a boiler controlled by a person completely ignorant of steam and its management.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

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The Secretary of the American Canoe Association requests persons sending money to him, to do so either by registered letter or Post-Office money order, on New Orleans, La.

If canoeists will send application to the Secretary of the A. C. A., enclosing \$2.00 for initiation fee and dues for the first year, their names will be presented for membership.

EDITORIAL.

In view of the fact that our favorite sport has, within the past two months, been held responsible for the loss of no less than six lives (once justly, once doubtfully, and, in the other instances, without a shadow of justice), would it not be well for us, *first*, to consider just how far we, as canoeists, should share such responsibility, and prepare to defend our sport against the unfair criticism that will arise; and, *secondly*, to seriously question ourselves as to whether we do employ all available safeguards against accident to ourselves, and more particularly to the younger members who are constantly joining our ranks.

To support opinions kindred to our own, on another page we republish Mr. Alden's

editorial, in the *N. Y. Times* of October 10th, which deals with the accident to Mr. Conklin, and quote from an interview with Col. Norton, published in the *Evening Telegram* of October 11th, concerning the drowning of the three Nova Scotia sportsmen, who, be it remembered, were not canoeists as we understand the term. The letter of Ex-Com. Nickerson to the *Springfield Republican*, dated August 19th, and republished in *Forest and Stream*, October 2d, deals effectually with the case of Mr. Reed, who, it seems, had several times fainted in his canoe, and was physically unfit to enter it, and who, although not a member of the Springfield Club, had been kindly warned by its members against a manner of sailing which they considered careless.

The single case of Mr. Arthur Allen, of Buffalo, we bitterly take to heart, and, sitting under the shadow which so sad an event casts over us, let us accept the lesson of caution for ourselves and vigilance in the care of our fellows.

We have noticed that, while older people almost universally are quick to condemn our sport with too great severity, our young friends are quite as apt to frame a too flattering idea of the capability of a canoe. We are suspicious that an opinion exists that a certain style of canoe is competent to carry an inexperienced master almost anywhere he chooses to go, like the famed canoe of Hiawatha, without any assistance whatever from the person so carried.

Now, is not this partly our own fault? Has not much been written to justify such conclusions in the youthful mind? And then, when the young admirer sees the white wings of such boats as the *Dot* and the *Guenn* curving over the great rollers of the open bay, is it not natural that, thoughtless of the years of practice which makes such flights possible, he fondly wishes that he might own a canoe, so as to do the same thing?

Two startling examples of this may be given. One in the instance of this young man (Mr. Conklin), who, although unaccustomed to a canoe, started from Ever-son's shop in Williamsburg, in his new prize, and attempted to cross New York Bay in spite of the difficulties of an opposing tide, the approach of nightfall, and a wind which had prevented the canoes from sailing that afternoon in the regatta of the Jersey City Yacht Club. The other is in the case of a young man up in Connecticut somewhere, who built himself a canvas canoe, and paddled it alone all the way to the N. Y. C. C. boat-house on Staten Island, and wasn't drowned. Either of these trips, unless under unusual conditions, as indeed that of Mr. Conklin was, would be easy for an experienced canoeist, yet it is just as absurd for a novice to attempt either as for one unskilled in horsemanship to try to mount a spirited thoroughbred.

We cannot guard our novices too carefully. Several clubs, notably the Mohicans and Springfields, have excellent rules for their tutelage. They are not permitted, for instance, to go out unaccompanied by another boat; not allowed to put up sail until they can manage a canoe with the paddle, etc.

The N. Y. Canoe Club, considering itself responsible for its members, lately refused a young man of sixteen, whose father joined the club and wished the son to become a member also. Above all, we believe no canoeist should attempt to carry sail unless he can swim reasonably well.

There are clubs where this matter has never been given a thought, simply because nothing has yet occurred to impress its importance. The *raison d'être* of such clubs is that the members may have a place to keep their boats; mutual responsibility or protection, save as instinct directs, is not a consideration.

We would earnestly urge the necessity

of precautionary measures, and also advise discipline and practice in assisting one another while in the water.

And now, as regards certain points concerning the safety of our boats.

In the main we agree with Mr. Alden when he says, "A canoe of the model of the one in which this reckless attempt was made, will live in almost any sea, provided she has a proper apron, and is kept with her head to the sea." But there are three provisos here which it behooves every canoeist to consider. "Almost any sea"—this is very well for a high sea of long parallel rollers, or indeed ordinary breaking swells; but does it apply to that particular kind of water vulgarly called "choppy," which, as all boatmen know, is especially common on waters where heavy squalls are liable to strike against an opposing tide, or upon any open, shallow sheet of water?

Nearly all canoes now built present bows so high, and forward lines so cleverly drawn, with a view to buoyancy, that it takes a pretty quick wave to get over them. But amidships they are low on the water, and the free-board is so scant that if the canoe is allowed to get into the trough of the sea, the water pours in both sides, and, as Mr. Alden says, "she is liable to come to grief." Now, we will wager that every canoeist having experience on open waters, has often encountered a choppy sea, which was, as one might say, *all trough*, and that he has come home to the float with his boat staggering under a load of water at least as often as once.

But you may say, as Mr. Alden does, that a canoe in such a position should be "provided with a proper apron." This brings us to, *secondly*, and, my dear friend, let us draw near together and be very confidential. Is your canoe provided with an apron in which you have any confidence or faith? If so, please give us a description of it for the next CANOEIST? We

confess that we know of but one man, viz : Mr. Farnham, who considers himself secure in the integrity of his apron. And now, *thirdly* (intimately related to *firstly*). Were you ever in a position where it was necessary to keep your boat's head to the wind for any considerable time, in order to ride out a heavy sea? If so, did you use Pond's Extract or Arnica Liniment on your biceps and triceps and dorsals for the next week, and for how many days were your meals served upon a convenient mantel-piece?

We were never in that fix but once, and then the canoe was swamped, and it didn't make much difference how she headed. We do remember, however, paddling up New Haven harbor from the outside lighthouse to the steamboat dock (five miles) against a raging nor'-wester, when it took over five hours to do the job. From this and kindred experiences we have framed the opinion that one may become exhausted before the sea subsides, and that you enter a losing match when you pit your wind against that of old Boreas.

Now, further on in Mr. Alden's editorial, notice his words, "since his canoe could not sink, and he could cling to her until rescued."

Have you ever swamped your canoe loaded with a weight equal to yourself and cruising outfit, to see how long it would take it to sink? Or an easier test, have you simply upset your canoe (or submerged it) to prove that your trusted "water-tight compartments" were really water-tight? If not, it seems to us that you neglected a safe-guard which should be practiced certainly at the beginning of every season, and at least once during the course of it.

We keep a Racine canoe, one of the best built of its kind, for a sort of No. 2 on the Harlem River. One day while swimming off the club-house float we got her out for some fun. Removing the rubber-packed

bulkhead we upset her, and Goodness, if little smooth-skin piggie didn't proceed on an an impromptu cruise of her own *to the bottom*, being rescued, however, before she got there.

We had sailed up and down and across the North and East Rivers in that boat without any air-compartments, but we won't do it again.

Mr. Farnham, always fertile in canoeing devices, does away with the bulkhead and all openings in the deck, save the cock-pit. When venturing upon treacherous waters he shoves several compartments of nickel-silver forward and aft. and is secure in a craft which will float himself and cargo as long as he can cling to it. Mr. Whitlock adopted this plan in the *Guenn*. Mr. Bailey, N. Y. C. C., took off his deck and fitted his boat fore and aft, with subdivided copper tanks. He made a frightfully heavy ship, but the precaution probably avoided a close shave for his life in a capsized which subsequently occurred.

We have tried, or seen tried, all kinds of compartments with movable hatches. Builders' earnest convictions to the contrary notwithstanding, when they come to stand the test of time and of life-saving necessity, we believe them to be a delusion and a snare.

We are sure of sealed metal tanks only. Mr. Rushton's compartments of painted canvas stretched upon a cedar frame seem good in principle, but are not yet old enough to have stood the test of shrinking, and cracking, and warping, to which time will subject them. If they succeed, their lightness will place them far ahead of metal.

And now, finally, *all these safeguards being used*, how long can a man cling to a canoe in a breaking sea?

It is easy enough to straddle a swamped canoe on a smooth stream, and unless you die of cold or cramps, to sit there and smoke your pipe until you are rescued, or

until you get tired of it and swim ashore. But canoes don't upset in such water, and few realize the force of a sea high enough to swamp a boat, or how quickly the waves beat strength and sense out of the victim who struggles against them. Many a shipwrecked sailor, apparently secure in the life-boat, has died, not from drowning primarily, but wearied and stunned by the ceaseless pounding and hammering of the merciless sea, has succumbed to *shock* and exposure, and, losing his hold with consciousness, has been washed away and reported *drowned*. Two men were once straddling a submerged canoe in such a sea. Every wave that broke over them fell with the crushing weight of a load of bricks. Suppose one to be A and the other B. Says A to B, "How long can you stand this sort of thing?" Says B to A, "About half an hour," and at the end of about twenty-eight minutes B was dragged fainting, over the taff-rail of a schooner—if he hadn't been these words of caution wouldn't have been written, and Mr. Alden would have given us another scathing editorial. Still less is a man's endurance in fresh water, and if this again be cold his strength is of little avail. Prof. Fowler, K. C. C., witnessed a startling tragedy which impressed this truth upon his mind forever. It was near Toronto, at the mouth of the Humber. In a slight squall a small fishing boat, with seven men, got into difficulty and capsized a little way from the shore. The seven men, strong, sturdy fishermen and sailors, were soon on the bottom of their boat. Prof. Fowler, with a party of men, started as promptly as possible to the rescue, when, to their horror, they saw one man give way and sink. This was but ten minutes after the capsize. In five minutes more another dropped. The oars were plied desperately for half an hour, and when they reached the spot two men were on the bottom of the capsized boat, and one of these was dead.

Now, we do not wish to give our friends the fidgets or the blues. There is absolutely no need of a canoeist allowing himself to get into a bad fix. We are canoeists, and we believe in canoeing. Among all sports it is the most varied, invigorating, and generally satisfactory. Only horsemanship and hunting equal it in the development of independence of character and bodily strength; but if we shall have impressed upon the minds of any, hitherto thoughtless of these matters, the necessity of taking up our sport gradually and with caution, we shall not have written in vain.

DOT JOURNALISTIC.

On September 21st there appeared in the *New York Times* an excellent article entitled "Around New York Island"—of course, in a canoe. A somewhat startling heading announced "Some things that many pretend to know, everybody ought to know, and few really do know."

After explaining the main physical features of the three rivers which encircle the island, and the *rationale* of their mysterious and seemingly erratic tides and currents, it tells how to start from any given point to circumnavigate the island, with fair tide all the way (gives a sort of time-table of the Canoeist's Tide Railroad). This information will be best appreciated by those who have at some time been beaten in a rowing or paddling race on the East River by a telegraph pole on the adjacent shore.

After telling how to make the trip, the article gives a concise and pithy description of all that will be seen in the course of it.

This was followed, September 28, by an equally useful account of a paddle along the east bank of the Hudson to the Tappan Zee, and return by the west bank, in accordance with the time-honored admonition, "Keep to the right!"

We had looked for the hand of the "Father of American Canoeing" in this, but found instead that storm-beaten white "plug" turning up, as of old, most unexpectedly, and containing the vivacious head of "Dot."

A. C. A.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING, OCTOBER 4TH.

Continued from October Canoeist.

THE REGATTA COMMITTEE then presented its report, and each item was discussed and acted on separately, the first being to abolish the limit of measurement in Class I., Rule I*, and substituting, "*Any canoe.*" Class II., paddling, was amended so as to read, "length not over 15 feet," and Class III., "length not over 16 feet." All that matter commencing, "the length limit," &c., was omitted down to "Centre-board canoes." In Class "B," sailing, the last clause was changed so as to read, "The beam may be increased $\frac{1}{8}$ inch for each full inch of length decreased." The limit of $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in depth of metal keel band, was found to be a clerical error, and corrected so as to read $\frac{1}{2}$, as originally intended.

The following has been added to the last clause regarding "leeboards and centreboards:" "In order to be admitted to races without ballast, the centre board or boards, including bolts and other movable parts, but not including fixed trunks or cases, must not exceed 15 pounds in total weight."

MEASUREMENT.—Following "the beam at the widest part, not including beading," has been added: "In sailing classes the beading shall not exceed $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in depth, if deeper than $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches it shall be included in the beam measurement." The clause commencing, "as the minimum in," has been changed to read, "as the minimum in Class III. and Class IV., coincides with the maximum in Class A and Class B, a half inch latitude each way is to be allowed in measuring for these classes, in order that a canoe built to

come well within one class may not thereby be ruled out of the other." The following has been added to Rule II.: "Any member shall enter only one canoe for races at any one meet, except for such races as the programme shall specially state otherwise. Each canoe shall be enrolled and entered for racing in only one sailing class and one paddling class.

CREW.—The "crew" of each canoe shall consist of one man only, unless the programme of the regatta states the contrary. Members must paddle or sail their own canoes, and must not exchange canoes for racing purposes. A canoe which is not owned or used for racing by any other member present, shall be deemed to be the canoe of the member bringing it to the camp. In double canoe races, the owner may associate any other member with himself.

Rule IV. has been changed so that it now reads, "Every canoe entering, except for an upset race, shall carry a colored signal flag 10x6 inches on a staff forward when paddling, and her A. C. A. number of enrollment in red block numerals 15 inches high and 2 inches broad when sailing. The number to be on both sides of the mainsail, to read correctly on the starboard side, and reversed on the port side. The clerk of the course will lend the paddling signals for each race, and they must be returned to him, but the sailing numbers must be supplied by canoe owners." Rule V. has also been changed to read, "Flags shall be given as prizes as follows: A first prize in each race, and a second in each race in which more than two start, and for the five best average scores in a record of the regatta to be prepared by the Regatta Committee, the five best flags at the disposal of the committee shall be given. Prizes donated for special races or competitions may be accepted at the discretion of the Regatta Committee. *No prize of*

money shall be raced for." In Rule VIII., following the words, "in order to claim the race," "*Any canoe fouling a buoy or mark shall be ruled out,*" is inserted.

Rule IX. has been amended by striking out the words, "before leaving his boat," in the first paragraph, and substituting the word *immediately*. The last word in Rule X. has been changed to *disqualified*.

SAILING RACES.

The first clause in Rule XIII. has been changed to read, "*One* minute before the start a signal shall be given, and exactly *one* minute later a second signal shall be given to start."

In Rule XV. the words "actually rounding" the mark," have been stricken out, and the words, "*is altering her helm to round the mark,*" substituted.

It is most earnestly requested that members *study* the rules thoroughly, that they may have a clear understanding of them, as all By-Laws and Sailing Regulations will be strictly enforced at all meetings of the association. The attention of members is particularly called to "Rule II." More than 200 members have not registered their canoes, and many more are in arrears for the present year, 1884-'85. Under provision of Art. I. of the By-Laws, the names of those in arrears will be *stricken from the roll*, at the time of making up the matter for the Association Book, unless accounted for. The Regatta Committee have their programme in draft, and will soon publish it.

CHAS. A. NEIDÉ,

Secy. A. C. A.

Schuylerville, N. Y., Oct. 15th, 1884.

CLUB DOINGS.

N. Y. C. C. SAILING RACE.

Saturday, October 18th, the New York Canoe Club had an open sailing race off the Club-house at New Brighton, Staten Island. Owing to the lateness of the sea-

son and a very short notice of the race no other club was represented. Five canoes came to the scratch at the appointed time: *Surge*, H. O. Bailey; *Freak*, C. V. R. Schuyler; *Tramp*, Charles J. Stevens; *Guenn*, William Whitlock; and *Dot*, C. B. Vaux. The five canoes got off well together at the word "go," and bowled along with single reefs in main and dandy—except *Surge*, which carried full cruising sails—with a free wind from S.E. across the ebbing Kills tide to first turn—buoy 17, off Robbin's Reef. *Guenn* got the lead, with *Dot* second, before reaching the buoy; but lost it by turning to starboard instead of to port as directed, and having to make a second turn. *Freak*, then third, shook out her reefs and gradually overhauled *Dot* between the buoy and the second turn—the group of mooring piles off Constable's Hook at the entrance to Kill Von Kull—and worked up into first place, having a beam wind—her best sailing point. *Dot* and *Guenn* also shook out reefs, and rounded second turn almost together, *Dot* ahead, but a few seconds behind *Freak*—*Tramp* and *Surge* turning shortly after. The home stretch was a dead beat to windward, with the now strong ebb. *Freak* ran too far up the Kills and lost the wind under the hill. *Dot* and *Guenn* worked across channel and along the reef about 100 feet apart when the wind died out. *Guenn* got a favoring puff while *Dot* was in absolute calm, and worked over the line, and winning first place and the prize. *Dot* crawled over second on the next puff, and took a second prize. *Surge* managed to outsail *Freak*, and won third place—*Freak* being fourth. *Tramp*, way out in the channel, had a series of puffs and calms, and did not finish for a good half hour after the others were in.

SEA BEE.

SPRINGFIELD.

Canoeing season up this way has finished rather "sudden like." The float

will be placed upon a raised platform, out of the reach of river and ice, to remain there until Spring and house-cleaning time. We did a good thing when we purchased "club canoes" and elected associate members; it has gained us many friends, and promises a good investment for next year. We would advise other clubs to try it.

Tuesday, October, 21, was reception day at the S. C. C. At noon Messrs. Rand and Proctor of the Harvard C. C., and Messrs. Dr. Parmele, L. Q. Jones, Sydney Clark, and Dr. St. John of the Hartford C. C. dropped in upon us, and were duly cared for. We did not permit the Harvard and Hartford men to meet, fearing they might wrangle over the question of "who owns the initials H. C. C. anyhow." Therefore, we sent the Eastern division to Westfield, under command of Secretary Shedd while our Southern neighbors were entertained at the canoe house.

F. A. N.

DRIFTINGS.

Dr. Neidè dropped in and made Canoeist a little visit on Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 8th and 9th. He was on a missionary tour to New Orleans, La., which will be his address during the winter.

Secretary Fernow, Mohican C. C. has been seriously ill, but is now convalescent.

—Gen. Oliver has made a beautiful log-book of the Mohican Delaware cruise of last spring. The narrative pages are alternated with photographs taken on the trip.

The General says that the reminiscences, enlivened by these photographs and descriptions, are almost as enjoyable as was the trip itself, and that hereafter he shall make up a similar log of all his cruises.

Moral: "Go thou and do likewise."

—Wackerhagen (Willie Wack.) writes: "Those smooth skins (Smith's of Lansingburg) do sail like all possessed. They say Bailey (R. W., Pittsburg) has no trouble in

sliding out of reach of anything in his club, and my brother's cleans out anything she tackles. The *Thetis* has been first, in most cases by a long distance, in seven out of eleven races. In the other four, two were drift races; in the other two she was a close second."

—Shedd, Springfield C. C., so rumor has it, is going to sell his big Springfield, declaring that hereafter "a light paddling canoe will suit him." Wonder if he struck a discouragingly long carry lately?

—Messrs. Storms and Fox, Rochester C. C., following Psyche's worthy example, are to ship their canoes to Florida and cruise during the winter months on the St. John's.

—Sept. 24.—Messrs. Hand Brothers, of Sing Sing, N. Y., members of the K. C. C., called at the club-house of the Springfield C. C. during their trip down the Connecticut river, on their return home from Grindstone Island. They were well tanned and weather-beaten; happy, fat and as regardless of "things in general" as the average canoeist. They report a very fine trip and a glorious summer vacation, in which they have enjoyed more sport, traveled farther and from which they are returning in better condition than they thought possible. Thus we score another long mark for canoeing.

—Mr. A. C. Patterson of Baltimore, Md., who visited the A. C. A. camp with Ex-Com. Nickerson, has returned home after a month's visit in Springfield, where he enjoyed the hospitalities of the S. C. C. and became quite an expert canoeist. He is now preaching canoe to the unsuspecting youth of his city, and promises converts before another season opens. He would be pleased to hear from any person connected with the sport, residing in Baltimore, and will join in the formation of a canoe club. Address; 410, Park Ave.

THE AMERICAN C. A. N. O. E. I. S. T

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. III.

DECEMBER, 1884.

No. 12.

THE IBIS'S FRICTION-CLUTCH TILLER AND RUDDER.

While we agree with Seneca in advising simplicity in cruising outfits, we recognize a strong constituency, generally living in towns, who rarely have many consecutive days at their disposal for cruising, but who enjoy many a spare hour at the club house or on the water. Such men naturally take pride in their canoes, nickel, or polish all the brass fittings, import box-wood blocks from England, use the neatest of running gear, and like clever yachtsmen keep their boats up to the times. Our readers of this class will be interested in the following ingenious device of Mr. E. H. Barney, Springfield C. C, a member of the well-known firm of Barney & Berry.

Sailors of larger boats have resorted to all sorts of devices to keep the helm in any given position, especially to keep it *up* to hold the boat on her course while the skipper for the moment, attends to the something else that inevitably turns up. Such is the purpose of the friction-clutch deck-tiller.

The tiller presents the appearance of an ordinary deck tiller with metal arms, revolving upon a metal collar which surrounds the mizzen mast.

This tiller turns easily from port to starboard upon this axis, until a turn of the skipper's wrist locks the tiller rigidly wherever it happens to be, and of course holds the rudder in a fixed position; but we must specify to show how it works.

A A A A, figs. I and II, is a 1-16 inch brass tubing, about three inches high, and

of such a diameter as will slide over mizzen mast. *B B* is its base—two projections fore and aft, one of which is shown in fig. II. Through these are holes *b b*, which

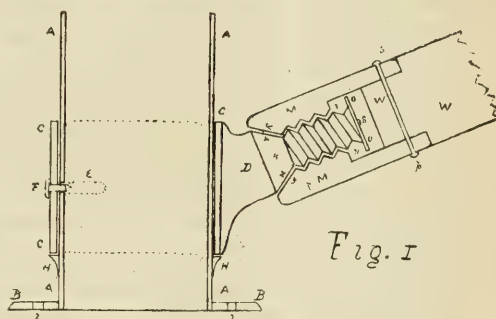


Fig. I

would admit screws if the tiller were permanently fastened to the deck. In this case headless pegs, fastened in the deck are used. These hold the tiller in place, but admit of its being raised from the canoe with the mast. *C C C C* is another $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch brass tube or collar, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, playing freely

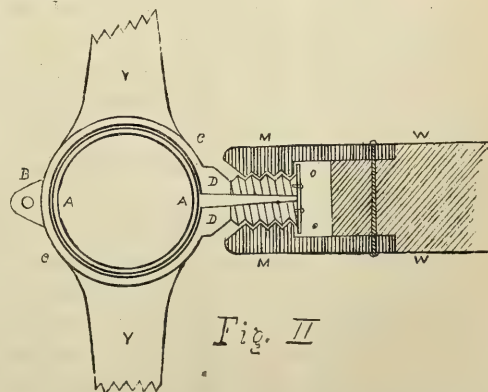


Fig. II

upon *A A A A* and projection *H H*, which encircles, and is a part of tube *A A A A*. To this collar is brazed an arm *D*, which

terminates in a strongly-threaded screw. The connection between arm and screw is made by a beveled surface—a sort of truncated cone—*K*, fig. I. The screw, cone and arm are sawed vertically into two parts, as shown in fig. II.

When the two halves are stretched apart *C C C* slips easily upon *A A A A*; but when they are pressed together *C C C* clutches *A A A A* and binds upon it.

M M is a ferrule threaded on the inside to turn upon the bisected screw. The end *y y* is countersunk to fit the beveled surface of *K*.

When the ferrule is turned upon the screw, *K* enters the counter-sunk opening as a wedge, and the surfaces *x x* and *y y* are brought in contact with each other. The ferrule clutches the surface of *D D*, Fig. II., and presses the two parts together. This binds *C C C C* to *A A A A*, as above stated.

To prevent the tiller handle's being screwed off, *o o*, a circular plate, is firmly screwed to end of bisected screw by small screw *s*. This, of course, must be after the ferrule has been adjusted to the bisected screw, but before the wooden handle, *W W*, has been inserted.

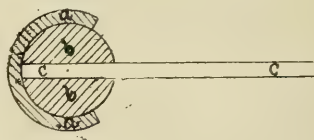
The thread in ferrule is long enough to allow the ferrule to be turned half a turn, but no more, so that a mere turn of the skipper's wrist locks or unlocks the tiller. The wooden handle of the tiller, *W W*, is inserted into ferrule and secured by pin *p p*.

E, Fig. I., is a horizontal slot, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide, which is cut through one-third of the circumference of *A A A A*.

F is a flat-headed screw, rigidly screwed into *C C C C*, immediately opposite the axis of the tiller handle. It projects into slot *E*, in the inner tube, and by striking against its sides prevents *C C C C*'s (and consequently the tiller's) turning through an arc greater than one-third of a circle. This is a check against straining the rudder

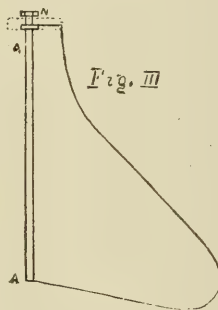
lines or turning the rudder further than a good sailor would want it to go.

Fig. IV



The Rudder.—In Fig. IV, *a a* is a section of a piece of brass tubing— $\frac{3}{8}$ inch outside diameter—from which one-third of the circumference has been removed through its entire length.

This tube is screwed to the stern-post or sunk into it through, or nearly through, its entire length from deck to keel; *b b* serves the purpose of a rudder pin. It is the two halves of a brass rod riveted to either side of rudder blade, *c c*, as is represented by



A A, Fig. III. When the rudder is *shipped*, *b b* (which is identical with *A A*, Fig. III.) is sheathed in *a a*, as shown in Fig. IV.

The rudder, Fig. III., is made of thin sheet brass, nickered. It works and hangs upon the head of rod *A A*, which bears upon upper end of tube attached to stern-post.

The dotted lines represent a section of wooden yoke, which is fastened to blade by nut *N*.

It will be noticed that the rudder drops at an angle below the keel—about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

On meeting an obstruction the whole rudder lifts, the pin *A A* sliding upward in tubing in which it is sheathed.

PRACTICAL FITTINGS.

A RACER'S RESPONSE.

It was on one of those comfortable evenings after a scorching day in the first week of the meet, that a devoted young canoeist might have been seen landing from his canoe near the A. C. A. dock. He was no taller, than he had been a week before, little, if any, broader, and certainly with less skin upon his nose; but he *was* stronger, browner and undoubtedly hungrier. For the moment, he was wet with spray from the bow of the *Dot*, abreast of whom, and in company with some half dozen other canoes, he had just been towed back from Clayton behind the A. C. A. steamer *Shoecraft*.

Withal he was in a jolly frame of mind, with the world and its business far away, and two weeks in this Elysium of Canoe-dledum ahead.

Alas for the dream! It was dissipated by the appalling greeting:

"B., here's a telegram for you."

Telegram! How many men on recreation bent have had good cause to execrate the invention of the telegraph!

Yes, it was from "the firm."

"Come home at once. Stop at P—— on the way; have written."

"Hum! P—— is not *more* than three hundred miles out of my way home. This letter they have written will be here day after to-morrow, and then I can pack up and start. Heigh ho! Well, all we can do is *let-er-go* for all she is worth in the meanwhile."

Now, if any one takes sufficient interest in this article to seek the reason for the narration of this incident of woe, he will find it on page 163 of last month's *CANOEIST*.

The writer's object is to suggest that a man may "be forced to give up cruising for afternoon sailing and racing" by other causes than improved fittings. How many

there are in any of our cities who can devote one, two, three afternoons or even *every* afternoon of the week to out-door recreation, and yet who cannot command seven whole days together more than once in twelve months, *if at all*! Because we are able to secure but one holiday during the year wherein to enjoy the higher form of canoeing, must we forego the best enjoyment and healthful exercise to be obtained from our canoes at home?

Or if we *do* use the charming companion of our out door life to freshen and invigorate our bodies and brains in the long afternoons and evenings of our summer season, why should we not add to her the improvements necessary for the full enjoyment of that branch of her usefulness which in most cases will include at least two-thirds of all the time we spend in her?

And, finally, why should these improvements interfere at all with her usefulness in the cruising which we all unite in esteeming the first and most delightful way of enjoying an outing? In that same November number we read that, "no appliance for racing was added [to the *Dot*] that in the least interfered with successful cruising and comfort;" yet there has never been, and, I venture to predict, there never again will be, such a racing record made by any canoe as that of the *Dot*.

Let us consider the matter. Here is a man who has just bought a new canoe. He is not exactly a novice, but has some little experience; so, instead of ordering a canoe "complete with fittings," (alas! how incomplete our depleted pockets can testify), he tells the builder to send him the hull complete, but without sails and rigging. He has hardly "graduated from the pin-and-jaw lateen," for he still leans to a settee-shaped sail of that character for a dandy; but he knows the fun to be had in designing and rigging his own sails. His new craft has a folding centreboard and flat keel projecting only about one-

quarter inch below the garboards—just enough to protect the planks from rocks and abrasion when hauled ashore. This reduces draft to a minimum, and avoids the delightful proclivity of a standing keel to catch a sunken rock in swift water, and plunge the unsuspecting crew into a boiling cauldron just deep enough to thoroughly soak him (as the writer had a splendid opportunity of observing less than a week ago: The victim stated afterwards that the first thing he saw upon gaining a footing on the slippery bottom was that keel staring him in the face, and he was immediately possessed of a powerful impulse to hit it). As for the centreboard case within, this canoe has a floor somewhat raised above the keelson, which partly covers it, and she is a little deeper in the waist than usual, giving plenty of room to stick one's feet under the deck aft of the cockpit in sleeping; and the slight projection above the floor of the centre-board case can be covered with a cushion and used as a pillow. Even if the internal economy of the craft does necessitate sleeping with feet to the bow, after fourteen consecutive nights so sleeping with an Atwood, the writer can honestly say he did not find it such a bad bedfellow as to cause a single grumble.

The first thing our canoeist turns his attention to is the steering gear. He procures a pair of snatch blocks and screws them to a carline under the deck, forward of the cockpit, on either side, in the course of which operation he is fain to indulge in certain manœuvres in trying to get at the scene of action, which would make a professional contortionist wild with envy. He then takes a piece of braided cord (silver lake No. 5 is a good size, and the dark-colored cord is the better), and forms of it a double line of about six feet, length, having at each end a small but stout brass ring, and near each end two flattened brass ferrules, just large enough to admit the

double line. This he hooks over his two snatch blocks, drawing the ends aft equally under either side of the deck. He then takes another piece of the cord and attaches to the end of it a stout snap-hook, which he snaps into a screw-eye or ring in the starboard end of the yoke on his rudder. The other end of cord he passes through a small hole, bored for the purpose in the cockpit coaming, forward under the side deck, to the end of his doubled cord, through the ring in same, and then back upon itself, ending in a small figure-8-shaped piece of hard wood, like a tent-rope tightener. This operation repeated on the port side gives him a continuous line, like *Seneca's*, around his cockpit, except that this one is under the deck instead of on top. The next step is to cut a hard wood stick about one inch in diameter, long enough to reach across the canoe from one part to the other of the line, and having notched the stick all around near each end to prevent the line from slipping off endwise, to insert it on each side between the two parts of the double cord, with the ferrules pushed up close against it fore and aft. This makes an efficient foot-steering gear, readily adjustable to any length of leg by sliding the ferrules, and by simply taking out the cross-stick it is entirely out of the way. For the idea we are indebted to the gentleman whose skill as a cooker of omelets is so rudely assailed in the December *Outing*.

Now, our friend wants some means of steering when sailing, but he has read the *CANOEIST* for December, 1883, and it doesn't take long to get up a deck tiller, hung on a whiffle-tree plate, and connected with the rudder yoke by means of a brass "safety-chain," with snaps at the ends, of course.

His mind at rest on the score of steering gear, he now turns his attention to sails and rigging. He still has moderate notions as to proper spread of canvas, and think

his new craft will get along quite fast enough in ordinary weather with the A. C. A. cruising limit for Class B., viz., seventy-five square feet. His centre-board being well forward, he will need a large proportion of his sail near the bow, and having figured up the "c. e." and "c. l. r.," and made allowance for the discrepancy experience has taught him to exist between theory and practice, he concludes to put sixty feet in main and the remaining fifteen feet in the dandy. He then proceeds to make a drawing for his sailmaker of a Mohican settee main and mizzen of those areas. It will be observed that our friend still retains the high opinion of the turtle tribe implanted in him when he first read Cooper's novels; and having ordered his sails and made his spars, he buys fifty cents worth of cherry lumber and proceeds to make himself an Albany deck seat.

In due time his sails arrive and are rigged, and he comes to the final job, viz., putting on the cleats. The dandy sheet is lead through the block at stern, provided by the builder, then through a screw-eye just under the yoke of the deck tiller, the forward end being knotted, to prevent its getting adrift. A rocker cleat is screwed in the middle of the single piece of hatch which covers the after part of cockpit, just under the tiller, where the hand that steers can reach the sheet on either tack. Then, for the main halliard, another rocker cleat is screwed upon the starboard side of the deck, just aft of the deck seat, under which the line passes, and a cam cleat, to take the weight of sail when fully hoisted, is placed in same side, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet forward. Both of these are close to the coaming, and well out of the way of the paddle. Finally, for the main sheet, a ring or staple is screwed to the keelson, just forward of the deck seat, and the job is done.

Now, let us see how far *Seneca's* objections apply to what has been done.

The steering gear is not complicated,

and the foot-stick is too easily unshipped and replaced to be seriously objected to. As for the deck tiller, if you are going on an exclusively paddling cruise, leave it at home by all means, as also the deck seat. We presume *Seneca* leaves his rudder behind when on a paddling trip, for, of course, with his endless line on deck, it would be of no use, but only an encumbrance, when both hands are employed with the paddle. The writer, for one, however, considers the rudder as indispensable in paddling as in sailing, and would not go without it under any circumstances. The centre-board matter has already been touched upon, but how about the deck being cumbered with cleats, screw-eyes, mast-plates, &c. ?

There is no cleat whatever, except the two on starboard side deck, and no screw-eye except the one for dandy sheet aft; while from forward end of cockpit to the mast, within sixteen inches of the stem, his deck is absolutely clear.

With the rig above mentioned, the "miles of rope," leaving out the two sheets, which sweet simplicity itself could hardly eliminate from any sail, dwindle to a single line from mast foot to a block fast to the cleat at deck seat, and back to the mast again, and only this, whether the sail be fully set or reefed. (See "Stoddard's Reef," CANOEIST, April, '84.)

One thing our friend above forgot, and that was to screw on his old name plates, which bear the name

KATRINA.

CONSTERNATION fell upon the N. Y. C. C. Camp when it was announced that the proposed Staten Island Rapid Transit R. R. Co. was to plough its way right through the club-house. The R. R. Co. has offered to do the generous thing, however. A crib foundation will be built and the house moved out over the water.

THE HISTORY OF THE DOT.

(Continued.)

In 1880 and 1881 the *Dot* defeated the *Pearl* canoe *Queen Mab*. It is to be remembered that the *Pearl* canoe was designed by Mr. Tredwen, probably the best canoe sailor living, and that for years it carried off all the sailing honors in England. The Spring of 1882 brought out the new *Pearl* canoes in the New York Club—*Tramp* and *Ripple*—both up to the limits, and rigged for the special purpose of beating *Miss Dot*. The fourth race for the cup was sailed in June. There was a high breeze and much windward work. The *Tramp's* centreboard and high sail enabled her to get in, a winner. *Dot* came in second, *Ripple* third, and *Wraith*, now the *Venture*, owned by Com. Jones, of Hartford, last.

On June 24th the New York Club held its Spring Regatta. The two *Pearls* beat the *Dot* in the race. The *Dot*, however, outsailed all the canoes in her class [3] and won a prize.

The A. C. A. meet at Lake George took place in August. The class three race, *Dot's* class, under the then existing rules was a drifting match, with plenty of flukes. *Dot* got third place, but twenty seconds behind the winner. In a good breeze the same afternoon the *Dot* won the class four race, beating Heighway's *Princess* canoe *Nina*, and the two *Pearls*, *Isabel* (Toronto) and *Ripple*. This was often spoken of as the best and most interesting race of the entire meet.

The fifth race for the challenge cup which had been held by *Tramp* since June, was sailed on September 16th in a spanking breeze.

This time the *Dot* won, beating the *Ripple* eight minutes, the *Tramp* paddling home with a cargo of sea water aboard.

At the Fall Regatta on October 7th the wind was very light at the start and fell to

a flat calm, *Dot* and *Tramp* paddled in. *Wraith* drifted over the line a winner, half an hour later. This event closed the official races of 1882. In the club scrub races during the season, the *Wraith*, *Tramp* and *Ripple*, each scored a few victories over the *Dot*, usually in light winds and dead windward work. The *Dot*, however, won at least three fourths of all races sailed. The *Ripple* was rendered a total wreck during October by breaking from her moorings and going ashore on the rocks during a nor'easter.

Another racer on new lines was built early in 1883—the *Freak*, sixteen feet long, thirty-inches beam—and having a bronze Atwood centreboard attached. No Spring Regatta was held by the New York Canoe Club in 1883. The *Dot* went to the A. C. A. Stony Lake meet, but left her skipper at home. September 22d, the N. Y. C. C. Fall Regatta was held. There were seven entries in class B sailing—including all the clippers, except the *Tramp*. *Freak*, *Elsa*, *Surge* and *Fanny* were all new canoes. *Dot* won, with *Esmeralda* second and *Surge* third. No other canoe finished.

The sixth and final race for the cup was sailed on September 29th, there being five entries. *Tramp* this time put in an appearance. The *Surge* and *Freak* also sailed for the Junior Trophy at the same time. *Dot* and *Freak* had a pretty close race of it all through till just at the end when the *Freak* got into trouble through the steering gear's misbehaving. *Dot* won. *Freak* took the Junior Trophy. During 1883 the *Dot* won a larger percentage of the scrub races than the year before.

May 20th, 1884, the Newburgh meet took place. The event which called forth the greatest interest, and from which the most excitement was anticipated was the challenge race between the *Dot* and the *Snake*. The *Snake* was the champion of the Spring Lake meet, but her owner had never met the skipper of the *Dot*. The

race was started in a gale of wind, but was given up as it could not be finished in the required time. *Dot* was ahead when *Snake* dropped sail to paddle home.

During the winter the *Dot* was partially rebuilt, a new mahogany deck being put on with an arch of three inches. The well was made two inches narrower and longer and the pointed coaming higher.

The Spring Regatta was held on June 27, at New Brighton. There were twelve starters in the sailing race, four class A, four junior class B, and four regular class B. The *Guenn*, a canoe built something on the *Pearl* idea, with all the improvements a five year's experience had given her skipper, sailed for the first time. *Dot* lead the fleet several hundred yards up to within 100 feet of the finish, which was just under the lee of a hill. She was here becalmed, and *Surge* and *Guenn* drew up. All three drifted about within a few feet of the finish, just missing it several times. Finally, *Surge* got the breeze first and ran over, a winner; *Dot* a close second.

Three days before starting for the Thousand Islands, the *Dot* won the canoe prize given by the Seawanhaka Yacht Club for the canoe winning a race over their ten mile course on New York Bay.

The record of the *Dot* at the Thousand Islands last summer is well known. In the full sail, full ballast race, though getting a very poor start because of the large number of competing canoes, she gained second place—seventeen started. The winner (*Venture*) was a canoe *Dot* had often beaten on New York Bay. On September 27 the Fall Regatta N. Y. C. C. took place, in a gale of wind. There were eight starters in *Dot's* class. This race she won, and for the first time in any race had an accident happen to her gear—the tiller chain parted at a most critical moment. The water was very rough, and a ferry boat was almost on the canoe. Sail was dropped instantly, the ferry boat made a close shave of it, the

dandy was taken in and a new line fastened to the rudder-head just where the chain parted. The dandy mast being re-stepped and both sails set, the canoe started off again for the prize.

The *Dot* was paddled by a nine foot paddle before any other A. C. A. canoe.

SUMMARY.

Of eighteen official races sailed in six years, *Dot* won ten first prizes, two second, and one third. Of the seven races not won—six were sailed with very light winds and occasional calms. Out of six cup races five were won.

The *Dot* is still sound and in prime condition. She retires from the excitement of the course to the peaceful seclusion of the Florida lakes, rich with the honors of well-earned victories.

Whether her skipper can devise a canoe in which he can do better work, is yet to be determined. A new *Dot* will soon be on the ways, and next season, the *Venture* and the *Snake*, and the *Guenn*, must look to their colors. The only visible disadvantage in the old canoe is that she is built upon the hitherto customary narrow keel, which will not admit of the insertion of a centre-board. May peace follow the *Dot* of the past and success await the new comer.

From Lieut. Kelley's "American Yachts."

"CANOEING has assumed an important place in the sphere of man's attempts after something new in amusement, and already has a literature of its own. Unfortunately, the true meaning of the sport has not been understood, or rather there has been such an over-refinement of the conditions which should enter into it, that in England notably, its development has been rudely checked.

Dixon Kemp gives over 100 quarto pages in his "Yacht and Boat Sailing" to the subject of canoeing, and therein treats of it from such a mathematical standpoint, that one who enters his boat after reading the stout pages, must feel that he is wrestling with a mathematical monster, which is only awaiting a good opportunity to overturn him with its sines and cosines."

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

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If canoeists will send application to the Secretary of the A. C. A., enclosing \$2.00 for initiation fee and dues for the first year, their names will be presented for membership.

EDITORIAL.

THIS month places another mile-stone upon the highroad of our history. Our third volume closes with the year. Have we served you well? We believe by your hearty support at "Grindstone," and by your dozens of personal letters of encouragement since, that you will say "Aye." Shall we light pipes—you in your homes and club houses, in Canada or in California, we in our editorial den—and talk it over?

THE CANOEIST has lost its worthy helmsman, Mr. King, and its old pilot, who has had a long watch below, has again taken the wheel, while a newly-shipped mate grasps the spokes on the other side.

Canoeing is but a trifling factor in the

great cycle of the world's progress for 1884. In its little way, however, it has been obedient to the universal law of evolution. The A. C. A. has greatly increased its membership. The meet was larger than any of the previous ones, and was, altogether, the most successful.

Many new clubs have been organized during the year, while the older ones are stronger than ever before. Individual improvement is also manifest. Jones, Vaux, Gibson, Oliver and Van Deusen are more skilful sailors, and Johnston, Weller and Adams better paddlers than they were a year ago. The whole fraternity advances with them.

This very striving after special excellence has given rise to an unhealthy classification, viz., cruisers and racers, the latter again divided into paddlers and sailors. This division insinuating itself into the rank and file of canoeing would naturally affect the development of the canoe. Already racing machines, useless for any other purpose, have been exhibited at the meets, and were the ambition of canoeists not turned in another direction, they would inevitably multiply. The regulation canoe would thus be practically shut out from the annual contests.

A limited class of specialists, paddlers and sailors—and such a class will always exist—will bring out the best principles of canoeing, and add brilliancy to the meets. We believe the canoe, however, should be, as its ancient apostles, MacGregor and Alden intended it to be, a paddleable, sailable, portable craft, and the ideal canoeist should be as well rounded in "canoelatics" as he is in character.

The disintegrating tendency which we speak of has been ably checked during the year by Mr. Vaux's system of an average record of general excellence. This is incorporated as a permanent factor in the distribution of prizes.

Five prizes are to be given for best aver-

ages, while only two are given for each individual race. The best all-round canoe will thus be developed, and the canoeist's ambition henceforth will be, not to be the fastest paddler or sailor, but to gain the best general record.

Changes are also evident in the canoe itself, both in model and rig. The tendency seems to be toward an increase in size. Class A boats seem to be decreasing in number, while Class B is multiplying. In the full sail-and-ballast race at the Meet, there were 19 entries of the latter and only 8 of the former. Gen. Oliver's *Marion* and Grant Van Deusen's *Henrietta*, two of the fastest boats of their class (A), are for sale—a significant fact. Mr. Whitlock's new *Guenn* is built fully up to the outside limits of Class B. Vaux has sold the *Dot*, and a new boat, slightly larger, will probably be on the ways at Everson's in another month.

Considering the failure of the large Pearls, manned by most experienced skippers, to outsail the lighter boats, the average record system and the inconveniences incident to heavy boats, we do not believe this tendency will increase materially in future.

The *Shadow*, which for three seasons was the favorite model, has in some points been superseded. The *tumble-home*, which was designed to facilitate the use of the short paddle, is rendered unnecessary by the lengthening of the paddle. It was manifest from the beginning that this cutting away lessened the stability of the boat when heeling over on the wind.

The rocker-keel, too, has given place to the centreboard. The several convenient forms of folding board vying with each other for popular favor.

The drop rudder, not an entirely new device on larger boats—we ourselves have seen it on a canal boat—has been adopted by the best sailors. The paddle has kept up its lengthening process, $8\frac{1}{2}$ to $9\frac{1}{2}$ feet

being commonly used by experts. In our present issue Mr. Farnham suggests 11 feet.

The double blade out-paddled the single at the Meet. Mr. Johnson uses it altogether, and Mr. Weller, an old single-blader, now says that he knows, after repeated experiments, that he can do better work with the double blade.

In rigs an innovation has occurred in shape of the combined balance-lug and lateen—invented independently by Mr. Stoddard and Gen. Oliver. This, with the Stoddard reefing-gear, will have a close rub with the balance-lug for the favor of old hands. The pin and jaw lateen still holds its own as a universally popular sail.

Cruising this year has been more vigorously pursued than ever before. The Atlantic coast has been cruised upon from Long Island Sound to Mt. Desert. The rapids of the St. Lawrence have been run. The Mississippi, Suksuehanna, Delaware, Potomac, Shenandoah and Connecticut rivers, and the Russian river in California, and Lake Champlain and Lake George have been the scenes of notable cruises. The paddle and the pointed sail have indeed become familiar visitors on all our inland water-courses.

THE tendency of racing canoes to perfect themselves into elaborate racing machines, alluded to above, seems already to have had a pernicious effect upon English canoeing. In another column we quote an opinion to that effect from Lieut. Kelley's work on American Yachts, which we mentioned in our last issue. We also republish a recent letter of Mr. Baden-Powell to the *London Field*.

It will be remembered that Mr. Baden-Powell was the designer of the *Nautilus* model, and is the inventor of some of our best points in rigging.

He proposes to the English clubs the

very remedy that was suggested to the A. C. A. by Mr. Vaux, and adopted and put in practice at the last meet.

It is strange that Mr. Baden-Powell does not seem to have noticed its adoption on this side of the water.

Katrina must not imagine that Seneca intends to criticise out-fits like his own. A canoe fitted as Katrina describes, Canoeist believes to be the nearest approach to the perfect all-round canoe.

Experience has shown that all the waters on the globe are canoeable, and hulls and rigs must vary to suit the waters traversed and the motive of the cruise.

Most canoeists, however, are cruisers, and many who are to be canoeists are yet novices. To both classes we unite with Seneca in recommending simplicity at the start, knowing that the experienced canoeist will look out for himself.

THE ROYAL CANOE CLUB AND CRUISING CANOES.

SIR—Much has been written, more has been said, but nothing has been done of late by British canoeists to foster a good all-round type of cruising canoe. All practical men are agreed that the present dullness in canoeing is in great part attributable to the encouragement given, under the existing state of things, to "extreme" types, whether in sailing or in paddling. Hence in racing—which is undoubtedly one of the best means of improving canoes and their fittings—the entries have steadily dwindled down to about two or three experts owning craft of extreme type and fitting, with, perhaps, the addition of an unsuspecting novice or two who come in to learn, and are generally frightened away at the apparently insurmountable quantity of learning to be done.

No doubt some wonderful racing has thus been brought about, and, as regards the sailing department, great perfection of

build, fitting, and management has been attained; but something more than this must be aimed at if canoeing is to be conserved as a popular British sport and pastime, and that something, in my opinion, is canoe cruising, and therefore the cruising canoe.

It is not of the slightest use, a man's setting down the law, hard-and-fast, as to what is or what is not a cruising canoe. No strict definition of a cruising canoe can successfully be laid down, for the word "cruising" is a large order, covering a great variety of work to be done, and therefore combining in the canoe a multitude of semi-antagonistic qualifications, the proportionate value of which can only be distinguished by actual experience.

A very general idea among canoeists is that a cruising canoe must be small in her dimensions; no greater fallacy exists. In obedience to such ideas there spring up definitions and limited classes, and then comes the split; opinions differ, and Brown, preferring an inch of extra beam to Smith's extra foot of length, finds himself shunted into the sailing first class and not acknowledged to be a cruiser.

The true test is nothing short of an all-round test; and, assuming that the ordinary boundary definition, which distinguishes a canoe from a boat, be adhered to, the governing qualification may well be left to a limitation of weights. For instance, open waters demand a large hull with good free-board, but not of necessity heavy ballast and large sails; camping out also demands a commodious hull, not too much room but just room enough; and finally the qualification of being a good sailor cannot with success be ignored. And that this dictum is correct it is only necessary to remind cruising men (without going into mathematics) of the well-known rule of navigation which enables the skipper to determine whether his vessel gains or loses by keeping away a given number of

points from her true course, so as to economise fuel by using sail instead of steaming (paddling) head to wind.

The rule discloses that, assuming a fresh head wind in which the canoe can be paddled to windward only three miles an hour, to arrive at a given point in the same time under sail she must be capable of sailing four points off the wind, and at the rate of four and a quarter miles per hour through the water ; but, in a fresh breeze, a well-designed and rigged canoe, fitted with a fair sized centre-plate, would more likely sail at a rate of five and a half miles per hour, and therefore go four miles to windward while the paddler is doing three. The stronger the breeze the better for the sailing and the worse for the paddling. Equality of action may be fairly put at a strength of wind which permits the paddler to go to the windward at the rate of four and a half miles an hour (a very high rate of speed), and then the sailing craft at four points off and on, must do a speed of 6.4 miles an hour to be equal, *i.e.*, quite top speed.

But, when the question of fatigue of man is considered, the sailing craft has undoubtedly the advantage. The fair inference, therefore, is that in legislating for cruising canoes sailing qualities should rather be encouraged, and the real limit, as before said, should be that of weight rather than of size.

The weights of hull, fittings, ballast, &c., of modern canoes are well known, and a fair average can be easily struck in order to ascertain and fix a just limit of total weight for the whole craft. The present cruising class limit is 150 lb. total weight. Now it has been found in practice that this allows but a very small, shallow, lightly-built hull, and small, light centre-plate ; free-board and spare buoyancy are cut down, sleeping accommodation rendered almost impossible, and sailing qualities curtailed to a very low ebb. The limit

weight should be such as will allow a roomy hull, a fair sized centre board, an equitable weight of baggage (which, of course, would be represented by ballast in racing), and a suitable fit-out of gear and fittings. Then the limit of size, build, and fittings may well be extended to those of the existing first class, which has stood the test of many years, and is necessary to keep canoes from growing into boats.

Assuming the classification to have been settled thus, the next question is, how to encourage cruising canoes. The best method, to my mind, is by establishing an average record prize (or prizes), to be taken by the canoe scoring the greatest number of points, *viz.*, victories over other canoes in various races—paddling, sailing, and mixed—during each season.

Each race should have its own first prize, for which the specialist in that line would run ; but the all-round man would also run in the same race in order to score average or record points, totted up of those started whom he beats ; of course, providing he goes the course, and that the same canoe is used in each race.

If these record prizes were substantial in value and the limit rules as suggested above, and the record counting races divided into sailing (first class), sailing (cruiser limits), paddling and sailing mixed, and paddling, all-round racing would become popular, and the best general type of canoe would in a short season be clearly demonstrated.

This reform of canoeing I am about to submit to the Royal Canoe Club for adoption at the general meeting on Tuesday next, with all details of necessary limitation and rule alteration carefully worked out ; in the meantime I trust, sir, you may feel inclined to publish this, in the hope that other canoe clubs, such as the Clyde, the Humber, the Mersey, the Forth, &c., may at their winter meetings give consideration to the subject of the encouragement of cruising canoes.

In London Field W. BADEN-POWELL.

A LONG, LIMBER PADDLE.

I HAVE made a number of paddles during the past two or three years, and these experiments led me during the past summer to use a paddle 11 feet long, with blades each about 4 inches wide and 3 feet 6 inches long. It is made of birch, and is so limber that with a good stroke, when the canoe is under way, it bends probably 3 or 4 inches. The shank is oval instead of round, the greater diameter being perpendicular to the plane of the blade. The paddle is not by me for measuring, but I guess this greater diameter is $1\frac{3}{8}$ inches. A limber paddle drives a canoe faster than a stiff one, and it tires the arm less, perhaps because the recoil of the blade finishes the stroke and allows the blade to act at a better angle, so as to avoid lifting water. The narrow blade is more easily controlled, both in the water and in the wind. And the long paddle gives far more control of the canoe. I was very much pleased with it, but as I used it only about two weeks, and only in deep water, I did not give it a conclusive test. The shank, in being smaller than the shank of a spruce paddle, blistered my hands more. It gives much better speed, and very noticeably in paddling against a headwind, so, although it weighs perhaps four pounds, one pound more than my last spruce paddle, I think it does not fatigue me as much as the old paddle did.

C. H. FARNHAM.

DRIFTINGS.

WM. HUGH L. WILLOUGHBY, for whom Stephens built the pretty little canoe-rigged cutter *Windward*, last season, has now quite a navy of his own.

He has one canoe in St Augustine, Fla., also built by Stephens last year, and a *Racine* at Newport, R. I., the *Windward*, well known at the Lake George meets.

And now Clapham has just finished for him a nonpareil sharpie, six inches draft, cat-rigged, to race against the St. Augustine cat-boats, then to be newly rigged for cruising on the Indian River.

We wonder Willoughby satisfied now?

WHY does not every one use the little nickel-plated oilers, nearly identical in size with the common metallic cartridge of the period? They are made with a self-adjusting stopper, which acts very like the needle of a stylographic pen. You press this on the point to be oiled, and a drop comes out. "Driftings" supposed that everybody knew about them till the other day, when a casual ex-commodore saw him using one, and expressed surprise and admiration thereat. They can be had from any dealer in sporting goods.

Now is the time to buy canoe lanterns. There's a few millions of them in the market for sale cheap. They are of various colors—white, red, blue and green—and are very good, serviceable lanterns in their way. They were made for political campaign clubs, whose members have no further use for them. When new they cost only fifty cents a piece at retail, and now—well, if you happen to strike the right man, you can get them for twenty-five cents or less. It is easy to supply a reflector, which will also serve as a screen for the paddler's eyes, and if red and green side lights are required, bits of glass of the desired color can readily be inserted under the wire frame. Who shall say that political processions have not their uses?

MR. L. W. SEAVEY and four other Kit-Kat braves have just returned from a canoeing and sketching tour on the Housatonic. They report excellent sport, with frosty decks and bracing atmosphere.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LAKEFIELD, Ont.,
November 25th, 1884.

CANOEING is pretty nearly dead here now, the only canoes out are those of a couple of hunting parties after deer. I had what will probably be my last sail this year on Saturday, six miles, of which one quarter mile was over a *piece of smooth ice*. I find that my boat makes a capital ice-boat going before the wind, the only trouble being that I cannot steer very well without a stick with a spike in it.

I have this summer kept a daily account of miles paddled and sailed, and I now have 645 miles to my credit. Most of this, in fact all but about thirty or forty miles, was done in the *Zulu*.

I have made no extended trips, or, of course, my score would be much larger. All was done in off hours for recreation in connection with my work. I have been out altogether on 98 days, between May 5th and November 22d.

Yours sincerely,
J. L. WELLER.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Ottawa, Nov. 26th, 1884.

The Editors American Canoeist :

Gentlemen—Permit me to correct a statement in Mr. Robert Tyson's descriptive letter No. 3, of the 1884 meet, which is to the effect that our esteemed friend and captain, Mr. Robert W. Baldwin, was the sole representative of the Ottawa Canoe Club at the Association meeting of this year.

The statement in question immediately follows Mr. Tyson's interesting description of the ladies' camp, and I am quite sure had Mr. Tyson not only visited that camp, but personally interviewed the lady members thereof, he would assuredly have learned of the presence of another mem-

ber of the O. C. C. I, of course, allude to the genial wearer of the scarlet fez—him whose beaming countenance is the central feature of the group of ladies in the foreground of one of Hiawatha's charming sun-pictures of Squaw Point.

I may add that altogether there were six members of the Ottawa Canoe Club present at Grindstone Island, their names are as follows :

Robert W. Baldwin, R. J. Drummond, G. Edwards, J. C. Edwards, J. St. Clair McGuilkin, J. J. Brough.

Yours very truly,
J. S. BROUGH,
O. C. C.

WE extract the following from an interesting personal letter from Mr. J. F. West, Watertown, Da. :

I sold, this fall, my cruiser *Qui Vive*, length 14 feet, beam 26 inches, weight 43 pounds, or 49 pounds with paddle, hatch, masts, sails, seat-back, rudder and fittings complete. I have paddled and sailed her some thousands of miles, and in her shot hundreds of rapids on rivers wild and civilized. She was endeared to me by her extreme lightness and portability, and by her swiftness both under paddle and sail (I have won many races of both kinds in her, and in 1880 she made the fastest time made up to that date over the N. Y. C. C. course). I have a number of times carried her on my shoulders a mile at a stretch, without a halt, through the wildest of mountain trails. I have shot duck and deer from her and slept in her o' night, till it is a wonder I could bring myself to part with her at all. I conclude my powers of affection must be weaker or my nerve greater than that possessed by the hero of "The Arab's Farewell to his Steed," for finally, with the proviso that I should have her back when I desired, I let her go.

My large sailing canoe *Saranac* I still own, and hope next summer to hoist her

batten-lug sails over the clear waters of Lake Kampeska, Dakota.

[It will be remembered that Mr. West is personally responsible for the formation of the Chicago Canoe Club as well as the canoeing contingent of the Evanston Boating Club, of which the former has now 50 members and the latter about a dozen. We expect soon to hear of a canoe club on Lake Kampeska.—ED.]

TRENTON, MICH.

Editor Canoeist.

DEAR SIR :—I regret to say the Detroit Canoe Club is defunct as I once before wrote to the CANOEIST. The club gently folded its little hands, and without a sigh, without a murmur, quietly, gently, peacefully, cavorted up the golden stairway; this over three years ago. I have written this sad fact as many as ten times. I have told it with sadness, with pathos, with bathos, with sarcasm, with grim humor; with humor not grim; in every literary style my poor pen could master. But it don't seem to have any effect. Every little while some one writes to me for a "list" of the "officers" of the "Detroit Canoe Club." I have two canoes and not a beautiful night passed this summer without seeing me in one of them tickling the bosom of the Detroit River, into ripples, among some of the peaceful islands, that beautify and diversify its scenery. So far as I know I am myself the "Canoe Club". Unless some one more worthy rises up to dispute my claim I introduce myself as the Commodore, Vice Commodore, Rear Commodore, Signal Officer, Quartermaster, and Chief Cook.

I would there were more of me, but there isn't. Our river is wide, is beautiful, and is sometimes rough; to this latter fact may be attributed the fact that the gilded youth of this city prefer to bat the frisky tennis, ball or to sit astride of the wheel, point their noses severely to a point exactly ten feet and one inch in front of it, look solemn and pick up one foot after the

other and go it. I have done my best to convert some of these good fellows. One after another I have induced them with glowing description of the fun into an elegant St. Paul kindly presented me by the Racine Canoe Co. I have seen them successively wobble as an amateur canoeist will and paddle around in my wake in a distressed windmill way. Getting safely on shore, they always smile a sickly smile; gently murmur, "Yes! it's lots of fun" and always after would have a pressing engagement whenever I wanted them to try it again. I don't know what it is, but it seems as if there were something in our air against Canoeing. Please do take the name Detroit Canoe Club from the list. To be sure I'm the club, but I don't believe there is another club like me in the country, and I feel "lonely like" among them. I have held a meeting and after the wildest excitement a resolution was passed to the following effect: That until more prosperous times the officers be reduced to *one*, and that he be designated by the title "Recording Angel." In accordance with the unanimous wish I deposited the ballot of the meeting in favor of myself for that position, and after a congratulatory speech commending the club for its rare good sense and discrimination in the selection of their R. A. the meeting was all "broken up."

Yours truly,

F. H. SEYMOUR,

the R. A.

The annual dinner of the New York C. C., December 13th, was a digression from the conventional mode of doing things.

The afternoon and most of the evening was spent in the preparation of the viands, under the amiable guidance of Miss Parloa, the well-known authoress and lecturer upon the culinary art. The disposal of the dinner was more speedy than its preparation. There is nothing lacking in the skill of the New Yorkers in that direction.

We will publish an account next issue.

CLUB DOINGS.

HARTFORD.

The members of the H. C. C. are still active, and, from present appearances, will keep up cruising until the ice prevents it.

We can count on from five to seven men every Saturday afternoon for a run up or down the river, as the wind decrees.

The club is still represented on the river Saturday afternoons by the old cruisers, though it is to be feared that the end is near at hand.

On Thanksgiving day Messrs. Jones and Penfield sailed the Venture to Gildersleeve's landing, sixteen miles. It was a dead beat to windward all the way, but with the current, which gave some help. The crew had to take turns going ashore and running along the bank to keep up circulation. The Venture goes into dry dock for repairs at Gildersleeve's this winter. She will have a new stern post put in, the old one being badly sprung last summer, just before the A. C. A. meet, and other minor changes will be made.

A movement is now afloat in the club for a new and more commodious boat house, and the outlook at present is very favorable.

A new open canoe, the Kismet, built by Rushton, has been added to the club list.

Mr. H. W. Belknap took some very fine photographs at the fall meet, among them an excellent view of the Venture under full racing sail, with Com. Jones at the helm.

During the summer we built a rough Adirondack shed, about 8 x 13, at the mouth of the Farmington river, six miles above the city. It is situated on a high bank, out of reach of the spring freshet, a few rods up the river, and on the north is well protected by a grove of small trees and willows.

Standing in the doorway one has a fine view of the Connecticut, to the south, for

a stretch of nearly five miles, the gilded dome of the State capitol looming up above the tops of the trees far in the distance; while to the west, across a very picturesque strip of meadow land, lies the ancient and historic town of Winsor, sleepier than ever, but exceedingly handy for the purchase of milk, eggs, &c.

This house has been in great demand with the sporting element of the club this fall, as black duck, with an occasional blue-winged teal, congregate in great numbers between the Farmington and the Scantic rivers. This year they have been more abundant than usual, and the sportsmen report very good luck.

On these cold November nights, after a windy wrestle in the dark with the many sand-bars and break-waters of the Connecticut, to get ashore to a nice steak, mealy "spuds" and a pot of hot coffee; and then, the dishes cleared away, pipe lit and rousing camp fire in front of the door, one can lie back on the blankets and feel at peace with all the world.

Let the wind whistle and the rain fall in torrents if it will. You can roll up in your blankets and sleep as sweetly as if you were in your own little bed at home.

A. W. D.

SPRINGFIELD.

SECRETARY C. M. SHEDD writes :

Our canoe house is a floating house 55 x 25, new in '83, costing \$1,200. Each member has a rack for his canoe and a locker for his clothes. We have 30 members now, with a prospect of 8 or 10 more in the spring.

The fleet consists of 4 Ellards, 5 Springfields, 2 St. Lawrences, 2 Graylings, 2 Shadows, 1 Stella Maris, 1 Sneak Box, all built by Rushton; 2 Racine St. Paul's, 1 Racine Shadow, 1 One Thousand Islands Skiff, 1 Joiner, single-hander cruiser, the *Fawn*, 1 Old Town, Me., Birch Bark—23 in all.

HUB.

CANOEISTS in or near Boston, if they have not already done so, will find it to their interest to make themselves acquainted with Mr. G. E. Dutton, Purser, Hub C. C.

This club has absorbed the Cambridge C. C., and it appears to be growing. They gave a dinner last month, and took in three new members. Several successful small local meets were reported.

RONDOUT.

In the early part of October several sad-eyed Rondout boys might have been seen contemplating and chewing their tongues over as many sadly debilitated, if not delapidated, canoes, which had just returned from a little "cruise" on the Eosopus. Mr. Frank Hubbard, who has influence with the powers that be in the Ulster and Delaware R. R. Co., took them up to where the creek might be called rudimentary, as the zoologists say, and started them down.

It was the first cruise for some of them, and they were brim full of blood and enthusiasm. Down they came lickity-split, sliding over every dam,* snag or other obstruction which came in their way. They will earn diplomas in the fine arts of caulking, patching and varnishing next winter. "But they had lots of fun, all the same," and will be ready for cruise No. 2 next spring, when there's more water on hand.

WASHINGTON.

The Washington Canoe Club was founded last June by Messrs. Arthur Brentano and H. H. Soulé, former New Yorkers.

It has now a membership of twenty-seven, with several applications yet to be considered. The officers are: Commodore, Rev. T. S. Wynkoop; Vice-Commodore, H.

H. Dodge; Secretary and Treasurer, H. H. Soulé; Measurer, Arthur Brentano; Lay Member of the Executive Committee, J. R. Lake; Regatta Committee, Arthur Brentano, H. H. Dodge and A. S. Flint. The club met with a serious difficulty at first in the matter of securing proper quarters, as nearly all the desirable portion of the river-front was occupied. Finally the committee rented a warehouse, which had been used for guano storage since "befo' de wah," and prepared to make it presentable. The floors, the walls, the very ceilings and roof were carpeted, painted and festooned with the accumulations of years of traffic in the fertilizer, and it "smelled to Heaven." Two Africans, several scrubbing brushes and some white-wash were secured, and work was commenced. In a week the odor had faded into a not unpleasant sort of whitewash-disinfectant-drug-store smell, with just a taint of perspiring African. When a fence was built around the property, a float made, and a truck and tramway constructed from the house to the river (about 50 yards), the canoes were moved in.

There are eleven canoes now in the fleet, and some new ones are under way. Cruising is considered by the members the acme of canoeing, and racing is approved only as a test of the merits of the canoes as cruisers. For this reason no "racing suits" of sails are owned in the club, and no ballast, other than the weight of a cruising outfit, is carried.

When Gen. Oliver first described his Mohican Settee in the June CANOEIST, he used *Dot's* reefing-gear. In a recent issue of *Forest and Stream*, Gen. Oliver again describes his sail, adopting the Stoddard reefing-gear.

The single remaining point of difference between the Albany and the Stoddard rigs, is a slight improvement which Gen. Oliver has made in the shape of the sail. The Mohican Sail is peaked up higher, bringing the end of the yard over the centre of the sail, while the batten is shortened to make a straight leach from yard to boom.

[* The editor takes the liberty of inserting comma here.]



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C. L. NORTON.

R. B. BURCHARD.

Editor of Last Five Numbers :

C. BOWYER VAUX.

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THE AMERICAN CANOEIST

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1885.

No. 1.

A PRACTICAL APRON.

The pathetic editorial appeal for a practical apron, not rendered heavy and clumsy by brass tubing and fixtures, moves the subscriber to make public a device which he has secretly cherished for several years, but which he has never been able to test in practice. Perhaps some one who has more time for tinkering will do better.

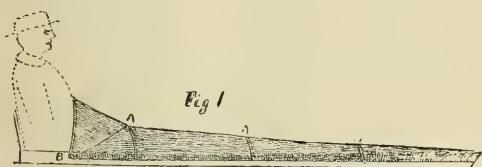
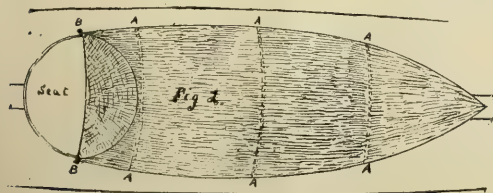


Figure 1 is a side view of the apron "set" for use. Figure 2, a bird's-eye view of the same. Figure 3 is an enlarged sectional view of well-coaming. *A, A*, in figure 3, shows general shape of a piece of tolerably heavy brass spring wire. *C, C*, shows well-coaming with a quarter-round beading fastened to its edge (out-board).

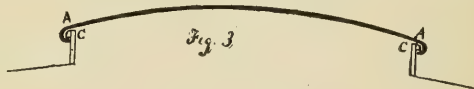
It will be seen that the ends of the wire are bent inward, so that the wire has a grip under this beading, and can at the



same time be moved fore and aft, or even sprung outward, and altogether detached from the coaming if desired.

Now, suppose the apron be made to button closely over the forepart of the well-coaming, and to extend aft as far as may

be desired, and having sufficient width to overlap the coamings at the sides (figures 1 and 2). Wires *A, A, A*, fastened under this apron at proper intervals, would hold it in position, and at the same time permit it to be pushed forward as far as necessary—furled, in fact, much in the same way as is done with Mr. Farnham's telescoping apron. Of course, the inward spring of the wires must be sufficient to grip the coaming lightly at its narrowest part. When pulled aft in setting the apron the grip will become firmer as the width of the well increases amidships. The apron will naturally be cut out in a half-moon shape to fit the body of the canoeist, and its corners hauled aft and made fast to cleats, buttons or hooks at *B*. A sort of cape or flap added to the apron may be made to fasten up on the canoeist's chest



as shown in figure 1. The fasts at *B* should be made only just strong enough to serve their purpose, so that they will give way altogether in case of an upset.

If it is desired to extend the after ends so that they will cover that part of the well in which the canoeist sits, the flaps, which in the drawing end at *B*, can be extended so as to reach farther round, even joining behind the canoeist if desired. But all fasts must be made so that they will easily give way to a sharp pull.

The ends of the wires when they are bent under the beading should be doubled or bent on themselves so as to make a foot

or bearing which will not excessively chafe the well-coaming, and which will come clear away like the after fastenings in case of accident.

Some experimental adjustment would be necessary in the case of the wires in order to secure the proper amount of bend and spring, these varying, of course, with almost every individual boat, and with the differing personal preferences as to knee-room, &c., &c., of every individual canoeist.

KEELSON.

THE CRUISE OF THE FRANKIE.

FROM MT. CRAWFORD, VA., ON THE NORTH RIVER TO MASSANUTTON, VA., ON THE SHENANDOAH RIVER.

The "Frankie" is a canvas canoe built by owner—length, 14ft.; beam, 30 inches; cockpit, 4ft. by 18 inches; weight in express office with cargo, 180 lbs. The outfit was somewhat extensive, more so than necessary, perhaps—however, I left some of it at the bottom of the Shenandoah. The "Frankie" and I left Staunton, Va., early in the morning June 12th, *via* B. & O. R. R., bound for the North River, at Mount Crawford Station.

We took water at 8 o'clock, took plenty of it, as the river was very high; it had been raining for several days and I started in a light rain.

To start cruising so early in the season was a mistake. The Shenandoah and its tributaries are all navigable for canoes; the water is beautifully limpid and of a slaty blue color, while the streams abound in rapids. In high water the rivers become turbulent and rush down in boiling, surging floods of a deep reddish color, while the rapids become rough and ugly.

The whole male population of the station assembled on the lofty railroad bridge to see me off. I shot around a bend, and was soon out of sight of the bridge and into my first rapid. The water washed my deck from stem to stern, and dashed in un-

der my hatch covering by the bucketful. This rapid was a sample of what I met all day at every mile or so. In the next rapid a huge wave swept my apron clean overboard, but I rescued it, and after that when I saw the waves boiling up ahead, I pointed "Frankie" straight down stream and leaned forward, and held the apron down with both hands. A wise proceeding—for at one place I plunged down a fall of four feet, with a tremendous wave boiling up at the foot, which Frankie did not take the trouble to ride, but dived through bodily, washing me breast high and leaving me with nearly a tubful of water aboard.

It was useless to try to hunt an easy passage around the rollers; the river was narrow, and whichever route I took down a rapid—they were generally short, but very steep—I was sure to wish I had taken some other.

The Shenandoah dam was passed without difficulty, there being a road running down the left bank and around the end of the dam. As assistance was available, I was soon afloat below the dam. At Brewbake's dam I had more trouble. In making a landing to reconnoitre, I carelessly dropped my paddle overboard and it was soon turning somersaults in the fierce undertow below.

By a piece of undeserved good fortune, I found a cooper-shop at the mill, whose proprietor whittled me out an excellent paddle from a piece of hard pine fencing, charging me the exorbitant price of twenty-five cents.

I made the run from Mount Crawford to this point, eleven miles, in an hour and a half, including fifteen minutes lost at Showalter's dam. In addition to this I lost four hours at the Brewbake dam, waiting for my paddle, and another hour at the next dam (Rippetoe's). Here the mill was closed on account of the high water, the hands were all away, and considerable time was spent in getting help. At four o'clock I was lying at the village of Port

Republic, the point where the North and South Rivers meet and form the Shenandoah, twenty miles below Mount Crawford.

I concluded to tie up here twenty-four hours, and give the rivers a chance to run down before my descent of the Shenandoah.

Leaving my boat and outfit with Amos Scott, a hospitable farmer living just east of the river, I walked up to Weyer's Cave, and spent the night at the hotel—a very good country hotel, by the way.

The next morning I visited the cave, which is well worth seeing. Returning to the river I found that it had not fallen and a rain storm had set in. I therefore left my boat and outfit with Mr. Scott, and returned to Staunton by rail.

Thursday morning, the 19th, I again dipped my paddle into the waters of the Shenandoah and resumed my cruise.

The river had fallen considerably and the water was in excellent canoeing condition, a foot or two above low water mark and still falling.

The clear blue tint was beginning to be apparent, and for hours I glided gently down the river—one of the most beautiful canoeing streams in the country. The scenery was truly bewildering—in the foreground the lovely rolling valley of Virginia, with the Blue Ridge in the immediate background on the right, and the lofty peaks of Massanutton on the left.

Several low dams were passed without difficulty, the canoe going right over them. A carry was made around one of considerable height, and at 11 A.M. Riverbank dam was reached. No assistance was available; so, although the dam was about four feet high and covered with brush and *débris* which presented a very ragged surface, I decided to jump it. Having selected a smooth-looking place, I paddled up stream a little distance and putting on full steam, I made the plunge. The canoe leaped straight out from the dam, but a strong, sidewise set of the current carried the stern over against a projecting limb. Over this

the canoe rode with a terrific rake, which I felt certain had ripped the canvas clear off the bottom. It then turned over in mid-air and landed me on my head and shoulders in the boiling rapid below.

Then righting itself, the canoe shot sideways down the stream. I grasped hold of the stern painter* and was on my feet and after it in an instant. It brought up broadside on against a mass of jagged rock, and careened with the open cockpit up stream. In an instant the water was boiling and pounding through it and over it with a force that instantly washed everything overboard that was not lashed fast or under decks, including seat back, coat, rubber coat, mattress, a light awning-tent and fixtures. The water was two feet deep or over, and so terribly swift that had I left the boat, to go after the cargo, I should never have been able to get back again. I caught the tent and had a hand-to-hand fight for it, secured it and lashed it to the deck with a painter.

Then I righted the boat so the water no longer dashed over it, bailed it out, until it floated clear of the rocks, when I jumped in—sitting flat on the floor, without seat or back or hatch-cloth—and with the boat half full of water ran half a mile of the roughest rapid I had encountered since coming out of the North River. I landed at the Riverbank ferry, unpacked the canoe and hung my things, (and myself) in the sun to dry.

After replacing some of my provisions at a hospitable farm-house, I started again, about three o'clock. Just below was a rapid divided by an island. I took the right-hand chute, though much the smaller of the two, in the hope of securing some of my lost articles. I shot swiftly down the chute around the head of the island, and saw an immense fallen tree completely blocking the channel, except a few inches of water

*I had a painter rove into both bow and stern and found them a great convenience during the whole cruise.

which poured over the trunk next the stump. I tried to run the "Frankie" ashore, but could not do it in time. With hatchet in hand, I cleared a passage and standing on the trunk, worked the canoe over by means of her painters, and moored her near the shore. Then I had the good fortune to find my tent fixtures and hatch-cloth, and wearied by my exertions, and dripping from the rapid, I sat down to ruminate upon the pleasures of canoeing.

(To be Continued.)

A STRANGE DINNER.

N. Y. C. C.

CANOEIST had been invited to a dinner, served from the products of the N. Y. C. C's first lesson in artistic cookery, at a high-toned *séminaire de cuisine*, near Stuyvesant Park.

Whether he had laid in a square meal or not previous to starting out in acceptance thereof, we leave the prudent reader to surmise.

On the way he indulged in some rather vague conjectures concerning his place of destination and an attempt to associate the Cooking School with the scene of his own early torment, resulted in an incongruous jumble of black-boards covered with diagrams of bisected broilers inscribed in gridirons, salmon, angled according to Legéandre, and lucid mathematical demonstrations that segments of pie are square—(πr^2). He wondered if there might be wall atlases there, with beef-steak continents and griddle-cake archipelagoes, desks covered with graded cook-books and with pepper-castors where the ink-wells are wont to be, or perchance a mysterious cupboard of test-tubes and re-torts employed in a hopeless attempt at the qualitative analysis of commercial minced-meat or summer hotel croquettes.

Meanwhile Canoeist kept an instinctive look-out for buoys and channel ranges; for the true canoeist is at the same time poet and paddler, and he dreams as he drifts.

An observation of the altitude of a neighboring corner lamp-post verified the latitude, and steering east until the dimly-illuminated transoms over the street-doors indicated a longitude somewhere in the two hundreds, harbor was made according to directions to starboard of a little brass sign, which bears the inscription "Miss Parloa's School of Cookery."

Canoeist was late (as usual), and already the work of devastation had begun.

He had expected to be shown into the kitchen; but no! he was reminded that the cruiser has but one apartment, and that is the best, whether in Albany canvas flat or A-shaped English basement. Miss Parloa has located her kitchen in the parlor. But Canoeist walked as "through the looking-glass" into a Jabberwocky parlor, furnished with big stoves and little stoves, and ice-boxes.

The polished Delft tiles which should have surrounded the fire-place, environed an enormous kitchen sink. The library book-shelves glistened with pots and kettles and tureens. Saucepans and gridirons masqueraded as plaques and *bric-à-brac* upon the painted walls, and an upright water-boiler suggested the family time-piece *de notre grand-père*.

In this extraordinary apartment the guests were assembled in evening dress. But not *real* evening dress. Excepting one timorous worlding who has been admitted in conventional claw-hammer—a Knickerbocker, so Canoeist overheard, not yet versed in *The Mentor*—all were gorgeously arrayed in evening dress à la Grindstone Soiree. But even this tasty garb was generally disguised by various culinary vestments evidently purloined from the Parloa linen-closet, and adjusted to the persons of the wearers with canoelatic originality. Those who were luckily possessed of real aprons, wore them around their necks with the strings tied in huge bows, behind or in front, according to taste.

There were shapely senatorial heads

there, surmounting napkined and betoweled shoulders. Gold spectacles and bald nolls shone above crumpled pinafores, while keen legislative eyes were making deep scrutiny into internal affairs of momentous consequence. Indeed, they were making fair game of very fowl play.

There was the Fleet Surgeon, awfully arrayed in a white gown, which rumor said he had brought with him, gracefully excising the hip-joint of a shapely haunch of venison. Canoeist recognized an editorial contemporary who was scratching his addled head over a bowl of French pease, which he had been shelling with a sardine-opener, and he observed the organist of a neighboring parish, solemnly grinding an egg-beater in a retired corner.

Two lawyers were seen quarreling over the Statute of Limitations as applied to fish-tails and fittings, while the Yachting Editor resigned the soup-skimmer for the chopping-bowl, declaring that he had advocated cutters so long and so persistently that he could not come down to "skimming dishes" at this stage of the game.

There being no Club Chaplain, a reverend-looking gentleman in capacious waistcoat and straight collar, read the necessary responses from the revised edition of the gospel according to Parloa, whenever the general confusion would permit.

The Commodore was on deck, of course, although he had for the time being resigned the command over *Surge*, *Psyche*, *Dot*, *Freak*, *Minx* and the rest to the *chef de cuisine*, who detailed them by squads to lay out the different courses.

The Commodore himself was ordered to take care of a squadron of grouse, and Canoeist found him working at the dismantled hull of one of them, elbow deep in gore. He had removed the wings, feathers and other deck-fittings, unshipped the rudder, opened the hatches fore and aft, and emptied the compartments, commenting critically upon the obvious technical error of carrying red *lights* on

both sides. Having removed a little oil-can, which the *chef* had informed him was secreted near the stern-post, he inserted a quarter of an onion in the after water-tight, replaced the hatch, battened it down with hemp-twine, and s(e)cured it with a skewer.

The wreck was then handed over to the Larding Committee, who threaded a long needle with one of a number of strings of clear pork cut into strips (supposedly) $\frac{1}{4}$ inch square by 2 inches long, and made lacings therewith, four rows deep around both bows. This embroidering process was termed *larding*, probably because no lard was employed in the operation. The decorations were then "dredged" with salt, sand-peppered and rubbed down with melted butter, and having been dredged again with flour the birds were ready for the oven.

The *chef* said they should be roasted for a select company of sportsmen 15 minutes; or for a *mixed* company, 25 minutes.

In the present case she gave secret orders that they be cooked nearly 30 minutes.

The entire process was very simple—any canoeist could do it at noon-day camp, providing he carried a stove and could get any grouse.

The Surgeon's assistants now green with envy at the Commodore's committee fell violently upon the haunch of venison, and sewed it full of pork reefing points.

It was then wiped with a wet towel, and plentifully sprinkled (dredged) with salt, pepper and flour. The bottom of a baking-tin having been lightly covered with flour, the haunch was placed in it, supported upon a rack to prevent its soaking in the gravy.

The Doctor faithfully watched it for nearly two hours, administering potions of butter, salt and flour every 15 minutes.

Kittiwake, Jersey Blue and Mosquito—noted fisherman all (so they said)—had volunteered to superintend the bass.

They broke down when they learned it wasn't XX., and as none other of the club's gentle followers of the fly-rod could remember which end to begin to skin from, the fish went *unskun*. They were cooked something after the fashion of Marmalade Lodge, *i. e.*, cut in small, square pieces, wet with beaten egg, rolled in bread crumbs and fried.

"No other vegetable," said the *chef*, "is so much used and abused as the potato. White potatoes should be put into just enough boiling water to cover them, and cooked 15 minutes; a teaspoonful of salt should then be added for a dozen potatoes, and the boiling continued 15 minutes longer—no more, no less; hence there is no chance for a mistake." "Unless your watch is wet!" interrupted an unruly pupil. "They should," continued the instructress, "be removed and drained *instantly*. If the potatoes are old, they should be allowed to stand in cold water an hour or two, to freshen them." (Happy thought. Tow them after the canoe to save time.)

The sweet potatoes which had been previously boiled 50 minutes, were cut into squares, "the size of dice," *i. e.*, good, big, Staten Island dice, by the yachting editor, and the art publisher. These dice were then shaken up in shallow pans with salt, pepper and butter and browned in the oven. The soup was brought in in the condition of calves-foot jelly. As the audience were informed that its preparation required some ten hours' boiling and as there were some fourteen knacks to be mastered, Canoeist concluded that for himself he could manage to be contented with Huckin's Best and if necessary drag out a weary existence on Liebig. Many were the marvels revealed and many the simple turns of the wrist taught which could be shown but not explained. CANOEIST's pages are limited and he cannot afford to relate all, but he refers you to Miss Parloa's excellent little book on "Camp-Cookery" and to your

own particular Bridget, who is, or should be, worth more than all the cook-books in existence.

Fleet orders had been to rendezvous at the mess-tent at 7:30. Seven-thirty came and so did the guests, who with the dignified non-active members exhausted their cargo of "latest" stories and club gossip in the adjoining hall. Vests grew loose as nine o'clock approached and were reefed and double reefed at intervals later on. Hungry agony was at last written upon every face; except those of the cooks who discovered a small load of Vienna rolls, and who, of course, made friendly advances upon the uncooked viands, and were, withal, having a remarkably jolly time. At last the doors were rolled and the canoeists with washed hands and aprons doffed, filed into the large dining room. Two long tables to be presided over respectively by Commodore Whitlock and Vice-Commodore Munroe were placed broadside on. Each cover was guarded by a little cardboard A tent, which turned out (inside out) to be the *menu* of the feast, cleverly designed by Mr. W. A. Rogers, the Kazooman. The hand of the aesthete had also been at work in piling up in the centre of each table, banks of moss interwoven with pansies and clusters of wood violets. Red and white being the club's colors, white and pink carnations were conspicuous in the floral decorations.

The walls were patchworked with prize flags and from the central chandelier hung the Gananoque hat, gorgeous with its native effulgence.

The head of each table was marked by a huge block of ice, hollowed out to form a tureen for the "shucked" oysters which were served by the Commodore and the Vice.

So the feast was opened. For the rest think of the jolliest dinner of your life, imagine yourself with us till "wee small hours" and rejoice that you are a Canoe-latic.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

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The Secretary of the American Canoe Association requests persons sending money to him, to do so either by registered letter or Post-Office money order, on New Orleans, La.

If canoeists will send application to the Secretary of the A. C. A., enclosing \$2.00 for initiation fee and dues for the first year, their names will be presented for membership.



Readers will recognize the artistic touch of our esteemed fellow-voyager, Mr. L. W. Seavey, K. C. C., in the new title and department headings wherewith the present number of the CANOEIST is embellished. There have been symptoms of a serious falling out in the editorial staff, each individual member thereof claiming as his own portrait the better looking of the two helmsmen who are trying to put the editorial tiller to port, but as the artist disclaims any intentional attempt at caricature, the trouble will probably be satisfactorily adjusted. That the artist neglected to affix his well known "totem" to the starboard quarter of

the editorial craft is due, no doubt, to his characteristic modesty, and to the fact that the graceful and capacious canoe which he sails in the summer months never had either a straight stern-post or a rudder to bless herself withal. He has our sincere thanks for his contribution to our columns.

THE HUDSON RIVER MEET.

We are glad that Com. Oliver has thus early called attention to the fact that there will be a local meet on the Hudson River next May.

The suggestion of "a combination cruise and meet," "for those who can take several days vacation," is a good one, but we think it would be a mistake to fix either the 30th or the 31st as the date of such cruise.

The large majority of those who will attend will have those two days only at their disposal, and for ourselves, at least, we believe it would be far more profitable to hasten to one place and stay there as long as possible.

By so economizing time more comfortable sailing in lightened canoes could be done, and more comfortable camping and visiting enjoyed. It would be difficult, moreover, to manage a cruise of the whole fleet which would probably straggle in an uneven procession from Albany to Roundout, the unfortunately less skilful sailors reaching camp tired and disgusted, and too late for the fun.

Had the Commodore given fleet orders to cruise we would have cruised loyally and had a rattling good time too; but since he has given his letter for discussion may we not suggest that those of us who can take the proposed cruise, start from Albany on any suitable day previous to May 30th, and plan so as to reach camp Friday afternoon?

We have cruised in all of the places mentioned by the Commodore, and vote for Newburgh Bay by all means—whether we occupy the same ground or not could be left to our Newburgh brethren to decide. If they can find a place with more sand or softer stones we shall be duly grateful.

CANOE AND BOAT-BUILDING FOR AMATEURS.*

A prominent member of the New York and Knickerbocker Clubs comes to the front as an author in a very complete manual under the above title. Mr. Stephens is well known personally to all canoeists who have attended recent A. C. A. meets and to a thousand others by repute. His thorough training as a builder and as a journalist equips him in an exceptional degree for comprehensively treating the subject in hand. The title page, for some inexplicable reason, omits the fact that he is now yachting editor, as well as canoeing editor of *Forest and Stream*, but let that pass. The CANOEIST punctiliously dips its colors to the larger craft, as in duty bound by nautical etiquette, and will even go so far as to exchange appropriate greetings strictly in an unofficial way, even when subjected to the ordeal of personal encounter.

"Canoe and Boat Building" is a neat volume of 166 pages, containing some twenty-four illustrations from drawings by the author, and accompanied with an envelope containing as many more working drawings, which are full of suggestive value to every amateur builder and "tinkerer" with tools. "Amateur" quotha! We would like to know what Mr. Stephens' idea would be as to practicable directions for professionals. Probably something about the size of Dixon Kemp's work in its unabridged form.

That, however, is of small moment, for we all know how details multiply when one undertakes to abbreviate, and here we

* *Canoe and Boat-Building*. A complete manual for amateurs, by W. P. Stephens, Canoeing Editor of *Forest and Stream*, with numerous illustrations, and twenty-four plates of working drawings. New York: *Forest and Stream* Publishing Company. (\$1.50.)

have in a far more available shape all, and more than all, that an amateur builder can learn from Dixon Kemp.

A famous editor once said to us: "If you want a really instructive article written on any given subject, find a conscientious man who does not know anything about it, and get him to write it up." Now, although Mr. Stephens has, according to this standard, one fatal disqualification for the work in hand—namely, that he knows all about the subject—he brings to bear conscientiousness and enthusiasm, and has withal an ever-present sense of the fact that he has undertaken to tell amateurs how to do good work.

Under the different departments, the following, and many more subjects, are treated in detail: Designing, model-making, building, sails and rigging, wells, aprons, paddles, and fittings generally, with hints and drawings for camp equipment, and an appendix with a full description of the working drawings, which we wish, by the way, could have been inserted in a cover-pocket instead of in a separate envelope.

We take pleasure in recommending this book to all canoeists as containing in a condensed form authoritative and practical information which is not otherwise attainable between the covers of any single volume.

ERRATA.

1st Editor: "Was it you?"

2d Editor: "No, was it you?"

Duo: "It must have been the printer." But whoever it was, by some blinded idocy, the expression "canoe rigged cutter" was used instead of "yawl rigged," in referring to Mr. Willoughby's "Windward" in the Dec. CANOEIST, p. 190.

In Club Directory, erase word Evanston after Flushing Canoe Club.

Secretaries please report other changes.



The following communication has been received from the Chairman of the Regatta Committee :

To the Editor of the AMERICAN CANOEIST :

Dear Sir :—I have just noticed an error in the CANOEIST's report of Executive Committee meeting.

It is stated that the Regatta Committee reported and obtained change in the measurement rules to allow a *half-inch* latitude each way in measuring beam of classes A III. and B IV., when canoes are built for the same beam in paddling and sailing classes. This should be a *quarter-inch* each way.

It was so recommended by the Regatta Committee, and so carried by the Executive Committee.

Please give this correction proper publicity as soon as possible, or the error may mislead some members of the Association.

Yours obediently,

ROBERT W. GIBSON,
Chairman Regatta Committee.

[It is but fair for CANOEIST to note in its own behalf that the original MSS. received from headquarters is on file, stating a *half-inch*, as printed in November CANOEIST.]

PROGRAMME OF THE A. C. A. REGATTA, 1885.

In submitting the following draft programme, the result of careful deliberation, the Regatta Committee make the following introductory remarks :

First—This draft is not yet to be taken as final in all details.

Second—The principal changes from former programmes are the introduction of a new set of paddling races in "cruising

trim" (viz., loaded) to give a paddling canoe a better chance on the record as compared with a sailing canoe. If this were not done the former would be eligible for only one race as compared with three for the latter. The new races will also give decked canoes an opportunity to compare with the lighter open ones, the weights being equalized. The upset race is put on the record as being a test for a valuable qualification for an "all-round" canoe. Thus every classified canoe has the same greatest possible record, and a paddling canoe which does not sail has the same possible record as a sailing canoe which does not paddle, viz., 30 points as first in three races, while the all-round canoe has a possible record of 70 points as first in seven races, and a mean of course of 35, which is a little above the highest of either of the special types.

Third—The increase in length of programme is more apparent than real. Every event is separately numbered and much confusion thereby dispelled. If this be done on the 1884 programme there will be found 19 events, and the 1883 (Stony Lake) programme, so counted, has 27 events, so that for 1885 with 21 events, is not at all immoderate. The possibility of delay on account of weather is recognized in the appointment of Monday as the first day, and provision is made for postponement of the second day without confusion of the programme ; but of course we may have to fall back upon the bulletin board if last year's calms are repeated. The order in which the races are called has been carefully studied to give paddlers time to rest and sailors time to rig. A short swim has been introduced in the hurry scurry race (not to be on record). This will save the canoes the rough usage in launching and will give additional interest to the race. Fouls should not be claimed in the race unless wilfully caused to influence the result.

This draft has been submitted to Com-

modore R. S. Oliver and meets with his ready approval.

The Regatta Committee trust that this result of their labors will be received by the A. C. A. as an earnest effort to meet the views of the greatest number with a conservative regard for the already established rules and customs.

ROBERT W. GIBSON.	} Regatta Com.
R. J. WILKIN,	
J. L. WELLER,	
	A. C. A.
	1884-5.

DRAFT OF PROGRAMME, SUBJECT TO
REVISION.

First Day, Monday August 3.

9:30 A. M. No. 1. Paddling Class III.,
1 mile.

9:45 A. M. No. 2. Paddling Class II.,
1 mile.

10:30 A. M. No. 3. Novice sailing, any
classified canoe (no limits) trim or rig, 1½
miles.

11:30 A. M. No. 4. Paddling Class
IV., 1 mile.

11:45 A. M. No. 5. Paddling Class I.,
1 mile.

1:50 P. M. No. 6. Sailing Class B, no
limits (trim or rig), 3 miles.

2:00 P. M. No. 7. Sailing Class A, no
limits (trim or rig), 3 miles.

3:00 P. M. No. 8. Combined pad-
dling and sailing, on sailing course, 3 miles.

4:00 P. M. No. 9. Tandem Paddling
Classes III., and IV., decked, 1 mile.
Decked canoes for this race must be decked
on one-half their length at least.

4:15 P. M. No. 10. Tandem Paddling
Classes III., and IV., open, and for canoes
with short decked ends, 1 mile.

4:30 P. M. No. 11. Upset paddling,
any cruising canoe, 200 feet.

No special appliances to be allowed
unless usually carried in cruising.

Second Day.

9:30 A. M. No. 12. Paddling Class
IV., cruising trim, canoe and load without
crew to weigh 200 lbs or more, 1 mile.

9:45 A. M. No. 13. Paddling Class
I., cruising trim, canoe and load to weigh
80 pounds or more, 1 mile.

10:30 A. M. No. 14. Sailing Class B,
no ballast, 3 miles.

10:40 A. M. No. 15. Sailing Class A,
no ballast, 3 miles.

11:40 A. M. No. 16. Paddling Class
II., cruising trim, canoe and load to weigh
120 lbs., 1 mile.

2:00 P. M. No. 17. Sailing class B,
cruising rig, sail limited to 75ft., any ballast,
3 miles.

2:10 P. M. No. 18. Sailing Class A,
cruising rig, sail limited to 50ft., any ballast,
3 miles.

3:00 P. M. No. 19. Paddling Class
III., cruising trim, canoe and load to weigh
160 lbs., or more, 1 mile.

3:15 P. M. No. 20. Sailing unclassi-
fied canoes, any ballast, 3 miles.

4:15 P. M. No. 21. Hurry scurry, with
swim, 100 yds. run, canoes moored 50ft.
from shore, 200 yds. paddle.

4:30 P. M. Gymnastics.

Second day of this programme will be
Tuesday the 4th if weather permits, and if
none of Monday's races are postponed, in
which case Monday's programme will be
finished and the remainder of the day
devoted to special races, and the second
day of programme races will be Wednesday
the 5th. In the absence of wind the pad-
dling races will be called at their appointed
times.

Punctuality will be insisted on. No race
will wait for any member.

All A. C. A. rules will be enforced.

The record with five prizes will be based
upon all races in this programme except
events Nos. 3, 9, 10, 20, 21, 22, that is, upon
9 paddling, 6 sailing and 1 combined, every
classified canoe being eligible alike for
3 paddling, 3 sailing and 1 combined. Any
canoe finishing very late must report to
the judges if they are engaged upon
another event, and the competitor wants to
insure being recorded.

First and second prizes in all events (except Gymnastics), see rule V. The committee recommend as desirable subjects for special prizes under Rule V. long distance races both in sailing and paddling, sailing races for open canoes and paddling races for decked canoes, and portage or obstruction races to encourage portability.

R. W. GIBSON,	} Regatta Com.	
R. J. WILKIN,		
J. L. WELLER,		
		A. C. A.
		1884-5.

THE HUDSON RIVER MEET—1885.

At this early date it may seem a little premature to bring forward the question of the local meet next May, but as I believe that the matter will bear much discussion before a final decision as to locality is reached, I beg to submit my ideas on the subject, with the hope of eliciting those of other canoeists.

I suppose that it may be accepted as a settled fact that there is to be a meet at some point on the Hudson River easily accessible to all, and would therefore suggest reference to the map known as "Hudson River by Daylight," by William F. Link. In 1885, Decoration Day will be on Saturday, and it is probable that many canoeists will be able to give that day only to the meet. But for those who can take several days' vacation, I would suggest a combination of cruise and meet.

At Hudson the river widens considerably, affording ample room for a good triangular racing course of a mile and a half or more. A good camping-ground can be had on the west shore, near the mouth of Murder Creek, a mile above Athens. All canoeists able to give the time could assemble at Albany, and cruise some thirty miles south to the spot mentioned, camping one night on the way below New Baltimore.

The race could be held on Saturday, and the cruise continued Sunday down the

river to the most available point permissible by wind and tide; thus giving those members able to come to Hudson for Saturday only, an enjoyable run through a very picturesque part of the river. This species of cruise would give admirable opportunities for paddling and sailing races in full cruising rig, and test the all-round canoe very satisfactorily. In case the cruising idea is not acceptable, I would suggest the following points for meet only: Newburgh Bay is an admirable point; but it is hardly fair to our Newburgh brethren to trespass on their hospitality so soon again. Camp sites may be had on either east or west shore of Croton Point, with course in Croton Bay, or Haverstraw Bay in cove below Croton Station. A camp just below Peekskill, with a good course in bay, is practicable.

Still another spot is near Esopus Light-house, several miles below Rondout. And again on the west shore, opposite German-town, a few miles below Catskill, with course in what is known as the Clover Reach.

All the points mentioned offer camping facilities and good racing courses, and are easily accessible by all steamboat lines. If our Connecticut brethren could only be induced to join us next year, I think they would find it very easy to reach any of the northern points mentioned. I hope that my suggestions may be thoroughly discussed by all interested, and that they may lead to the selection of a spot satisfactory to all.

ROBERT SHAW OLIVER,
Com. A. C. A.

The long-vexed badge question seems to give promise of a speedy settlement. The Committee, consisting of Messrs. Dr. G. L. Parmele, W. A. Wackerhagen and J. L. Greenleaf, are to meet in New York, on January 10th, to receive designs and pass judgment.

To-day there are two clubs—the Rochester and Remus—with an aggregate membership exceeding forty. They occupy elegant houses on Irondequoit Bay, erected especially for club use by Mr. Sours, a few rods north of the Newport House. These quarters are finely fitted and furnished with every necessary equipment essential to the comfort of the canoeman. The canoes are of various forms and styles, built for sailing or paddling, and cost from \$25 to \$175 each.

During the past summer the handsome little crafts have constituted one of the most attractive features of Irondequoit Bay, as the clubs have held frequent paddling and sailing races and two regattas.

The kindly feeling existing between the clubs will doubtless result in a consolidation, steps having already been taken to that effect, and the Rochester canoeists will then constitute one of the strongest associations in the country; in fact, the Rochester Club has already received recognition of its excellence by the election of its late captain, Mr. Frank F. Andrews, to the post of Rear Commodore of the American Canoe Association.

At the annual meeting held last evening, the following named gentlemen were elected officers of the Rochester Canoe Club for 1885: Captain, J. Mat. Angle; Mate, H. M. Stewart; Purser, G. H. Harris; Executive Committee, F. H. Rew, S. C. Eaton and C. H. Moody.

At the close of the meeting the club, to the number of twenty-eight, sat down to an elegant repast, at the café of George J. Oakes. The guests included the Remus Canoe Club, and several members of the American Canoe Association. The table was beautifully decorated, the centre-piece being a fine model of a birch-bark canoe, three and a half feet in length, bearing a cargo of rich flowers, and floating the club colors, all in charge of ye ancient canoeman "Huff," ye club totem. Other decorations in miniature were greatly admired, one in

particular being a model of Irondequoit Bay, with the Newport and club houses, etc. The occasion was a very enjoyable one, long to be remembered by the participants and we congratulate the canoemen upon their success and prosperity.

BUFFALO.

At the annual election of the Buffalo Canoe Club, held January 7th., the officers for 1885 were elected as follows: Captain, F. E. Wood; Mate, R. W. Gilbert; Purser, C. P. Forbush; deck hands, E. P. Hussey, E. L. French, Williams Lansing. The club has contracted for a new boat house 40x18, to be built on the river and finished some time next month.

The club is on the increase and a more lively interest in canoeing is anticipated in Buffalo during the coming season. Certainly with the facilities which the adjacent waters offer, the young club should have a large membership and be prosperous.

DESERONTO CANOE CLUB DINNER.

In response to an invitation of Vice-Commodore F. S. Rathbun (A. C. A.), Captain of the Deseronto Canoe Club, the Mate, the Purser and thirteen able-bodied seamen of the club reported at the mess-room and saluted their energetic and very popular officer.

The club is somewhat scattered just at present and several are on the sick-list, otherwise a larger representation would have been recorded. Each member found by his plate a souvenir consisting of the club colors on white satin. Three small flags, (the burgees of the A. C. A., and the D. C. C., and the Vice-Commodore's pennant) starched and stiffened to an imaginary breeze, and several birch-bark canoes laden with flowers, were fitting additions to the table adornments.

Full justice having been done to the tempting and elaborate *menu*, a concise review of the history of canoeing in the United States and Canada was given by the Captain. This was followed by selections

from THE CANOEIST and speeches by the members. A jolly time was conceded by all and three cheers for the American Canoe Association were given, as each member got himself in shape to paddle homeward.

MINNEAPOLIS.

The Minneapolis, Minn., Canoe Club has been undergoing a metamorphosis and has come out butterfly fashion on a grand scale. The club has been incorporated under the laws of the State of Minnesota as a stock company with an authorized capital of twenty thousand dollars, the club's name becoming the Minnetonka Club. The business management of the corporation is vested in a board of seven directors and a finance committee of three. The new officers are A. B. Taylor, President; E. H. Moulton, Vice-President; George Harrison, Treasurer, Samuel Hill, Secretary.

OSHKOSH.

The annual election of officers of Oshkosh C. C., held Dec. 17th, resulted as follows: A. M. v. Kaas, Commodore; R. P. Finney, Vice-Commodore; F. H. Gary, Secretary and Treasurer. The Commodore appointed W. A. Radford, J. A. Hinman and L. F. Gates a committee to prepare plans and procure a site for a new club house.

N. Y., Dec. 29th, 1884.

EDITOR CANOEIST:

DEAR SIR: With feelings of deep regret I announce the decease of Mr. Frederick Sherman, a member of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club, which occurred suddenly at Fort Washington, on the the 14th inst., in the 37th year of his age. Mr. Sherman has but lately become one of us, but his amiable and manly disposition had endeared him to us from the first, and we feel that as a club we have to mourn the loss of a true brother canoeist who would in time have become one of our most active and valued members. Respectfully yours,

E. FOWLER,

Sec. K. C. C.



It's a cold day when ex-Commodore Nickerson gets left, but he came within one of it the other day. The fact is, he was rather tempting Providence, delaying his final cruise for the year until Dec. 17th, and returning home within three hours of the time the Connecticut river froze over. The wind was S. W., fair sea running, snow and fine rain falling at the time. Thermometer ditto. The snow and sleet lodged upon the sail, spars and rigging of his canoe in such a manner as to raise a doubt in the skipper's mind regarding his safe return to the club house

"Why didn't he take in sail or reef?"

"Well, now, that sail came out of the canoe like a barn door and stood up alone in the canoe house for two days, frozen stiff, reef lines and all." This may serve a practical hint to some of our late cruisers. Take it kindly, boys!

Do you want a water-proof rubber bag? Well, you can easily buy one, and if two or three dollars, more or less, makes no difference to your exchequer, you had better do so. Rubber bags are good and thoroughly water-proof while they last. There is, however, a perennially impecunious canoeer, known to Driftings, who, when he wants a rubber bag does not get one, but hies him to some sailor's clothing shop on South street and there purchases for 75c. to \$1 a canvas bag such as sailors use to store their traps in. It is water-proof after a fashion at the outset, but may easily be made more so by giving it a coat of oil or putting it through any of the various water-proofing processes known to the fraternity.

"Say, Bill, do you remember the last line of that 'Green grass growing everywhere,' song they sang at Grindstone last August?"

"Why, cert, old man. It runs in my head all the time."

"Well, now, letter go, Bill."

"And the green'd graseaugreening. All owinggrowasgreeningrall, aroundroundah-round und, ud, d d d. See?"

"Oh, yes, that's when they all came in, in the chorus together."

"Yes?"

"Yes!"

Driftings has been breaking the tenth commandment ever since he was shown, some months ago, an English-made Mackintosh coat, known as the "Navy Regulation." It was purchased in London at the Victoria Stores (co-operative) and cost the enormous sum of £1 7s. Inquiry elicited the information that under the existing United States tariff a similar coat would cost \$18 to \$25, and D. shook his head sadly and went his way, resolving to ask some fellow who was going over to the other side to bring such a coat back with him, accidentally as it were, among his own wearing apparel. Truly Fortune is kind now and then to modest merit. Unbeknownst, as it were, his friend crossed the ocean and came back, and remembered, when in London, the admiration which he had read in Driftings eyes. D. is now waiting impatiently for a rain storm heavy enough to justify him in sporting his new English Navy Regulation Mackintosh. These American-made gossamer coats are so beastly cheap looking, don't you know!

For canoeing purposes, however, a rubber poncho has many advantages, and for that matter, why is not a coat or a cape, made of light canvas or heavy brown or blue sheeting, better than any rubber or Mackintosh, or oil-skin. Its folds will not stick together when rolled up, it does not smell badly, it is cheap, and is easily repaired.



WHAT TAFFY DID WITH THE ROOSTER.
—DELICIOUS SOUPS—CHICKEN CROQUETTES.

As we drifted lazily with current, Jake amused himself greatly to our personal concern, with his revolver, firing salutes and making "drifting shots," as he called them, at tin cans and fence posts along shore. Presently a big, red rooster exalted his horn from a distant rock on the other side of the river and crowed vociferously. Jake readily booked bets that he couldn't hit it. He never dreamed he could. Cock-e-doo—Bang!

The interrupted crow was never finished. The rooster turned a double-back somersault, danced a horn-pipe, and keeled over minus a head. We paddled over and conducted a post-mortem examination. There wasn't a house in sight—whence the vagrant rooster came was not to be readily ascertained.

The only way to assure a decent disposal of the remains was to take them with us; when we got into camp, Taffy could dispose of them to the satisfaction of our appetites, if not of our consciences.

Now Taffy was neither a Welshman nor a thief; above all things he despised sponging on strangers or grubbing upon his neighbors. He would have walked five miles to pay for that chicken if he knew its pathetic history, so it was decided to keep shady concerning the shooting.

He was the best kind of a chap to have around camp—could do everything, you know, and tell stories all night.

Taffy looked at the game dubiously, said it must have been a circus rooster for it was hard as hickory; and we left it to his fertile ingenuity "to do something with it."

The next day was to be Sunday (by previous arrangement). The girls from T. were coming down in the afternoon, and Taffy said if we'd let him off easy on chores, he'd lay himself out on that rooster.

So he put the carcass, skinned and cleaned, of course, into the potato-kettle, with about four quarts of *cold* water and hung the kettle over a moderate fire, not to boil but to simmer. For the next two hours he read "Yolande," keeping a weather-eye on the kettle lest it should boil. "He was limbering out the legs," he said. Meanwhile we had cooked and disposed of supper, and the two hours being up, Taffy livened up the fire, set the pot boiling gently, and started up to the farm-house with the parting request that we would see to the rooster occasionally, keep the coals warm and *not allow him to boil hard*. We let that old fool of a rooster boil from six o'clock till ten. Taffy returned then, smelled his chicken, was satisfied and turned meat and broth, what there was left of it, into a tin can and put it in as cold a place as he could find, for the night. The next morning he skimmed off the fat, strained the broth from the chicken, through a colander which he made by punching the end out of a tomato can and putting a circular piece of wood bored full of holes, in its place. He had about three pints of the broth, which he set over the fire in a tin pail with a teaspoonful of chopped onion, seasoned it with salt and pepper, and let it boil about half an hour. Then he lined his improvised colander with a clean dish-towel, and strained the broth through it, squeezing the cloth to get the "perfume of the onion." He returned the strained soup to the pail with a teaspoonful of minced parsley and let it come to a boil. Meanwhile he scalded a cupful of milk in the oatmeal kettle (of course a tomato can would have done, if we hadn't had a double kettle which we never leave behind when cruising), and dropped into it a little bit of baking powder, the size of a pea. He had

brought down a little corn-starch from the farm, and he now wet up a table-spoonful of it with cold milk, and stirred it into the hot milk. Meanwhile he had set Jake at beating up two eggs very light. As the corn-starch and milk had begun to thicken, he scraped the whole of it in on Jake's eggs, and beat it all up together, stirring into it as he did so a cupful of the boiling soup. He then set the can of soup upon the warm ashes beside the fire, stirred in the contents of Jake's bowl and let it stand, simmering, but not boiling, for three or four minutes. The soup was done—delicious, rich, white soup, neither watery nor pasty, but such as might set a Saint Anthony to shooting casual roosters.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.

Taffy had meanwhile minced the cold meat from his rooster as fine as possible with his sheath-knife. He put a cupful of boiling water into a saucepan, added two table-spoonfuls of butter, and set it over the fire. When the butter was melted, he stirred into the saucepan two teaspoonfuls of the corn-starch, previously wet up, with a *little* cold water, stirring the liquid until it thickened.

Meanwhile Jake had beaten two more eggs in the bowl and Taffy poured the hot mixture in upon them, beat it all up together and mixed it with two cupfuls of the minced chicken. After this mass had been allowed to get perfectly cold, Taffy formed it into little cylinders about $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and rather more than an inch in diameter. These he rolled on a floured deck-hatch, and fried them in a pan containing just enough of *very hot fat* to cover them, rolling them over and over until they were nicely browned.

The other boys had done their share on the regulation victuals. The girls came and were "perfectly delighted." Never before had we had such a dinner in camp. The result of it all was that Taffy was taken home to teach the girls to make chicken soup and croquettes.

SAUCE PAN.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST

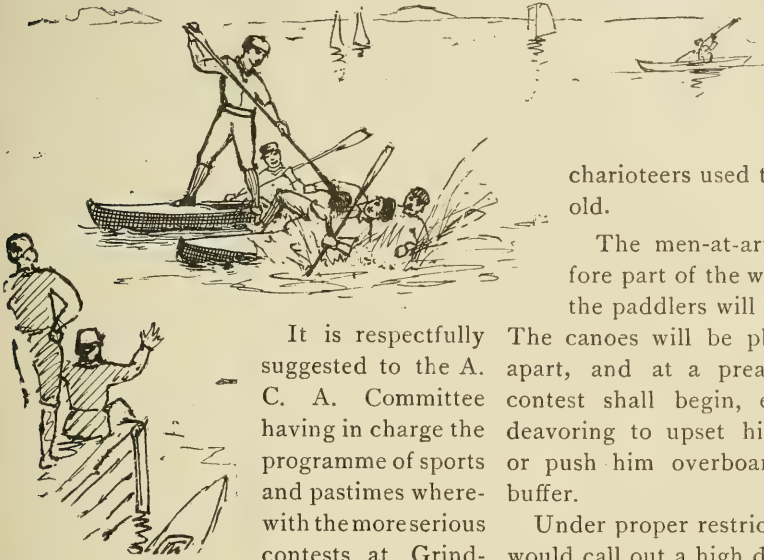
OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1885.

No. 2.

AQUATIC TOURNAMENTS.



It is respectfully suggested to the A. C. A. Committee having in charge the programme of sports and pastimes where-with the more serious contests at Grind-

stone Island are to be diversified, that they introduce the "Tournament." Not precisely such a one as "the gentle and joyous passage of arms at Ashby-de-la-Zouche," described by Sir Walter, whereat several noble knights were killed or maimed, and others were comfortably suffocated by the heat of their armor and the closeness of their helmets, but a tournament under the bright sky and upon dancing waters, a tournament whose participants shall be carried by steeds no less frisky and spirited than those bestridden in their day by the Black Knight and Brian de Bois-Guilbert.

But descend we from the misty regions of knight errantry to practical details. Let paddles be prepared, each with one of its blades thickly swathed in some soft material, so that a thrust from it will do no hurt to property or person. Let men-at-arms

and paddlers be selected and paired off, even as ancient warriors and their

charioteers used to pair off in days of old.

The men-at-arms will occupy the fore part of the well of the canoe, and the paddlers will be in the after part.

The canoes will be placed, say, fifty feet apart, and at a prearranged signal the contest shall begin, each champion endeavoring to upset his opponent's canoe or push him overboard with his paddle buffer.

Under proper restrictions such a contest would call out a high degree of skill on the part of the contestants. All sorts of tactics would be employed, the thrusts and parries of the bayonet exercise would be used by the men-at-arms; the paddlers would have an equally important part to perform in skill, exercise of judgment, and readiness of resource.

Rules can only be formulated after actual trials, but the following are deferentially suggested to begin with :

I. A canoe upset, or emptied of its crew, shall be held to be defeated.

II. Canoes must not be in collision during the engagement. If they touch accidentally, the "round" must end.

III. Opponents may not lay hold upon one another's canoes, unless as hereafter specified.

IV. No striking allowed, only thrusting with the padded end of the paddle.

V. If a man-at-arms or a paddler is thrust or falls overboard, he may if he can, lay hold of and upset his adversary's canoe, or he may get back into his own.

VI. No contestant may jump overboard purposely.

VII. Thrusting at an opponent who is overboard is not allowed.

These rules will of course be modified by experience. The reasons for most of them are obvious. If canoes be allowed to collide they will be injured. If grappling be allowed, the contest will at once degenerate into mere rough and tumble. If striking be allowed, some one will be hurt; and thrusting at an opponent in the water might easily involve danger from strangling, etc., etc. The man-at-arms may use the fore end of his paddle to assist navigation, and escape from a swimmer will be easy under most conditions, while the two men in one canoe will have a decided advantage over a single.

KEELSON.

ANOTHER FARNHAM PADDLE.



There is scarcely a "crack" tennis or billiard player who has not some particular racquet or cue which for some mysterious reason he prefers to all others. Like the incredulous stranger who didn't see any points about the famous jumping frog better than any other frog, the casual observer may not find the superiority at once apparent.

Mr. Farnham who described his eleven-foot flexible paddle in the December CANOEIST, a few seasons ago invented a paddle which he presented to Mr. Vaux, whose favorite weapon it has been ever since.

The points of superiority in the case of this paddle are so manifest that we present its description to the fraternity.

THE SHANK.

In the first place the shank is peculiar; instead of being cylindrical, as is usually

the case, it is a quarter-inch thicker one way than the other, embodying the principle employed in the shank of an ordinary spoon-oar. Thus its cross-section is an ellipse instead of a circle, with its greater diameter or axis at right angles with the blades.

In the present instance the diameters are one inch and one inch and a quarter.

The advantages of this are three-fold; 1st, the strength is increased in the direction of greatest strain and the weight diminished where strength may be compromised; 2d, the paddle fits the palm better and gives firmer grasp; 3d, when the two blades are at right angles to each other for feathering or working against the wind, the angle between the blades or the position of the blade in the water is at all times instinctively felt by the paddler.

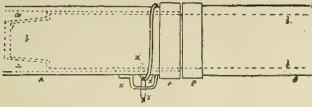
THE BLADES.

The blades instead of being blunt at the ends, with corners more or less approaching a right angle as is the case with the double-bladed paddles of all prominent makers, have rounded ends like the ordinary single blades.

This may be a matter of taste, but the advantages which seem apparent in this shape are that the rounded end is less apt to catch in crevices between rocks in working through rapids or in scraping over shallows; when used as an Alpine-stock it is less apt to split at the sides, and in prodding it into the deck as in leaping into the canoe, the rounded end is less likely to do injury than the vicious corners.

The end of each blade is protected by a rim of sheet brass, brazed over a brass wire which encircles the edge of the blade. Externally the paddle appears to be merely tipped with brass in the ordinary manner, the wire being concealed within the rim like the cord in the hem of a sail. The wire gives body to the tip and prevents the usual denting and bruising. This rim is not tacked, but riveted to the blade.

The blade is longer in proportion to the length of paddle than usual; Mr. Vaux's paddle which was made for use in a 26-inch Rob Roy, is 8 feet 4 inches long, with a 26-inch blade.



THE JOINT.

In the drawing AA, BB are brass tubes of the same diameter, which is equal to or a little less than the smaller diameter of the paddle. Each is protected at the end by a narrow outer rim or ferrule.

AA is adjusted to one section or blade of the paddle and forms the outer ferrule of the joint. BB slips over the end of the other section so that the shank bbb protrudes through the ferrule. This protruding portion is again protected with a light ferrule which telescopes into AA. It terminates in a truncated cone which is inserted into the wooden body of the other blade, aa, as in a mortise-and-tenon joint.

The ferrules are not secured by screws but by rivets which pass entirely through the shank.

The two ferrules AA, BB make a clean, flush joint; the mortising of one section into the end of the other gives unusual stiffness and strength and relieves the strain on the rivets; and this with the extra rims protecting the edges of the tubes admits of the ferrule being made thinner and lighter than usual.

The ferrules on Mr. Vaux's paddle "have not budged" in two years' use.

To fix the blades in either desired position, straight or at right angles, ferrule joints are often fitted with a little brass peg on the inside ferrule which slips into a slot in the edge of the outer ferrule. When paddles of this sort rust together, there is trouble in the camp, for the ferrule cannot be worked sidewise to loosen the joint. An ordinary paddle which fits at all well, without some check is liable to be jammed.

In Mr. Farnham's paddle the joints fit easily together, the insertion of one section into the other spoken of above, making the joint rigid.

A piece of fine brass spring wire is brazed to the outer ferrule at x. It is bent on itself through three sides of a square as shown by drawing, meeting tube again at x', at which point it is again brazed to the tube. It then circles entirely round the tube, passing through the arch, and finally bends abruptly to form a peg which enters a hole bored through both ferrules.

The inner ferrule has two of these holes, the one holding the blades at right angles, the other straight.

A leather string, y, is tied to the spring to pull the peg out from the holes, the spring made by the wire encircling the joint, holding it in. The arch protects the spring from injury.

The paddle is made of well-seasoned spruce.

THE CRUISE OF THE FRANKIE.

While resting a moment from the fatigue which the excitement of the run had occasioned, I was accosted by a gentleman who came riding down the bank, interested in my descent. He proved to be Mr. E. L. Lambert, the owner of the Riverbank Mills.

On learning who I was, and the nature of my cruise, he invited me from the struggle of the rapid to rest and refreshment at his home.

Wasn't I wet? and wasn't I tired? Did I take long to consider the invitation? Oh, no! So my beneficent visitor rode his horse into the shallow water close to the shore, took my painter in hand and towed me back to the mill, where I soon had the *Frankie* housed for the night. To my surprise she was entirely uninjured by the terrific thumping and scraping received on the dam and rocks during the capsize. I stayed with Mr. Lambert and his hospitable family until after dinner on Friday, when I was again under way. I

made a splendid run all the afternoon, through lovely mountain and pastoral scenery, down the most magnificent canoeing rapids—very long and swift—some of them from one to two miles in length, but not rough enough to wash my decks. As there was plenty of water, it was only necessary to avoid the rocks with which some of the rapids are plentifully sprinkled. I readily found help at all the dams, except one ugly, gloomy-looking place, where the mill was closed, and the dam too high and too rough to go over. I was detained here over an hour; it was six o'clock, but here was no good place to camp. I finally put the boat over against the left bank above the uppermost of the islands which divided the dam, and succeeded in working it over from the shore by means of the painters, and again embarked.

After an hour's run down some of the finest rapids I have yet encountered, I saw a good camping-place on the right bank, and, though I was in the midst of a swift rapid, I at once swung the canoe around, and soon had my cargo ashore, the boat drawn up, with the tent raised over her. (My tent is of the style illustrated by Mr. Sprague in the *CANOEIST* for May, 1883, only much larger, sides fastening to stakes in the ground, instead of to coaming.) Supper was quickly cooked and disposed of, and myself stowed away in my blankets for the night. In the morning, after a good breakfast of bacon, eggs, potatoes, &c., and the customary smoke. I was again under way. I found to my disgust that the river had risen several feet in the night.

In fifteen minutes I was at Milnes, the location of the Shenandoah Iron Works. I landed and went up in town and bought a good, stout coat and some provisions, and again got under way. The day was frightfully hot, and the river ugly, high and rough, so that my experience all day was simply a repetition of that on the North River a week ago, only on a grander

scale. The river was much broader, the rapids very much larger and rougher, and I was constantly wet from the water received at every rapid. The dams were numerous and ugly. At one, no help was available. I, therefore, unloaded the canoe, carried the cargo around, then returned and dragged the boat not only around the dam but the mill also. I shot a short, rough, rapid, around a sharp bend and down the chute of another tremendous rapid. The river here was broad and shallow, and full of rocks, on several of which the *Frankie* hung. But as she was trimmed so that she struck aft, I experienced no damage. I shot around a lofty spur of Massanutton, and seeing a good camping-ground on the right, a farm-house on the left, and a tremendous storm in the rear breaking over the peaks of Massanutton, I concluded it was time to camp, and so made for the farm-house on the left, first carefully covering the well and weighting the hatch-cloth with stone. I hurried up the steep hill, or mountain spur, just in time to get out of one of the most sublime thunder storms it has been my good fortune to witness among the mountain tops. The rain came down in great blinding sheets, and the thunder claps were incessant. At seven o'clock in the evening I got away. I concluded not to camp, as I was wet from the rapids and the rain. The boat was also wet and the ground thoroughly drenched. I did not like the looks of the filthy old place where I was, nor the piratical-looking people in it, so I started on down. Half a mile below, I saw a fine two-story, brick farm-house, high up on the right bank. I at once landed and asked a night's lodging, which was readily granted. The place belonged to Mr. Frank Russell, whose pleasant family entertained me kindly. The next morning I got off again, the river being now quite high, and it was still rising. The dams were horrible, and the rapids almost bad enough to compel portaging. However,

after a pleasant run of eight miles I reached Massanutton, and in an hour was driving along the road to Luray, in a spring wagon, and in due time the "*Frankie*" was lying in the Shenandoah Valley R. R. Depot ticketed for Staunton (where she finally arrived, billed at 1,000 lbs. as usual, with charges equalling four first-class passenger tickets).

In summing up, the advantages of the Shenandoah as a cruising stream are: A rapid river, with plenty of fine canoeing rapids, long and swift, but not rough; rocky, of course, and some of them in low water, perhaps uncomfortably shallow: the most charming and varied scenery, pastoral and mountain. In many places the river impinges against the base of Massanutton, which turns in an unbroken line from the water's edge to the summit from 1,000 to 1,500 feet above. The Blue Ridge is also on the right of the whole extent of the river. The people are kind and hospitable. Lodgings can be readily procured for the asking at any of the better class farm-houses. The finest bass fishing. A good climate, no hotter than in New York or Pennsylvania, and free from malaria. Canoeists wishing to visit Weyer's Cave should land at Port Republic, the head of the Shenandoah (which is also perhaps the best place to begin the cruise; it is on the Shenandoah Valley R. R.), and walk up South river nearly three miles. Those wishing to visit the celebrated caverns of Luray should land at Massanutton or Whitehouse ferry and walk over the pike, three miles to the caverns, the town of Luray being a mile further on. The mountain view from Cave Hill is magnificent.

The disadvantages of the Shenandoah are: A superfluity of dams and a remarkable scarcity of good camping places, the banks, whether steep and sandy or low and rocky, being covered with a dense undergrowth. In many places there are long lines of perpendicular cliffs from 100 to 200 feet high.

I would advise canoeists not to attempt a cruise on the Shenandoah in high water. July, August, September and October, are the months best suited for cruising in these waters.

F. R. WEBB.

THE HISTORY OF THE "ALLEGRO."

The history of the *Allegro* is very commonplace compared with the history of the *Dot*, for she has never been in a race, and her exploits are of interest to only the family circle, so to speak, of her solitary captain and of her occasional consort, the *Rosalie*; and, as many of her voyages will be described in the pages of *Harper's Monthly*, it seems unnecessary to give here anything more than a summary of her cruises.

She is the first shadow built by Everson, in 1878, for Mr. Alden. I bought her before she had been launched, and that year cruised about Long Island Sound, between Flushing and Huntington Harbor, and then made a trip through the Adirondacks, via the Fulton, Raquette and Blue Mountain Lakes, and down the Hudson.

The next year and the year after she went to Canada, via the Hudson, Whitehall Canal and Lake Champlain, the Yamaska, the Richelieu and the St. Lawrence. And since that time she has wintered and summered in that country. She has made many trips up and down the St. Lawrence, between Sorel and Tadousac. She has also cruised twice up and down the Saguenay and Lake St. John, along the Labrador coast as far as Belle Isle, about the Gaspé coast, the Bay of Chaleurs, on the Matapedia and the Ristigouche Rivers, and through the waters of Cape Breton.

The canoe last year became the property of Mr. W. A. Farwell of Lenoxville, Canada, and she now bears the name *Orford*.

Her rig, fittings and kit have been changed from time to time. The gaff, the lateen—with a halliard and downhaul by

which the peak was reefed down to the batten—and a batten-lug with self-reefing gear were used. The keel and stern-post were soon cut off to make her manageable on the rapids, and she was henceforth steered with the paddle. These paddles have increased gradually in length from seven feet to eleven.

During two or three years she served as a bed; but a small muslin tent, oiled, now gives me more comfortable quarters during her cruises, lasting from four to five months each. The clothes, provisions, photographic apparatus, etc., have always been carried in oiled-canvas bags.

The cushion—mattress—life preserver has been described in the CANOEIST, also the down bed, shaped, when buttoned up, like a bag, and the telescoping apron. These three articles are the only parts of the kit that give me perfect satisfaction.

Experience leads me more and more to seek lightness, compactness and simplicity in everything connected with canoeing; but the necessity of safety and comfort also increases.

When you travel all of every summer, your living must be made comfortable and be enjoyable; and when you make and break camp, "carry," and handle over and over your entire outfit, every article is weighed over and over again, and many are found wanting on the next cruise. I have thus reached a pretty satisfactory understanding with my outfit.

But the sail, keel,* rudder, and all their appurtenances are still the most annoying features of my cruise. These bulky and heavy articles irritate me; their weight and the drag of the keel and rudder retard the boat very perceptibly, and they fail to give any help on very many days of a cruise, even in large waters. I am generally more light-hearted when free from their burden. But, on the other

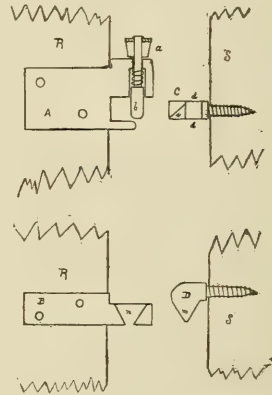
hand, they do sometimes give great enjoyment, and even increase the ability of the canoe to escape in a storm.

I find but one satisfactory solution—to follow the charming inland routes, where, on lakes, rivers and rapids, you have all needed variety of scenery and activity, where you enjoy a compact outfit and a light, easy-going canoe, and where you are perfectly satisfied with the paddle alone.

C. H. FARNHAM.

JOINER'S RUDDER-HANGING.

Every one knows by experience that the difficulty is not so much in getting *either* pin into the eye, but in getting *both* in at the same time. By Mr. Joiner's arrangement you catch the lower one first, and then you have no trouble in snapping on the upper one with a spring-bolt.



B is a strap-gudgeon on rudder R, with a large counter-sunk hole instead of the usual straight one.

D is a peg screwed into the stern-post with a pointed projection, m, directed downwards.

A is the upper strap-gudgeon of rudder, with a sliding spring-bolt, b, which may be drawn up by nut, a, or may be pushed up by a little inclined plane, x, on screw-eye, C.

C is an ordinary straight screw-eye with an inclined plane x, sawed or filed into the

[* The Allegro is built with a flat keel, and has a deep adjustable keel which is held in place by screws through the keelson —ED.]

after part to allow the bolt b to slip upon it and catch in eye d d.

To ship the rudder it is easy enough to catch the small point m of the part D in the large opening n, on lower gudgeon B. Then bring the bolt b of upper gudgeon against the incline x. The bolt slips like a door-bolt into eye d d and is caught. The rudder is unshipped by raising the bolt by the nut a, and reversing the above operation.

THE FASTEST RIG.

Whatever may be the claims of the lug in its different forms, we venture to assert that we have sailed faster under the boom of a lateen than anyone ever sailed when afloat under canvas in any other shape. We say "under the boom" deliberately, for the lateen referred to was hoisted over the new ice-yacht *Scud*, belonging to Mr. Weaver, of the Shrewsbury Club. This beautiful sail has an area of some 600 square feet, and is precisely like an ordinary canoe lateen, save that it is very long on the boom (52 feet), and is rigged on shear masts. That is to say, instead of a single stick there are two made like a Δ , and the sail is hoisted up between them. This, of course, obviates the difficulty that is experienced with an ordinary lateen when the sail is to windward of the mast, and is pressed against it, forming a bag in the fore part. Former experiments with lateen rigged ice-yachts have been unsuccessful, because the restraining power of this bag was largely increased by the tremendous velocity of the craft when under way. We had the pleasure of sailing a few miles in about as many minutes a week or two ago on Shrewsbury river, and the sensation was a novel one to a canoeist. The sheet, close hauled even when before the wind, kept the boom over the cockpit. In jibing, it simply swung a few degrees from side to side. In going about there was scarcely a perceptible loss of headway. *Scud* swung round, describing a grand arc

of a circle, and was off and away on the other tack like an arrow from a bow. She goes a third faster than can the champions of last winter, and has made a measured mile in 34 seconds.

Now, there are at least two lessons for canoeists to be drawn from this: First, Why should not shear masts be better than the old style for a lateen? The canvas could be stretched tighter, and there would be no lee formed in the fore part, almost as important an item in a craft with the slight momentum and comparatively low speed of the canoe as in an ice-yacht with its great momentum and wonderful swiftness.

Secondly. Canoeists can utilize their sails for winter work, by turning themselves into ice yachts. There is no end of fun to be had on skates with a properly constructed sail, and ordinary canoe sails may be readily adapted to the purpose.

A large dandy or a small mainsail will answer. Twenty-five feet area is as much as most skaters can manage in a high wind. A sprit or spreader is necessary to keep the spars stretched apart. Probably a lateen is the most convenient rig for this purpose, as the spars come together forward, and so prevent the fore-leech of the sail from liability to flag and catch the wind. In skate-sailing—and we speak from personal experience—very little head-sail is admissible in windward work. If you are taken aback, over you go; and as the rate of speed is tremendous, you are apt to break something if you upset on top of your spars.

Skate-sailing has to be learned, like skating and swimming, and preliminary failures should not discourage. It has immense possibilities, and ought to be taken up by canoeists, who can so easily make experiments with the material already on hand. We venture to say that any canoeist who is so situated that he can give skate-sailing a fair trial, will spend the rest of his life in mourning over the lost opportunities of his previous existence.

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displayed. Our canoes, lighter and quicker than the ancient craft, would give our "jousters" every advantage over their chivalric prototypes.

The matter of canoe types is becoming too complicated for the ordinary human intelligence. One might easily name a score or so of models, each possessing in the eyes of its owner merits which entitle it to independent classification, but which are in reality so much alike that they should all be classed together. In the yachting lists we have sloops and cutters, and between them are deep sloops or compromise models. Nobody thinks of multiplying classes after the arbitrary fashion in vogue among canoeists. Why should we not adopt the original English types—Rob Roy, Nautilus and Pearl? Under one or the other of these any of our popular models may properly be placed without prejudice to anyone's pet notions. In describing a particular boat, for instance, one would say: "She is a Nautilus, with a full entrance and a very flat floor," and so on, in the case of any of the different types which are completely at sea about at present.

THE SUNBEAM.

In the issue of January 29th of our esteemed contemporary, *Forest and Stream*, are published the lines and a description of Mr. Newman's new canoe *Sunbeam*. A canoe which embodies the latest ideas of several well-known experts.

After informing us that Mr. Newman is one of Mr. Everson's best customers, and that he "is not a racing man," but that he usually cruises to and from the meets, etc., it proceeds to narrate the origin of the *Sunbeam* as follows:

After several seasons in the *Shadow*, Mr. Newman decided that the model was capable of improvement in many respects, and after planning such a disposition of the space as experience had shown to be desirable, he explained to Mr. Everson wherein he considered the model deficient, and what he wished to obtain in a new boat, leaving to the latter all the details of designing and building the hull, with the result that the new canoe, now nearly completed,



The suggestion of Keelson, concerning Aquatic Tournaments, we think is a very clever one. The idea is not new; indeed it is as old as the Greek colony at Marseilles, and numerous quaint medieval drawings illustrate similar contests between Venetian gondolas, when the pageants of the golden city of the sea were as brilliant as are its mosaic-faced churches which remain to-day.

The revival would be a merry one, and if men would train themselves with lances a trifle longer and more flexible than the paddle, considerable dexterity could be

will no doubt prove as popular *with the experienced canoeist of to-day* as her predecessor was with the beginners seven years since.

This new craft, to which her owner has given the name *Sunbeam*, differs greatly from the older boat, the bow is less curved, no tumble home, less rake to sternpost, deeper amidships, while all the details of bulkheads, floorboards, stepping of mast, etc., are changed. The dimensions decided on by Mr. Newman were 15x30, with 11in. depth in place of 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in the *Shadow*, and although intended solely for cruising, the dimensions and lines are precisely the ones which promise to become popular under the new average rules for races, and we predict that the model will become as well known as a prize winner as it will as a cruiser. The lines of the boat throughout are fairer than in the *Shadow*, the breadth on deck near the ends being greater, especially aft, while the bow is very fine. The after body is a little fuller, the ends differing more than in the *Shadow*. The dimensions are :

	Feet.	Inches
Length.....	15	00
Beam.....	2	6
Depth amidships.....		11
Sheer at bow.....		7
Sheer at stern.....		5 $\frac{3}{4}$
Crown of deck.....		2
Distance from foreside of stem to—		
Mainmast.....	1	8
Bulkhead.....	4	3
Fore end of well.....	4	10
After end of well.....	10	9
Sliding bulkhead.....	9	6
Mizzenmast.....	11	3
After bulkhead.....	11	6

It seems to us that there is a palpable reason why this new model should be popular with "the experienced canoeist." Some of these experienced canoeists were the identical "beginners of seven years since" referred to, and a stupid set would they be if their ideas as to lines of model, as well as sails and fittings had not matured in that time. These E. C.'s are, certainly as far as their sport is concerned, a liberal-minded class of men, and are not accustomed to the patent-medicine principle of bagging and labeling their own bright ideas for their own personal use or glory. Any casual visitor may have the benefit of a free exchange of them on any Saturday evening in winter around the stove at Marmalade Lodge, or at the club house during the open season.

That the *Shadow* had been improved upon in many points was a fact generally conceded and may be seen at a glance at any of the winning canoes at the last two meets—for instance the *Snake*, a Rushton

Ellard, and the *Venture*, a canoe built by Geo. Roahr, the well-known Atalanta shell builder, who died no less than three years ago.

Had Mr. Alden's fancy led him with the racing coterie, he would doubtless have modified the *Shadow* himself as experience dictated, for there are few cleverer heads than the ancient ex-Commodore's in the fraternity to-day.

When the CANOEIST, in the December editorial, mentioned the fact that "the *Shadow* had in some points become superseded," it was not stating anything new, but merely made this allusion in summarizing a number of established conclusions.

Now, while all that is said for the *Sunbeam* model (if such it is to be called) is strictly true, it seems to us that the multiplicity of inoffensive pronouns in the singular number may lead to a misconception concerning its origin.

While the *Sunbeam* combines the newest and best ideas as to model, how many points are there in its lines original with Mr. Newman?

It follows much that is good in the *Guenn*, notably the straight stem, which is no new idea. It was illustrated in the April CANOEIST in the description of the *Atlantis*, and is as old as the navy. The tumble-home is wanting in all the new Rushton models, in the Geo. Roahr boats, which have by acknowledged adoption all the best points of the *Shadow*, and in Mr. Farnham's *Allegro* of last year.

In the points of liberal freeboard and deep midship section, the *Sunbeam* is again similar to the *Allegro*, which, by the way, was built in the same shop. Indeed, Messrs. Farnham and Vaux consulted together on dropping the keel, bringing the garboards at a sharper angle, and straightening the bow to make fairer lines at the entrance, and their ideas were communicated to a number of canoeists at the time.

Mr. Farnham, however, required a very

flat floor and light draft, and curved bow for quick turning, in his rapid-running, and hence the *Allegro*.

If after stating that the details of designing and building the hull were left to Mr. Everson, the *Forest and Stream* article should convey the idea that the evolution of the lines after which the *Sunbeam* was built is due to Mr. Newman, it will certainly be unjust to many canoeists.

To Mr. Everson is due the credit of faithfully carrying out ideas repeatedly discussed in his shop by Messrs. Farnham, Whitlock, and Vaux, while Mr. Newman might be credited with a certain enterprise in getting his order in before the other experienced canoeists who were intending to build according to their combined ideas.

It happens that among these there is one mentioned later in the article in question, whose canoe is being built "to be used as a racing craft under the A. C. A. rules," as there stated.

This one, having already gained so considerable a record "as prize-winner," as well as "cruiser" under the name of *Dot*, we think that our contemporary's sanguine prediction for the success of the new model is a comfortably safe one.

It would seem rather surprising, however, if not amusing, that one whose fertility in canoeing devices is so evident should patiently sit waiting to adopt lines originated by another; and one's surprise might perhaps partake of amusement if he were told that the looked-for benefactor were none other than the genial occasional cruiser who, although "not a racing man," decided that the shadow model was capable of improvement, and who, with the same startling originality, christened the illustrious result of his improvement perhaps with the sunny title of some Sunday-school pictorial, which in earlier years afforded him the innocent amusement which he now derives from his "Summer cruise to the meets."



THE HUDSON RIVER MEET.

After the courteous invitation of the "Dominie," it would seem to be the proper thing to decide upon Plum Point for the local meet next spring. So far as I can learn the New York and Hudson River canoeists are in favor of such a decision. Such of the "brethren" as may wish to combine cruise with meet, might do so by assembling at some point north of Newburgh, previously settled upon through the medium of your columns. One or two days could thus be devoted to cruising, and one or two days to the meet, thereby securing to all whichever plan may meet their wishes. I have no doubt that a small party of the Mohicans will make some such short cruise, and they would undoubtedly welcome the companionship of any of the "craft." ROBERT SHAW OLIVER,

ALBANY, Jan. 21.

Com. A. C. A.

THE WESTERN CANOEISTS AND THE A. C. A.

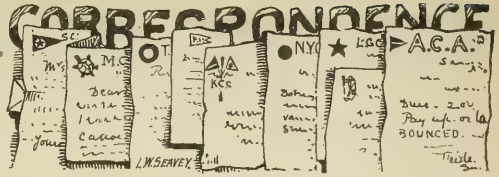
I have read with much interest various communications on the subject of a Western meet. Let there be one, and a large one, by all means. So large that at the A. C. A. annual meet next summer we may recognize the fact that our Western brothers are a large and enterprising body, worthy of special recognition, and that an annual Western meet is to be a settled fact. Then it will be soon enough to carry out the idea of dividing the A. C. A. into sections; abolish office of rear commodore, and create three vice-commodores, who shall represent East, North and West. The special duties of these officers to be to preside at local meets in their neighborhood, organize them, and use their influence in popularizing them. No extra officers, in my

opinion, are necessary, as one secretary can easily attend to all A. C. A. matters. Any assistance required by vice-commodores at local meets can readily be obtained by them. Let East, North and West send a good representation to the A. C. A. annual meet headed by the respective vice-commodores, and prepared to submit candidates for that office for ensuing year, and let the representation comprise the winners of local meet races if possible, and we shall add much to the emulation and interest in the A. C. A. contests.

ROBERT SHAW OLIVER,

ALBANY, Jan. 21. *Com. A. C. A.*

We call upon some ingenious person who has a turn for the minutæ of etiquette to invent a "salute" with the double paddle, which shall be at once graceful and effective. With the single blade the salute is comparatively a simple matter. One has simply to raise the blade in air turning its flat towards the salutee. If, however, this performance be undertaken with the double-blade difficulties are at once encountered, and to get nine, or according to Mr. Farnham, eleven feet of paddle perpendicularly on end with the starboard blade in air, and the port blade on the bottom board is not an easy operation. It has been suggested to toss the paddle in air, giving it a rotary motion on its longitudinal axis, and catching it as it comes down. Also to work it wildly up and down like the walking beam of a steamboat, but neither of these seem to meet the requirements of the case. To hold the paddle across the chest with the left hand and perform a military salute with the right, favors of "sojering" rather than of seamanship. In short, the subject is beset with difficulties and further, what is one to do when he is under sail, and has no paddle at all, and cannot dip his colors? We suggest the subject for discussion at next A. C. A. meet.



ENCOURAGEMENT FROM THE COMMODORE.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION,

ALBANY, N. Y., January 29, 1885.

DEAR CANOEIST :

I congratulate you on the January number with its clever and attractive heading. I have an idea that my subscription has run out. At all events I send you the subscription price for three copies, as I find the extra ones very useful in poisoning the minds of the embryos and in training their thoughts to our noble sport. The Mohicans are flourishing and "canoedleing," is carried on to a fearful extent. My new boat from Rushton is expected daily, and I am much like a child just before Xmas. My best regards and a prosperous year to you. I enclose a short description of my hatch or apron of last year which may be of some interest. Please send Vols. I, II and III as soon as ready.

Yours truly,

ROBERT SHAW OLIVER,

Com. A. C. A.

[We would like to see many more of the same kind. We have, indeed, received dozens of letters of kind congratulation and encouragement. We cannot reply to all, but are glad to receive them, and in them find the best requital of our task.

Com. Oliver's illustrated contribution will be published next issue.—EDS.]

Later:—The new flag-ship has arrived and is a marvel of mechanical skill.

Editor Canoeist :

Would it not be well to encourage the study of all the labors of a cruiser? The most important are : 1, following a

course by chart and compass ; 2, sailing ; 3, paddling ; 4, running a rapid ; 5, poleing a canoe up stream ; 6, making a portage with the entire kit ; 7, choosing a camp site ; 8, pitching a tent or fixing the canoe for sleeping ; 9, chopping and selecting wood ; 10, cooking a good meal for two men ; 11, washing the dishes ; 12, breaking camp, stowing away and launching.

The average canoeist is naturally led to practice at home sailing and paddling ; but he should be induced to study all the other elements of cruising. I would, therefore, suggest that the highest prize of the A. C. A. be awarded to the successful man in a contest lasting three or four hours, and including as many as possible of the above features. And if the event fall on a rainy day, when the wood is wet, and the mosquitoes are numerous, the competition will be all the more valuable, as a test of the cruiser's ability to keep his kit dry and his temper serene while struggling with items Nos. 6, 8, 10 and 12.

C. H. FARNHAM.

CLUB DOINGS.

MOHICAN C. C.

On the first Wednesday after the first Monday in January, the 7th day of the month, and of the year, 1885, the Mohicans held their annual meeting, and opened their newly-acquired winter quarters at No. 44 State street, where they will be pleased to see visiting canoeists.

The secretary's report showed a gratifying increase in the number of members. At the annual meeting in January, 1884, 16 members with 9 canoes were enrolled under the Turtle totem; this year there are 27 members, with 19 canoes, and 3 honorary Mohicans. Two paddling and 7 sailing races have been engaged in on home waters during the summer, with the result that the *Snake* now holds the Oliver Cup, twice before won by the *Thetis*, and the *Thetis* holds the club

championship badge and pennant, once before sailed for and won by the *Lasca*, and once by the *Annie O.* Cruises made by Mohicans were: Down the Delaware, from Deposit, N. Y., to Belvidere, N. J., and down the Wallkill, by the *Marion, Snake, Fior da Lice, Uncas* and *Arno*; down the Hudson from Albany to Catskill by the *Dudine* and the *Gypsy*; the *Golubka* and *Tienuderrah* hoisted the Turtle flag on the waters of Lake George, the *Uncas* on Cazenovia Lake, *Turtle Mather* on Lake Champlain, and the *Snake* and *Tarantula* cruised home from the A. C. A. meet, where the *Nan, Henrietta, Lasca*, and *Annie O.*, had also been under the same flag.

The purser reported the club out of debt, and in a satisfactory financial condition.

On motion of Commodore Oliver, A. C. A. and M. C. C., Wednesday night was made club night.

The Nominating Committee handed in their report, and the nominees were unanimously elected as officers for the ensuing year; viz.: Captain, Geo. N. Thacher, Jr., *Lasca*; mate, H. C. Cushman, *Arno*; secretary, B. Fernow, *Fior da Lice*; purser, S. H. Babcock, *Tienuderrah*; member of ex-com., R. W. Gibson, *Snake*.

The retiring captain unlimbered his batteries, and under the noise of clinking glasses, songs, with obligato organ accompaniment, shouts of laughter, and much good eating, the first winter cruise of the M. C. C. came to an end.

FIOR DA LICE.

BROOKLYN CANOE CLUB.

Editor Canoeist:

Our city is credited with several names on the roll of the A. C. A., and it has many canoeists who are not members of any organization, but until now it has never had a canoe club. At last, through the efforts of a few men, the ball has been started, and so forcibly that it is hoped much good may result. Those who have taken

any interest in club matters have joined, either the New York or Knickerbocker Clubs whose houses are so inconveniently situated that it has at least prompted them to make an effort to establish a club of their own, that they might more frequently enjoy the pleasure of a sail or paddle in their favorite craft. In response to an invitation from Mr. J. F. Newman a meeting was held at his residence on the 12th of January, which resulted in the organization of the first canoe club in Brooklyn, where, it is believed, there is material for an active club. The founders of our club, most of whom are known to members of the A. C. A., are the following:

Robert J. Wilkin, J. F. Newman, John Henry Hull, Morton V. Brokaw, Frederic Read, Thos. G. Budington, Wm. J. Root, H. R. Averill, Chas. Gould, William Whitlock.

MINX.

The officers of the Brooklyn Canoe Club are: Commodore, J. H. Hull; Vice Commodore, J. F. Newman; Secretary, M. V. Brokaw.

TORONTO.

At the annual meeting of the Toronto Canoe Club, recently held, arrangements were completed with Mr. John Glindinning to rent from him the boat-house he has recently built in his slip at the foot of Lorne street. It is being fitted with racks on the lower floor for twenty-four canoes, and has a wide and convenient landing platform. On the upper story is a good-sized club room and dressing-room fitted with plenty of lockers. Besides the canoe racks, ample accommodation is being provided for the sails and spars belonging to each canoe, and a small railway is being run from the extreme end of the canoe house out to the water's edge.

The following are the newly-elected officers of the T. C. C. for the season of 1885: Commodore, Robert Tyson; Vice-Commodore, John L. Kerr; Secretary-Treasurer, Frank M. Nicholson; Regatta

Committee, Norman B. Dick and Arthur Mason. These five gentlemen form the Executive Committee of the club.

The yearly subscription to the club has been raised to five dollars.

Mr. Fred Mason presented to the club a new challenge cup, to be raced for by Class 4 canoes—the larger ones. Mr. Mason was associated with the Regatta Committee for the purpose of arranging the regulations under which the cup is to be raced for. He also presented to the club three large flags, bearing the sailing signal of the T. C. C.—a large, broad ring—to be used for the buoys in races.

A discussion took place on the new regulation of the American Canoe Association, requiring the Association number of each member to be carried in large red characters at the peak of his mainsail in A. C. A. races. There was a strong general opinion expressed that this ought not to be allowed to interfere with the carrying of the T. C. C.'s own sailing signal—the red ring—in racing and cruising at A. C. A. meets.

The challenge cup now held by Mr. Neilson is to be competed for during the coming year in combined paddling and sailing races. The all-round sailing cup now held by Mr. Kerr will be sailed for under the same regulations as last year. Each cup is to become the property of the first man who wins it five times. A permanent course inside the bay is to be arranged, to be used as an alternative to the course around the Island.

The first Saturday in each month is to be set apart for a joint cruise, longer or shorter as the case may be; and no races are to be held on these Saturdays.

PHILADELPHIA.

The Philadelphia Canoe Club held a preliminary "camp fire" at the Colonnade Hotel in that city on the evening of Thursday, February 6th. There were present some twenty members, and arrangements

were perfected for regular winter camp fires hereafter. The next one, probably the last of the present winter, will occur early in March, and will be devoted to camp cookery, with practical illustrations in the way of coffee-making, and such minor operations with spirit lamps as can be conveniently performed under civilized conditions. The club is in a highly prosperous condition, has a two-storied boat-house opposite Market street, and is contemplating various improvements in the way of accommodations for boats and members. The club has shown excellent judgment in locating itself on the Delaware, where there is comparative sea room, and a chance for adventurous cruising in either direction, instead of on the beautiful but placid Schuylkill, where the somewhat snobbish Schuylkill navy disports itself on sweetly smooth water, while its respective sweet-hearts comfortably watch it from their carriages on the park drives, or from the safe vantage of the Girard Avenue bridge.

OTHER ELECTIONS.

Bayonne.—Jan. 12. Commodore, Geo. W. Heard; Vice-Commodore, L. W. Burke; Secretary, Fred. B. Collins. Ten active members.

St. Lawrence.—Commodore, J. H. Rush-ton; Vice-Commodore, Will Kip; Secretary and Treasurer, F. W. Scribner; Measurer, J. W. Rushton. Thirteen members.

Rondout.—Election Jan. 20. Commodore, H. S. Crispell; Vice-Commodore, C. V. A. Decker; Secretary and Treasurer, Gilford Hasbrouck. Fourteen members.

K. C. C.

The Knickerbockers are going to hold what promises to be a very interesting and instructive series of camp-fires. The chief feature of each evening will be an informal lecture by some prominent canoeist. The programme will be as follows:

Feb. 3—"The A. C. A. Sailing Regulations," Mr. R. J. Wilkin.

Feb. 17—"The Canoe and its Models," Mr. E. Fowler.

March 3—"Paddling and River Canoeing," Mr. J. L. Greenleaf.

March 17—"Canoe Sails and Rigs," Mr. Wm. Whitlock.

March 31—"Canoe Navigation," Mr. C. B. Vaux.

KNICKERBOCKIANA.

A rage for innovation has suddenly smitten the Knickerbockers, like a bolt out of a clear sky, and they powerfully remind one of those thrice-accursed demagogues and ward-politicians in "Cæsar's Commentaries," who were eternally *rerum novarum cupidissimi*.

At the last meeting, a smell of new-born thunder pervaded the social atmosphere; it speedily culminated in lightning of the latest patent, with modern improvements; old things were swept away, and all things became New—with a capital "N."

New members were admitted at a new rate of initiation fee (double the old). New internal arrangements were considered, making room for twenty new canoes. A new exit for boats has been advocated, a new float recommended, and a new janitor is in prospect. New paint is to be applied to the house in the Spring.

The skittish *Coquago* and the youthful *Saskatchewan* desire new captains. The infantine *Argo* wants a new outfit generally. Nearly all are conspiring for new rigs, and *Nettie* has struck for new sails, new deck-tiller and new drop-rudder.

The house has been newly insured for a fabulous amount, and policies are being effected upon individual canoes on an entirely new plan, at the rate of $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. per annum. Under these cheering circumstances the Board of Trustees are seriously considering the advisability of distributing explosive matches discreetly but generously throughout the building and inviting friends of the K. C. C. to a house-warming.

There is a dark whisper afloat that the crest of the club is to be replaced by an entirely new one, representing a soft-shell crab rampant, supported by two new brooms, with the alliterative motto: "Knicky, Knackety, Knoo, Knoo, Knoo." Of this I cannot speak with such confidence as would justify me in alluding to it as more than a rumor.

A new "sailing device" is a pre-ordained certainty: the present one, a red diamond, so closely resembles that of a neighboring club as to throw some discredit on the sailing reputation of the K. C. C., when flags are not clearly displayed.



The device that will probably be adopted is here given, together with a specimen scene from the career of glory which will henceforward mark the progress of the Knickerbocker canoeist through the rural and unenlightened districts of his native country:

SCENE: *Evening; the Banks of a Sequestered Stream.*

An AVERAGE RUSTIC, with a SHE.

To him enters an AFFABLE CRUISING CANOEIST, with a DEVICE.

AVERAGE RUSTIC (with a wink at the SHE): "S-a-y, Mister, wh-a-t's that bug on yer sail?"

AFFABLE CRUISING CANOEIST (blandly): "That, my dear sir, is the arms of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club."

A. R. (measurably staggered): "Them ain't arms; them's legs."

A. C. C. (more blandly): "Precisely; it was for that reason we selected them as our arms."

A. R. (dumbfounded, but rallying): "What's them dude breeches for?"

A. C. C.: "Them, my inquiring friend, is not breeches; them is Knickerbockers, like ourselves."

A. R. (growing bewildered): "What does the hull darn thing mean, any how?"

A. C. C.: "It signifies that, turn a Knickerbocker any way you will, he is always bound to go ahead."

A. R. (sees a point): "Wh-a-t's the sense of the three legs?"

A. C. C.: "To indicate that a Knickerbocker always has two legs with which to hasten to the assistance of a friend, and one to spare to kick an enemy or—a fool."

A. R. (slightly flattened out): "I kinder guess your club's a peccoliar lot, ain't yer?"

A. C. C.: "My beloved, your intelligence charms me. We *are* an odd lot. That is why we have an uneven number of legs in our arms."

A. R. (scratching his head): "Why, none of ye ain't born with three legs, are yer?"

A. C. C. (mysteriously): "I will confide a dark and bloody secret to your honor—we were all born with only two legs."

A. R. (feebly): "Ye-e-s, two legs; that's all right."

A. C. C.: "Excuse me; only one of them was right."

A. R. (visibly weakening): "But haow about the top un?"

A. C. C. (with treacherous frankness): "The fact is the top one was *left* to us. I am surprised that a man of your intelligence does not perceive that."

A. R. (badly demoralized): "I don't seem to ketch on to that—why?"

A. C. C. (triumphantly): "Of course, because it is a leg-I-see."

TABLEAU: The AVERAGE RUSTIC falls in a dead faint on the corns of the SHE, and the AFFABLE CANOEIST pursues his cruise with a diabolical smile on his countenance.

NETTIE.

[We cannot help being glad of the "Probably" Our Knickerbocker friends are no doubt aware that the three legs constitute the device of the Isle of Man, and may be seen decorating the wheel boxes on the larger steam canoes on the Irish Sea.]

Unless we are mistaken, they also figure prominently in the coat-of-arms of the ancient kingdom of Sicily.

Our highly original and artistic special artist, "Hiawatha," we understand, is on the K. C. C. committee, and we will gladly loan him, at the legal rate of interest, for the good cause.—ED.]



Place—Bar Harbor. Time—the present,
 Scene—A birch canoe.
 Moonlight background. Costumes modern,
 Cast for only two.

Curtain rises. Man is paddling,
 Maiden singing low,
 Singing ceases. Ditto paddling,
 Heads together go.

Act the second. In the city,
 Man and maiden meet,
 Man directs a glance towards heaven,
 Maiden toward the street.

[Yale Courant.

Canvas, according to a recently published paragraph, can be made "as impervious to water as leather," by steeping it for twenty-four hours in a decoction of one pound of oak-bark with fourteen pounds of boiling water, this quantity being sufficient for eight yards of material. After the twenty-four hours' soaking the canvas must be passed through running water and hung up to dry. There is something delightfully indefinite about this recipe. Before trying it Driftings would like to know what kind of oak-bark to use; whether hard or soft water is preferable; which table of weights and measures is to be used for the bark, and which for the water, or whether an average is to be struck between them; whether the current upset of the summer season is equivalent to "passing through running water;" what is the lightest material that can be rendered water-proof, and how much water-proof must leather be in order to be as water-proof as canvas, treated after the foregoing method. Test experiments and reports are anxiously awaited.

A bold, bad man, who, we regret to say, was formerly a commodore of the A. C. A., says that suggestions as to water-proof coats have no interest for him. It is well enough, he reasons, to have the other fellow well provided, but for himself—well, don't you see, if you haven't any water-proof-coat, you can't be expected to go for milk, or hunt kindling-wood, or do chores of any kind when it rains?

Mr. N. H. Bishop of Lake George, the cruiser of 3,000-mile celebrity, honored THE CANOEIST with a call this week. He has been widening his sphere of usefulness in enlightening with a gleam of science the sneak-box builders of Tom's River, N. J. He has removed his residence from Lake George to the more invigorating if less poetic region of the northern Mosquito Coast—if our New Jersey friends will allow the expression. His cosey lodge at Lake George has ever been an asylum for storm-bound and hungry canoeists, and the Lake loses in his departure one of its attractive features to canoeists.

Mr. Bishop was the Dr. Neid  of the first A. C. A. meet, and the association itself owes its existence to Mr. Bishop more than to any other one man. Canoeists may be sure that the paternal solicitude is still strong, and that an impromptu salt-water meet at Tom's River would be gladly welcomed at any time by the veteran paddler.

Mr. Andrew Devine, a veteran canoeist, has been appointed official stenographer to the House of Representatives by Speaker Carlyle.

What lots of fun it is to watch a fellow trying to ship his rudder in a breaking sea, sprawled out on the after-deck or knee-deep in water, struggling at the lower hook and missing it nine times out of ten? Joiner's invention may tend to spoil some of this amusement.

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VOL. IV.

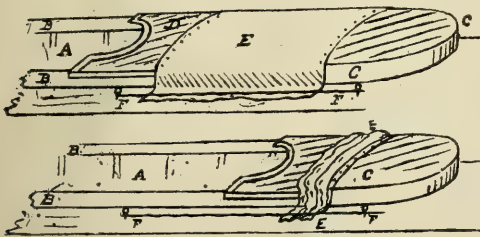
MARCH, 1885.

No. 3.

A HATCH-APRON.

After reading the description of "Keelson's" Apron in the January CANOEIST, I am impelled to describe a combined hatch and apron which I used all last season on the *Marion*, and which was a great practical comfort on various cruises. The forward part of every cockpit is either square, oval, or pointed. That of the *Marion* is oval, and I covered its forward portion for a foot and a-half with an ordinary Rushton wooden hatch, held in place by thumb-screws. When this piece was in place my cockpit was virtually square forward with sides parallel for several feet. I attached to this hatch a rectangular piece of rubber

parallel, this after piece of hatch could be pushed until it nearly touched the forward piece. When thus pushed forward the cockpit was opened, and the rubber apron gathered together between the two hatches—furled, so to speak, out of the way. When it was desirable to close the pit, the sliding hatch was drawn to the waist, thereby extending the rubber apron. A small stick acting as stretcher and ridge slipped in between the two hatches under the rubber. The sides of the apron were kept down close to the deck by means of a stout elastic cord running fore-and-aft on either side of the deck close to the coaming. The hatch was in no way fastened to these bands, only pushed under them, so that in the event of a capsize or any other difficulty, the hatch and apron were raised at once. The affair was light, simple, and compact. It was always in place and required no extra rigging or fittings but the small stretcher described. Rain could not get through it, and seas could not break it down, or slop up under the sides. I really believe that for a simple, practical affair, it was a success. My new canoe will need no apron as a loose hatch takes its place, which is instantly stowed by sliding it under the forward hatch below the coaming. The canoe is so deep that this is practicable. I think a good hatch better than an apron, provided it can be quickly stowed and be out of the way. This, I believe, I have accomplished in the new *Marion*.



A—Cockpit. D—Sliding Hatch.
B B—Coamings. E—Rubber Cloth.
C—Forward Hatch (fixed). F.—Elastic Bands.

cloth, wide enough to hang well over the coamings on each side, and long enough to reach almost to my body when I sat in the canoe. The after end of this cloth was fastened to another piece of hatch about six inches wide, cut out to fit to my waist, with a small bead around the curved edge to hold down the flounce of my rubber coat. The sides of the cockpit being

COMMODORE.

MY FIRST CANOE CRUISE.

It must have been about the time of the organization of the A. C. A., that I was stricken down with the canoeing fever. The perusal of one or two of MacGregor's books inoculated me with the poison, and the only cure was the possession of a canoe. It must have been late in the fall when the fever took me, and my first weakness was to send for the catalogues of the different builders—at that time as few as the canoe models. I read the catalogues through from alpha to omega, and then "I sat me down and wept;" for I made the discovery that canoes were not given away, even to introduce the article. In fact, they cost "geld"—much "geld"—and it has always been my misfortune to hear my dollars jingle in other men's pockets. In default of a generous-hearted builder to give me a canoe to advertise his wares, I determined to become my own builder, and much of the winter was spent in getting out drawings for a canoe, instead of writing sermons, which is my proper vocation. At last, just as I had reached the verge of insanity, the drawings were completed. I then applied myself to the task of reducing the ideal to the reality. After using up material enough to build a sloop, I came to the conclusion that boat builders were born, not made. I was in the depths of despair, when a friend suggested canvas instead of wood for a skin. My drooping spirits revived, for I was convinced that canvas would bend. Once more I set to work, and just about the time the first gang of log drivers came down the river in the wake of a big "drive," the canoe was launched on the waters of the Connecticut, not a hundred miles from its source. It was too early in the season to think of a cruise, and the river was full of logs; but I had many a pleasant paddle in *Canvas Back* in the early spring, when the distant mountains still showed a snowy cap above the tender green which was slowly creeping up their sides. Ah, me! what happy hours were those. Never shall I

feel one-half the pride in the trim and shapely *Elsa*, her sides glistening with varnish, her sails like sea-gull's wings in the glow of evening, that I felt in that ugly, mud-colored *Canvas Back*. She was my first canoe, "a poor thing, sir, but all my own;" and fleeting were the hours spent in her in spring and summer days, idly drifting with the current or running the boiling rapids. She taught me what canoeing was, and I bless her for her teaching. Little wonder then is it that I loved her, that I still cherish her memory, and that the thought of the hours spent in her, now and then, comes to me like a benediction. After all, there is something in life besides its cares; there are blessed hours of relaxation between the weary struggles for existence. There are simple joys, inexpensive pleasures, which are the salt and savor of life, and in my own life I have come to rank canoeing among the chief of these. There is danger enough about it to give it spice, there is a charm about it which keeps one faithful to it until the worn out muscles can no longer yield the paddle. Above all, it is a recreation for gentle minds; it ministers to the purer and higher side of our nature, and leaves us better than it found us. Thus I learned to know and love it in a home-made canvas canoe, and thus may it ever be to all its followers.

I had made arrangements for spending the month of August in the woods, and had fixed upon the second Connecticut Lake as the Mecca of my pilgrimage. I determined to take the canoe in with me, and cruise down the river home.

After much conversation with the log drivers, who knew the river well, I concluded to go by rail to Northumberland Falls, put the canoe in the water there, and cruise up as far as possible. A peculiarity of the upper Connecticut at low water made this plan seem feasible. At such times the river is little more than a succession of long reaches of dead water connected by rapids, around which the canoe must be carried.

In pursuit of this idea, one pleasant August day, Teddy, the companion of my trip, and myself, left the cars at the little wayside station, and after an hour's preliminary skirmish with our impedimenta, launched the canoe in the still water just above the falls, and were fairly afloat on our first canoe cruise. The river was deep and still, with hardly a perceptible current, and we paddled gaily up the stream talking of the pleasant days that lay before us, and of the gamey trout waiting for our flies in the streams that water the wilderness. For three days we held bravely on our northern course, each day disclosing to us more and more of the charms of canoeing, bringing deeper knowledge of the ways and doings of the shy creatures whose home is the woodland or the hidden mountain stream. We made camp on the third day, during a steady downpour which continued all night, and the morning dawned on a wild and swollen river, whose current laughed to scorn our feeble efforts to stem it. We soon gave up the unequal struggle, pitched our tent, and held a council of war over the situation. Should we wait for the river to run out, or should we load the canoe in a wagon, and finish the twenty-five miles that lay between us and the lake on land? We decided on the latter course; and after wasting the afternoon in vain search, we finally, late in the evening, struck a bargain with a village loafer to take us and our traps in to the first lake.

Loading up in the early dawn, the evening saw us going into camp just above the Lake House in a howling thunder storm. Seven miles of rough wood road still lay between us and Uncle Tom Chester's log cabin on the shore of Second Lake, which distance we made the next day over the roughest road man ever built. We found quite a party of sportsmen at Uncle Tom's, who told glowing tales of deer and trout. The latter were chary of the hook in the lake, but greedy for worms in the brooks; deer were in good demand, and moderate luck

with the jack-light was reported. Our final destination was across the lake and up the main inlet to a log cabin which a friend had placed at our disposal. Once more we placed the *Canvas Back* in the water and paddled up the inlet to the cabin. The rest of the day was spent in unpacking and setting things to rights in and around the camp, which stood in a lonely little clearing on the river bank. Around us nothing could be seen but the hemlocks and beeches of a forest as yet untouched by the woodman's axe. Just back of the cabin ran an old beaver trail running through to the Third Lake, five miles north and near the Canada line.

Of our pleasant two weeks in camp, the trout we caught in Bog brook and in the main inlet, our trip to Beaver dam, and the hours we spent with genial Uncle Tom, I have nothing to say. We enjoyed every day, and were loth to leave even for the cruise down the river, from which we anticipated so much.

Two miles below the Lake House we launched the canoe in three inches of water, hoping to reach the Colebrook meadows, some fifteen miles down, in time to make an early camp. But three inches of water in a river-bed filled with small round stones is not good for a record, and darkness found us pulling out at Pittsburgh, three miles below, anything but pleased with the canoeability of the Upper Connecticut. We were three days reaching Colebrook; three days of the hardest work I ever did.

Of the fifteen miles, I doubt if there was *one* where the canoe would float; the rest was a steady pull on the painter, with an occasional carry over some shallow where the water simply trickled through the gravel. The scenery was grand, had we been in a mood to enjoy it, but my only memory of this part of the trip is of a wide river-bed with millions of small stones partly surrounded by water, stretching out to an interminable length. The canvas

skin would not have stood an hour of the pulling over these rough stones, had it not been for the thin wooden shoes we had put on it at Pittsburgh, and even these were about worn out when we reached the Colebrook meadows and deeper water. I knew then how the Grecians felt, when after their long march over the rough mountain passes of Asia Minor, they caught their first glimpse of the blue waters of the Ægean Sea on whose farther shore lay the olive-crowned hills of Greece.

It was a goodly sight that met our eyes as we swept down into the broad valley in which Colebrook lies nestled in a semi-circle of mountains, each end of which touches the river, and all bathed with the crimson glory of the setting sun. Even as I write, that fair scene comes back to me and loses nothing of its beauty, even in comparison with the Highlands of the Hudson by which I am surrounded. Here we pitched our tent and fell asleep with pleasant thoughts of the morrow. For two days we had long stretches of dead water with swiftly running rapids between, and our spirits rose, and we began to talk of the Fifteen Mile Falls and the exciting time we would have running them. But, like Napoleon, we reckoned without our Waterloo, which met us just above North Stratford in the shape of several miles of shallow water running over rocks, whose knife-like edges soon brought the canoe and our cruise to an untimely end. We knew that below North Stratford all was plain sailing, and we did our best to reach it; but no canvas boat, and I very much doubt if any cedar canoe of no more than quarter-inch siding, could long stand the rough edges of those quartz-pointed rocks. And so, at last, after a desperate struggle with a long and rocky rapid, we paddled ashore with the *Canvas Back* full of water. Sadly we unpacked, pulled the canoe up on shore, turned her over, and left her to her fate. We climbed the steep river bank, and there lay Stratford at our feet. We had been shipwrecked in sight of port.

CANOE POINTS ON THE UPPER CONNECTICUT.

I do not think that the Connecticut is canoeable above North Stratford, certainly not above Colebrook. Between that place and First Lake, in low water the bed of the stream is not water but stones, in high water it is one long boiling rapid, which even the log-drivers, in their strongly built batteaux, are glad to leave behind them; and I shudder to think of what Beecher's Falls must be when the river is up. Even in the low stage of water in which I took the *Canvas Back* through them alone, in spite of the warnings of the bridge builders just above, I narrowly escaped shipwreck more than once, and shipwreck there means death or terrible injuries on the rocks which fill the river.

Below North Stratford, however, in moderate water, which one is sure to find late in June, there are no dangers, although there are many obstructions in the shape of log booms, dams, falls, and the like. The Fifteen-Mile Falls is a long rapid with a good channel which has been blasted out to facilitate the running of the log drives, and although lives have been lost there, such accidents have been mostly among the drivers in the spring when the river was at high-water mark and the current like a mill-race. Still, those who have seen the Connecticut only at Hartford or Springfield know nothing of its character for the first hundred miles of its course, and perhaps it would be as well for them not to seek to increase their knowledge.

THE DOMINIE.

Mr. L. W. Seavey in his big canoe *Hia-watha*, and Com. Kirk Monroe, N. Y. C. C. in the *Psyche* are enjoying mid-winter camping and cruising on Lake Worth, Fla.

Starting from Arlington on the St. Johns, March 10th, they cruised outside on the schooner *Bessie B*, to Jupiter Inlet, and thence to Lake Worth by the Indian River.

Mr. E. G. Rand, canoeing editor of *Outing* is cruising among the Bermudas.

THE HISTORY OF AN ACTIVE CANOE CLUB.

The Hartford (Connecticut) Canoe Club has just ended the fifth year of its existence. Organized during the season of '79 by five enthusiastic canoeists, four of whom elected themselves commodore, vice-commodore, secretary, and treasurer, respectively; while the fifth, the writer, contented himself with remaining the sole common seaman of the club. The club has passed through its infancy, and now, instead of having five canoes, and their owners, enrolled on its records, it has thirty-five canoes of the latest and most approved models in its boat house. Among these models are boats built by Everson, Rush-ton, Joyner, Kane, and other makers.

From the earliest date of its existence this club established a record for making long cruises and fast records. In the later part of July, '80, four members of the club took their canoes to Bellows Falls, on the Upper Connecticut, and launching them just below the falls, they made the delightful cruise to Hartford, spending a little over a week on the way, stopping at villages and cities and enjoying themselves hugely.

Last year the club was out on the river long before the spring floods had subsided, and several of the craft made creditable records. The canoe *Leonore*, with a scribe and the commodore on board, made the trip from Middletown to Hadlyme, a distance of twenty-two miles, in one hour and forty minutes, when the water was twenty-two feet above low-water mark. A short time afterwards the *Rambler* raced from Hartford to Middletown, about twenty miles, in the same time. The *Rambler* made the run from New London to Stony Creek, on the Sound, in a little less than three hours.

Early in the season the club built a house, 15x20 feet, at the mouth of the Farmington river, about eight miles above the city, and fitted it with bunks and a fire place. For some time this was the favor-

ite resort of the club, but on one occasion the crew of the *Rambler* were caught in a terrible storm about five miles below the city and on landing they discovered a house, which, in years gone by, had been used as a store-house for gunpowder, by the Hazardville Powder Company, and they camped within its walls during the stormy night which followed. The stories which they related of the superior comforts of this house, lead to an official investigation, and the result was that soon after, the house assumed a more inviting appearance; the cabin at the Farmington was deserted and "Camp Explosion" became the favorite resort of the Hartford canoeists.

But one incident in the history of the club must not be overlooked, and that is, its incorporation by the last legislature. The club has the charter, handsomely framed and engrossed, hanging on the walls of the boat house. It is a general belief, among the members, that we are the only canoe club which is an incorporated body, in the country, we may be wrong, and, if we are, we desire to know it.

The most important event of the past season was, of course, the A. C. A. meet at Grindstone Island. Seven members of the club attended. Dr. and Mrs. Parmele cruising to the island by the way of the Hudson river, Lake Champlain and Richelieu river, arriving but a day after the camp was pitched. When the members returned, filled with new ideas about rigging and steering apparatus, there was a complete revolution in the rigging of the stay-at-homes, and many new rigs came quietly out day after day.

Even in mid-winter, when the river is open some of the tough, old-time members of the club may be found, almost any day, when the sun shines, with their pea-jackets buttoned closely around them, skimming up and down the river, and some of the most hardy occasionally even visit "Camp Explosion" and spend the night there. Among the

more rational members, canoeing for the season ends in November, and some of the boats of the club are safely housed ready for the spring's work. Others are in the course of alteration and rebuilding.

The club is now building a new and commodious club house on the East Hartford shore, directly opposite State street, where a lot of generous size has been leased for ten years. Across the west side of the house, which faces the river, will run a broad piazza sixty feet long, over which the main roof of the building projects, making, together with the trees which here border the shore, a cool and shady resort for the canoeists and their friends, and a place from which to view the regattas to be held during the coming season. The main floor of the house, 60x30 feet will afford ample accommodation for the rapidly increasing fleet of the club. Across the east side, the plan provides for a row of roomy, well-lighted locker rooms, each designed to accommodate four men. The house will be raised about thirty feet above low water. A large floating platform will be connected with the house by an inclined railway. A boom beyond the float will protect sailboats and canoes too large to be housed.

There is certainly every prospect that the club will be delightfully situated and that success will surely attend it is evinced by the number and quality of the men now joining.

The present officers of the club are:—President, Dr. George L. Parmele; Secretary, A. W. Dodd; Treasurer, W. B. Davidson; Commodore, L. Q. Jones; the officers, with E. M. Francis, Executive Committee.

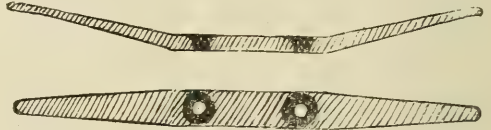
SKIPPER.

THE TREDWEN CLEAT.

Most sailing canoeists know the value of a good trustworthy cleat on which a line can be "jammed" fast by two quick movements of the hand, and thrown off by two similar movements. The arrangement known as "Paget's rocker cleat" has

been much used for this purpose; but it is needlessly large and heavy, and a line can be just as well jammed without the rocking arrangement as with it.

We illustrate herewith the jam cleat used by Mr. E. B. Tredwen, the well-known English canoeist. It works perfectly, and is a model of simplicity. At Grindstone Island the canoe *Isabel* was fitted with these cleats, and other Toronto canoes also had them on deck. They met with great favor among those who inspected them, and one Rochester canoeist took the trouble to send a cleat over to Clayton as a pattern and get some made from it while the meet lasted.



One-half reduction.

The drawing explains itself. Two screws through the holes shown, fasten the cleat to the deck, and the line jams between the deck and the sloping arms of the cleat, which form a very acute angle with the deck. The efficiency of the cleat depends upon this angle. Brass is the material used, and it results in giving a slight spring to the arms of the cleat. The screws used should not be smaller than No. 7 or No. 8 for the size of cleat illustrated. I have found that Nos. 5 and 6 pull loose with the strain.

The size above illustrated is for a line not larger than about three-sixteenths of an inch (diameter). For larger cord, say a quarter-inch to three-eighths (diameter), the dimensions of the cleat would be about $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, half an inch wide, three-sixteenths of an inch thick, and with the ends of the arms standing a trifle over half an inch above deck. The screws should be at least No. 9.

I would like to see an illustration and description of the "cam cleat" used by the Mohican Canoe Club. I understand it to be a valuable cleat.

ISABEL, T. C. C.

HOW THE "PARSON" WENT THROUGH THE LOG CHUTE.

We were cruising down the Connecticut, the Parson and myself. One night we camped a short distance above "Turner's Falls," and being rather pressed for time we made an early start, intending to get by the Falls, and then have breakfast.

We carried around the dam all right and got our canoes into the water at the foot. "Now," says the Parson, "you look out a channel through the rapids, and I'll follow." "All right," and away I go. I find rocks plenty, water scarce; but at one place a "chute" had been blasted through the ledge, making a channel some twenty-five feet wide, of unknown depth, and running at an angle of about twenty degrees. Through this passage the water rushed furiously, but quite smooth for about half the descent, when, probably from an uneven place at the bottom, there was a large wave about four feet high diagonally from side to side. Below this wave the water became broken, and at the foot of the "chute" there was a perfect whirlpool of seething, boiling foam.

One glance showed me that anything once started would be sure to go through, and I decided to try it. Getting into my canoe, I paddled out to the Parson. "Parson, I'm going through the chute. Look sharp! its no boys' play." In an instant I was over the verge and going like a race horse. As I neared the wall of water which stretched across my path, I drew up my feet until my knees pressed firmly under the deck. 'Twas well for me I did so, for when the bow of the canoe struck the swirl, it was caught up like an egg-shell and thrown nearly half around. I saw I could do nothing against the rush, and so I made a quick stroke to port, helping the canoe so much that she whirled like a top, making a complete turn, and once more headed down stream. As I glanced for one instant up stream, I saw the Parson's canoe; it was standing nearly on end,

and cavorting like a show pony on a parade ground—but the Parson, oh, where was he?

As I glided into the broken water at the foot of the chute I turned for a look. The Parson's canoe was coming—no doubt of that—but I did not see her crew. In another moment, however, I caught sight of the venerable bald head of the Parson. He was in the water, but had tight grip on the stern of the canoe. One stroke and I was along side. In a moment I had canoe and canoeist in the smooth water, and I stretched him my hand, with a cheery invitation to come out of the wet.

But I can never forget the woeful, despairing look on the Parson's face. As soon as he could speak. "How came you to take me into that place! Didn't you know I couldn't go where you could?" etc. "My watch is ruined, my money is all wet. O, dear!" I cheered him as well as I could. "How did you get out of your canoe?" "I don't know; the first I knew I was overboard, and the water was tying my legs into bow knots."

The worst of it all was, there was a mill near by, and all hands seemed to be at the windows enjoying the fun.

We worked down the river a mile to some logs stranded on the rocks, where I hung the Parson over one log in the sun, and his clothing over another. A good breakfast, some piping hot coffee, and the warm sun soon put things to rights, and we once more sped downward on the ever beautiful river.

S. D. KENDALL.

The season was opened promptly at the N. Y. C. C., *Dot, Jersey Blue* and *Siren* being out paddling at midnight Feb. 28.

There has not a week passed this winter without some of the boys being in their canoes.

Mr. J. A. Sherlock, a member of the Peterboro' club, joined the Canadian *voyageurs* going to Egypt. He has there distinguished himself by his skill and readiness of resource.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

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The Executive Committee is composed of the Officers and the following members at large:—E. G. RAND, Cambridge, Mass.; R. E. WOOD, Peterboro, Ont.; C. B. VAUX, New York City.

The Secretary of the American Canoe Association requests persons sending money to him, to do so either by registered letter or Post-Office money order, on *New Orleans, La.*

If canoeists will send application to the Secretary of the A. C. A., enclosing \$2.00 for initiation fee and dues for the first year, their names will be presented for membership.



NEW CRUISING GROUNDS.

We have received from Mr. R. W. Baldwin of the Canadian Department of the Privy Council, a formidable blue pamphlet comprising the annual report of the Department of the Interior. It has an enormous advantage over United States reports of a similar character in that it officially recognizes the canoe as essential to the successful prosecution of its work. Two of the special reports might not inappropriately find a place in the *Canoe Pilot*, being cruising logs of fascinating interest. The first of these covers the

Saskatchewan to Lake Winnipeg, and Nelson River from the lake to Hudson's Bay, a distance of 1,700 miles. The "exploratory survey" was under the command of Mr. Otto J. Klotz, who had two canoes, and presumably four or five *voyageurs* and guides. We judge from the report that the Saskatchewan and Nelson rivers offer facilities for drowning, starving, being smothered by burning woods, frozen in midsummer, and getting lost generally, which should prove irresistably attractive to every enterprising canoeist. We will with pleasure gratuitously advertise any one who wishes to undertake the trip.

Another notable survey, by William Ogilvie, included the Athabasca and Peace rivers, the first of which offers temptations in the way of impassable rapids which cause the combined hairs of the editorial staff to stand on end as, for instance:

"Midway in the rapids is a large timbered island around which the waters sweep, and, converging below, rush through a channel not more than 100 yards wide, while above the channel is from 500 to 600 yards in width. The rush of water through this channel is tremendous, and reminds one forcibly of the rapids below Niagara Falls. Standing on the east bank of the river just at the narrowest part of the channel and looking up at the wildly tumbling white waters dashing from rock to rock as they sweep around the fir-clad island, while on either hand stand the towering cliffs with their fringe of dark green fir apparently brushing the clouds, one sees a spectacle that inspires with awe and wonder."

Elsewhere the partial exploration of the great unknown Mistassini Lake is described, and in this connection we may mention the receipt from Mr. C. H. Farnham of a programme which holds out really practicable inducements for adventurous explorers. The circular sets forth that an expedition is organizing under the patronage of Colonel Rhodes of the Canadian Geographical Society and under the experienced direction of Lieut. F. H. Bignell, which will start from the St. Louis Hotel, Quebec, on the 10th day of June, and proceeding to the head of navigation on the Saguenay, will "lite out" thence for the unknown lake.

Only a limited number of applications can be considered, and the price of admission has been fixed at \$500, a deposit of \$150 being required in advance. Applications may be sent to Lieut. F. A. Bignell, English Cor. Secretary Geographical Society, Quebec. Agents in this city are Walter Wilson and Alex. Long, 59 Wall street. The expedition is expected to be absent eighty or ninety days, and the project is certainly full of attractions for those who can spare the time and money to engage in the undertaking.

LOCAL MEETS.

Striking evidence of the vigor with which the canoeing spirit has infused itself into the young blood of America is shown in the number of local meets now in preparation.

The Newburg meet cannot fail to be as great a success as it was last year. It will take place during the last week in May.

Our hosts the "Dockrats" have laid out a three-mile triangle northward from Plum Point and a half-mile course for paddling along the shore.

Com. Oliver will visit Newburg this month and complete the arrangements. Due notice will be given in our columns.

The Springfield and Hartford Clubs are to join in a Connecticut meet at the same time, and whatever the Springfield and Hartford Clubs do, either "jointly or severally," is done in mahogany finish with nickel-plated fittings, to speak canoeing. The Western meet will take place July 10-17, at Ballast Island, Put-in-Bay, sixty miles west of Cleveland. The Cleveland Canoe Club have displayed commendable energy in their preparations, and the meet will do much to encourage the growth of our sport.

Canoeists may travel at reduced rates from the Ballast Island, to the A. C. A. meet on the St. Lawrence.

The Vesper B. C. of Lowell, Mass., are organizing a June New England meet.



A. C. A. REGATTA.

EDITOR CANOEIST:

Several canoeists have an impression that the A. C. A. Regatta is arranged to take place the first week of the annual meet. This is a mistake. Will you kindly announce that the camp begins Friday, July 24th, while the first day of the regular races is Monday, August 3d. Yours,

R. W. GIBSON,

Chairman Regatta Committee.

REPORT OF THE BADGE COMMITTEE.

The committee appointed at the last annual meeting of the A. C. A., to select an association badge, met in New York on January 10th last to decide between a number of handsome designs submitted, and unanimously adopted one by Tiffany & Co., viz.: an A. C. A. burgee, enameled on gold, encircled by a twisted gold rope tied in a sailor's knot at the ends.



The burgee has the graceful, wavy appearance of a flag, flying in a gentle breeze, and is especially commendable for the beautiful shade of the enameling.

After deciding upon the design, the committee saw Tiffany & Co., who, at first, refused to make the badges at the limit of price set by the association (\$5.00 each), *except in lots of fifty*; but finally consented to make the dies, etc., provided the first order was for that number, and to thereafter make up and keep in stock a quantity to be drawn from as orders were re-

ceived; therefore, as it is absolutely necessary in order to obtain these badges at all, to make the first order fifty, the committee urge A. C. A. men desiring them, to send their orders without delay to Secretary Chas. A. Neidé, New Orleans, who will, as soon as the number reaches fifty, forward it to Tiffany & Co.

W. B. WACKERHAGEN,

GEO. L. PARMELE,

JAMES L. GREENLEAF.

Signed by Committee.

THE A. C. A. REGATTA PROGRAMME FOR 1885.

As the draft programme published in the January CANOEIST is not to be regarded as final, I venture some questions and suggestions.

Are the Regatta Committee accurate in stating that *every classified canoe* may make the same greatest possible record? It is true of paddling classes 2, 3 and 4, which can go into the corresponding sailing classes. But a Class 1 canoe, if over 17 feet long, cannot enter any sailing class; and, if I interpret aright the condition in the upset race, naming "any cruising canoe," a long, narrow Class 1 would be barred from this race. Therefore its highest possible total in the record would be twenty points as against a possible thirty or a possible seventy of other canoes. It may be said that such a canoe is not an "all round" one. Then the less reason is there for placing it at a disadvantage. If it is on the record at all, it should have the same chance as other canoes. Ought it to be on the record? We shall see presently.

Consider the rule of "one man, one canoe," as applied to Class 1. Taking away the limits of Class 1, and leaving it "any canoe" is understood to be with the object of seeing what is the greatest speed that *can* be got out of a canoe. To carry out this object it is necessary that first-

class paddlers should be encouraged to enter Class 1 with the best and fastest canoes they can build. But, under the present rule, no good paddler would enter Class 1 at all, because he could only take a total of two prizes; he would have no chance in the record; and he would not have the opportunity of trying his mettle against the other good paddlers of the association in the more numerous-filled and popular classes.

This "Class 1" matter seems to me to be the only weak spot in an otherwise excellent programme; and if the regulation be left as at present, there will probably be no Class 1 race at all.

Would not this be an appropriate remedy: Strike Class 1 off the record as not being suitable for an "all-round" competition. Bar it specifically from the upset race. Relax the "one man, one canoe" rule, *so far only as Class 1 is concerned*. Then if any paddler has the enterprise to build, say, a canoe 20 feet long by 20 inches beam, in order to score the fastest time ever made in a canoe on this continent, he would not be penalized for doing so by being excluded from his choice of a class in the all round races. I regard the "one man, one canoe" rule as a good one, but think Class 1 may fairly be made an exception to it, and the *only* exception.

One other point, and a small one: Is not the distance for the upset race too short? Should it not be 200 yards instead of 200 feet?

Speaking of the late alteration of the sailing rules and the programme generally, I think the Regatta Committee of 1885 deserve the hearty thanks of the A. C. A. for the good work they have done; and, feeling this, I have less compunction in pointing out what some of the T. C. C. think is the one serious defect.

ROBERT TYSON,

Commodore, T. C. C.

Toronto, Feb. 16, 1885.



Tarpon Springs, Fla.

MY DEAR CANOEIST:

I enclose you a little epistle on my last cruise down the Connecticut. It may not be funny, but it's true. Canoeing is good on the West Coast. There are five canoes here now; among them the *Bucktail*, *Nessmuk* and myself, are on the river every day. The CANOEIST looks blooming in the new dress. May the cruise be a merry one.

Yours kindly, S. D. KENDALL.

Watertown, Dak., February 23, 1885.

EDITOR CANOEIST:

Enclosed I send you a "blue print" of my canoe *Qui Vive*. This canoe has a fairly good record, both as a paddler and a sailer. In 1876 she was paddled, in a race, at Newark, N. J., 1½ miles, in 14 minutes and 10 seconds. In 1880 she made the fastest actual sailing time then made on the N. Y. C. C. course in New York Bay. She has cruised hundreds and hundreds of miles, and, I presume, been run through as many miles of boiling rapids and carried as many miles on a shoulder yoke as any canoe now extant in the U. S. With all fittings, paddle, two masts, two sails, rudder, seatback, hatch, stretcher, apron, etc., she weighs 49 pounds. I have, sitting in her well, had many a lively fight with trout and bass, and from her have shot more game than she could carry ten times over.

Yours very truly, J. F. WEST.

[The above letter speaks for itself. The blue print photograph, which we wish we could reproduce for our readers, shows the *Qui Vive* to be a very pretty canvas canoe, with fine lines like the *Psyche* and *Siren*, and considerable sheer; rounded stem and stern posts almost similar, and with some rocker to the keel. The interest is enhanced when we remember that the *Qui Vive* was built by her owner. Mr. West is a canoeist of the right sort. We would be glad to publish a history of the *Qui Vive*.—ED.]

Calumet Club, 3 West 30th St.

EDITOR AM. CANOEIST:

Dear Sir:—In reference to your editorial in the February issue on the *Sunbeam* model, I would like to state in justice to Mr. Everson, that he not only had my full permission to use in any way such ideas as I may have suggested to him, but was also authorized to use the drawings and moulds of my boat the *Guenn* if he so desired. I ask you to make this correction as I have been supposed by several of my friends, from the mention of my name and boat, to be in sympathy with the comments on Mr. Newman's boat and its builder, Mr. Everson, which, most decidedly, I am not.

Very truly yours,

WM. WHITLOCK.

CLUB DOINGS.

OTTAWA.

The Ottawa Club, with the contempt for cold which characterizes the Canadian contingent, purposes holding a regatta and camp on one of the islands in Deschere's Lake about the end of May, a season which is not always salubrious even as far north as New York, but which must be very "onsartain" in the latitude of Ottawa.

NEW YORK.

At a special meeting of the N. Y. C. C. held March 6th, the resignation of Mr. Whitlock from the office of Commodore was accepted, evidently with the sincere regrets of the Club. Mr. Whitlock has always been a prominent and enthusiastic member, and but a few weeks ago was re-elected to the highest office in the Club. He resigns the responsible position because personal reasons will prevent his devoting himself as thoroughly to the Club's interests as he has done in the past. He in no way, however, severs his connection with the Club.

Mr. Kirk Munroe was elected Commodore, and Mr. W. P. Stephens Vice-Commodore, in place of Mr. Munroe.

WASHINGTON.

The Washington Canoe Club held its second annual meeting on Monday evening, March 9th, at which officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows:

Rev. Theo. S. Wynkoop, Commodore; H. H. Dodge, Vice-Commodore; Irwin B. Linton, Secretary and Treasurer; F. N. Moore, Measurer; D. N. Russell, Lay Member of Executive Committee.

The membership numbers twenty-seven, with good prospects of a large increase during the coming season.

A serious loss is felt in the resignation of the club's very able Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. H. H. Soulé, who has recently left this city for New York. As the most willing and active among the pioneers of the organization, his earnest efforts in its behalf have very largely contributed to its success, and in recognition of his valuable services and as a token of personal regard and esteem he has been unanimously elected an honorary and corresponding member, the first and only one thus far on the roll of the club.

TONIC.

THE K. C. C. CAMP FIRES.

The first of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club's winter camp fires was "set off" at Columbia Institute, No. 106 West 42d Street, on Tuesday evening, February 3d, by Mr. R. J. Wilkin. Being a member of the A. C. A. Regatta Committee, it was eminently appropriate that he should explain the new racing rules and sailing regulations to be enforced at the next meet. The changes from the old regulations are given in the Regatta Committee Report, published in full in the November CANOEIST.

Using these as a basis, Mr. Wilkin not only explained the reason of all the changes but commencing with the terms "port" and "starboard," "port tack" and "starboard tack," he explained and illustrated, by diagrams on the black-board, all the essential rules of the course.

Many interesting points were brought

out by questions from the listeners; notably, the right of way in rounding a buoy, and the right of ordering an adversary to tack when one is crowded between a buoy and the shore.

Several members of the New York Canoe Club were present.

SECOND BLAZE-UP.

The second camp fire, held February 17th, was more largely attended than the first. Among the guests present were Messrs. W. P. Stephens, Norton, Vaux, Whitlock, C. J. Stephens, Newman, and Burchard of the New York C. C.

The topic for the evening's discussion was "The Canoe and its Models," by Prof. E. P. Fowler.

The following is a résumé of Dr. Fowler's paper:

The subject naturally divides itself into five heads—(1) The origin of the canoe and its advantages; (2) The technical expressions used in designating its parts; (3) The most prominent models and builds; (4) Canoe fittings; (5) Advice as to the care of a canoe.

The canoe is essentially of American origin; all types eventually resolving themselves into either the Kayack or the birch-bark model. In determining which is the best canoe, we must emphasize the points in which the canoe is superior to other craft and make these the criteria of excellence. It is inferior to the skiff in speed for short distances, and the alternate stroke is theoretically inferior in economy of force to the balanced pull of oars. As compared with the yacht, it is slower in stays, drifts more, is less steady, and is not so swift a sailer. It is neither very portable nor remarkably inexpensive. The reason for preferring it to either is not because it is superior, or even equal, to them in their respective strong points, but because it is superior in general adaptability. It is preferable to the latter in being easily paddled if the

wind fails, in being easily transported, and in being able to deal with inland and river work where its big rival is useless. It is altogether better than a row-boat as a sailing craft, has less draught, sails closer and faster, with less drift and less water aboard. The position of the paddler is better, in avoiding obstructions and shooting rapids. The motion is smoother and while it is less destructive to the boat than the jerky leverage of oars, it is less exhausting to the paddler. In rough water the canoe is safer; in wet weather it is drier, and at all times it is better fitted than the row-boat for cruising.

The special and characteristic value of the canoe lies in its wonderful versatility, and it is a suicidal error to destroy the balance of her capabilities by developing one at the expense of others. An extreme "paddling model" is an inefficient racing skiff; an extreme "sailing canoe" is an inferior little yacht. Every canoe ought to be a "sailer" and a "paddler" equally; the late A. C. A. regulations providing for a general average on these points, and forbidding a man to use more than one boat in the races, are wise and beneficial. It is along the line of her strong points and distinctive features that the canoe ought to be developed; it is essentially as an "all-around" boat that she will be respectable and respected.

Having illustrated a modern canoe by means of black-board diagrams, and explained the nomenclature of its parts and the chief nautical terms applying to its use, the lecturer reverted to the original types previously mentioned. He described and illustrated the *Herald*, *Rice Lake* and *Peterboro'* open canoes, as following the birch-bark; and the *Rob Roy*, *Nautilus*, *Shadow*, *Princess*, *Stella-Maris*, *Lansingburg*, etc., as being based on the kayak. Their peculiarities were pointed out and their defects and advantages contrasted. The speaker then compared the different methods of building, fully describing and criticising

the Lapstreak, Racine, Canvas, Lansingburg with longitudinal strips, bare or covered with canvas; also the Paper, and the Rice Lake tranverse strip build. The possibilities of tin, iron and bark as a sheathing were discussed. Under the head of "fittings" he briefly alluded to "water tight" compartments, keels versus centreboards in their several varieties, paddles, rudders, and hatches.

A few practical hints as to the "care of a canoe" concluded the paper. He advised promptitude and care in varnishing, and gave directions as to the best method and materials to be employed—not forgetting a few simple "caulkers" in case of accident on a cruise, and a liberal use of the oil can. He recommended that a canoe should not be left baking in a hot sun without protection, and advised the use of a long strip of rubber cloth. Stress was laid upon cleanliness and care in sponging out the canoe after use, cleaning out crumbs or sand and occasionally giving it a bath "over head and ears." It was recommended that in sleeping in a canoe, it should be held in a vertical position by earth or sand heaped against its sides, forming a kind of mould. This strains and abrades it less than propping it up with sticks or stones.

He urged every canoeist to study his canoe and its peculiarities, having patience with its moral obliquities and encouraging its well-meant endeavors to do its duty.

FLASH THIRD.

"Paddling and River Canoeing" was the subject treated by Mr. James L. Greenleaf, Commodore of the K. C. C., at the third camp fire, March 3d.

The speaker first described and illustrated with charts, the long-bladed Rushton paddle in comparison with the rounder bladed paddles, to which type the paddles supplied by Mr. Everson are an approach. He thought that theoretically the short, round blade gave a quicker and cleaner entrance, and a more forcible application

of power. Practically, the wide blades are too brittle. What the long, narrow blade lost in speed it made up in strength and general usefulness in cruising. The Farnham paddles, described in the December and February CANOEIST, were explained. The mechanical principles of the lever, as applied to the oar and the paddle, were then elucidated. The good points in the single and double blades were discussed in favor of the latter.

Turning to River Canoeing, the speaker said that rivers generally might be divided into two classes, the quiet flowing river, like the Hudson at New York, and the rapid running, like the upper Hudson or the Susquehanna. Canoeing might be greatly enjoyed on the former but they offered no special points for discussion.

All rapid rivers, he said, were divided into alternate rifts and level reaches.

Rifts were of two kinds, rocky and earth rifts. The geological formation of these were pointed out as leading to a more intelligent knowledge of the canoeist's work.

Obstructions — natural and artificial — the latter including dams and eel-racks, were described and classified, and finally, the methods of overcoming them explained.

Mr. George M. Rogers, of Peterboro', was present and made a very interesting speech, in the course of which he took pretty sweeping exceptions to Mr. Greenleaf's remarks upon the comparative merits of the single and double blades.

It is a good thing for the New Yorkers to have a good, enthusiastic Canadian brother step in once in a while, for they generally attack our fundamental ideas at the root, and leave us with the pleasing conviction that what we don't know about canoeing would fill a large book. After Mr. Rogers had criticised the double blade, the lap-streak and the keel, he extended the cordial sympathies of Peterboro' to New York, and assured our canoeists that a hearty welcome was always waiting for them in Canada.



It is not generally known to canoeists that there is an available hotel on Bedloe's Island, New York Harbor, which, when the Bartholdi Statue is in place, will be under its very shadow. The writer would have stopped there many a time had he known that food and lodging were obtainable. Like most great discoveries, this was, in a sense, accidental. The writer was caught out after dark in a blow, which promised, and in part did, last all night, and so sought the nearest refuge, which chanced to be Bedloe's Island. The hotel dispenses "temperance drinks" only, but that does not exclude tea and coffee, and Mr. Truss, the host, is a canoeist at heart. The place to land is a beach at the north-western point of the island, and as there is a watchman on duty all night the canoe need not be lifted to the top of the sea-wall. The hotel is a long, low, wooden building, with two verandas, just north of the fort. There are dogs, big ones, but if you tell them who you are when they ask, they will accept the situation and merely keep watch of you till you are in the hands of the proper authorities. KEELSON.

No one action of the energetic Hartford Canoe Club is more commendable than the resolution passed at their last regular meeting which made Mrs. Dr. Parmele an honorary member. Every A. C. A. man who attended the meet last August at Grindstone Island knows that Mrs. Parmele is a canoeist in the fullest and best sense of the word. The H. C. C. has our congratulations upon its new member and our best wishes for the club's future success. Y. Z.

Warning: Get ready for the Spring season at once!



FISH BAKED IN THE EARTH.

Dig a small hole in the earth and in it build a fire, let it blaze away until the hole is pretty well baked, if convenient, two or three hours; time is no object in permanent camp. Fill the bottom of the hole with a bed of hot coals; clean your fish but do not skin it, line it inside with slices of pork, cram bread-crum stuffing between the pork if you choose; wrap the fish in greased paper or birch-bark laying thin strips of pork around it inside the paper, wrap it up in grass; cover the hot coals with a layer of warm ashes, lay your bundle of fish upon the ashes; cover it with ashes and again with hot coals, and build a fire on top. Time required depends upon the size of the fish and the degree of heat. A three or four pounder takes about one and a half to two hours. Peel off wrapper and skin together. The first attempt will be unsuccessful, but the knack is worth acquiring.

HOW TO GET UP A CAMP BREAKFAST, TO ONE WHO HAS NEVER DONE IT.

I was a city boy and used to look with a sort of awe upon fellows who cooked their own meals, and regarded them with a respect due an independence and hardihood which I could not boast.

I had camped a little with older fellows and with the Adirondack guides, but never dreamed that I myself might rise to the dignity of cook, save in the far future. Indeed, I imagined that learning to cook was something like going through college, and I postponed the attempt until I could devote a summer or some indefinitely long period to it.

On my first canoe cruise, the Commodore always detailed a certain one of the fel-

lows to serve the feed, because he was the only man in the fleet who could turn an omelet or broil a chop, except his nautical self; and as for him, cooking was beneath the dignity of his rank. The rest of us were glad to gather fire wood, build fires, go for milk, wash dishes, and do all the other drudgery in rain or shine, to pay for our rations.

Now, when I look back and think how I slaved it for that culinary mogul, when I might have learned in a few moments to cook anything he did on the whole cruise, it makes me want to fill my mouth with carpet tacks and bang my head against the wall for comfort.

Now, in this particular, mine was not an isolated case; lots of fellows who will see this have never scrambled an egg or made a cup of coffee.

Let us suppose that you, too, are a city boy; that you "board," for instance, and feel rather queer about invoking the siren of the kitchen. You are going to do a little experimental camping a few miles from town; suppose even that you have already started, and find this stray CANOEIST in your duffle. You intended to get some points about cooking before starting but didn't, because you spent all your time in rigging an apron which you have brought with you, but which you will undoubtedly fling away in the course of a day or two.

Now, I am going to tell you how to get up an average canoeist's breakfast, dinner and supper, and if, after a little monkeying, you cannot do enough cooking to keep yourself alive for a month, you never will become a canoeist.

Let us take it for granted that you can build a camp fire; nor is this dodging a very slight thing, for unless you have built them before, we believe that you cannot. However you can build one, that will *do*, and we will give you some points at another time. Suffice it to say here, don't build a barn-fire, but get a nice, hot bed of coals under the lee of a stone or stump, out of

the wind, and over it you can cook anything you choose. Don't use green wood; you will always find lots of little dry bits along the shore. If you must chop, let the green trees alone and go for the dead stumps, or borrow a piece of fence rail.

First, hang a pail of water from the upper end of a stick whose lower end is anchored and propped by heavy stones, or hang it from a horizontal stick, supported by two forked sticks driven in the ground on either side of the fire. If in permanent camp do the latter; if camping for a night the former is less trouble. Don't ever stack up three sticks to a point and suspend a kettle between, as the gypsies do in the theatres—the sticks are forever in the way.

While your water is boiling and the blaze quieting down you can get things ready.

OATMEAL.—If you have been wise you have brought a couple of pounds of Hecker's partially cooked oatmeal. To one measure of this add enough cold water to wet it. Stir it into six or eight measures of boiling water and let it cook *gently* for about fifteen minutes. If it grows too thick, add more boiling water; if too thin boil longer. Stir occasionally to cook evenly and prevent scorching. If you have a double kettle, well enough, but with this prepared meal you do not *need* it.

If you have brought the regulation oatmeal the double kettle is safer, but not really necessary if you watch and stir your meal. If you haven't one and are too lazy to attend to the stirring business, hang a small pail within a larger one by a piece of string, connecting the two handles, or tied to the cover of the outer and larger pail. See that the bottoms of the two pails do not come in contact. Pour boiling water in the outer pail and you have a perfect double kettle.

The common meal requires one to two hours to cook. A little while before the meal is done, season with salt.

CHOPS OR STEAKS.—Don't fry your fresh meat unless you have no gridiron. In this case we have seen meat hung on pointed sticks, and have seen the sticks take fire, or the meat slide off into the coals after the victim has sacrificed his eyebrows to the flames. In preference to this fry it.

Lay your steaks or chops on the gridiron. Do not salt before cooking. Do not wash them. Do not put anything on them, unless you have flour, which you may sprinkle lightly on both sides of the meat.

Hold your meat over the coals, but out of the flames. Turn repeatedly to keep the juice from dripping and to cook evenly. If the steak is sweet and juicy, as it should be, so much greater the tendency to drip. If the drippings take fire and the steak blazes up like a house afire, don't kick the pots over, but lift the steak quickly, shake off the flame and go at it again more carefully.

A thick steak takes fifteen minutes to cook through. A thin steak, or chops, ten minutes or less, if desired rare.

SCRAMBLED EGGS.—Nothing simpler. You can do it first time. Throw a lump of butter—a heaping spoonful for four eggs—into a clean frying pan. Let it warm and melt, not fry. Throw the eggs in quickly, skinned, of course, but that is all. It is not necessary to beat them as the books say. Hold the pan over the fire with the left hand and stir the eggs briskly with the right, scraping the bottom and sides of the pan with the flat of the fork as you stir. In about one minute the eggs are done. Take off while soft for they harden very quickly afterward.

If you stir in chopped canned corned beef, ham, or chicken, as you stir the eggs, it will make a nice hash—a good Presbyterian one, without collar buttons or other boarding house accessories.

SAUCE PAN.

To be continued.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST

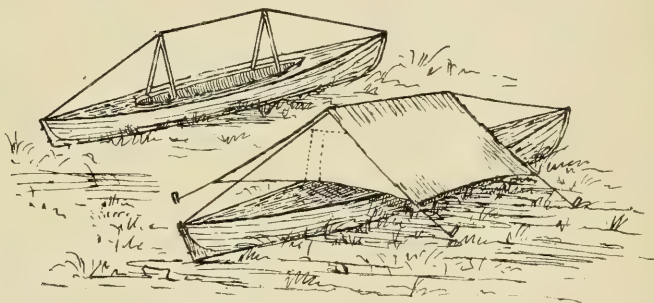
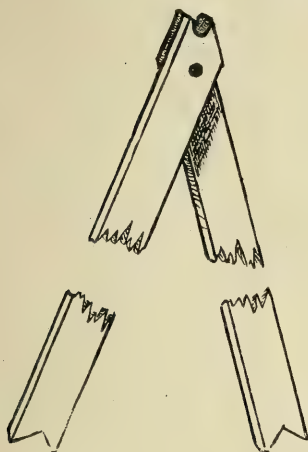
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No. 4.

A CANOE TENT.



Mr. F. R. Webb, O. C. C. sends a sketch of a tent which he has used with satisfaction and which comprises some modifications and improvements, although it is substantially identical in general plan with tents already described in our own pages, as well as in some of our contemporaries.

One of the canoes in the sketch shows the frame set up, and the other the tent in position. The dimensions of Mr. Webb's tent were : 5 feet long, 7 feet spread from side to side, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. It has a triangular piece in the peak and may be opened at the ends, the sides of the opening overlapping as shown by the dotted lines. Thus the front and rear can be tightly closed by means of buttons or drawn strings, or can be thrown open at will. The tent is heavily hemmed all round and stout cords run through the hems, coming out at the corners. A couple of standards stand at the left of the sketch, bolted together at the top and

notched at top and bottom—height from deck of boat 3 or $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet. To put up tent—spread standards, and place in front and back of covering, carry painter from bow to stern, through notches in top of standards and haul taut. The four corners are made fast to stakes as shown.

The advantages of this tent are—it is roomy, light, and well ventilated—the sides spreading clear beyond sides of canoe, a foot or more on either side, and coming down about a level with deck, or a little lower, affording unlimited fresh air. Its main disadvantage is its size. Mr. Webb rolled his up tightly with a blanket inside and used it as a seat when *en route*. He was accustomed also to use two joints of his fishing-rod as a ridge-pole, making the notches in the top of the standards large enough to receive it, and the holes in the material large enough to pass the rod through them. This, however, may obviously be done or not, according to taste and convenience.

A CANOEIST'S PAPER.

It was the regular Saturday night meet- of the Killies—a cold night in December. The club was in its winter quarters “up stairs;” the canoes were on their racks “down stairs,” covered up and resting quietly for a warm day. Three of the members had each brought a friend. All, as usual, were to spend the night in bunks, on the floor, in cots, or, in fact, most anywhere. Two of the visitors had before spent a night at the Lodge and, therefore, knew the ropes. The place and proceedings to the third were entire novelties. His member, therefore, in answer to many questions early in the evening, informed him that the club’s name was derived from the Kills, over a part of which the Lodge was built on piles. He was told that this accounted for the members all knowing a pile—when they saw it. One member was called Achilles. All of them were A 1 killies. The new visitor on his arrival had been introduced to the Host, the Captain, the Cook, the Cornet, the Pirate, and the Washer, by his member friend the “Masher” and also to the other two visitors—one a cousin of the host and the other brother to the Washer.

A hot supper—the result of the Host’s cooking, helped by the captain—having been disposed of, the dishes washed and shelved, and even the weekly quota of dish rags put over a slow fire to boil clean by the Washer, the Host took the (only) chair and called the meeting to order. Upon this kind invitation it did order pipes and tobacco, which were passed round by the Pirate. The members formed a circle round the stove; and the cold nor’wester finding its way in through the chinks between the clapboards and window jambs, circled round them. The roll was called by the Cook. It came, but was quickly rolled off. The minutes of the previous meeting, called previous on account of the characters present, were read and accepted as a gift from the Cook, including the seconds. He rendered

no account of the hour however. Music was next in order, and Cornet started the “Old Mill Wheel,” took several turns around it and then dropped naturally into “The Brook.” The visitors were individually called on for a speech, and collectively, after responding to the call, sang “We are strangers here.” The chair then announced, in the regular order of business, that the essay for the evening was by A. Whim. He being absent the Cook was called on to read. The Cook adjusted his glasses, moved the lamp, coughed, settled himself comfortably on his chest (sea chest), drew from the one pocket in his flannel pajamas a roll MSS. and began reading as follows:

CLASSIFICATION OF CANOEISTS.

“The American Canoe Association was organized in 1880; Uncle Bishop called the fellows together by his circular letter. Modern canoeing was born in this country some ten years earlier. Mr. W. L. Alden is often called the father of the sport; but Mr. Morse claims to be the mother. Since the association began, one never failing topic of discussion has been the classification of canoes. The chair over there had his hand in it at an early date. Later the great Toronto canoe detail inventor, with the help of a committee, knocked mine Host out in one round. Changes and modifications have been made from time to time to cover new cases arising, till now the scheme is in pretty fair shape. The classification of canoeists, however, has been systematically neglected. I therefore claim the honor of starting the ball, and I beg of you to remember, in passing judgment on what follows, that it has taken nearly five years to get a fairly good canoe classification, and therefore some leniency should be allowed the very first essay at a much more difficult species of subject. I would call special attention to the deductions following the results obtained and to the examples given.

“The Order of Canoeists naturally divided itself into three classes, viz.: 1,

BACHELOR ; 2, MARRIED ; 3, WIDOWER. These three classes can be subdivided each into two species ; first, *innocent* and *worldly* bachelors ; second, the *happily* and *unhappily* married ; third, *hopeful* and *confirmed* widowers.

Taking these species up in the order given, we come first to the innocent bachelor. He is one who has never had a serious love affair ; and he invariably is very young. Worldly typifies the older and experienced ones, who are perhaps looking for an heiress ; are still poor—"literary fellers" many of them—or, sad but true, they have been jilted. The names of the second class explain themselves. The hopeful widower is one ready, or about, to marry again. The last species is a very rare one except among quite old men.

"It is in the nature of things that innocent bachelors, at least a great majority of them, are not likely to be permanent canoe men. They may get married. An authority has it that "if the unmarried canoeist marries he is of course lost" to canoeing. He may have taken up canoeing while at college and when upon graduation he goes into business that may engross all his time ; or, he may have time *ad libitum*, and no water near his home. How many yearlings have we known who got tired of office work and went West to mine or drive cattle ? Both are fatal to canoeing for years. Many a young fellow goes into the sport with too much enthusiasm and no "feeling" for it, gets discouraged and sells out at a loss.

"The experienced bachelor has had his 'affair' before taking up the canoe. He may have been driven to canoeing by reason of such experience. He takes it up when well on in life—not too far on—for exercise, amusement, research, travel, or the study of nature ; and going at it gracefully, is pretty sure to overcome its drawbacks and enjoy the riches in store for him, but only to be got at by means of the canoe. He is sure to be a useful and patriotic member of our clan. All but one of our small frater-

nity belong to this species. How long we have pulled together and enjoyed our independence and social relations I need not call to your minds. Of different politics, occupations, religious beliefs and temperaments, yet have we one common bond and interest, and I hope we shall long remain on this same footing. The captain is still with us at times, though he is married ; but his longing looks at a pretty, white, cabin sharpie, whenever it beams in sight off the the club house, leads us to believe he would leave us—were his income larger.

"The happily married man may have his canoe near home, and now and then go out in it taking his wife or young John with him for part of an afternoon. If he is much interested and cannot have his canoe near home, perhaps, once in three years, he may go on a cruise of a week's length, alone, or with a friend. He rarely, if ever, does more ; and is seldom met on canoeing grounds—or rather waters.

"The second species of married canoeists, though necessarily few, have many inducements to betake themselves to their canoes, and away from care and discord. Your authority says of him : 'If a man has been married before it occurs to him to get a canoe, the fact of his marriage is not an obstacle—especially if his wife's mother is living,' and statistics follow to show this. Many things combine to make this species small in number and unimportant ; not least among them being the individual's desire to retire himself from the public—the many—and be alone, or with the chosen few.

"Widowers are comparatively few anywhere. The hopeful species is not well represented in the canoeing circle, as any sort of change in the widower's surroundings, relations or business is pretty sure to be fatal to him, as a canoeist. The confirmed widower is slow to take up canoeing ; but when he does get hold, he hangs on uncommonly long, even to and beyond his fiftieth year.

"I have come to the conclusion, from

research and study, that the influences of this latter half of the nineteenth century are setting against the young man in moderate circumstance getting married; and, moreover, that they are encouraging him in his canoeing directly therefore. The worldly, or rather experienced, bachelor is *the* canoeist. He it is who takes those long cruises we read about. He it is who goes down the St. Lawrence Rapids. To him we owe many, if not most, of our canoe fixings, inventions, and improvements. He wins the paddling and sailing races at our club and association Regattas. He goes to the camp ground early and prepares it for the other and more helpless species coming on. They—these experienced bachelors—have a fellow feeling for each other often noted. Companions in misery at some time, this fellow feeling has made them wondrous kind, and they know a brother when they meet him. To them is due in great part the universal opinion that to be a canoeist means that one is a gentleman, and above all—a good fellow.”

Silence reigned supreme as the reader returned the MSS. to the pocket of his Pajamas. No motion, not even a motion to adjourn was made. One and all, deeply impressed by what they had heard, had fallen fast asleep. The Cook leaned back in the chair, struck a match to light his long neglected pipe, lighted it, took a few whiffs and was off too. DOT.

FROM THE LOG OF THE “SWEET-HEART!”

* * * * *

Will, who would keep ahead or break a paddle, disappeared around a sharp bend down a rapid, calling: “Here’s a dandy, fellows!” In a moment the other two struck the swift current and beheld, not a hundred feet ahead, the Commodore, apparently dangling in the air, his legs in the water; while the *Blackbird* and its cargo scattered broadcast, floated on beyond. In a moment the two canoes were upon him,

but having backed water with all their strength they were able to get under the barbed wire fence (for such it was) without trouble.

“No wonder the cowboys kick,” said the kicking canoeist as he extricated himself and waded to shore. “You see I was going full speed, and never saw it till I struck. One strand caught me under the right arm, the other just back of the neck, and literally yanked me out behind, while I upset the canoe in my struggles. If you don’t believe it look at my clothes—they are in ribbons.”

His companions seemed to look at it in anything but a serious way, though they sympathized deeply by word of mouth, as they wrung him out for the second time that day.

“It’s a cold day when we let you carry the bread and crackers again—and look at that pie,” muttered Kirk, when they resumed their trip.

* * * * *

I whipped down stream while Will went above. Walking in the middle of the stream and the grayling rising well, made me long for a creel, in lieu of which I slipped them into a canvas hunting-coat game pocket. Arriving in camp, I laid aside the coat and started for fire-wood. On my return I beheld the Commodore gracefully seated, *a la Arab*, upon the garment, which he had folded for a seat. I wore that coat inside out, with the pockets at half-mast, for four days, before the “remains” of those fish had entirely disappeared. (*More next time.*)

MEASURING CANOES.

It is not as simple an affair as it first appears, to measure the beam of a canoe, especially one built with slight tumble home and with rounded, projecting beading. The Mohican canoes had all been measured (some more than once) with squares and rules and sticks, not to mention the catalogue dimensions of this or that model; yet when in October last an accurate measur-

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Rear-Commodore—F. F. ANDREWS, Rochester, N. Y.

Secretary and Treasurer—DR. CHAS. A. NEIDÉ, New Orleans, La.

The Executive Committee is composed of the Officers and the following members at large:—E. G. RAND, Cambridge, Mass.; R. E. WOOD, Peterboro, Ont.; C. B. VAUX, New York City.

The Secretary of the American Canoe Association requests persons sending money to him, to do so either by registered letter or Post-Office money order, on New Orleans, La.

If canoeists will send application to the Secretary of the A. C. A., enclosing \$2.00 for initiation fee and dues for the first year, their names will be presented for membership.



NEW BOOKS.

Canoeing literature, like everything else in canoeing, is increasing. Mr. Stephens's book on "Canoe and Boat Building," has been well received, and is already quoted as an authority of the highest order.

In a few days the log of Dr. Neidé's famous cruise in the *Aurora* will be published in book form.

It will be remembered that Dr. Neidé started from Lake George after the A. C. A. meet in 1882, in company with Mr. S. D. Kendall, and cruised by river and canal until he launched the *Aurora* into the Alleghany. Thence he pursued an uninter-

rupted cruise of 3,000 miles to Pensacola, Fla., by way of the Mississippi River and the Gulf, varying the solid comfort of miles and miles of quiet, lazy cruising, with the diverse excitements of the rapids of the Alleghany and the Ohio, and the formidable surf and rollers of the open Gulf.

The book will doubtless be filled with entertaining narrative and valuable practical suggestions.

Dr. Neidé's book will be speedily followed by a book on general canoeing, by Mr. C. B. Vaux, the well-known "Dot" of the New York C. C.

For a long time the *Dot* was known among racing canoes as "the invincible." Mr. Vaux has also done considerable cruising, and he has invented many devices now in general use. He is a most practical man around camp, and his book will probably be an indispensable necessity to every canoeist's book-shelf.

In our November issue we published *in full* the report of the A. C. A. Regatta Committee as received from the Secretary, so that members might alter for themselves the Sailing Regulations in the A. C. A. Book. In January we published in full the Programme of the A. C. A. Regatta, with the explanatory communication of the committee.

We do not deem it necessary to republish the Regatta Programme, inasmuch as no important change has been made from that published in January, except the relaxing of the "one canoe" rule, (Rule II, 2d paragraph) in the case of Race No. 5, Paddling Class I, as suggested by Com. Tyson, T. C. C. in our last issue; and the dropping of Race No. 13, Paddling Class I, cruising trim. We believe that these rules and suggestions will be of great value to canoeists who will not attend the meet. They will be a standard by which clubs may manage their own races and will give individuals a knowledge of the ordinary rules of the road.



It should be a special duty of club officers to see that canoeists proposing to join the Association should forward their names to the Secretary as early as practicable ;

1st. In order that their names may appear in the A. C. A. Book of 1885,

2d. That they may have the benefit of the Record of Cruises and References about to be distributed to the members of the Association,

3d. That an Association number may be assigned to them ; as such number *must appear on the sail* of every canoe contesting in races at the annual meeting, and members waiting until the last moment may experience considerable trouble in marking the sail properly. Prompt action will simplify much, the work of the Association officers.

ROBERT SHAW OLIVER,

Commodore A. C. A.

Albany, N. Y., March 20, 1885.

THE NEWBURGH MEET.

Commodore Oliver met the Newburgh Canoe Club on the 30th ult., and consulted with them in regard to the arrangements for the spring meet. Mr. Van Deuzen, Rondout C. C.; Mr. Wilkin, Brooklyn C. C.; and Mr. Cushman, Mohican C. C., were also present at the meeting. Thursday, May 30, was fixed as the opening day of the meet. The races will be commenced on Friday, if the weather is favorable, and continued on Saturday.

It was decided not to attempt any cruise of the fleet before the meet, the Commodore requesting that all canoeists attending, endeavor to be on the grounds by Thursday evening. What may be done after the meet will be decided by the wishes of canoeists, as they give expression of them in our columns in the next number, and by the general feeling at the meet.

The camp will be located at Plum Point, but not at the same place as last year. The north side of the point has been chosen, as offering a better sailing course and an easier landing place for canoes.

The Regatta Committee is to be appointed from members of the Newburgh Canoe Club.

There will be two sailing races (unlimited rig and ballast) for the several classes, over a three-mile course; and two paddling races over a one-mile course, for the lighter boats. The course of the heavier paddling canoes has not yet been decided upon—it will probably be one-half mile. There will also be several special races, in which one of the interesting features will be a competitive test of the new Mohican and Sun-beam models.

All canoeists are cordially invited to be present.

Facilities for steamboat transportation of canoes will be announced in our next issue; but, of course, any of the lines stopping at Newburgh will carry canoes at a moderate rate.

It is expected that each club represented will contribute at least one prize flag. Flags presented by individuals will be gratefully received by the Regatta Committee.

ANNUAL CAMP, A. C. A., 1885.

The fifth annual meeting and camp of the American Canoe Association will be held on Delaney's Point, at the northeast end of Grindstone Island, in the Thousand Islands region of the St. Lawrence River, commencing on Friday, July 24, and continuing until Saturday, August 8. The camp site is about four miles distant from Clayton, N. Y., and five miles from Gananoque, Canada. A steamer will make regular trips between Clayton and Gananoque twice a day, stopping at camp on both trips and connecting with the Utica & Black River Railroad at Clayton and the Grand Trunk Railroad at Gananoque. Additional transportation arrangements will also be made, of which due notice will be given in the *CANOEIST* and *Forest and Stream*. The ladies' camp will be located at Squaw Point, as in 1884.

CAMP SUPPLIES.

There will be an ice-house and a store near the dock, where all necessities may be obtained at moderate prices. Meals may be obtained by such as do not desire to cook for themselves at Delaney's farm, a short distance from camp, additional and ample accommodations having been provided for this

purpose. Mr. Delaney can also accommodate at his house from eighteen to twenty boarders in case any members desire to avail themselves of the opportunity. The various routes to the Thousand Islands are too well known to require enumeration, and a list will be furnished later of all such making special rates in favor of the Association.

PROGRAMME.

Camp will open Friday, July 24. The first week will be devoted to cruising, camp sports, excursions, and such special races as may be arranged. The preliminary meeting of the Association will be held on Monday evening, Aug. 3. The regatta will begin, if the weather be favorable, on Monday, Aug. 3, at 9:30 A. M. At the termination of the regatta a general review of the fleet will be held. Special sports and illuminations will be announced in camp and members are respectfully requested to supply themselves with lanterns, etc. The annual meeting will be on Friday, Aug. 7, at 11 A. M., and camp will close on Saturday, Aug. 8.

CAMP.

All members are earnestly requested to be present for the entire term of camp, if possible; and as it is probable that the number will be large, officers of clubs will notify the Commodore by mail, to Clayton, N. Y., immediately before proceeding to camp, of the number of men proposing to be present and the size and kind of tents they will require space for, in order that suitable grounds may be assigned. Clubs desiring it will be located as nearly as possible in the former positions, *provided* due notice is given as above.

The large Association tent will be centrally located, with suitable postal facilities, and all letters addressed to Clayton, N. Y., or Gananoque, Canada, A. C. A. Camp, will be delivered there.

The bulletin board at the head of the dock will show the orders for the day, and all members are cautioned to observe the same for the general comfort and convenience. A. C. A. Rules will be strictly enforced, and all members desiring to compete in races must conform to them.

Special days will be assigned for visitors, who will not be permitted in camp at other times, except by special invitation, and no steamers will be allowed to land without special permit from the Commodore. Ladies will not be permitted in camp before 10 A. M. or after 5 P. M., except by official invitation on special occasions.

LAKE ERIE MEET.

A local meet will be held on Ballast Island, Lake Erie, near Cleveland, and Toledo, under the charge of Commodore Gardner, of the Cleveland C. C., shortly before the annual camp. All canoeists are urged to attend, if practicable, as special facilities will be provided for proceeding direct from Lake Erie to Clayton by steamer.

REVISED SAILING REGULATIONS, 1885.

RULE I.—A canoe to compete in any race of the A. C. A. must be sharp at both ends, with no counter stern or transom, and must be capable of being efficiently paddled by one man. To compete in A. C. A. paddling races, it must come within the limits of one of the numbered classes, I., II., III., IV.; and to compete in sailing races, it must come within the limits of either Class A or B.

CLASS I.—*Paddling*.—Any canoe.

CLASS II.—*Paddling*.—Length not over 15 feet, beam not under 26 inches. Depth inside from gunwale to garboard streak at any part of the canoe not less than 8 inches.

CLASS III.—*Paddling*.—Length not over 16 feet, beam not under 28 inches. Depth as above, not under 9 inches.

CLASS IV.—*Paddling*.—Length not over 16 feet, beam not under 30 inches. Depth as in Class III.

CLASS A.—*Sailing*.—Length not over 16 feet, beam not over 28 inches.

CLASS B.—*Sailing*.—Length not over 17 feet, with a limit of 28½ inches beam for that length. The beam may be increased ¼ inch for each full inch of length decreased.

The greatest depth of a canoe in Classes A and B, at fore end of well, from under side of deck amidships to inner side of garboard next to keel, shall not exceed 16 inches.

In the centerboard canoes, the keel outside of the garboard shall not exceed 1¼ inches in depth, including a metal keel-band of not over ¼ of an inch deep.

The total weight of all centerboards shall not exceed 60 pounds; and they must not drop more than 18 inches below the garboard, nor if over one-third of the canoe's length, more than 6 inches below the garboard; when hauled up they must not project below the keel except as follows: Canoes built before May 1, 1885, may be fitted with centerboards which, when hauled up, may project below the keel, provided that such projection of board and case is not more than two inches and a half in depth below the garboard, and not more than 36 inches in length. In order to be admitted in races without ballast, the centerboard or boards, including bolts and other movable parts, but not including fixed trunks or cases, must not exceed 15 pounds in total weight.

Canoes without centerboards may carry keels, not over 3 inches deep from garboards, and not weighing more than 35 pounds. Leeboards may be carried by canoes not having centerboards.

MEASUREMENT.—The length shall be taken between perpendiculars at the fore side of stem and at the aft side of stern; the beam at the widest part not including beading. In the sailing classes the beading shall not exceed 1½ inches in depth; if deeper than 1½ inches it shall be included in the beam.

The word "beam" shall the breadth formed by the fair lines of the boat, and the beam at and near the waterline in the paddling classes shall bear a reasonable proportion to the beam at the gunwale. The Regatta Committee shall have power to disqualify any canoe which, in their opinion, is built with an evident intention to evade the above rules. As the minimum in Class III. and Class IV. coincides with the maximum in Class A and Class B respectively, a quarter inch each way is to be allowed in measuring for these classes in order that a canoe built to come well within one class may not thereby be ruled out of the other.

RULE II.—None but members of the American Canoe Association shall be permitted to enter its races, and no canoe shall enter that is not enrolled on the Secretary's books, with its dimensions, etc., and no member who is in arrears to the Association shall compete in any race or claim any prize while such arrears remain unpaid.

Any member shall enter only one canoe for races at any one meet, except for such races as the programme shall specially state otherwise. Each canoe shall be enrolled and entered for racing in only one sailing class and one paddling class.

CREW.—The "crew" of each canoe shall consist of one man only, unless the programme of the regatta states the contrary. Members must paddle or sail their own canoes, and must not exchange canoes for racing purposes. A canoe which is not owned or used for racing by any other member present, shall be deemed to be the canoe of the member bringing it to the camp. In double canoe races, the owner may associate any other member with himself.

RULE III.—All entries must be in writing, on the blanks provided, and must be handed in to the Regatta Committee within such time as they may direct.

RULE IV.—Every canoe entering, except for an upset race, shall carry a colored signal flag 10x6 inches on a staff forward when paddling, and her *A. C. A.* number of enrollment in red block numerals 15 inches high and 2 inches broad when sailing. The number to be on both sides of the mainsail, to read correctly on the starboard side, and reversed on the port side. The clerk of the course will lend the paddling signals for each race, and they must be returned to him, but the sailing numbers must be applied by canoe owners.

RULE V.—Flags shall be given as prizes as follows: A first prize in each race, and a second in each race in which more than two start, and for the five best scores in a record of the regatta to be prepared by the Regatta Committee, the five best flags at the disposal of the Committee shall be given. Prizes donated for special races or competitions may be accepted at the discretion of the Regatta Committee. *No prize of money shall be raced for.*

RULE VI.—The mode of turning stakeboats, and all directions for each race, shall be posted by the Regatta Committee on a bulletin board one hour before the race is called; and any competitor not knowing the course, or mistaking it, or not following these Rules, does so at his own risk. Stakeboats and buoys will be left on the port hand, when not stated distinctly to the contrary.

RULE VII.—No pilotage or direction from any boat or from the shore shall be allowed, and any one accepting such assistance may be *disqualified*.

RULE VIII.—Any canoe fouling another shall be *ruled out*. It shall be considered a foul if, after the race has commenced, any competitor by his canoe, paddle, or person, shall come in contact with the canoe, paddle, or person of any other competitor, unless in the opinion of the judge such contact is so slight as not to influence the race. In case of a foul, the non-fouling canoe must go over the course in order to claim the race, unless disabled beyond the possibility of temporary repair. Any canoe fouling a buoy or mark shall be ruled out. Every canoe must stand by its own accidents.

RULE IX.—Should the owner of any canoe, duly entered for a race, consider that he has fair ground of complaint against another, he must give notice of same immediately on the finish of the race to the judge, and must present the same in writing to the Regatta Committee within one hour after the finish, if the decision of the judge is appealed from.

The sum of One Dollar shall be deposited with each protest, to be forfeited to the Association should the protest not be sustained. The Regatta Committee shall, after hearing such evidence as they deem necessary, decide the protest, and the decision if unanimous shall be final, but if not unanimous, an appeal may be made to the Executive Committee, whose decision shall be final.

No member of either Committee shall take part in the decision of any question in which he is interested. In all cases where a protest is lodged on the ground

of fouling, evidences of actual contact shall be necessary to substantiate the protest. The Regatta Committee shall, without protest, disqualify any canoe which, to their knowledge, has committed a breach of the Rules.

PADDLING RACES.

RULE X.—Paddling races shall be started by the starter asking, "Are you ready?" On receiving no answer, he shall say, "Go." If he considers the start unfair, he may recall the boats, and any canoe refusing to start again shall be disqualified.

RULE XI.—A canoe's own water is the straight course from the station assigned it at starting. Any canoe leaving its own water shall do so at its peril; but if the stern of one canoe is a canoe's length ahead of the bow of another, the former may take the water of the latter, which then becomes its own water, and it shall only leave it at its peril.

SAILING RACES.

RULE XII.—The paddle shall not be used in sailing races, except for steering when no rudder is used; or when the rudder is disabled, for back strokes to leeward in tacking; or for shoving off when aground, afoul of anything, or in extreme danger, as from a passing steamer, or from a squall.

RULE XIII.—One minute before the start a signal shall be given, and exactly one minute later a second signal will be given to start. Any canoe which crosses to the course side of the starting line prior to the second signal, must return above the line and recross it, keeping out of the way of all competing canoes, using the paddle if necessary; but after the second signal the start shall be considered as made, and all canoes on either side of the line shall be amenable to the Sailing Rules. Canoes may take any position for starting, and prior to the second signal may be sailed and worked in any manner (outside aid not allowed). Should circumstances require it, the Regatta Committee may vary the manner of starting.

RULE XIV.—All shiftable ballast except centerboards shall be carried within the canoe, and no fixed ballast shall be carried below the keelband. Ballast may be shifted, but no ballast shall be taken in or thrown out during a race.

RULE XV.—A canoe overtaking another shall keep out of the way of the latter; but when rounding any buoy or vessel used to mark out the course, if two canoes are not clear of each other when the leading canoe is close to, and is altering her helm to round the mark, the outside canoe must give the other room to pass clear of the mark, whichever canoe is in danger of fouling. No canoe shall be considered clear of another unless so much ahead as to give free choice to the other on which side she will pass. An overtaking canoe shall not, however, be justified in attempting to establish an overlap, and thus force a passage between the leading canoe and the mark after the latter has altered her helm for rounding.

RULE XVI.—Canoes close hauled on the port tack shall give way to those on the starboard tack. In the event of a collision being imminent, owing to the canoe on the port tack not giving way, the canoe on the starboard tack shall luff and go about, but shall never bear away. A canoe on the port tack compelling a canoe on the starboard tack thus to give way, forfeits all claim to the prize.

RULE XVII.—Canoes going free shall always give way to those closehauled on either tack.

RULE XVIII.—When canoes closehauled are ap-

proaching a shore, buoy, or other obstruction, and are so close that the leewardmost cannot tack clear of the canoe to the windward of her, and by standing on would be in danger of fouling the obstruction, the canoe to windward shall, on being requested, go about, and the canoe requesting her to do so shall also tack at once.

RULE XIX.—Should two or more canoes be approaching a weather shore or any obstruction with the wind free, and be so close to each other that the weathermost one cannot bear away clear of the one to the leeward of her, and by standing on would be in danger of running aground, or of fouling the obstruction, then the canoe that is to leeward shall, on being requested, at once bear away until sufficient room is allowed for the weathermost canoe to clear the obstruction.

RULE XX.—A canoe can luff as she pleases to prevent another canoe passing to windward, but must never bear away out of her course to prevent the other from passing to leeward; the leeside to be considered that on which the leading canoe of the two carries her main boom. The overtaking canoe, if to leeward, must not luff until she has drawn clear ahead of the canoe she has overtaken.

RULE XXI.—A canoe may anchor during a race, provided the anchor is attached or weighed on board the canoe during the remainder of the race.

RULE XXII.—These Rules may be amended by the Executive Committee, on recommendation of the Regatta Committee.

RULE XXIII.—In case of temporary vacancies in Regatta Committee, the senior officer present shall appoint substitutes.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

BY R. W. GIBSON, CHAIRMAN REGATTA COMMITTEE.

RULE I.—Some canoes whose beams disqualifies them for Class B may still be paddlers in Class 4. The permission to use boards which project below the keel was given in order not to rule out several canoes already fitted with such boards and which could not well be changed. The boards are limited in weight in "no ballast" races, because a heavy board is really most effective ballast. The cases or trunks are not included because of the difficulty of ascertaining their weight. The weight allowed for keels (35 pounds) limits outside ballast wisely, preventing in some degree the development of permanently ballasted sailboats. An oak keel, 14 feet long, 3 inches deep, and 1 inch thick, with $\frac{1}{2}$ inch iron band, would weigh about 25 pounds. (See also Rule XIV).

RULE II.—Each member may, of course, bring to camp as many canoes as he pleases, but in all programme races must enter the same canoe except in the events exempted. The Committee declare Class I. paddling race in this year's programme exempt from the "one man canoe" rule because it was evident that otherwise no entries would be made—Class I. cannot make an all-round record, and would be deserted for the more popular classes. But it is desirable to secure a good time record in A. C. A. paddling, and it is decided to allow members to use second canoes for this race which will have no score for the "all-round record."

RULE III.—The entry arrangements will be as follows: Each member must see that his canoe is registered on the A. C. A. lists with name, dimensions, etc., under her correct number. She must be measured by an official measurer and enrolled according to his certificate. The entry clerk will not be

able to receive the name of any canoe until she has been so measured and enrolled. Each organized club may nominate *immediately* to the Regatta Committee a competent member who may be appointed by them an official measurer, that the correct enrollment may be done in good season. Any canoe not so certified before leaving home must be officially measured on her arrival at the meet. All measurers will be furnished with the necessary blanks to be returned to the Regatta Committee for the A. C. A. lists. There has been much misunderstanding of the measurement rules. Clubs and individuals are requested to take this matter in hand. An accurate instrument is necessary to measure beam. The honor of each club will be relied upon for accurate returns, and competent measurers will therefore be selected.

RULE IV.—The number is to read on starboard side, because that is the side toward the judges at the finish. It is reversed on port side so that the figures may be exactly over one another and not be confused by the transparency of the sail. It is recommended that the number be placed below the club sailing device and sufficiently clear of any private device. The figures can be painted on or be stitched on in red bunting or cloth if required to be removable. The numbers will be printed in A. C. A. book and will be found on certificate of membership.

RULE V.—A tie in record can be decided in favor of the canoe whose record is most evenly divided into sailing and paddling.

RULE VI.—In the absence of other directions the usual rules hold good.

RULE VII.—This is intended to prevent abuses which might arise from organized coaching and the like. It will not interfere with the inalienable right of encouraging one's friends.

RULES VIII. AND IX.—Assistant judges will watch the races at the buoys to enforce these rules.

SAILING RULES.—The sailing rules generally are similar to those which govern all navigation and sailing races; some are necessary for fairness in races, as Rule XV., others apply at all times, as Rules XVI. and XVII.

RULE XIII.—It is evident that "sculling" with a large rudder is unfair when done to propel the canoe, although sharp movements one way only to swing the canoe when under very little way are doubtless legitimate. It is hoped that members will not necessitate further comment or rules on this subject.

RULE XIII.—In sailing races the paddle may be used to hold the canoe in position until the second signal.

RULE XIV.—See notes to Rule I. about centerboards and keels.

RULE XV.—The clause about rounding a mark is very important. It refers only to the case when the outside canoe is leading, and defines the duties of such leading canoe. In the concluding clause the rights of the second canoe are limited to fairness. A sense of fairness (not generosity) will prompt instinctive compliance with the rule. It is evident that the inner canoe when overlapping has no choice.

RULE XVI.—This rule is based upon the general law that a vessel meeting another will *pass to the right*. "Closehauled" means sailing with sheets hauled close to work windward. To "bear away" is to steer less close toward the wind. To "luff" is to point more toward the wind. To "go about" or "tack," is to luff and continue the curve until the sails fill on the opposite tack. The left hand side of a boat (looking forward) is the port side; the right hand is starboard. The tack is named after the side the wind comes from, or windward side. Now a

canoe closehauled on the starboard tack cannot sail more to the right than she is doing without going about, while the vessel on the port tack can change her course to the right to any degree, therefore the former holds her course and the latter gives way by bearing away a trifle. The same law of *pass to the right* governs the rule that the canoe on the starboard tack must *not* bear away, as she would then pass to the left. It is very important that all sailing canoeists should become familiar with the above nautical terms by frequent use of them. It is not sufficient to simply read and understand them. At a crisis such slight knowledge fails one. In sailing, the crew should be doubly vigilant when on the port tack closehauled because vessels crossing on the opposite tack are concealed by the sail.

RULE XVII.—Because in going free a slight deviation from the course is of less importance. A beam wind is at right angles to the direction of the vessel, with any wind from astern of this the vessel will “sail free,” that is, more or less away from the wind.

RULES XVIII. AND XIX.—Evidently the only way to avoid accident.

RULE XX.—See note to Rule XVI.

RULE XXI.—Because an anchor can be used as ballast and must obey Rule XIV.

A. C. A. MEASURERS.

In sending the following circular the imperfect lists and addresses at command will occasion failure to reach some clubs. Will all such please consider this publication of the letter as addressed to them, and reply accordingly:

To the *Canoe Club*:

GENTLEMEN—The A. C. A. Regatta Committee have agreed that the Official Measurers for 1885 may be appointed immediately, one from each club, so that classification of the fleet may be done in good season. Please refer to Revised Sailing Regulations, Rule III., and note to Rule II.

If you wish to take advantage of this arrangement and will recommend to me a competent member of the club and A. C. A., for A. C. A. Measurer, I will send him the necessary blanks.

ROBERT W. GIBSON,

Chairman Regatta Committee.

ALBANY, N. Y., Mar. 27.

A. C. A. PRIZE FLAGS.

Mr. R. W. Gibson, for the Regatta Committee, begs to acknowledge receipt of promises of prize flags from the following members and friends, and to thank them for their kind support: Commodore R. S. Oliver, Albany; Mr. C. M. Shedd (2), Springfield; Mrs. S. R. Stoddard, Glens Falls; Mr. Tyson (2), (from Mrs. Tyson and Miss Kate L. Johnson), Toronto; W. P. Stephens, New York; Mrs. Geo. L. Parmele, Hartford; Mr. C. B. Vaux (2), New York; Rev. Walter H. Larom (for Miss Ida Larom), Stafford Springs, Conn; Mr. R. J. Drummond, Perth, Canada; Mrs. Edward Leigh (2), Toronto.

Also special prizes, offered as follows: Mr. J. H. Rushton, of Canton, N. Y., paddles, for single blade *vs.* double; Messrs. J. C. Wilson and Charles Remington, of Watertown, N. Y., a prize for best equipped cruising canoe; A Friend, per Mr. Rushton, one prize.



4 BOWLING GREEN, N. Y., Mar. 31, '85.

Dear Canoeist:

In the very interesting history of the “Hartford Canoe Club” in your March number, one paragraph asks for some information which it is in my power to give.

The Knickerbocker Canoe Club of New York, with the permission of the Supreme Court, filed its Certificate of Incorporation in the office of the Secretary of State, and also in the office of the Clerk of the County of New York, on January 28th, 1884.

We were, I believe, the first incorporated canoe-club in this country; if not, we should be glad to learn who are our predecessors.

Yours truly,

EDWARD W. BROWN, Sec'y K. C. C.

WEST STERLING, MASS., Mar. 30, '85.

Editors Canoeist:

I wish to say to you that I think the CANOEIST looks finely in its new dress, and I hereby extend you my best wishes for a prosperous cruise. I hope you will, in the near future, put the tickets up to about \$3 per year and make weekly trips; at present it is a long time between drinks. If you know of any good fellow who wants a companion for a cruise on any river in New England, please give him my address, and I will confer with him.

Yours fraternally,

ED. H. COOLIDGE.

[We are daily in receipt of kind letters of congratulation, and though we are unable to acknowledge them all, we are duly grateful for them.

Our friends understand that the CANOEIST is gotten up in what we conceive to be the true sportsman spirit without any idea of monetary return. Were it not for the support of Mr. Brentano, an ex-officer of the A. C. A., and ex-Com. of K. C. C., the CANOEIST would not be published.

The editors have done their best to give all subscribers the worth of their money from month to month, but have been thus far too much engrossed with their own personal business affairs to carry out an already arranged plan of “booming” their favorite paper.

Nevertheless, the CANOEIST is gaining ground of its own accord, and if its present increase continues, some such plan as that suggested may be inaugurated.

Our friends can assist us materially by sending us the names of canoeists, and by their securing new subscribers. The editors will be glad to assist cruisers in finding companions. Those desiring such aid will please send to the CANOEIST office their names, and if unknown to us, their references, with a statement of the waters they desire to cruise upon.] Ed.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 20, 1885.

Editor American Canoeist:

DEAR SIR—The Remus Club is extinct. The membership and property having been transferred to the Rochester Canoe Club; which latter organization now has two fine houses on Irondequoit bay, with something over thirty canoes.

The R. C. C. ignited its first camp fire March 5th, with an attendance of twenty-three members. Literary and musical exercises rendered the evening enjoyable to all. The purser was requested to convey to the publishers of the AMERICAN CANOEIST, the hearty appreciation of the R. C. C. of the improvement in that magazine during the past year, and also express the good wishes of the club for its future success.

Respectfully,

GEO. H. HARRIS, Purser R. C. C.

CLUB DOINGS.

MOHICAN.

The "Turtles" are actively preparing for the opening of navigation, as a glance at the drawing table in the club room would show. The draughts thereon are filled with triangles, acute angles, etc., etc., mystic figures and the words "areas," "pressures," etc., indicating a determination on the part of the *sailors* to keep the championship away from the flag-ship, which promises *speed*. W. B. W.

THE WASHINGTON C. C. CAMP FIRES.

The Washington C. C. has held three very enjoyable winter camp fires, this season, at the residences of some of the Benedict members of the club. They have kept

canoeing enthusiasm in the club at fever heat, and have created no little interest in the sport among outsiders. The discussions at these meetings have been quite informal. Logs of sea and river cruises, have been read, camp cookery and outfits for canoe cooking have been discussed, and the doings of the club members afloat during the past summer have been recounted in prose and verse. An amusing and instructive feature was the criticism of the various craft in the fleet anonymously, the names of the canoes being drawn from a hat, each participant criticising the canoe whose name he drew, and handing in his conclusions to the chairman of the camp-fire committee, who read them all at the next camp fire.

Mr. J. A. Cole, a member of the club, is probably the most accomplished and artistic amateur photographer in Washington, and a lecture from him on photography at an approaching camp fire is looked forward to with a great deal of interest.

The club is already preparing for active cruising. The Potomac is quite free from ice, and the *Tonic* has been out several times recently.

Vice-Commodore Dodge rigged his shadow *Wanderer* as an ice-boat during the freeze-up, and sailed from the club house to Long Bridge, (1½ miles), so rapidly, that he almost imagined that he was sailing through the pure ether alone, without touching the ice.

Washington canoeists would like to know if the embryo Baltimore club is always to remain *in embryo*. The latter are cordially invited to visit the W. C. C. and inspect its house, canoes, and management.

NEWBURGH.

The Canoeists and Amateur Boatingmen of this vicinity met together on March 25th and formed an organization under the name of the "Newburgh Canoe and Boating Association."

We start the season with 20 active mem-

bers; owning 18 craft of various kinds, including 8 canoes. Seven of our members are also members of the A. C. A.

The following named officers were elected, viz: Commodore, Wm. E. Bartlett; Vice-Commodore, James T. Van Dalfsen; Captain, Nate S. Smith; Purser, Henry A. Harrison. The Club signal is a pointed burgee, white field, with a "dock-rat rampart," in black, upon it. PURSER.

DESERONTO.

The Deseronto Canoe Club held its second annual meeting March 13th. Last year's officers were re-elected, viz.: F. S. Rathbun, Captain; George Clinton, M. D., Mate; E. C. French, Purser.

Much enthusiasm prevailed when Captain Rathbun presented a handsome cup to be raced for monthly, by canoeists, during the coming season.

This club expects to build a large boat-house this spring, with plenty of accommodation for boats and canoes.

Some of the members are getting new boats, others are putting their craft in good trim for the coming campaign. The membership list increases. PURSER.

SING SING.

The Shattemuc Canoe Club of this place, organized last season, has now a membership of nine, with promise of more. We are ice-bound here at present, but hope to open our boat-house about the middle of April, when you will hear from us again. Our officers are: Commodore, G. Fisher Secor; Captain, J. K. Hand; Purser, T. J. Hand, jr. PURSER.

PHILADELPHIA.

On the evening of Wednesday, March 11th, the Philadelphia Canoe Club held a camp-fire, the third of the season. There were twenty-four members of the club present and several invited guests, among the latter being Messrs. Wilkin and Stephens, of New York. The Captain, W. H. Falkner, presided. Mr. Hagert read an entertain-

ing and interesting paper on the "Camp Cook," setting forth the woes and pleasures of that individual. At the conclusion of the paper, he and Mr. Cresswell gave a practical exemplification of the culinary art, by making over the pet oil-stove of the latter, a delicious brew of coffee. The club, in part, assembled in uniform, and each fellow guest or member supplied his own crockery (?). A lunch was served consisting entirely of camp fare, and the rest of the evening was spent in jollity, singing, informal speeches and story-telling. The club has several new songs, which they hope to ventilate with a full chorus at the A. C. A. Camp next summer.

The constitution is under revision, and there is every prospect that hereafter regular regattas will be held in the spring and fall.

THE K. C. C. CAMP-FIRES.

The fourth in the course of the K. C. C. camp-fires was held on March 17th, at Columbia Institute, No. 6, West 42nd Street; the subject being "Canoe Sails and Rigs," by Mr. Wm. Whitlock.

The speaker treated of the development of canoe sails, explaining all the characteristic forms from the primitive sharpie, sliding-gunter and standing-lug rigs, down to those now in common use. The principles of sailing were explained so far as necessary to point out the comparative merits of the different styles.

The advantages which two sails have over one, in the quicker handling of a boat were pointed out, and a practical method of finding the centre of effort and proper balance of the sails explained.

The different reefing-gears were described, diagrams being exhibited of the Baden-Powell, Tredwen, Vaux, and Stoddard gears.

It is impossible from the nature of Mr. Whitlock's subject for us to repeat any of the very many practical points given, because drawings are so essential to the

elucidation of anything concerning sails and running gear. We can only refer our readers to the many excellent works on the subject, notably those of Dixon Kemp and Stephens.

During the informal talk which followed the lecture the question was asked, "Why does a lateen, sail closer than a lug?" and the theory was given.

FIFTH CONFLAGRATION.

The fifth and last of this interesting and instructive series was held on March 31, the subject being "Canoe Navigation," by Mr. C. B. Vaux.

Mr. Vaux gave several good points in paddling. In speaking of upsets, he said that getting into a canoe was a knack which was easily mastered with practice. One is least apt to fill the canoe, in getting into it just forward or just aft of the cock-pit. One should tread water until he gets a firm hold on both sides of the deck and then spring up onto the canoe, as one mounts the bicycle, or with a motion similar to that of "breasting up" on a horizontal bar.

In learning to sail, one should practice with the minimum amount of sail until he has mastered the principles.

In "coming about" the rudder should not be turned far enough to stop the headway of the boat. A boat may be brought about without the use of the rudder at all, by throwing the weight well forward. If it is a double-rigged boat, trimming in the mizzen in the first part of the turn, assists the swing. When the boat's head comes into the wind, 'reaches the dead-point' as Mr. Vaux expressed it—if there is not sufficient impetus to carry it round, the boom of the fore-sail should be pushed to wind-ward to force the head of the boat around, and the mizzen eased a trifle at the same time.

Pushing the boom to windward, however, checks the boat's headway; to resort to this expedient too often displays bad seamanship.

After "coming about" has been mastered practice "jibing," as that is one of the dangerous points in sailing. Of course, practice it with a very small sail. The danger in this manoeuvre can be reduced to a minimum by careful management. Do not let the boom swing from one side clear to the other. Haul in the sheet until the wind catches the peak aback and drives the sail to the other side of the boat. While you are hauling in the sheet, you should at the same time "put up" the helm (turning the rudder to leeward). Leave the helm up (or rather it will be "down" after the jibe) long enough to bring the boat's head sufficiently far towards the wind, to allow the wind to spill out of the sail without forcing the sail forward of the mast. Of course this merely applies to jibing in a heavy wind.

In arranging for a cruise, it is essential that the canoeist should gather all available information about his cruising-ground before-hand. He should consult maps and correspond with post-masters concerning the condition of the water, dams, rapids, currents, prevailing winds, etc. Many a canoeist has learned that his chosen river is unnavigable after his cruise has been begun.

In cruising upon large rivers an unpleasant complication arises in steamers. Steamers do not generally recognize any code of signals with small craft. Avoid them.

In sailing near them, come up a little into the wind; look out for a "back-slap" if the steamer passes to windward of you, and be ready to ease your sheet and luff a trifle where she passes and the wind strikes you again.

In sailing watch everything; the water, the winds and the boat. "Eternal vigilance is the price of safety."

In determining the direction of the wind a pennant is not reliable. You can tell after a little practice from which quarter the wind comes by ripples upon the water,

and by its cool breath against your face.

In laying your course it is almost necessary that you steer by range points on the shore to discover your lee-way and the amount you drift with currents.

In running free, lay your course by some stationary point and steer for it. In sailing close hauled, watch for every opportunity to point up a little closer to the wind, without sailing too close. Let the boat luff, (come up into the wind) until the "luff" (forward part of the sail) begins to shake, and then let her "off" just enough to fill the sail.

In racing, the secret of success is not in any one trick or knack—not as it has been suggested in sticking your foot through the bottom of the canoe and using it as a centre-board. The secret of success lies in making the best of *everything*—estimating the proper amount of sail, laying the course (ranging it), calculating currents, trimming sails, etc., etc.

In estimating how fast currents are carrying you or how much lee-way you are making, your shore ranges are your only guides.

In laying your tacks against a tide or current, arrange them so that the current does not strike your boat broadside. Running straight into a current is the best direction you can take against it. Therefore make short tacks across it and long ones into it whenever you can.—CANOEIST'S REPORTER

A handsome nickle plated specimen of Captain Chester's new folding anchor has been presented by that gentleman to the Washington C. C. At the club's meetings and camp fires it has received much attention from the members, who unite in pronouncing it a most ingenious and valuable invention. Measurer Moore has recently received one of the same pattern of galvanized iron, which he will test practically as soon as the season opens, and report.

TONIC.

A WINDY DAY ON THE BAY.

One afternoon during the third week in October, when the cutters were doing their prettiest with the sloops down on the lower bay, three N. Y. C. C. members and two K. C. C. chaps crossed the bay together on the same ferryboat bound for the N. Y. C. C. house. It was blowing? Well, I just guess!

The sloops coming down the North River had put the peaks of their sails up a few feet above their booms—the gaff lashed fast to the boom—and a corner of the jib showing, just to keep things even. It was a jolly, October nor'wester, and no discount on that, either. Arriving at the club house they found the float washed fore and aft by every wave; the flood tide setting up against the wind making about as pretty a rumpus as can be seen on these waters even in March. Dot dared Freak to put off and sail a race around the spar buoy along shore and back. Guenn was on the float, holding on by the dead weight of her 200 lbs. of shot ballast only. In oilers, with plenty of ballast aboard, and reefed dandies stepped forward (15 feet spread) and storm dandy (5 ft.) aft, Dot and Freak watched their chances between seas, and up to their knees at times in the wash on the float shoved off and went at it. Guenn, with 25 feet dandy forward, at last was off, too. At times, when the squalls came down like a railroad train, even with such short sail—and the crew well up on the weather rail—sheets would have to be eased up a bit to prevent a capsize. The men at the house watched the sport with some little anxiety. It was wonderful to see how easily the boats came about in such a sea and with those handkerchiefs of sails. Running free was a difficult thing to do, and Dot three times came about to prevent jibing. Freak jibed, however, several times, and still lives. Three-quarters of an hour of it was enough for them all. It was fun, though.

SEA BEE.



FISH ROASTED WITHOUT UTENSILS.

The Adirondack guides have a clever way of roasting fish, as follows: The fish is cleaned, split and seasoned and laid open upon a piece of thick birch-bark before a blazing fire. The bark gives a delicious spice to the fish. Nature supplies the gridiron, and there is no dish-washing save the polishing of your sheath-knife on your trowers.

A member of the Ristigouche Fishing Club told the writer that once, while lost on a caribou hunt, twenty miles from a settlement in mid-winter, he broke a hole through the ice, caught a two pound fish with a drop-line, and having rolled it up in a newspaper greased with a tallow candle, he baked it on the live coals of a fire built on the ice. The paper peeled off with the skin, and the fresh, red meat washed down with some of the nectar which the Mohican boys call medicine, made the most delicious meat he had ever tasted, and kept himself and an Indian guide through a bitter night on the snow. The skin and paper were used as a mask to protect his face from a minus-forty-degrees atmosphere, and before morning it was increased in thickness by a coating of ice.

A CANOEIST'S BREAKFAST (*Continued*).

STEWED POTATOES—Cut up cold boiled potatoes into little dice-shaped pieces; put a quart of these into your frying pan or double kettle. Dredge them with salt, a little pepper and a table spoonful of flour, if you have it. Sprinkle over them a table-spoonful of chopped parsley or mint, if you have it. Add a pint and a half of milk and two table-spoonfuls of butter. Cook for about 15 minutes. A covered double kettle is the best utensil. If boiling in a frying-pan, stir frequently to prevent burning.

Understand that the flour and mint are not necessary, but they improve the stew. If you have no cold boiled potatoes, you may cut raw potatoes as directed and boil them in water for 10 minutes. Drain off the water and proceed as above, cooking only about 8 minutes instead of 15.

BACON.—Bacon is one of our best stand-bys. It keeps forever, (*i. e.* unless it's eaten) and it is easily cooked. Get "boneless" bacon if possible; it comes in burlap sacks 75c. to \$1, according to size. Cut it in the thinnest possible slices. Fry in its own grease, and you'll find there's plenty of it, or broil on a gridiron. One or two experiments will teach you the required time. It cooks and dries up quickly after being removed from the fire, so take off before it appears to be done. Eaten while hot it is delicious. Cold bacon is like salted shavings. When you have lived on bacon and scrambled eggs for two weeks as we have seen canoeists do, you may tire of it. Learn something besides frying bacon, boiling canned soup and opening canned corned beef.

POACHED EGGS ON TOAST, (or "dropped eggs," if you prefer the name) with a cup of coffee make a sensible breakfast before an early morning paddle. Fill the frying-pan about two-thirds full of water; throw in a table-spoonful of salt. Let it boil. Drop the eggs very carefully into the boiling water so that the yolks do not break. Don't let the eggs run into one another so as to form one big egg with a half dozen yolks. Cook till the whites begin to become cloudy, then remove the frying-pan. Place the eggs carefully on pieces of toast, buttered or not as you choose.

BROILED FISH.—Split and clean the fish. Do not allow it to soak in water. Grease the gridiron to prevent sticking. Better not salt or season till cooked. Broil the inside first, and then the skin. Season with salt, pepper and butter.

SAUCE PAN.

To be Continued.

THE

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No. 5.

THE FLAGSHIP, "MARION B."

The Commodore was satisfied with the *Grayling*. That is evident. But with a proper sense of the fitness of things, the Commodore foresaw that the flagship should have a place in keeping with her rank among the larger and abler canoes at the meet.

As the *Grayling* belonged to the smaller class (Class A), Mr. Rushton was instructed to enlarge the model—to inflate it, as it were, until it had expanded to the outside limits of the larger class (Class B). In this lies the *raison d'être* of the new model called the *Mohican No. 2*. The lines of the flagship, the *Marion B.*, therefore, differ but slightly from those of the familiar *Grayling* or modified *Stella Maris*.

It is not our purpose at present to discuss the probable sailing capability of the model, although an interesting study might be made of its lines as compared with those of the prominent canoes which it will engage for the sailing honors during the coming season. After all, the trial will be one of men rather than of boats, for in no athletic contest does the ability of the man, both physical and mental, more surely decide the issue than in canoe sailing-races.

It is not often that the highest officer among a large number of men is the most skilful in any specialty, yet it is safe to predict that the A. C. A. flagship will maintain a place in the sailing-races not far removed from that which she holds by virtue of rank in the review.

Those who adapted the kayack and the birch bark to the uses of manly sport must

look with increasing wonder, from year to year, at the changes that occur in canoes, their models, rigs and equipments. Differing as widely as did the *Rob Roy* from its primeval prototypes, or the *Nautilus* and *Shadows* from the *Rob Roy*, no less widely do the canoes of 1884-5 differ, especially in their rigs and fittings, from their immediate predecessors. While all the essential parts of the rigging and equipment of the *Marion B.* have been described from time to time in our columns, the judicious combination of so much that is excellent and comparatively new, renders to the boat the interest of novelty; while it may be justly said of the Commodore that no device passes through his hands without being bettered.

The hull of the *Marion B.* is a praiseworthy specimen of Mr. Rushton's best workmanship. The usual material has been employed, the deck and top-streak being of Spanish cedar; of course Mr. Rushton's method of construction in regard to red-elm strips and clinched nails has been followed. The dimensions are :

	Ft.	In.
Length.....	15	00
Beam.....		30½
Depth amidships.....		11
Height of bow.....		19½
Height of stern.....		17½
Crown of deck.....		2
Distance from foreside of stem to—		
Mainmast.....		15
Deck-hatch.....	4	
Forward end of pointed cockpit.....	5	
After end of cockpit.....	11	
Sliding bulkhead.....	8	10
Mizzenmast.....	12	2
Child's centre-board, 12 lbs.....	5	
Width of cockpit.....		17½

By reference to the drawing it will be noticed that the canoe has an ample cockpit, 6 feet in length, pointed, with high flare coaming.

It runs far aft, affording room and proper trim for two persons, while a long after-hatch and sliding bulkhead brings the deck-seat at the proper place when the boat is trimmed for its customary crew of one.

COMPARTMENTS.—ST and ST are two light brass sealed tanks. WT is the first trustworthy water-tight compartment with a movable hatch which we have seen, and it is itself worthy of special illustration. It is a commodious brass tank, built between two protecting wooden bulkheads and accessible through a circular hatch or bull's-eye, hinged and fastened with a thumb-screw. The lid, also of thin brass, is made upon a very light metal frame, which is ground to an absolutely circular shape, so that the joint is as neat and close as possible. A secondary rim crushes upon a rubber cord, sunk in a groove hollowed to receive it. That the hatch is water-tight is assured by the test of being submerged for some time without leaking. Over this metal hatch is a secure wooden hatch, not sunk into the deck, but raised upon a slight coaming.

The total weight of all tanks is only 13 lbs.

P is a sliding bulkhead slightly inclining aft. GB is a light wooden box 16x16x4, containing a camp kit, a *flamme forcè* and water-tight canisters as suggested by "Henrietta," in the CANOEIST of March, '84. The box is fastened by hooks to the bottom boards, so that in the event of a capsize it is *there*, serving as so much fixed ballast. It has a brass handle on one end, so that being removed from the canoe, the box is easily carried, endwise, to the camp-fire.

Aft of the sliding bulkhead and between it and the fixed bulkhead is ample stow-

age room for tent, mattress, blanket and clothes-bags, etc., etc.

The canoe is fitted with a Child's centre-board, as shown in cut; brass; weight 15 lbs.; length 30 inches, with 15 inch drop. Its forward end is placed 5 feet aft of the bow. K is a simple and sensible foot-steering gear, serving every purpose of the elaborate varieties. It consists of a strong stick with two wide jags cut into it near the ends, to receive the feet and keep them from sliding together. This stick is hung by means of a brass chain from its centre to a hook screwed into the bulkhead. The reach is lengthened by taking up a link or two of the chain, and shortened by letting out one or more links, as desired.

The rudder lines are lead through holes in the after part of the cockpit coaming and are lengthened or shortened to be adjusted to the position of the foot-gear, by the usual tent-guy contrivance under the deck.

F is a Barney friction-clutch deck-tiller, as described in the December CANOEIST, with the modification that instead of being slid over the mizzenmast it is attached to a block forward of it. It is slipped off the axle, instead of being removed with it.

A is the Oliver apron as described in the March CANOEIST. It slides as smoothly as a sliding seat in a racing shell and is lifted by a slight upward push.

The wooden hatch forward is permanently secured to the covering for 6 inches. The second section of hatch (1 foot in length) is secured with self-locking catches invented by Mr. Rushton; while the seam between it and the forward part is protected by an overlapping batten secured to the latter.

The sliding portion is an arch, so light as to be unobjectionable, and strong enough to be used as a seat with impunity.

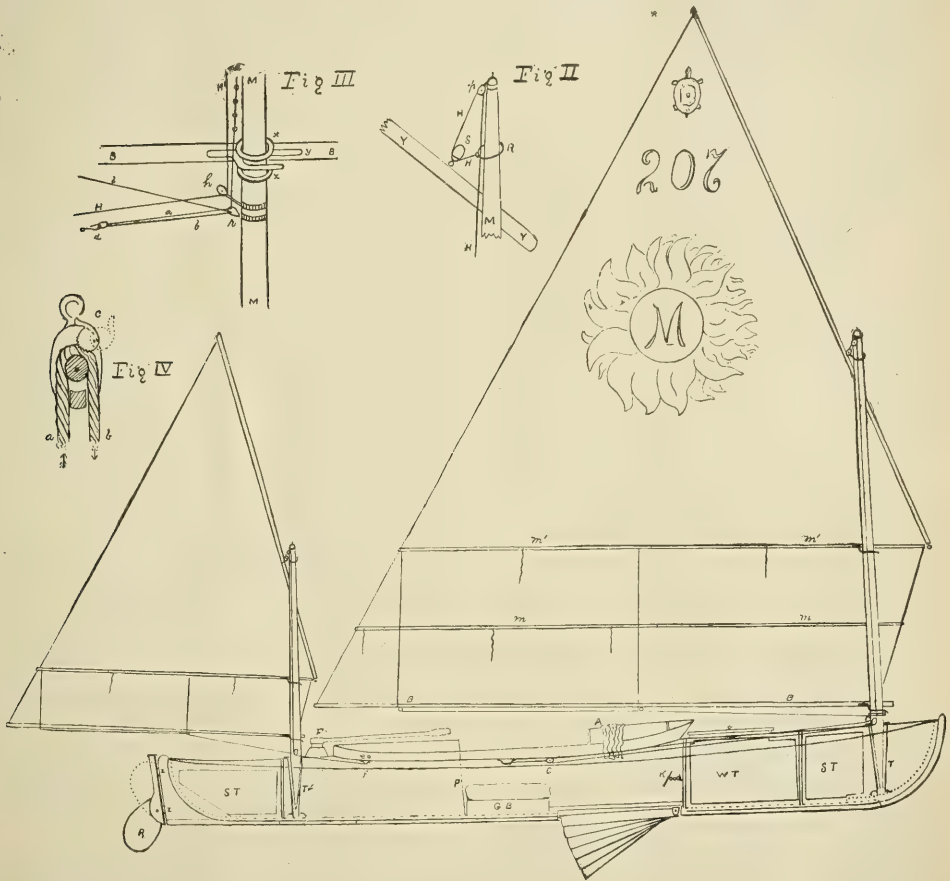
A deck-seat is used, differing somewhat from that described by Gen. Oliver in the CANOEIST, June, '84, with the advantage

that it may be folded and used as back-rest or stowed.

The rudder R is a Stoddard drop-rudder. Mr. Barney's method of attaching it to the boat, as described in December CANOEIST, has been adopted so far as the bar on the rudder is concerned. The tube running the length of the stern-post was thought objec-

feet; the latter 25 square feet reefing to 15 square feet : mainmast 7 feet above deck, spar 11 feet, boom 10 feet; mizzenmast 3 feet 6 inches above deck, spar 7 feet, boom 6 feet. Both sails are reefed with the Stoddard reefing-gear.

This gear was explained in the CANOEIST April, '84, but as it has met with such gene-



tionable in that a single dent in it would prevent shipping the rudder. The bar or heavy wire running the entire length of the rudder is, therefore, slipped into two strong strap gudgeons, *z z* about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches long each, and cut out (like the Barney tube) to admit the play of the rudder blade.

SAILS.—The sails consist of a Mohican main and mizzen; the former containing 70 square feet, reefing to 55 and 42 square

feet, and as one or two slight modifications have been made since then, we believe the description of it, with the latest improvements, will be useful to many canoeists.

The general principle employed is that commonly used in hoisting a flag on a pole by means of a continuous halyard and downhaul.

When the sail is spread the yard is "chock up" to the block at the masthead;

on revolving the line on which it is hung the sail is partially lowered, while self-adjusting cords gather in the slack of the sail at the foot and make the batten fast to the boom.

But we must specify to explain the details. In Fig. II. the halyard H starts from a light metal ring R, and passes through a snatch-block S, which is lashed to the yard YY, and leads through a block p, which is lashed to the mast M. It passes down the mast and leads through a block h, Fig. III, which is lashed to the mast MM, thence aft to cam block c, Fig. I., alongside of the cockpit and within the skipper's reach. Passing through this block, it doubles on itself and returns forward as the downhaul, *a*, Fig. III. Passing through a ring, *r* (which is lashed to the mast) it is led through little rings *a* sewed along the sail, up alongside the mast until it is seized to the upper batten, *m'm'*, Fig. I.

It is evident that hauling on the halyard raises the sail by means of the snatch-block, *s*, on the yard; the ring, *R*, traveling up the mast with it, it is equally evident, and that a pull on the downhaul lowers the sail by means of the batten *m'm'*, Fig. I.

The small reef lines, shown in Fig. I., lead from the after end of the batten, *m'm'*, perpendicularly to the boom on both sides of the sail; they pass through sheaves or dead-eyes on either side of the boom, and being spliced together, continue as one line. This line leading below the boom is met by a pair of similar lines leading from the middle of the batten. These are also spliced into the same line, so that all four lines unite to form a single line, *b*, Fig. III., which leads through the ring *r*, and is itself connected, as we shall see presently, with the downhaul. It was originally spliced into the downhaul, but to equalize the strain on the reefing-lines and the downhaul, the line *b* runs through a ring, and doubling on itself it returns as the

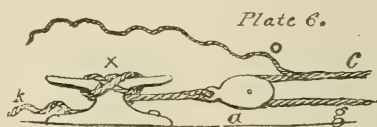
downhaul *a*, being spliced into and forming a continuous line with the downhaul or strand which leads from the forward part of the batten as described above.

The ring pulling these lines aft and equalizing their strain, makes the connection with the other part of the downhaul again complete by means of a hook *d*, Fig. III, just forward of the cockpit. Hauling the downhaul through the cam block *c*, pulls the hook and ring aft. The ring in turn draws the reefing line, *bb* which leads to the after parts of the batten, and it also draws the main strand *a*, hitherto spoken of as the downhaul, which runs to the forward end of the batten. The ring equalizes the strain so that the batten is drawn evenly and snugly to the boom. The slack of the downhaul running through the cam block becomes now the halyard which lengthens proportionately as the yard lowers. A short line is rove through the eye on the block *c*, and is belayed to a cleat on deck. The tension on all lines is increased by drawing this line taut.

We thus have a practically endless line, whose two ends are lashed, one to the yard and the other through many dividing strands, to the batten, *m'm'*.

Unless there were something to hold the halyard the sail would slip down of its own weight.

The halyard was held in the original gear by splicing an auxiliary line into it forward of the block *c*. This line was belayed to a cleat on deck, as shown in the drawing Plate 6, taken from the *CANOEIST* of April, '84.



Gen. Oliver first used a cam cleat on deck to grasp and hold the halyard, thus saving the additional line. His latest device is the cam block, the action of which is explained in Fig. IV. It is an ordinary

metal block fitted with a cam or eccentric *c*. This has a toothed edge, and as the line runs from *a* to *b*, around the sheave, it turns the cam upon itself and binds between the sheave and the cam. The line is released by turning the cam away from the cord, as shown by the dotted line.

Returning to the larger drawing, Fig. I., let us suppose that we wish to reef the sail down to the first batten, *m m*.

The cam block *c* is opened, and the downhaul drawn aft until the batten *m m* is close to the boom *BB*. when the cam is again secured. The batten is secured to the boom by the device known as "Dot's" reefing-gear (see CANOEIST, February, '83), the lines leading from two points on the batten, *m m* perpendicularly, to the boom; through dead-eyes lashed to the latter, and thence aft to a small cleat on the boom and within the skipper's reach. To take in the second reef the cam is again opened, and the downhaul hauled aft as before. There is no auxiliary reef attached to the upper batten save a couple of ordinary reefing points, which indeed are attached to both battens, serving to make the reef more secure when there is ample time, and as a standby in case the other gears do not run smoothly.

There is but one reef in the mizzen, fitted with a Stoddard gear identical with that used on the main, excepting that the lines lead forward to a cleat on deck, *f*.

In Fig. III, *y* is a jaw on the boom which prevents the boom's running forward; *x x* are two wooden or rubber collars, fastened around the mast *MM* to prevent the jaw running up or down the mast. A similar jaw is attached to the upper batten.

TO REMOVE THE SAIL FROM THE MAST : It is lowered ; the halyard is released from the snatch-block *s*, Fig. II; the hook *d* Fig. III, is detached from the reefing lines near the deck ; and the jaws are released from the mast. The halyard remains on the mast.

A NIGHT ON A SCOW.

By F. H. S. (Author of "A Canoe Trip.")

It was a dark night; the wind blew in fitful gusts; every star had been shut out from view by great rolling masses of leaden-colored clouds, which had come up suddenly from the westward, propelled by a freshening wind, and which tore the crests of the waves around us into gleaming white-caps and made our canoes dance at a lively rate.

Joe and I had been down to Fighting Island—not to fight, but to get a shot at the ducks, and we were making the water hiss and foam at the bows of our canoes as we raised our best "ashen breeze" in the endeavor to get home before the storm broke. Suddenly a huge black object raised itself up out of the gloom in front of us. We found it to be a Stony Point scow. As we passed around under her stern Joe beat a tattoo with his paddle alongside the cabin window, through which shone a light, although the hour was late.

"What do you say to a night on this scow?" asked Joe.

"Wait till you're asked," replied I.

"We'll never make the five miles between here and Detroit before the hurricane breaks," retorted Joe.

Saying which, he seized a davit rope and swung himself up on deck with the painter of his canoe between his teeth, while I waited below to make sure whether he would come back or not, hastily, head foremost for his temerity. Joe remained away such a long time, and meanwhile great drops of rain had begun to patter on the deck of my canoe, that I was about to follow him, when his head appeared over the rail.

"Come on, F——; here's richness!" cried he.

"Where's the captain?"

"Gone."

"The cook?"

"Gone."

"The dog?"

"Gone."

"Well, then, in the name of the Constitution of these United States and for the sake of our own, do we take, seize and hold this aquatic vehicle!" cried I, jumping aboard, and in a trice our canoes were up and snugly stowed, bottom up, along under the rail, and, in the blinding rain, we made our way toward the cabin.

Since

"Noah he did build an ark,"

according to the old song, I do not believe there is the like of the Lake St. Clair scow. She is usually from 40 to 75 feet long, generally blunt ended and flat-bottomed—a sort of oblong box, with a faint curve up from the water at the bow and stern; two-masted, the foremast a stump, the mainmast with an upper spar for a triangular topsail, which, with the two mainsails and one or two jibs, constitute her propelling power. She has a centerboard and broad hatches lead into the hold, which holds her usual freight of cordwood, stone or sand. The cabin is built in the stern, two-thirds below and one-third above deck, and is marked by a length of rusty stove-pipe pointing heavenward, with a demoralized sort of rake—spitting smoke discouragedly at a string hung full of phenomenally patched garments, out to dry. The scow captain is an adept at profanity. He can with poetic ease gurgel out wonderfully constructed oaths without repeating himself, for an indefinite period. He can pile cordwood, when he is buying it, so closely that no interstices are visible; he can pile it, when selling it or when being paid for freight on it, so as to make two loads out of one and with such interstices that a cat could be slung through the pile without barking her fur—although barking may be somewhat furrin' to a cat anyway. Speaking of barking, he generally has a dog—not a sociable animal—noisy, very—so that whether the captain has wood aboard or not, he always has a *full* cargo of barks.

The captain, like his dog, is generally mad, never religious; prohibitionist, not much!

The first thing Joe and I did was to look out for the dog. We pushed open the slide cover over the companion-way and descended. A fire burned merrily in the cook stove, and the little box-like room, with its walls adorned with pictures from the police papers, was lit up by a lantern hanging from the roof. A partition divided the cabin near the middle, the other side being used for a bunk room. Before venturing into the latter, Joe and I lifted our pure, sweet dulcet voices:

"We're monarchs of the seas,
Ain't we—well, we should sneeze!"

No answer.

"Hallo-o-o-o-o!"

Same reply.

Then we looked in. No one was there. Deserted!

We proceeded to fill our pipes and make ourselves comfortable.

How the rain did pour and the wind did howl outside! We wrestled a long time with a pack of greasy cards, and refreshed the inner man from our canoe kits, and finally, after a most soulful, consummately utter search among the clothing in the bunks, to see there was nothing lurking there to carry us off in the night, we turned in and snored and slept as only tired canoeists can.

It must have been about four o'clock in the morning that we were suddenly awakened. It was the captain. He had sculled his dingy plump, head on, into the side of his scow, making a tremendous thump. We could hear him sprawling, end over end, over the seats in the bottom of his boat from the shock of the collision, and above all we could hear his mellifluous voice raised in unscriptural exhortation.

He was drunk!

"We've got to get out of here," said Joe.

"Why?"

"Heavens, man, he'll take us for thieves and shoot us! Quick—come on!"

We put out the light, slid the companion hatch noiselessly, and crawled out into the darkness and rain. Joe took a tea kettle and sent it clattering and banging down into the cabin. The captain had just stumbled over the rail, and attracted by the noise, charged for the cabin, while Joe and I stealthily crawled along under the rail on the opposite side to where our canoes were and crouched down.

Joe watched until the captain disappeared, then stole quietly back, slid the hatch over, slapped down the hasp, sprung the padlock, and we had the captain a prisoner. This was answered by a couple of shots from the captain's revolver. I could hear the wood of the hatch splinter and the ping! ping! of the bullets as they sped upwards into the darkness.

"Get the canoes over!" yelled Joe.

The captain had commenced to break open the hatch.

"Hurry up!" shouted Joe.

It seemed as if those canoes had never weighed so much.

Bang! bang! bang!

The hatch began to give just as I got the canoes over, and Joe and I were into them and only a couple of lengths away from the scow when the captain appeared foaming at the rail. He fired at us twice, and the way the whistling of those bullets caused Joe and I to paddle would have won us a prize at an A. C. A. meet.

I held my breath as I saw the dark form of the captain loom up over the rail—it seemed only a rod away—level his pistol for the last time and take careful aim. I almost stopped paddling, awaiting the coming messenger—be it harmless or not. It seemed so long in coming as to make it an agony. The captain was bound to hit us. It was his last shot.

It came. I saw the flash and heard a *spish ping* in between my canoe and Joe's and it was all over.

"He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day,"

remarked Joe, as we reached the shore and hauled up our canoes. We bunked in them until daybreak, which saw us wearily paddle into the boat house at home.

FROM THE SWEETHEART'S LOG.

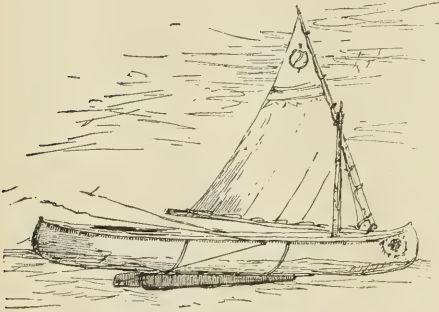
"Mark!" shouted the Commodore, as a flock of mallards rose from the rushes on our right. Our excitement in launching had driven all thoughts of game from our minds, and I now hastily drew forth the little twelve-bore and dropped in two shells marked No. 6.

The ducks had dropped in just ahead. Swiftly the Commodore paddled across the little lake, and by the time I had the *Sweetheart* fairly hidden, "Ping!" went a bullet over my head, and "Boom!" awoke the echoes of the surrounding hills. It was my laugh this time; the *Blackbird* was duck shooting with a 45-calibre Winchester.

The mallards were flying southward, and I laid down my gun and grasped the paddle; but they turn and swing toward me, loth to leave their feeding ground. Lower and lower, closer and closer, till from my flattened position I can see their glossy green necks and "paper collars" glistening in the sunlight. "Quack! quack!" the leader sees me and they mount skyward; but too late—pa-bang! goes eight drams of powder and two ounces of shot into their midst.

The sequel was not so funny. I found myself head downward amongst the reeds and lily pads, kicking and scrambling for dear life, while, with a drowning man's clutch I grasped the mulish little shot-gun. With what grateful breaths did I drink in the fresh air, when I managed to get my head above water. Apparently there was no bottom, and I lay across the keel and wept—but the tears were not salt. It was the *Blackbird's* turn to laugh now.

A NEW ADJUSTABLE CENTRE-BOARD.



The above cut shows the centreboard recently invented by Mr. J. W. Rough, of the New Rochelle Rowing Club, adjusted to an open Peterboro' canoe.

The board is a simple solution of the problem; how to attach a centreboard without cutting the canoe.

It consists of a light wooden shoe-piece about ten inches in width which is made to fit the bottom of the canoe, over the keel if there is one. The centreboard which is made of light wood, is fixed at right angles to this shoe. The shoe and board are bound rigidly to the bottom of the canoe by thin brass straps which fit closely to the sides of the boat and are attached on either side to the gunwales.

A rudder hung on the after part of the centreboard may be locked, so as to become a fixed part of the board. The whole contrivance may be adjusted or removed while under way.

The test of a hard seasons work on the open waters of Long Island Sound seems to have demonstrated the practical value of the centreboard to those who have used it.

ROBINSON CRUSOE ON THE THAMES.

There was a little discussion last year in *Notes and Queries* about the date, ownership and navigation of the first pleasure canoe. As I have not seen this quoted, I transcribe it in substance for the benefit of those who are curious in such matters.

John Coryford writes: "I should feel obliged if anyone would favor me with his recollection of what used to be a common object on the Thames, between Honeyford and London Bridge some forty years ago. I mean old Robinson Crusoe's Canoe. It used to hover about the steamers at the piers while its occupant collected halfpence on the plea set out in a placard that he had saved lives, the exact number being inserted in chalk. This was, I fancy, the parent of the present race of pleasure canoes. I was among a knot of old watermen the other day, who all remembered it, but gave different accounts; and one who seemed clearest in his recollection, asserted that it was eighteen feet long and made of tin."

Eighteen feet over all and no appreciable beam rules Robinson out of the A. C. A. races we fear, but let us go on: Mr. Gibbes Rigaud, incited by the foregoing, asserts that "more than forty years ago * * * Mr. Julius (here follows an account of who he was) built the first light pleasure canoe that I ever saw or heard of, and used to flit up and down the Thames above bridge to Twickenham, or below the bridge to Isleworth or Kew." Then follows "F. G. S." who refers to "Satirical print, No. 4705, British Museum, of date about 1772. This is an etching by Mathew Darly, entitled "The Isis Macaroni," representing "a young man standing upright in a canoe, and paddling himself with a very long paddle. * * * The boat is a canoe proper, with upward curving head and stern, and is evidently a crank little craft, very little larger in proportion to the rower than a modern canoe."

This ends the correspondence. We have several times appealed in vain to our Canadian cousins for the traditions of early pleasure canoeing in Canada. Perhaps now that our ancient, venerable and esteemed English contemporary has interested itself in the question, they will be more diligent in antiquarian research.

THE HERALD PERSONAL AGAIN.

Our readers will no doubt remember the touching little "Personal" from the *Herald* a few months ago. It read as follows: "CANOE.—Everything wrong. You the only consolation left. Ever Yours," and we endeavored in an humble way to expound what seemed obscure in the meaning. We do not—more the shame to us—study the personal column every day, and it is quite possible that "Canoe" is at regular or irregular intervals a patron of our esteemed contemporary's convenient columns. Be this as it may, it was not until March 11th ultimo, that the familiar side-head again caught our eye:

CANOE.—Merely a remembrance to-day, as there is nothing new.

This was unsatisfactory and exasperating and nearly a fortnight elapsed before a gleam of light rewards our daily search for a response. It came in this wise: (Mch. 24).

BARK-SACHÉ:—Ceci. C'est que de loin comme de près. Je suis tout à toi.

"Bark" was sufficient to identify the correspondent by a natural sequence of ideas—Canoe—Birch—Bark—don't you see? and we were not surprised to find the following four days later (Mch. 28).

CANOE.—Absence not long enough to root out quite all, love increases at second sight.

Oracular, but upon the whole satisfactory.

The *Herald* of the following day (Mch. 29) contained the answer for which "Canoe" has watched through these long and weary weeks, and although the signature is different, we cannot doubt that this is merely a subterfuge.

Will meet you Monday, 11 A. M., Hotel Everett, Chatham St. Low.

Who shall transcribe the exultation of "Canoe?" he condensed it all into these six words which appeared most appropriately on the last day of Winter.

CANOE.—Shall expect you with beating heart.

So, let us hope that Canoe's little ro-

mance ends happily where the April sunshine sifts down upon the ash-barrels and the accumulated winter débris of Chatham street; where the City Hall trains rush along the lofty trestle-work, and the tinkle of the passing street car never ceases. There at 10.45 A. M. no doubt "Canoe" sat with beating heart, and we sincerely trust the meeting was a happy one, and that no untoward misfortune mars the future prosperity of this persevering advertiser.

 STELLA MARIS MORTUA
IN MARE.

A Stella Maris canoe once lived upon the Connecticut River. She was well built, had a remarkably handsome deck, and was as good a little craft as a canoe of her size could be. She had cruised down to and upon the Sound; had visited Lake George, Stony Lake and many other waters; but one day her owner concluded he needed more room when afloat, so he took off her name plates and shipped her West. Her new owner took her upon a two weeks' cruise down the oily waters of the Alleghany, but he was a six-footer, and before he reached home he vowed he would have a craft in which it was possible to turn around without getting outside to do it, and he sold her. Her third owner had possessed her scarcely two months, ere he ordered a Princess, and again the little canoe took up her westward way. Now who shall say what feeling of despair possessed her heart of oak at this triple desertion? Be that as it may, the very first time that Skipper No. 4 ventured out into the raging Ohio in his newly purchased craft she took the bit in her teeth, and plunged beneath a coal barge,—literally committed suicide, for she was ground into a hopeless wreck, while No. 4. considered himself lucky to escape with his life. And now in this, her obituary, by which of her names shall we call her? Let us say simply Giroflesolitudeamaryllisedna REQUIESCAT IN OHIO.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN A. C. A.

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R. B. BURCHARD, }

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Vice-Commodore—F. S. RATHBUN, Deseronto, Ont.

Rear-Commodore—F. F. ANDREWS, Rochester, N. Y.

Secretary and Treasurer—DR. CHAS. A. NEIDÉ, Schuylerville, N. Y.

The Executive Committee is composed of the Officers and the following members at large:—E. G. RAND, Cambridge, Mass.; R. E. WOOD, Peterboro, Ont.; C. B. VAUX, New York City.

The Secretary of the American Canoe Association requests persons sending money to him, to do so either by registered letter or Post-Office money order, on *Saratoga, N. Y.*

If canoeists will send application to the Secretary of the A. C. A., enclosing \$2.00 for initiation fee and dues for the first year, their names will be presented for membership.

Cleveland, to the Ohio and down that river to the Mississippi, to Lake Ponchatrain and reached the Gulf of Mexico at sunset on New Year's day. The attractive volume before us comprises the log of the *Aurora*, Dr. Neidé's boat, and the *Comfort* that of his faithful comrade.

To all canoeists it is full of interest. How the two voyagers sailed and paddled and camped, how they met and overcame the obstacles and dangers inseparable from so long a voyage; the green characters whom they encountered, the types of life along the great inland water courses; the courtesy which they almost uniformly received at the hands of flat-boatmen, steam-boat hands, fellow canoeists and residents along shore, all go to make an entertaining journal of adventure. A complete log of such a trip would be monotonous, and the author has judiciously pruned his narrative so that it fills a little more than 200 pages of readable type. It is a welcome addition to the growing literature of canoeing and we commend it to our readers as a pleasant herald of the coming season.



THE AURORA'S LOG.

Dr. Charles A. Neidé, the well-known and popular Secretary of the American Canoe Association, makes his bow to the canoeing world as the author of a book just issued from the office of *Forest and Stream*, under the taking title of "From the Adirondacks to the Gulf." The general facts of the cruise are already known to the fraternity. How, in company with that other veteran paddler, Capt. Kendall, he started from Lake George in August, made the usual portage into Lake Champlain, thence by canal to Lake Erie, to

FLY-RODS AND FLY-TACKLE.

The paddle and the fly-rod are the magic wands which give to the experienced sportsman the open sesame to the hidden wonders of the wood-land.

To those of our associates who feel the spirit of the gentle Isaak Walton tingling in their veins, and who long for the trout-brook as well as the rapid, we can do no better service than to commend to their service the excellent council and instruction written by Mr. Henry Wells in "Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle." While the author, with the modesty native to a sportsman, addresses himself only to beginners, the book is exhaustive in the details of construction of rods and tackle, and fertile in suggestions as to their use. The letterpress is in accordance with the publishers' (Harper and Bros.) usually high standard.



At a meeting of canoeists representing different clubs, held at Newburg, March 30, it was decided to hold the Spring Meet on the last Friday and Saturday of May, 29th and 30th. The camp will be ready for canoeists on Thursday, the 28th. It will be located at Plum Point, near the camp ground of last year. The float will be anchored off the northern extremity of the point, and all races will start from and finish at that point.

The course for sailing races will be a three-mile triangle, the base running one mile due east from the float, thence north-westerly one mile and back to the starting point.

The paddling course will be a half-mile south from the float and return.

Wind and weather favoring, the regular races will be sailed Friday afternoon, May 29th. Should there be no wind the sailing races will be postponed till the following day, to be sailed either morning or afternoon, as the Regatta Committee may decide. There will be four races in the following order:

- First—Class 4, paddling.
- Second—Class A, sailing, 3 miles.
- Third—Class B, sailing 3 miles.
- Fourth—Class 2, paddling, 1 mile.

Saturday will be reserved for special races and other events of interest. For that day the committee in charge would like a race between four canoes, to be selected, one each, from the four leading models in the races of the day before. A race in which all unclassified canoes could enter is also desired.

If secretaries of clubs will, at their earliest convenience, report to Mr. H. A. Harrison, Purser, N. C. C., the number of

their men likely to be present, they will greatly aid the Committee in making the necessary arrangements.

Transportation from New York may be had by steamer James T. Brett, from foot of Rector street, Pier 6, at eleven o'clock A. M., and from West Twenty-first at 11:15. She will stop at the Knickerbocker Club House, and at Rockland Point or Haverstraw for the Shattemucs of Sing Sing, if desired.

Canoeists from up the river may come by Albany Day Line, Newburg and Albany steamers, or West Shore Railroad, the freight yard of the latter being close to the water.

Those on the line of the O. & W. R. R. may come to Cornwall, one mile from camp.

The "Bumboat Man" will be on hand to furnish provisions to those who may desire them.

Further information will be furnished on application to H. A. Harrison, Lock Box 512, Newburgh, N. Y.

For the Committee,
NATE S. SMITH.

A DIVISION OF THE A. C. A.

MY DEAR CANOEIST:

It is quite evident to me that the Association is growing so rapidly and covers such a large area of territory that one annual week is not sufficient. If a locality is chosen convenient for the members *East* of the 80th degree it is too far distant for the western men to generally attend and *vice versa*. I believe that the time has come to amend the Constitution so so that all members may have an equal interest and benefit in the Association; but it is equally important that the Association be kept intact and be governed by one representative body in order that the same rules of measurement, racing, etc. may be observed by all canoeists. I would therefore suggest:

That provisions be made to subdivide the Association into such geographical divisions as an executive committee may consider suitable to the best interests of the organization.

That each division should have its annual meet, and should there elect for each a Vice-Commodore, a Rear-Commodore and Division Secretary and Treasurer.

That these officers should organize and command the division meets in the absence of the Commodore.

That the officers from each division and three additional members, duly elected from each, should meet together and elect a Commodore and an Association Secretary and with these officers constitute the Executive Committee which shall govern the whole Association.

That the Commodore shall visit, if possible, each of the Division meets, assuming command during the time of his visit, enforcing the laws, etc.

That the Association Secretary should have the same duties as at present, but the Division Treasurer have authority to expend the moneys necessary to carry on the Division meets, report the canoes for registry to the Secretary, and publish annually the cruises and references in their division for general distribution.

That the annual dues be two dollars; one dollar of which to be paid over by the Association Treasurer to the Division Treasurer for each member of the division and to be used for expenses of meet, etc.; the balance to be used for Association Book, general expenses, etc., and to be expended as directed by the Executive Committee.

Various other minor amendments would be necessary to make a homogeneous Constitution. The Executive Committee should meet and organize as soon after the annual division meets as practicable; and the Commodore, when elected, should at once appoint regatta committees for each division for the next meet. Dues should

be paid by May or June 1st, so that money could be on hand for summer expenses.

In the way I propose, the Association would be sure of an equal and equitable government for all divisions; and the regatta would be planned alike, and members could attend the annual meets with equal benefit.

It is useless to disguise the fact that we are threatened with the secession of a number of members west of the 80th degree because they can derive but little benefit from the Association as now organized. This is greatly to be deplored, and it is therefore that I would urge a change in the organization which may preserve it intact, and at the same time benefit all alike.

Around the nucleus gathered at Bal-last Island this summer will grow a large and powerful body. If these gentlemen will take up some such proposed amendments, elect Vice and Rear Commodores and Division Secretary and Treasurer, agreeing to retain membership in the Association as a Western Division, organized as I propose, I for one will do all in my power to secure the adoption of a similar organization on the part of the members present at the Grindstone Island meet this summer.

They should, if possible, send their proposed division officers to the A. C. A. Meet empowered to express the views and desires of the Western men.

Personally, I think that two divisions at present are sufficient, as I have had repeated assurance that Canada prefers not to be considered a northern division; but the time may come and is not far off, if the growth of the last few years is any criterion, when four divisions will be necessary for reasons already given. A member will be at liberty to attend any of the meets and his additional dollar will be paid to that treasurer, and the tendency to large, unwieldy meetings will be avoided in a measure.

I hope that at all the local meets this

spring, these matters will be thoroughly discussed, and that members will come to the annual meet prepared for the issue, which is sure to be made.

ROBERT SHAW OLIVER,
Commodore A. C. A.

Albany, N. Y., April 27.

REGATTA COMMITTEE.

OFFICE OF R. W. GIBSON,
ALBANY, N. Y., March 1885.

In arranging for the prize flags for the regatta of 1885, the committee venture to hope that it may not be necessary to present any factory-made articles. They believe that many members and friends of the A. C. A. will gladly send flags, which will be doubly prized as being at the same time association trophies and personal favors. The committee, therefore, ask you to fill and return the accompanying blank, promising for yourself or for a friend a contribution to the list. The flags should be of silk, painted or embroidered, of any size from A. C. A. regulation upward. Contributors may of course designate a race for which the flag is offered, and the committee will arrange as far as possible upon such suggestions. The name or initials of the maker or designer will add to the value of a flag. Flags not particularly designated will be marked for appropriate races by the committee.

The high appreciation of the prizes heretofore given by friends (by ladies especially) lead the committee to expect a ready response to this appeal. The prizes should be sent to the committee before the first of July. The promise should be given as soon as possible. The following blank forms have been distributed :

To the Regatta Committee A. C. A.,

Care of Mr. R. W. Gibson,

Albany, N. Y.:

The undersigned will send before July 1st, for the A. C. A. Regatta of 1885,—

prize flag — which — offered by —
— Member A. C. A.
— (Address.)

N. B.—If any particular race is preferred please refer to programme and quote.

Event No.—Class—Sailing or Paddling.

The committee owe acknowledgment and thanks for flags to the following members and friends, in addition to those named in the last CANOEIST : Mrs. C. K. Munroe, New York, two flags ; the St. Lawrence C. C., Canton, N. Y. ; Secretary Charles A. Neid , New Orleans, La. ; Mr. Grant Van Deusen, Rondout, N. Y. ; Mr. F. S. Rathbun, Deseronto, Ont. ; the Rochester C. C., Mr. R. J. Baldwin, for Miss Baldwin, Ottawa ; Mr. J. K. Bakewell, for Mrs. Bakewell, Washington ; Mr. Will Brooks, for Mrs. Brooks, San Francisco, Mr. W. J. Root, Brooklyn ; Mr. S. C. Titus, Auburn, N. Y., each one flag.

Also special prizes as follows : Mr. S. D. Kendall, Tarpon Springs, Fla., a flag for canoeist making longest independent cruise ; and *Dorsal Fin*, a camp kit for an appropriate competition.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., May 4, 1885.

To members of the American Canoe Association :—

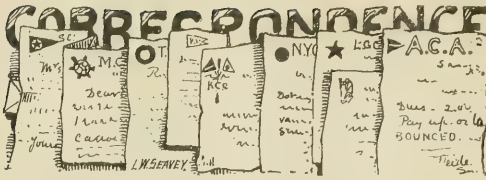
Up to this date I have received and forwarded to Messrs. Tiffany & Co., Union Square, N. Y., fifty-two orders for badges.

The manufacturers inform me that they will require one month in which to complete them. Respectfully yours,

CHAS. A. NEID , Secy. A. C. A.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. J. J. Delaney of Grindstone Island.

From our acquaintance with Mr. Delaney last summer we learned to know him with respect ; and we appreciate the sincerity of the high tribute to his manly and Christian qualities that was pronounced over him by the Pastor of the Clayton parish.



Mr. William E. Sylvester, Willard, Seneca Lake, N. Y., sends us a very pretty photograph of his private boat house, showing the canoes *Avis* and *Inez* returning from a paddle. He says: "Members of the A. C. A. will find here a welcome and accommodation for their canoes. The house is half way down the lake, on the eastern shore; it always floats during the season an A. C. A. flag or the Union Jack."

A correspondent writes: "I have just built a canvas canoe for my vacation cruising, American Traveling Canoe model, 14 feet by 26 inches. Would you recommend putting bilge keels on it in addition to the usual keel? My keel is half-inch depth. The frame consists of light ash strips running lengthwise over pine bulkheads and ash ribs. The canvas is very heavy. I had bilge keels on my canoe last summer, and in severe rapid work they saved the boat many hard knocks. If they are not really necessary, however, I would prefer to leave them off to lessen weight."

[It seems to us that your own experience would seem to point out the necessity of outside strips on the bilges of your canvas canoe. We have seen them used even on strong cedar canoes. If you propose to tackle rocky rapids again, you will find the extra protection will more than compensate for increase of weight.—ED.]

In answer to the question, "Where can I get a small lantern for canoe outfit, candle preferred?" we would say on the lantern question in general, that the law requires all small boats to carry a lantern. Lanterns with port and starboard lights have been used by many of the clubs, but since they are misleading to the pilots of steamers, their use is condemned. The

Mohican C. C. have been in the habit of carrying a small lantern, with candle, hung from the dandy mast aft of the cockpit. Being behind the skipper, it throws no glare in his eyes, and the light, while being in accordance with the law, informs passing steamers of the locality of the canoe.

This practice was strongly recommended at one of the K. C. C. camp fires, and it has been adopted by the leading clubs.

Of course our inquirer can obtain such a lantern of any hardware dealer or tinsmith.

Mr. Stoddard presented us with a lantern, which has an attachment with a coil of paper caps, which renders the lantern self-lighting in a gale of wind. Another accessory, in shape of an air barrel with a spring around a piston rod, extinguishes the flame without removing the glass.—ED.

CLUB DOINGS.

PITTSBURGH.

The Pittsburg C. C. begin the year with bright prospects for a successful season. The club has a new burgee, 12 by 18 inches, white ground, blue border, and blue letter P in the centre; a new sailing device, a half-moon with a profile face in it, to be put in peak of mainsail in red; a new uniform, gray and brown. The new board of officers are: Captain, Reade W. Bailey; Mate, W. Howard Nimick, and Purser, William W. Lawrence. The first race, a sailing match between the new Rushton *St. Lawrence*, and an old Rushton, *Shadow*, is arranged for May 2d; and the Spring Regatta will take place while our Eastern brethren are encamped at Newburgh. A camp will doubtless be held on the Monongahela, from May 29th to June 1st, and a cruise upon the headwaters of that river is proposed. If the Mohican sail has taken the fancy of canoeists generally with anything like the vigor it has in Pittsburgh, there will be few other sails upon Eel Bay this season; for of the ten or twelve men of this Club who expect to camp at Dela-

ney's Point on July 25th, no less than eight have provided themselves with that style of rig, with more to hear from. Two 60 ft. specimens are already decorated with the A. C. A. numbers in large red figures, evincing the determination of their owners to "be there." A noteworthy indication of the growth of the A. C. A. is the fact that the register numbers of three Pittsburghers who joined the Association in 1883, '84 and '85 are respectively 240, 596 and 786. May it reach the thousand before another year.

DESERONTO.

At a Special Meeting held 20th inst., the Deseronto C. C. resolved :

"That this club hereby invite members of Canadian Canoe Clubs, to hold their Spring Meet in the vicinity of Deseronto, and that a cordial invitation be hereby extended to as many of our American brethren as can join us at that time."

Let us add that we have many choice spots for camping in our immediate vicinity, accessible by rail or steamer from Kingston, Ont.

We will obtain a suitable site for the camp and a plentiful supply of firewood; we will lay out the sailing and paddling courses and arrange for meals to be furnished at camp at 25c. each.

Prizes, given by our friends and members of this club, will be awarded for competition in sailing and paddling.

Due notice of date and duration of the meet will be given.

F. S. RATHBUN, Captain.

E. C. FRENCH, Purser.

IRRAWADI C. C.

DAVENPORT, IOWA.

The second annual meeting of the Irrawadi Canoe Club was held Friday evening, April 3d. The following officers were elected :

M. C. Smith, Commodore ; L. G. Kratz, Vice-Commodore ; E. S. Hammatt, Secretary. The Commodore, T. L. Wilkinson,

F. V. Rogers, form the executive committee.

A club uniform was adopted and it was decided that each canoe shall carry a burgee and have a distinguishing call. The club signal flag is a light blue pointed burgee with the letters I. C. C. in gold. There are now twelve members, all canoe owners. They have a pretty little Queen Anne Club-house at the west end of the government bridge across the Mississippi at Davenport, with accommodations for twenty canoes. Although the float was not placed till April 6th the first paddle of the season was taken on March 17th while the Mississippi was nearly full of ice. The club contemplates a cruise to Lake Minnetonka, in Minnesota, some time in July or August. The canoes and owners will be transported to the lake by rail, and after a few days spent in camp the return will be made in canoes, coming the whole distance from Minneapolis to Davenport on the "Irrawadi," (the great river). If this programme is carried out we should be happy to have other canoe clubs make the trip at the same time. As any person who is a canoe owner is eligible to membership there is no reason why

"Ye damsel fair and free,
An Irrawadi may not be."

PHILADELPHIA.

At the annual meeting, held March 31, a new constitution was adopted. Officers elected : Commodore, W. H. Falkner; Vice Commodore, Samuel J. Creswell, Jr.; Purser, T. S. Westcott, 2127 Spring Garden street. Thirty members, with a fleet of twenty canoes. Canoeists coming down the Delaware will find accommodations at the house at Cooper's Point, Camden, N.J.

TROY.

A canoe club has been formed at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. Officers : O. Puyano, Commodore ; H. M. Fairchilds, Vice Commodore ; W. W. Walker, Secretary. Burgee, cherry color, with R. P. I. in white letters.

OSWEGO.

On the 8th ult. the Oswego Canoe Club was organized and the following officers elected: J. B. McMurrich, Captain; G. N. Burt, Mate; W. G. Thrall, Purser; M. C. Watts, Measurer.

The club signal is a 10x15 burgee, blue field, bearing the white letters O. C. C.

JACKSON, MICH.

A flourishing and energetic canoe club exists at Jackson, Mich. It has an active membership of twenty-three and sails a fleet of seventeen canoes.

Officers: Commodore, Andrew J. Gould; Vice Commodore, Charles A. Blair; Secretary and Treasurer, Verne S. Pease; Measurer, Fred Welling. The club has taken several cruises in a body, the most noteworthy being that down the Grand River to Lansing, a distance of 120 miles. Ten canoes participated and made the trip in two and one-half days.

The Commodore and Secretary made a twenty-mile run on the Sturgeon River, a stream in Northern Michigan, hitherto considered unnavigable.

SING SING.

The constitution and by-laws of the Shattemuc C. C. have been received at our sanctum. The newly elected officers are: Commodore, J. H. Carpenter; Captain, W. M. Carpenter; Purser, T. J. Hand, Jr.

MOHICAN.

At a monthly meeting, held April 1st, it was resolved that the club purchase the cruising canoe *Henrietta* for a club canoe, that the club present a prize flag to the Newburg Regatta Committee and that Mr P. M. Wackerhagen be nominated for A. C. A. Measurer. Mr. Howard Brown and Mr. Henry Dwight were elected to the club membership.

After the regular meeting Commodore Oliver exhibited the new flagship, the *Marion B*, and explained her fittings, equipment and rig. Mr. Gibson gave an explanation,

with the aid of blackboard diagrams of the revised A. C. A. sailing rules. The *Snake's* new rig was also shown and approved of.

WHITEHALL.

The following officers have been re-elected for the ensuing year: E. P. Newcomb, Commodore; William C. Blodgett, Vice Commodore; W. W. Cook, Secretary; E. R. Blascom, Measurer; F. C. Cooke, Cook. Fifteen active members.

KNICKERBOCKER C. C.

EDITORS CANOEIST:

Will you please give notice that our Regular Spring Regatta will take place off the club house, 152nd St., and Hudson River, on Saturday, May 23rd, at 3 o'clock p. m. At least one sailing race will be open to members of any canoe club, and we shall be pleased to receive entries. We have a new float 35x18 pointed at one end and capable of launching six canoes at a time.

The house is being improved and fitted with racks to accommodate fifty canoes and we expect to have all the racks occupied before the season is over.

The club constitution has been revised; that no one unable to swim shall be eligible to membership, being added.

EDWARD W. BROWN,

Sec'y K. C. C.

NEW YORK C. C.

The house of the N. Y. C. C. is to be removed from its position on the Staten Island shore near New Brighton, and is to be rebuilt upon a float in the immediate vicinity. When Com. Munroe returns from his winter cruise in Florida he will find an enthusiastic club waiting for him in comfortable quarters.

SPRINGFIELD.

The Springfield C. C. has been undergoing the ordeal of revising the constitution and is now incorporated under the laws of the State of Massachusetts.

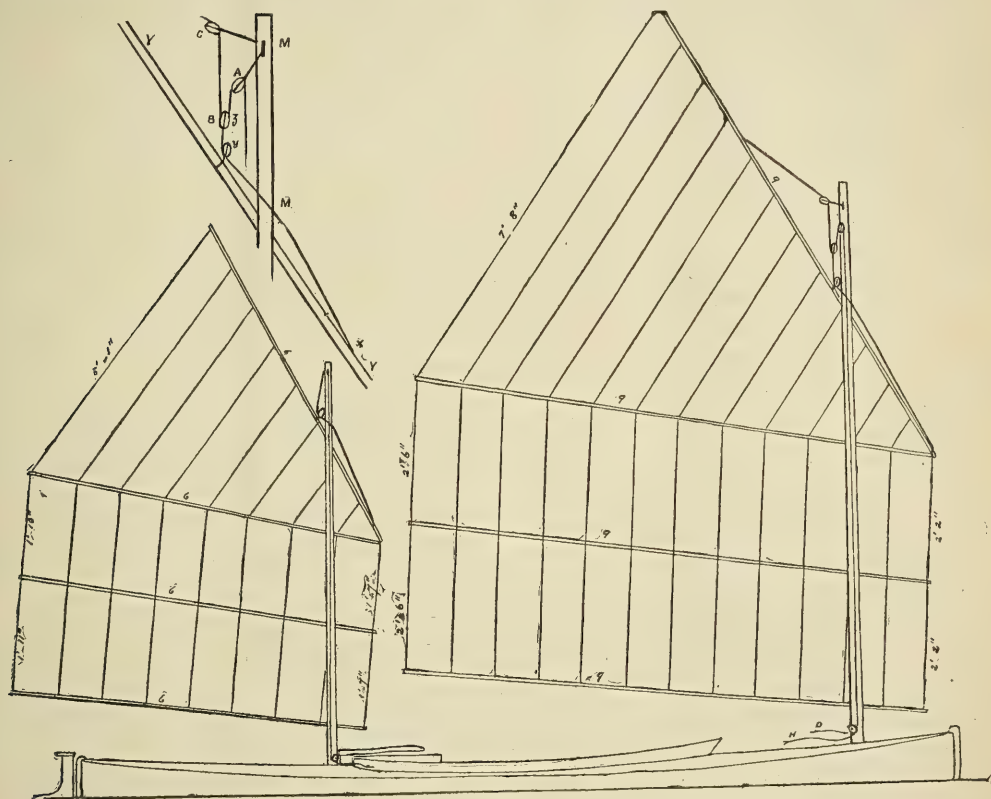
THE AMERICAN CANOEIST

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

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No. 6.



THE SAIL PLAN OF THE SEE BEE.

The new design of sail worked out by Mr. Vaux for his canoe, *See Bee*, was first shown to the public at the Knickerbocker Canoe Club regatta, where Mr. E.W. Brown spread sails planned after those of the *See Bee* over his canoe, *Inertia*, and with their help drove her home, a winner.

Several canoes carried similar sails at the Newburgh meet a few days after, and although the designer desired to retain the measurements of the sails until they had been tested, they have already gained considerable favor.

We have received several inquiries regarding them, and therefore publish a drawing of them for the common interest.

They are certainly not as graceful as the slanting white wings of the Mohicans, but whether they prove more effective in driving the little clipper prows to windward or not, remains to be determined by the summer's contests.

The general sail-plan is, like the Mohican, or Albany sail, an adoption of Mr. Stoddard's principle of a combined lateen and balance lug. That principle, com-

bining the leverage on the yard and consequent windward prowess of the lateen, and the compactness and balance of the lug sail, is now, we believe, the essential element of the most popular sails used by American canoeists.

The sailing outfit of the *See Bee* consists of three sails, with the respective areas, 75, 35, and 18 sq. feet. These are so distributed that either two of them may be made to trim properly; the two larger comprising the full racing rig, the two smaller the cruising rig, while the largest and smallest may be used at the discretion of the skipper.

Designating the sails as I, II and III, the following table will show possible combinations of areas :

SAIL AREAS.

Sail.....	I.	II.	III.
Full Sail.....	75 sq. ft.	35 sq. ft.	18 sq. ft.
Reeved Sail	54 "	24½ "	9½ "
Double Reeved " 33 "		14½ "	none.

By reference to the drawing it will be noticed that the salient principle in the construction of these sails is the uniform length of the spars. The yard, boom and two battens of the largest, No. I, being each nine feet in length; those of No. II, six feet, and of No. III five feet, one inch.

The measuring diagonals are as follows :

Sail I, Throat to clew	9ft. 9 in.	Peak to tack	12ft. 10 in.
" II, " " 6 " 8 "	" "	" "	8 " 11 "
" III, " " 5 " 3 "	" "	" "	6 " 1 "

The two chief advantages of this disposition of areas are : First, a low centre of effort, with the greatest possible area evenly distributed as near to the boat as practicable (a principle well recognized in the construction of ice-yacht sails, where rearing is as disagreeable as a canoe's capsizing); and Secondly, the minimum average length in stowing.

The attachment of the halyard to the gaff or yard, with compensating blocks which distribute the upward pull of the halyard along the head of the sail, is especially commendable.

The detail drawing showing the lines as drawn away from the mast, will illustrate how the sail is hung.

A line is seized to the lower end of the yard Y Y at *x*; it leads around the mast and through the block *y*, which is lashed to the yard; thence it leads upwards terminating at a block *z*, around which it is strapped, or grommetted.

Through a hole bored near the mast-head is inserted a short line, A C (about 18 inches long) with a block grommetted in either end, A and C.

The halyard proper is seized to the yard about two feet from the peak, and leads through the blocks C, *z*, and A, and thence down the mast to the block at the foot of the mast, aft to the well and returns as down-haul. As such the line ascends the other side of the sail and is seized to the yard just above the block *y*.

The distribution of the upward pull upon the point *y* and peak, is self-evident. The line *x*, *y*, *z* acting like a parrel holds the yard against the mast when the sail is raised, and, on being slackened, allows sufficient play in lowering the sail.

A tack is used to keep the foot of the sail down. It is seized as usual near the end of the boom, is lead around the mast and through a dead-eye lashed to the boom, thence through a block at foot of mast and aft to the well.

THE RADIX CENTREBOARD.

We are glad to notice that the Radix Manufacturing Company was awarded a first class gold medal at the New Orleans Exposition.

A better recommendation of it to us is its adoption by Mr. Tredwen, of the Royal Canoe Club, who has been for a long time supplying all the world with canoeing devices. We are glad that we can begin to return some of the favors from across the Atlantic.

FROM THE LOG OF THE SWEET-HEART.

(Continued.)

An old "Modoc" (for such they call the settlers living in the mud around the reservoir) said there were a great many ducks down the river, and the idea struck the Commodore to cruise down the great Miami, which rises in this basin, to Troy or Dayton, some seventy-five or a hundred miles, camping at farm houses on the way, for the canoe-tent and camp fixtures had been left at home.

Proposing the project, Beedle was delighted, never having taken a canoe trip, and having the fever pretty badly; but there came in "Ring"—What on earth was to be done with him? There was no room in the *Sweetheart*, it being only intended for one. It was finally decided to let the dog run along on the bank, which, at the time, seemed feasible.

As the Commodore's weary head touched the pillow that night, a voice came from below: "Mister, your dog's loose;" and he had to dress, go down stairs, and out into the stable to tie up the dog again. Twice did this happen. The second time, he fastened the nickel collar up to the last notch, knowing the dog could not slip it then; and crawling into bed on his return, he nudged Beedle in the ribs, saying: "I've a conundrum for you."

"Humph," came a growl.

"Why is a tin can, tied to a dog's tail, like death?"

Another growl.

"Because it's bound to oc(a)cur;" and the audible giggle from the two girls in the next room, separated only by a paper partition, was recompense enough for the borrowed wit.

In the morning Ring was gone, and not an inhabitant knew of his whereabouts. Leaving word that the finder would be liberally rewarded, the cruisers stowed themselves away in the *Sweetheart*, Beedle aft, the

Commodore with his legs under the deck, forward.

On their way to the bulkhead they noticed how extremely cranky the canoe was, laden in this way; and as the wind was blowing half a gale, sea after sea washed over her decks.

Keeping out of the trough, good time was made, but the cold wind and slight rain were anything but pleasant.

Reaching the bulkhead and going to the grocery for dry supplies, what should meet their astonished gaze but the pointer, Ring, wagging his tail, and looking very much at home. The woman who was entertaining his highness, was very glad to exchange him for a little loose silver. And then arose the question, what to do with him?

The start was made, Ring plunged into the water and swam after. Tiring of this he took to the bank; but such a fool was that dog that at every bend, and the stream was very winding, he would take to the water and follow till driven back to the bank, where he would sit whining and shivering. To crown all it began to sleet; a more wretched morning could scarcely be imagined.

The sufferings of the dog became unbearable, especially as the canoeists were now getting into a marshy district, the narrow river being lined with flags and sword-grass, that cut his legs at every jump. Nothing could be done but to take him in, which was accomplished with great trouble; stowing him forward, under the deck, with the not overkindly aid of the Commodore's boots, where he lay very peacefully, with his head in that worthy's lap.

All went well for a few miles, when on turning a bend they saw a bunch of wood-ducks. Hastily taking the gun from the floor of the canoe and dropping in two shells, they paddled carefully on. Rounding another bend they came upon them at close range. Up went the gun with the right barrel cocked. Just at this critical moment the dog raised his head, and with

a mighty flounder and struggle, sent the whole cargo overboard into the icy-cold water.

The Commodore's first impulse, upon rising to the surface was to swim for the bank only a few yards distant; but his rubber boots filling,* he sank like a stone till he struck bottom—just neck deep.

"Pull for the shore, sailor!" he called to Beedle, who was paddling out dog fashion.

Grasping the canoe, which was floating bottom upward, he looked for the dog, who was, however, nowhere to be seen.

Hearing a scratching, the *Sweetheart* was turned over. Out swam Ring and made for the opposite shore, and on gaining it, he mounted a stump and howled in agony—at least they supposed it was agony—though it may have been a doxology in praise for his unexpected deliverance.

Bailing out, the Commodore turned to look at Beedle, and saw him stripped to the waist wringing out his flannel shirt, while the hail pattered on his bare back, and his teeth rattled like castenets.

Ring is an amiable, pleasant sort of a dog and a good pointer, but since the great Miami trip he has had his prejudices upon the subject of canoeing; and as for Beedle, he prefers to wade after his own ducks now.

ON LACING SAILS.

Yes, oh "novice," you can rig a canoe with the sails laced to the masts, as you propose. * They can be unstepped by lying out forward and grappling the main-mast, and when that (with sail attached of course) has gone bodily over the lee rail, you can easily swim aft and unship the dandy. In our mind's eye we see you with a black squall coming down upon you, struggling to keep the boat's head to the wind while you reach for the mainmast. We see the graceful flourish of your heels as you go over with the first puff, or, by vigorous use

of the paddle we see you keep her nose to the wind while you drift helplessly down to leeward. We have been there. In the early days we had leg o' mutton sails laced to the masts, and after having narrowly escaped being blown out into the wide Atlantic, we registered a vow never to be caught in that fix again. O yes, sails will do rigged in that way, but they have their drawbacks.

ANOTHER FATAL CANOEING ACCIDENT.

The following brief account of the most appalling fatality that our fraternity has yet suffered has been sent us by Mr. E. S. Hammett, the Secretary of the Irrawadi Canoe Club, of Davenport, Iowa.

Mr. Gilbert L. Parker and Mr. Ferdinand V. Rogers, members of the Irrawadi Canoe Club, were drowned in the Mississippi River, at Rockingham, Iowa, on April 6th.

The two men started out to sail after night-fall, against the warning advice of the fishermen along shore. A furious gale sprang up and in the darkness the canoe became uncontrollable and capsized.

The fishermen alluded to heard the despairing cries of the men, but with singular inhumanity made no attempt at their rescue. Both were able swimmers and experienced canoeists, but the water being ice-cold they must have sunk soon after the capsize.

Their canoe and sails were found the next day a few miles below the scene of the accident, but the bodies were not recovered until five weeks afterward, when they were found upon the same day, but separated by a distance of one hundred miles.

Mr. Parker's body, which was found at Fort Madison, was identified by a letter addressed to him as the Captain of the "Cheemaun," Irrawadi Canoe Club.

The remains were tenderly cared for and prepared for burial by the members of the Fort Madison Canoe Club.

* A good point.—Ed.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN A. C. A.

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OFFICERS, AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—ROBERT SHAW OLIVER, Albany, N. Y.

Vice-Commodore—F. S. RATHBUN, Deseronto, Ont.

Rear-Commodore—F. F. ANDREWS, Rochester, N. Y.

Secretary and Treasurer—DR. CHAS. A. NEIDÉ, Schuylerville, N. Y.

The Executive Committee is composed of the Officers and the following members at large:—E. G. RAND, Cambridge, Mass.; R. E. WOOD, Peterboro, Ont.; C. B. VAUX, New York City.

The Secretary of the American Canoe Association requests persons sending money to him, to do so either by registered letter or Post-Office money order, on *Saratoga, N. Y.*

If canoeists will send application to the Secretary of the A. C. A., enclosing \$2.00 for initiation fee and dues for the first year, their names will be presented for membership.



CANOE HANDLING.*

The familiar yarn about the old lady who thought that sailors had a "mighty easy time, because they had nothing to do but sit still and let the wind blow them along," is wholly without point for those who know no more than she did about the science of sailing. So with the novice in canoeing. There does not seem to be very much to it. If there is no wind you paddle, if there is a wind you sail. That is the long and short of it all, and where is

the use of writing a book about canoe handling. Of course the "vet." who knows the complications that beset the ambitious canoer, knows that an encyclopedia might be filled with dissertations on the subject, and he will receive with interest all that the Captain of the *Dot* may have to say. Something of a sailorman is this same "Dot." We well remember the first time we saw him start in a canoe race.

He sat upon the weather gunwale of his canoe, the first time we ever saw anyone occupy that somewhat precarious place of vantage. It was the notable *Dot* herself, and by some mysterious process she seemed to get way on her before any of the other boats felt the breeze, although she was blanketed by two or three other of them. In about two minutes she had a handsome lead, and nobody else that was in the race had a chance to see her name-plates again till she crossed the line, a winner. That is the kind of a thing she kept on doing right along till her owner in a moment of weakness, sold her, name and all, instead of having her carefully cushioned in a glass case for the benefit of posterity. He will probably, however, keep up his reputation with his new craft. At all events he has accumulated a notable store of experience, and now gives the public the benefit of his observations in a book, which for downright common sense in all that pertains to canoeing, is easily the best that has yet been published. The subject naturally divides itself into five general heads, to which an appendix is added, and the whole is sprinkled with illustrations some of them ornamentally comic, and all suggestive and instructive. History, technicalities, construction and the like are touched upon at the outset, but the main object of the book is denoted by its title. Paddling is very properly given precedence, for one must paddle before one can sail, and under this head the different kinds and patterns of paddles are described and illustrated.

To the canoe under sail, nearly one-half

*CANOE HANDLING. The Canoe, History, Uses, Limitations and Varieties, Practical Management and Care, and Relative Facts. By C. Bowyer Vaux. N. Y. Forest and Stream Pub. Co., 1885.

of the volume is devoted, and under this head nearly all the best devices for rigging and reefing are fully described, and the mysterious doings of boats under sail in different conditions of wind and in different slants of tides or currents, are made as clear as possible. There is, perhaps no subject in the world into which the "personal equation" enters more persistently than it does into the art of sailing. The infinite variations of wind-pressure, the necessity of nice judgment, quick decision, and prompt action, all come in play in a thousand different ways. With the problem of condensing these in the most effective way, Mr. Vaux has dealt very successfully, and his book must be recognized as the best authority in this line that has as yet made its appearance.

Full in the flush of another season's promise, comes the awful voice of warning.

Death enters our presence and demands of our number his remorseless tribute.

They cannot leave us thus, these necessary lives of courage and of promise without a shudder of mingled sympathy and selfish apprehension passing through our ranks.

The brief narrative on another page is something more than the printed record of a fatality, which is to be filed away and forgotten; it is a solemn protest which bids us, in the pursuit of happiness, to first settle an account which we owe to conscience and to reason; viz.: to determine whether either through carelessness or ignorance we are putting in jeopardy the life which is not all our own.

Let us hope that out of this calamity will come the good, that it will be the saving of many other lives.

But let no one misapply the lesson to the discredit of our sport. If health-giving exercise, in any form, is beneficial, our sport is beneficial; and we still believe

that among manly accomplishments it is the most graceful and the best.

Do not abandon your canoe, my friend, but give up the careless use of it.

If the other is the application which you would enforce you must go further; you must empty the oil from your lamps, and fires from your hearths; you must turn off the steam from your factories and stop the engines of commerce, because through the misapplication of these beneficent agencies fatalities have occurred.

Men will not shun the water because others have drowned while boating or swimming; no more will they abandon canoeing for a similar reason.

In the instance before us the gentlemen should not have been carrying sail after night-fall; and it is evident they took their lives in their own hands in venturing out against advice.

Perhaps they were justified in the assurance that aid was at hand in case of danger; but the result shows that ordinary humanity is not to be depended upon.

As for the senseless brutes who sat listening to the cries of distress, though it would avail naught for the sufferers, it might bestow a wholesome lesson if the good people of Davenport resorted to the civilizing expediency of tar and feathers.

Poor Canoeist! It comes beating against wind and tide, but hopes that its welcome, though delayed, will be none the less hearty.

The July number is now in press and will be delivered almost simultaneously with the present issue.

We earnestly request cruisers to report their whereabouts so that the clans may keep track of one another during the summer.

We have received a number of interesting photographs during the winter and will be grateful for any sent with information concerning boats, camping grounds, etc.



To the Members of the A. C. A. :

Gentlemen—I beg to advise you that arrangements have been made for the transportation of members, with their canoes and camping outfits, as follows, viz :

NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER R. R.

From the following points to Clayton and return, canoes and outfits free :

New York.....	\$10.00	Troy	\$6.90
Yonkers.....	10.00	Schenectady.....	6.60
Sing Sing.....	10.00	Amsterdam.....	6.25
Newburgh.....	8.70	Fonda.....	6.15
Poughkeepsie...	8.40	Syracuse.....	5.00
Albany.....	6.90	Rochester.....	6.00
Buffalo	7.25	Niagara Falls.....	7.25

Tickets will be on sale from July 20th to August 8th inclusive, and will be good to return till August 31st. The regular Membership Certificate to be presented at Ticket Office. A special baggage car will be run through if a sufficient number will *start together from any one point.*

The following are the names of the Agents at the points where the tickets can be obtained, and all arrangements made.

Brooklyn.....	Geo. W. Dixon...	333 Washington St.
New York ...	Geo. L. Baker....	413 Broadway.
"	Jarvis de Groot...	Grand Central D't.
Yonkers	A. T. Reynolds ..	At Depot.
Sing Sing....	W. T. Lyon.....	"
Newburgh ...	W. H. Weston....	"
Poughkeepsie.	W. H. Miller.....	"
Albany.....	P. H. Mann.....	"
Troy.....	T. C. Wilbur.....	"
Schenectady..	Paul Ramsay.....	"
Amsterdam...	Mrs. M. L. Cole..	"
Fonda.....	I. H. Fonda.....	"
Syracuse.....	F. Gibson.....	"
"	P. B. Brayton....	City Office.
Rochester	I. C. Kalbfleisch ..	At Depot.
"	Lewis Schwendler.	City Office.
Buffalo	John Q. Adams...	Exchange St. De't.
Niagara Falls Depot and	} F. C. Belden,	Cataract House Office }

NEW YORK, WEST SHORE & BUFFALO R. R.

On presentation of the regular Membership Certificates, excursion rates will be given, canoes and outfits free. Notice in advance must be given to Henry Monett, Gen. Passenger Agent, 280 Broadway, New York. A special baggage car will be provided if a sufficient number will start from any one point together.

UTICA AND BLACK RIVER R. R.

On presentation of the regular Membership Certificates, tickets will be issued from the following points to Clayton and return. Canoes and outfits free.

Utica.....	\$5.00	Philadelphia or N. Y.	\$10.00
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All other points in proportion. For further information address Theo. Butterfield, Gen. Passenger Agent, Utica, N. Y.

NEW YORK, ONTARIO & WESTERN R. R.

On presentation of the regular Membership Certificate, tickets will be issued at one fare and one-third, for round trip.

BOSTON & ALBANY R. R.

No special arrangements yet made. would advise addressing W. A. S. Hanson Gen. Passenger Agent, Boston, Mass.

ROME, WATERTOWN & OGDENSBURGH R. R.

On presentation of the regular Membership Certificate, tickets will be issued from the following points to Clayton and return. Canoes and outfits free :

Niagara Falls.....	\$7.25	Charlotte.....	\$6.00
Rome.....	5.00	Syracuse	5.00

(Canton via Cape Vincent \$2.00 for 5 or more.)

Tickets good for the continuous trip going and returning only.

From Canton to Philadelphia, N. Y. and return, canoes and outfits free, \$2.50.

OGDENSBURGH & LAKE CHAMPLAIN R. R.

On presentation of regular Membership Certificates, tickets will be issued from Rouse's Point to Ogdensburg and return for \$5.00, canoes add outfits free. Tickets good from July 21st to August 12th.

DELAWARE & HUDSON CANAL CO. R. R.

Upon special application to Mr. I. W. Burdick, Gen. Passenger Agent, Albany, N. Y., tickets will be issued to Rouse's Point or Moore's Junction and return, at one and one-third ($1\frac{1}{3}$) fares. Canoes and outfits free.

CENTRAL VERMONT R. R.

Special Tickets will be issued on application to Mr. S. W. Cummings, General Passenger Agent, St. Albans, Vt., to Rouse's Point and Ogdensburgh.

FITCHBURGH. R. R.

On presentation of the regular Membership Certificates, tickets will be issued at one and one-third ($1\frac{1}{3}$) fares. Canoes and outfits free.

[BOSTON & LOWELL R. R.

Applications should be made to Mr. Lucius Tuttle, Gen. Passenger Agent, Boston, for special rates.

GRAND TRUNK R. R.

From all points to Prescott, Brockville, Kingston, Gananoque and return, one and one-third ($1\frac{1}{3}$) fares. Canoes and outfits free. Tickets good from July 20th to Aug. 12th.

Members must purchase full fare tickets when travelling to the Meet, and obtain a receipt for purchase of ticket from agent at starting point, the Secretary (Dr. C. A. Neidé) will then give a certificate of the number attending the meet who have paid railroad fare, and who hold these receipts, the return ticket will be issued on presentation of this Certificate, at one-third the regular fare. The return trip must be made by the same route as travelled by member when going to the Meet. These receipts and certificates can be obtained from the undersigned.

N. B.—Members from the Lindsay section can secure tickets from July 15th.

CANADIAN PACIFIC R. R.

Return tickets at one and one-third fares.

Canoes and Outfits free, can be secured by following the same course as explained in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway. Blank receipts and certificates can be obtained from the undersigned.

Arrangements have been made with the steamer "Magic" to leave Clayton daily for Camp at 8.30 and 10.30 A. M., and 1.00, 3.00 and 6.30 P. M. Fare, 25c., Canoes and Outfits free.

It is intended, if possible, to have a Customs officer stationed at the Camp, in which case Canadians arriving by the Grand Trunk at Gananoque can be landed at Camp (without going via Clayton) by the ferry steamer. Fare, 25c., Canoes and Outfits free. All freight for the Camp should be consigned to Mr. I. Palen, Agt. Clayton, who has kindly agreed to care for same until called for.

I shall be pleased to assist in securing special rates over any other line of Railway or Steamers that members may wish to travel over to attend the Meet.

Arrangements should be made as soon as possible.

Yours truly,

F. S. RATHBUN,

Vice-Com., A. C. A.

The above pains-taking communication from the Vice-Commodore shows that something has already been done in the line suggested by Mr. Webb.

It is to be hoped that the very reasonable rates will encourage a large attendance at the Meet.

We would also remind Canoeists that the Ballast Island Meet takes place at Putin Bay, July 18-24. Ballast Island may be reached by boats from Sandusky, Detroit, Toledo and Cleveland.

Those who can command the time will do well to attend this Meet, and proceed thence by the steamers which have offered special rates to the Thousand Islands.

The dates for the A. C. A. Camp are July 24th to August 8th.



for their members—in some States a wheelman can have his machine carried free of charge; in others, reduced rates are obtained—reduced rates at hotels are obtained; indeed all sorts of advantages are obtained.

EDITORS CANOEIST:—

Dear Sirs—As a member of the A. C. A., I wish to enter a protest against the exorbitant rates charged by railroad companies for transportation of canvas. I have read with admiration not unmixed with envy, of the cheapness with which canoes are transported by rail from one end of the country to the other—for some one else—as gathered from contributions to CANOEIST, the catalogues of dealers, and other sources. I have cruised considerably on the waters of several different States and never yet escaped having my canoe billed at 1,000 lbs. weight, and frequently with *double* first-class rates; as instanced in my short cruise on the Shenandoah last year, when it cost me \$4.80 to have my boat freighted from Louray to Staunton—a distance of not more than 60 miles—the boat with cargo and all weighed 150 lbs.

During the last two weeks in shipping my canoe to Indiana for a cruise on the upper Wabash, I shipped (at a high rate of course) by Adams Express Co., because it was *cheaper* than shipping by freight.

I can stand a high rate for local carries, but when it comes to shipping *two* canoes nearly a thousand miles and then have them billed at 1,000 lbs. each, does not come within my ideas of either cheap or honest rates and I feel impelled to let off a vigorous *kick*.

Now as to the purport of this kick:—At the forthcoming annual meet of the A. C. A., why can not something be done by the Association in the way of securing cheap—or least *reasonable*—rates on canoes for its members? The different bicycle organizations *all* do something in this line

I merely throw out this suggestion for the Association to act upon or not as it sees fit, but I feel confident that this communication will draw forth responsive growls from scores of canoeists, who—like myself—are disgusted at their inability to get their canoes transported to or from their chosen cruising grounds without being obliged to pay almost half their value in preposterous freight charges.

Very truly yours,

F. R. WEBB, A. C. A.

CLUB DOINGS.

THE CANADIAN MEET.

The Canadian Canoeists held their Spring Meet June 8th, 9th, 10th. The committee had selected Unger's Island as the site for the camp and in this showed good judgment, as certainly no prettier or more convenient spot for the purpose could well be found in this section of the beautiful Bay of Quinte. The Meet commenced on Monday but some of the more ardent knights of the paddle pitched their tents on Saturday and entered on camp life that evening. They thus enjoyed the pleasurable excitement of a thunder storm and a deluge of rain while under canvas, the storm of Sunday morning giving all experience necessary in that respect. On Sunday afternoon the steam yacht "Jessie Bain" of Clayton, arrived in port bringing the first visitors, viz:—Gen. Robert Shaw Oliver, of Albany, N. Y., Commodore of the American Canoe Association; Dr. Neidé, Sec'y-Treas., A. C. A.; and Mr. W. B. Richards, of Brockville. These gentlemen were all loud in their praises of the beautiful scenery of the bay and expressed themselves as more than grateful for the

generous hospitality of the people of Deseronto.

On Monday Mr. F. S. Rathbun, Vice-Commodore of the A. C. A., hoisted his flag and the canoeists came under the strict discipline of camp life. The weather was not favorable for the meet, it being cold and the wind blowing a gale during the continuance of the camp. However, the canoeists made the best of circumstances and managed to enjoy themselves immensely. Tuesday afternoon was the time fixed for the races, but the wind blew a gale, and it seemed impossible that a canoe could live in such a sea, but the canoeists were anxious to test the merits of their crafts and secure the coveted prizes, a number of skilfully wrought and richly embroidered flags, presented by several ladies who thus kindly manifested their interest in the Association. Quite a number of spectators had assembled to witness the event, including a number of visitors from Belleville. The first race, open to canoes of class A, brought out two canoes, the *Wych* and *Topsy*, who in the face of the heavy sea proceeded to go over the course. The *Topsy* soon showed signals of distress and had to drop out, but the *Wych* kept on and succeeded in getting around the course. Just as she finished, the main sheet fouled and she capsized, with no worse result than a good ducking for the crew. The prize, a flag presented by Mrs. E. W. Rathbun, was awarded to Mr. E. Walter Rathbun, owner of the *Wych*. The gale increasing it was decided to postpone the races until Wednesday, and the canoeists on the invitation of John Bell, Esq., of Belleville, enjoyed a pleasant sail on the bay in the fine yacht *Norah*, a cruise which was greatly enjoyed. Among the canoeists who arrived on Monday and Tuesday were Mr. J. B. McMurrich, of Oswego; W. Chipman, of Brockville, and Messrs. W. T. Ross, E. Wilson, and J. Coulthard, of Picton. On Wednesday the races were

resumed, the wind still blowing hard. For the three mile race, open to class B, there entered the *Star*, *Ripple*, *Topsy*, *Lou*, *Grebe*, and *Gipsy*. After a well contested race the *Ripple* first crossed the line in 55 minutes, followed five minutes after by the *Star*. The prize, the gift of Mrs. E. C. French, was then presented to Dr. Clinton, whose able seamanship was thus rewarded. The *Grebe* came to grief in this race and capsized, but she was soon righted by her plucky owner. In the three mile race open to all comers the *Grebe* alone was willing to sail, and the flag presented by Mrs. F. S. Rathbun was awarded as first prize to Mr. Richards. A half mile paddling race followed. The *Black Diamond*, *Star* and *Gipsy* entered and after a keen contest the first named was declared victor and Mr. J. B. McMurrich, of the Oswego Club, carried off the prize, a pretty flag given by Mrs. S. C. Titus, of Auburn, N. Y. This completed the races and it is to be regretted that the canoeists had such disagreeable weather. They deserve much credit for sailing in the teeth of such gales as prevailed on Tuesday and Wednesday.

BROCKVILLE.

The Brockville Canoe Club will hold fortnightly races during the coming season.

A record will be kept of the order of finish, the first boat in each race to get ten points, and the last to finish one point. All others are to get proportionate numbers between these limits.

Prizes will be awarded in each class to the boats securing the largest and next largest number of points.

The annual meeting of the Club was held on the evening of Monday, June 1st. The following are the officers for the ensuing season: Commodore, Neil McLean; Mate, Geo. G. Lafayette; Sec.-Treas., Allan Turner; Executive Committee, the Commodore, the Mate, the Sec.-Treas., J. J. Bell and Francis M. Turner.

The Club is in good condition this year,

having* about thirty active members, nearly all of whom are canoe owners.

EMILY.

LAKE ST. LOUIS CANOE CLUB.

A meeting for the election of officers was held at the boat house at Lachine, on Wednesday the 20th inst. The following were elected: Commodore, W. H. Rintoul; Vice-Commodore, M. R. Grahame; Sec'y-Treas., George Auldjo; Committee, Gordon Brock, C. E. Howard, H. W. Shearwood and C. L. Shaw.

The club invite members of other canoe clubs to visit them during the summer. By addressing the Secretary any information will be cheerfully given. The boat-house is situated above the railway wharf at Lachine, and canoeists passing are invited to lay over, and the club will try to make their stay as pleasant as possible.

Communications should be addressed to G. Auldjo, P. O. Box 2141, Montreal, Canada.

IANTHE CANOE CLUB, NEWARK, N. J.

At the last regular meeting of the Ianthe C. C., held at the boat-house, May 25th inst., 5 new members were elected; also a Vice-Commodore and a Secretary, in place of C. Halsey, resigned.

We have over 20 active members, and a fleet of 12 canoes, and expect to take an extensive cruise during the coming season.

The officers are, Commodore, Wm. Marvin; Vice-Commodore, Fred. Phillips, Jr.; Secretary, C. V. Schuyler, Arlington, N. J.

THE PITTSBURGH RACE.

Owing to the unfavorable weather, the Pittsburgh C. C. Camp was given up, and as a substitute the Club had the boat house towed to a point about ten miles up the Monongahela on the morning of May 30th, and spent the day in sailing. The very backward season had afforded no weather for sailing, and with six new and untried canoes, and altered rigs and fittings on

others, all were greatly in need of practice. The first race was not called until after dinner had been served on the boat house. This race was to count on the average record of the season for the Howe-Nimick Cup; and, as there was only one Class A. canoe present, she sailed in this race against the larger boats. The entries were:

Whiffler, W. E. Woodwell, 14x30, Radix board, 60 ft. main sail, 14 ft. dandy.

Marguerite, G. H. Singer, 14x30, plate iron board 65 ft. main, 20 ft. dandy.

Ariel, T. H. Childs, 14.4x30, keel, 30 ft. main.

Freyja, C. F. Holdship, 14.6x30, Radix board, 46 ft. main.

Tiger, Purser W. W. Laurence, 14.6x30, Radix board, 47 ft. main.

Katrina, Capt. R. W. Bailey, 14.6x31, Atwood board, 60 ft. main, 15 ft. dandy; and

Lady Jane, B. C. Bakewell, 14x26, Atwood board 30 ft. main.

The rigs were *Ariel* and *Lady Jane* lateen, *Marguerite* balance lug, the rest Mohican. *Ariel* and *Freyja* were in the hands of novices carrying sail for first time, *Tiger* had never been in the water, and *Marguerite* had carried sail but once on this canoe.

The course was from a canoe anchored off the house, one mile before the wind to and around a stake boat, beat back and turn the home stake, so as to cross the starting line. The wind came in strong, flyaway gusts, which varied from one to three points, and *Marguerite*, *Whiffler* and *Katrina* all started under reefed mainsails. The start was rather straggling, *Lady Jane* and *Katrina* crossing the line immediately after the second shot, on opposite sides of the river, while the others, especially *Freyja*, were far behind. The inevitable trouble with steering apparatus began at once. *Lady Jane* pulled her tiller-pivot clear off the deck, and the thumb-screw on *Marguerite's* rudder yoke slacked back and let the rudder revolve at its own sweet will. When will makers of drop rudders learn to have the head of rudder stock *square*, instead of depending on the point of a little set screw? *Marguerite* piped all hands aft to repair damages, and was shortly in a good posi-

tion to observe the progress of the race without the discomfort of turning around. *Lady Jane* with her one little lateen was flying along the right shore, and had gained nearly one hundred yards on *Katrina* on the left. *Whiffler* in midstream was a good third, while *Tiger*, well to the right, and in the same streak of wind as *Lady Jane*, was walking up hand over hand. Not content to remain in the company of the novices, the skipper of *Marguerite* shakes out a reef with the assistance of his paddle to clear up the damp lines, and then doesn't she hum! Taking *Katrina's* stern for a mark to steer by she rapidly overhauls the old smooth skin, and, if the turning boat were just a little further off, would certainly pass her. But now the chaps over on the right have to leave their streak of wind, and come slanting across to the buoy. *Lady Jane* is still far enough ahead to slip around in front of *Katrina*, but the Capt. is above shaking out a reef on account of a Class A boat, and keeps a watch out of the corner of his eye on the movements of *Whiffler* and *Tiger* who are dropping comfortably into his wake as they cross the river. Suddenly his ear catches a splashing sound, and he doubles up and takes a squint under his dandy boom. Great Scott! here's the nose of that *Marguerite* not six feet from his rudder! That settles it and reaching forward he mastheads the yard with a single pull, and slips the halyard under the clam-cleat, for that sail is to stay there! The next instant helms are put down, and the four canoes round the buoy boat in a bunch, and luff up for a beat home. What a change! A moment ago they were scudding along in a seeming half-calm, with a broad line of foam rolling away on either side as the bows dipped into a wave. Now we go into the teeth of the wind which seems to fairly howl, and the crew, perched well out to windward, are being soaked by an intermittent shower bath from the weather bow. But what is wrong with *Lady Jane*? The fulcrum of her Atwood han-

dle has pulled off, and with board only half down she sags off to leeward, while the water spouts through the hole where a screw has pulled out of the keel. Retire? Not she! She'll stick it out till she swamps. Look out, *Marguerite*! A "free puff" has knocked her down, and the water pours in over the coaming, but all hands are out to windward, and with a jerk she is righted, and goes staggering on with the water over the flooring. All settle down now for work, and *Katrina*, having met with no mishap, gradually eats her way out to windward of the fleet and comes in a winner in 38 minutes. *Marguerite* after all her ill-luck secures a very fair second; but *Whiffler*, who ought to come next, is caught on the wrong side of a steam-boat and tow, and before she can get back little *Lady Jane* slips into the third place, and the novice, *Freyja* gets fourth. *Whiffler* at last comes fifth, followed by *Tiger*; *Ariel* did not finish.

The race ends none too soon, for a thunder storm is coming up, and the last stragglers have not time to reach the boat house before the rain strikes. By time it has passed it is too late to start the other races, and after a little "promiscuous" sailing, all pack up, and the start for home is made.

K. C. C. SPRING REGATTA.

The Knickerbockers had hard luck for their Spring Regatta—plenty of broiling sun and no wind.

With the hope of getting round before evening the signal for the sailing race was fired first, at 4.18 P. M. The canoes drifted over the line as follows:

Loreli.....	E. C. Griffin	4.18
Nettie	W. L. Green	4.18.30
Manche	W. Dormitzer.....	4.18.30
Inertia	E. W. Brown.....	4.19
Guenn	Wm. Whitlock	4.19
Nettie.....	E. Fowler	4.20

A flood tide carried the canoes broad-side on, past the 152nd Street dock, and had the patient canoeists not been re-

warded by a faint stir of wind from the northward they might have drifted on to Fort Washington Point.

Loreli began to move at 4.30 toward the stake boat, anchored opposite Ft. Lee on the opposite side of the river.

She had gone about 200 yards when *Guenn* made after and quickly overhauled her.

Inertia, who had managed to drift further up stream, started off third, but to windward of the others. Mr. Greene's *Nettie* began to move fourth followed by the *Manche*.

Dr. Fowler's *Nettie* had drifted so far in towards the shore that she had to be paddled out into the wind and out of the race.

One tack brought the canoes to the stake boat, which was rounded by *Inertia*, *Guenn*, *Loreli*, *Nettie*, and *Manche*.

Inertia and *Guenn* then started neck and neck for home, *Inertia* arriving at 5.19, a winner; *Guenn*, second, 5.20; *Loreli*, third, 5.22. The others did not finish in the required time.

Then the Tandem Paddling Race was called, to be paddled from a point a half mile up stream down against the tide.

The entries were P. W. Foster and M. G. Foster in the *Laura*, E. Gould and Wm. Whitlock in the *Freak*, and E. C. Griffin and A. I. Gardner in the *Loreli*.

Dr. Neidé was there with the usual fire in his eye, and laughingly asked, "Come, now! Who 'll go in for the fun of it?"

Col. Norton and Messrs. Seavey and Burchard responded, the latter pair taking the *Lackawanna* and Dr. Neidé and Col. Norton the *Adele*.

The Knickerbockers were wise enough to keep in near shore and avoid the tide; the visitors keeping too far out for their advantage.

The order of finish was: *Laura*, arriving at 6.15; *Loreli*, 6.15; *Freak*, 6.17½; *Adele*, 6.17¾; *Lackawanna*, 6.18.

Mr. Brown received the Knickerbocker Sailing Trophy, a beautiful gold and

enamel badge presented by a member of the club, under condition that it be subject to challenge after two weeks. By the same race he also won a prize flag.

Mr. Whitlock won a second prize flag, in the sailing race, and Messrs. P. W. Foster and M. G. Foster each flags, as winners of the Tandem Paddling Race.

THE NEWBURGH MEET.

Old Pluvius and Boreas conspired against us at the Newburgh Meet, the one dribbled us most of the time while the other only looked in occasionally to laugh at us and then go racketing off around the summits of Storm King and Crow's Nest. In short, the weather during the three days' stay at Camp Nate Smith, May 29-31, was showery and flawey.

But the boys were glad, under any conditions, to get back again to the old barracks, which they had begun to feel as though they themselves had occupied sometime during the Revolution.

The early birds arrived on Thursday evening. The ghostly tenants evacuated their ancient ramparts, and the camp-fires of peace and goodfellowship lighted up the gloomy confines of Fort Mechim.

Friday morning brought the fleet *en masse*. From up and down the river they came: the New Yorkers, The Knickerbockers, the Brooklynites, the Shattemucs from Sing Sing, the swift Mohicans from up at Fort Orange, the doughty men from Rondout, all were soon gathered around the hospitable camp-fire of the Dock-rats at Newburgh.

Before afternoon one had an opportunity to cruise around on shore, to go through the usual hearty hand-shaking and "Halloing," and to see who was there. There was the big "Guenn" with her balance-lugs, and another something like her from New York—a Pearl, the counterpart of Mr. Treadwen's, we are told. It is the *Tramp*, owned by Mr. C. J. Stephens, N. Y. C. C., a gentleman who was the friend of Mr. Tredwen

in London, and who learned at headquarters all the devices of the great canoe designer.

The boat is on this account an interesting study, and the rigging is a creditable exhibition of Mr. Stephens's technical skill.

The *SNAKE* is there sure 'nuff, but she had doused her jib, and appears with new Mohican main and mizzen and a bonnet for light weather.

The little *Marion* of last year has grown into the big *Marion B.*; alongside of her rests the *Aurora*, Dr. Neidé's famous cruiser, surrounded by the goodly company of the *Thetis*, *Arno*, *Day Dream*, *Puck*, and the other Mohicans.

The *Helena*, *Chum*, and *Crazy*, from Rondout are near by, Grant Van Deusen looking as picturesque as ever.

The original *Sunbeam*, owned by Mr. J. F. Newman, Brooklyn C. C., is here, and two other boats of the same model, viz.: the *See Bee*, Mr. Vaux, N. Y. C. C., and the *Inertia*, Mr. E. W. Brown, K. C. C. The two last were equipped with Mr. Vaux's new style of sail.

It was noticeable that nearly all of the new boats were provided with the Radix centreboard; many of the older canoes which have already attained reputations for speed, as the Class A boats, *Helena* and *Dido* had them attached to the outside of the keel.

A number were also fitted with the new drop-rudders and friction-clutch tillers.

Mr. Brokaw (*Minx*), Mr. Wilkin (*Tip Top*) Mr. Buddington and Mr. Root are with Mr. Newman, the representatives of the Brooklyn C. C.

There are several Knickerbockers, including Mr. Whitlock (*Guenn*) Mr. Brown (*Inertia*), Mr. L. W. Seavey, with the picturesque *Hiawatha*, and Dr. E. Fowler (*Nettie*).

From the N. Y. C. C. there are Col. C. L. Norton (*Kittiwake*), Mr. W. P. Stephens, of *Forest and Stream*. Mr. Vaux, Mr. C. J. Stephens (*Tramp*), Mr. Burchard (*Siren*).

The Shattemucs were headed by Messrs. Carpenter, J. J. Hand, Jr., and J. K. Hand.

There were many other well known wielders of the paddle and many new disciples in camp, but as CANOEIST are compelled to report from memory, it is hoped that oversights will be pardoned.

Of course, our hosts, the Dock Rats, formerly entitled the Newburgh Canoe and Boat Club, were on hand in full force. It is to their generous and self-devoted energy that the success of the meet is due. Their officers are Wm. E. Bartlett, Commodore; Jos. T. Van Dalfsen, Vice-Commodore; Nate S. Smith, Captain; H. A. Harrison, Purser.

The Regatta Committee consisted of Mr. Grant Edgar, Jr., Mr. J. T. Van Dalfsen, and Mr. Nate. Smith.

The Judges of the Races appointed were Mr. Lloyd Thomas, Mohican C. C.; Mr. W. P. Stephens, N. Y. C. C., and Mr. T. J. Hand, Jr., Shattemuc C. C.

RACES.

Three mile sailing, May 29. Course, a triangle; 1st side from camp NE. to stake-boat in mid-stream; 2nd SE., and 3rd, due W. across the river.

Wind, SE.; tide, ebb.

CLASS B.

SNAKE	R. W. Gibson, Mohican C. C. Albany foresail, 60 ft.; Lateen mizzen, 15 ft.; Bonnets of 20 and 10 ft.
MARION B.	R. S. Oliver, Mohican C. C. Albany foresail, 70 ft.; Albany mizzen, 25 ft.
THETIS	P. M. Wackerhagen, Mohican C. C. Albany foresail and mizzen.
ARNO	H. C. Cushman, Mohican C. C. Albany foresail and mizzen.
SEE BEE.	C. B. Vaux, N. Y. C. C. Vaux sails, foresail, 75 ft.; mizzen, 35 ft.
INERTIA	E. W. Brown, K. C. C. Vaux sails, foresail, 75 ft.; mizzen, 35 ft.
MINX	M. V. Brokaw, Brooklyn C. C. Balance-lug, foresail and mizzen.

IOLUS.....W. Van Dalfsen, Newburgh C. C.
Balance-lug, foresail and mizzen.

CLASS A.

DIDO.....Grant Edgar, Jr., Newburgh C. C.
Albany sails.

HELENA....Grant Van Deusen, Rondout C. C.
Albany sails.

The signal was fired at 3.20 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Class B got off in the following order, *See Bee*, *Snake*, *Marion B*, *Minx*, *Inertia*, *Thetis*, *Iolus* and *Arno*.

The wind freshened and the boats bowled merrily along on the first mile. The *See Bee* jibed round the 1st stake first, at 3.30 $\frac{1}{4}$; the *Marion B* 2nd, 3.31; and the *Snake* 3rd, 3.31.10; the others scattering.

In jibing round the *Iolus* capsized, and *Arno* after jibing nicely and getting on her course, slipped her boom and flopped over. Meanwhile *Dido* and *Helena* had started in Class A, and reached the stake together, *Dido* leading slightly.

Second Stake, *See Bee* still ahead, 3.44; *Inertia*, 3.44.30; *Marion B*, 3.45.10; *Snake*, 3.45.22; *Thetis*, 3.47.

Then come along *Dido*, 3.55.20; and *Helena*, 3.56.15.

And now began the windward work with a strong ebb tide, the problem becoming complicated, the boats changed places.

The order and time of finish and elapsed time was:

CLASS A.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
SNAKE	4.07.50	50.52
MARION B	4.08.20	50.50
SEE BEE	4.08.30	51.00
THETIS	4.09.00	51.50
INERTIA	4.10.36	53.06

CLASS B.

DIDO	4.20.45	58.15
HELENA	4.22.08	59.38

PRIZES.

Class B, a flag offered by Shattemuc C. C.

Class A, a flag offered by Mohican C. C.

After supper the big camp-fire was lighted in the ramparts, and the solemn conclave convened about it.

Unanimous votes of thanks were offered

to Mr. Verplanck for the use of the grounds, to the members of the Newburgh Canoe Club for their labor, to Com. Bartlett and Sons for the use of the steam yacht "Glide."

PADDLING RACE, CLASS 4.

One-half mile straightaway.

1. DAISY.....S. O. Totten, Jr., Newark, N. J.
Winner, 6 min.
2. SNAKE.....R. W. Gibson, Mohican C. C.
Lapping winner.
3. CHUM.....H. S. Crispell, Rondout C. C.
4. SUNBEAM....W. P. Stephens, New York C. C.
5. MINX.....M. V. Browkaw, Brooklyn C. C.
6. TIP-TOP....R. J. Wilkin, Brooklyn C. C.

PADDLING RACE, CLASS 2.

One mile with a turn.

1. PIXIE.....F. B. Smith, Newburgh C. C.
Winner, 13 min. 30 sec.
2. DAY DREAM.H. L. Thomas, Mohican C. C.
A close second.

The event around which the greatest interest had been centered in anticipation, was the competition of representative models. Towards noon on Saturday the wind, which had been northerly, died out, and intermittent mists and showers monopolized the atmosphere, for a time it was feared that the race would not come off; but about two o'clock it was noticed that some schooners were gliding up through the Highlands with their sails boomed out; and by the time the breeze reached camp, the boys were in their boats.

Name.	Dimensions.	Model.	Captain.	Club.
SNAKE	14.6x30	Ellard,	R. W. Gibson,	M.
SEE BEE15 x30	Sunbeam,	C. B. Vaux,	N. Y.
MARION B.15 x30 $\frac{1}{2}$	Mohican, 1,2,	R. S. Oliver,	M.
THETIS14.6x30	Lansingb'rg,	P. M. Wackerhag'n,	N. M.
GUENN15 x31 $\frac{1}{2}$	Lines by Hyslop	Wm. Whitlock,	K. C. C.
TRAMP	14 x33	Pearl,	C. J. Stephens,	N. Y.

The *Snake*, *Marion B* and *Thetis* carried Albany sails; the *See Bee*, the new Vaux sails, all as described above; the *Guenn* and *Tramp* each bore a huge balance lug of 105 feet, with a small mizzen; the *Tramp* using the Tredwen roller mizzen.

All carried the Radix Centreboard, excepting the *Snake* and the *Tramp*; the former having an Atwood board, the latter

a forward centre-board of iron, 45 lbs., and an after brass board of 8 lbs.

Surely a more interesting list of entries could scarcely have been drawn together, but flukey wind, and a strong tide detracted greatly from the enjoyment of the sport. The race started with the wind northeast, and it blew in every direction before the finish. The first whistle was blown at 2.42.35, and the second a minute later.

At the start the canoes scattered all over the river, *See Bee* and *Tramp* starting on what proved to be a wild goose chase after the last of the flood tide on the east side of the river.

By the time the canoes reached the northern stake-boat in the middle of the river, the wind had shifted to the NW. so that they had to jibe around it.

The order was *Snake*, 3.29; *Guenn*, 3.31.05; *Marion B*, 3.34.30; *Thetis*, 3.38.45; *See Bee*, —; and *Tramp*, —.

From the first to the second boat it was a fair run, wind on the starboard quarter.

Second stake *Snake*, 3.44.13; *Guenn*, 3.46.15; *Marion B*, 3.54.10; *See Bee*, 3.54.50; *Thetis*, 3.56.20; *Tramp*, —.

After leaving the second stake-boat the *Snake* took in her bonnets, which she had hitherto been carrying, and *Guenn* was soon upon her and past her. The lead then obtained gave an easy victory to the *Guenn*, for she soon struck a south wind which was out of the reach of the others, and she bowled merrily along upon it; while the less favored were comparatively at a standstill. Soon the *Snake's* sails filled and away she dashed in hot pursuit of the *Guenn*.

The *Guenn* would have won by a long lead had it not been that she passed the buoy on the wrong side, at the same minute breaking her tiller. By clever manoeuvring of the sails, she came about in time and crossed the line a second time, just 20 seconds ahead of the *Snake*.

	<i>Finish.</i>	<i>Elapsed.</i>
GUENN	4.09.50	1.26.15
SNAKE	4.10.10	1.26.35

A tow shut off the rest of the fleet rendering their return valueless.

The finish, however, was as follows: *Guenn*, *Snake*, *See Bee*, *Marion B*, *Thetis*, *Tramp*.

The big fire was kindled again in the evening, and the flags were presented to the successful competitors in the races.

Gen. Oliver then addressed the camp in relation to the division of the A. C. A., as discussed by him in the May CANOEIST.

A resolution was passed, as follows:

That the Hudson River Canoeists recognize the importance of a reorganization of the A. C. A., to allow it to include all Western canoeists; and that provided the canoeists assembled at Ballast Island in July, would form a Western branch, they would recommend the adoption of such a scheme as should be most agreeable to all by the Association at the Grindstone Island Meet.

DRIFT WOOD.

Captain Paul Boyton gives an amusing description of the King of Spain as a canoeist.

He says His Majesty had heard of the English canoes which frequently have mahogany decks; he therefore, had a canoe built of mahogany for his own use. Captain Boyton says it is very pretty, but it requires a half dozen men to lift it into the water every time it suits the royal pleasure to take a paddle.

His Majesty should subscribe to the CANOEIST.

Mr. M. T. Burns, the artist who so successfully illustrated the cruise of the *Alice May* in the *Century* and Mr. Farnham's descent of the rapids of the upper Hudson in *Scribner's*, has given a vivid, full-page illustration of the Newburgh race in *Harp-er's Weekly*, June 13.

The *Atlantis*, Mr. S. R. Stoddard, Glens Falls, accompanied by Mr. R. B. Burchard, N. Y. C. C., will start from Mt. Desert, Me., bound northward, about July 8th.

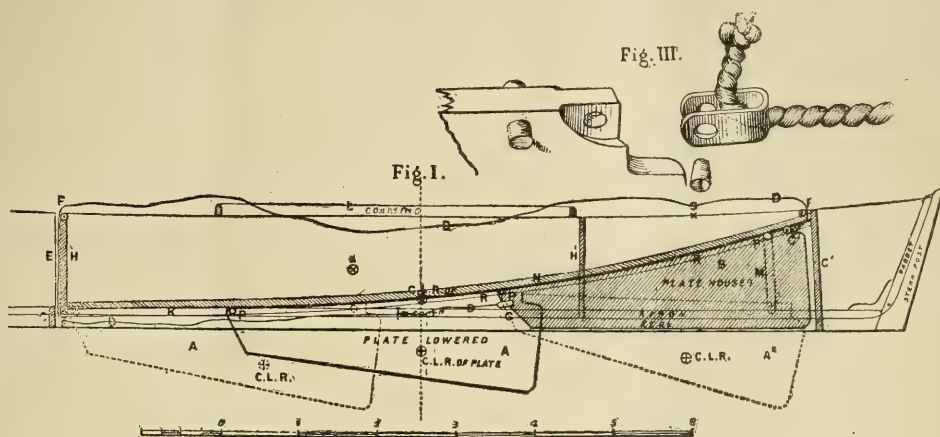
THE AMERICAN CANOEIST

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. IV.

JULY, 1885.

No. 7.



A SHIFTING CENTREBOARD.

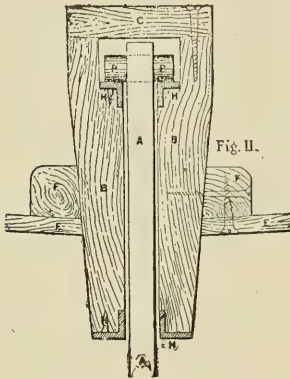
The northwest coast of Scotland would seem to afford facilities for testing canoe appliances under all conditions of rough water and rough landings, and as the centreboard described herewith has, during a two years' trial, given satisfaction to its designer, Mr. William Stewart, who hunted, fished, and cruised in that region, we condense his description from the "London Field," for the benefit of our readers.

Mr. Stewart's canoe is 15 feet by 35 inches, rather in excess of the average American canoe, but the device is easily adaptable to a narrower boat, and possesses certain obvious advantages over the solid plates frequently used, while it does not interfere with comfortable sleeping quarters below decks. Other advantages are that the centres of lateral resistance, and of the canoe itself approximate nearly to the same vertical line, about a foot aft of amidships, so that there is no extra weight for'ard and the boat is safe and lively in a head sea.

The board, as shown in the longitudinal section, Fig. I, or cross section Fig. II, has pins (P. P.) through each of its upper corners, projecting about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch on either side. These are intended to run in grooves or rabbets cut in the sides of case just below the longitudinal cover N, Fig. I, or C. Fig. II. It will be seen that,—the board being housed aft,—a pull on the line D will cause the board to slide forward and downward as far as may be required. From the point marked A the grooves are nearly parallel to the keel so that the board may be differently placed, so as to change the centre of lateral resistance according to the amount of sail carried. This, of course, is a great advantage. When the board is housed its weight is aft where it is wanted when running free.

The cross section, Fig. II, shows the method of construction so clearly that a little study will make it plain to any one. Fig. III is a sketch of the corner of the board, showing the method of shackling on

the line. The knot requires a leather washer under it, or a spun-yarn grommet, and the line should have guage-marks, to correspond with marks on deck, so that the position of the board can be known at any time. The curve upward of the top of the case is not in the least in the way, and may, indeed be rather comfortable than otherwise when making all snug for the night.



REFERENCES TO FIG. I.

- A, centre-plate with its C. L. R. coinciding with C. L. R. of boat.
- A 1, A 2, other positions of the plate.
- B, plate housed.
- C and C 1, ends of case.
- D, line to lower and lift plate, shackled to G. and G 1.
- E, copper line to lead pipe on deck.
- F, sheaves or small rollers.
- H and H 1, water-tight bulkheads 6 ft. 6 in. apart.
- K, centre of length of canoe.
- L, coaming.
- M, dotted line showing slot in the side of the case allowing the plate to fall into position.
- N, top of case.
- P, bolts through plate sliding in groove R.

REFERENCES TO FIG. II.

- A, plate.
- B, case.
- C, top of case.
- P, bolt through plate. (See Fig. III.)
- E, garboard streak.
- F, keelson.
- H, sheet brass.

A MIDNIGHT CRUISE.

On an evening in the early part of June, I started from New Rochelle on the

Sound in my "Shadow," at about 9 o'clock, to paddle to Yonkers on the Hudson—there was moonlight from dusk to dawn, and hardly a cloud in the sky during the whole night.

After running out of the Harbor the canoe was put for David's Island, under the lee of which I waited for the friend who was to join me from Larchmont. After giving a few blasts on my foghorn I heard his reply and we were soon on our journey, heading for City Island, right in the teeth of a stiff southerly breeze.

When in the narrow passage between City Island and its fellow—seeing a tug coming—I stopped work and my friend, who was just behind me managed very cleverly to run the bow of his canoe up under my steering lines and unship the rudder before he knew I had left off paddling. Things got very complicated at once. My canoe, in her anger at the insult, would not let go her hold, and the tug was coming directly for us the while. We carried no light. By a sort of three leg, ambling broadside pace, and a sharp salute on the horn, we managed to prevent being run down. When the excitement was over, the canoes were parted and then my friend had the pleasant duty before him of shipping my rudder—his canoe being broadside on—with a wild sea running. After working away for a time, mildly swearing to himself, wetting his sleeves and narrowly escaping an upset every now and then, he at last gave it up in very bad humor, and ordered me nearer ashore, into smooth water. At that time I had not acquired the knack of walking the deck to the very end of the canoe and dropping the pin into the gudgeons first shot, and walking back leisurely, as I invariably do it now. So in shore we went and the rudder was finally dropped home.

From here to Fort Schuyler we had a battle of it against a heavy sea and wind; talking was made impossible by the noise

and distance we had to keep from each other to prevent the swell from throwing the canoes together. A canoe is very much like a bull-terrier in that it rarely meets its fellow without trying to bite, tear, poke, rub or hang on to the stranger. In watching the other canoe come up a wave, ride the crest and then plunge down over the crest reflecting the moonlight from its smooth and dripping side, I was reminded of the heavy surge of a great porpoise.

At Ft. Schuyler we stopped under the dock in smooth water to refresh ourselves with a bite, a pull at the jug and to chat about the loveliness of the night, the quiet garrison, the vessels beating in through the narrow channel—now showing a green eye and then a red one.

We could see the light on the island just off Little Hell Gate from where we were, and it looked so bright and near we could not realize that it was going to be a three hours paddle to reach it, and tough work all the time too. We started from the Fort at eleven and it was nearly two when we passed the light house. It was none the less enjoyable for the work. The weather was very mild and would have been hot but for the breeze; the moon full and the atmosphere perfectly clear. While bowling along easily, looking about and drinking in the splendid scene, our eyes were attracted by a cloud of smoke from way off over the Long Island hills somewhere to the left of Flushing—then a rocket went up and burst—then another and then a perfect shower with bursting bombs, and red, green and white lights, brilliant even in the moonlight. We were at a loss to know what it all meant and did not find out till the next day when we saw in the paper that a firework factory had blown up—for our special benefit probably.

On reaching smooth water behind the island on which stands the light-house, we let the canoes drift with the tide for a time

while we took a short rest—sponging out what little water had blown in over the coaming—re-arranging our cushions and taking a little refreshment in the form of crackers. All at once we heard loud cries of distress. "Help! Help!"—right ahead. A brisk paddle of a few minutes brought us to the entrance to Little Hell Gate channel. Here, right off the Knickerbocker Yacht Club House, we ran across a large cat boat, keeled clean over on her beam ends with the sail flat out on the water toward shore, and five roughs clinging on to the side out of water and calling for some one to rescue them—not one of them all being able to swim. As it was low tide and they were near shore I felt almost sure they were aground—and on testing with the paddle I found the top of the mast was lying on bottom—I was so angry at the carelessness of such fellows going out in a sail boat that I was going off to leave them to learn a lesson—knowing no harm would come to them—when my soft-hearted companion started for a wharf near by to get a punt—I therefore told the cads to walk out on the mast and wade ashore, which they very meekly did before my friend got his boat to their rescue. I would not go near them in my canoe lest they should go for her in a body and wreck us all.

As we neared Harlem on its quiet river, the first stretch of dawn began to appear, and before McComb's Dam was passed the early summer sun was up. A light wind springing up, I set sail, and as my friend was very sleepy and tired, I ordered him to wrap a blanket over him and go to sleep while I took his canoe in tow. In this way we reached King's Bridge where we were obliged to carry the canoes over the road as the tide was running in between the piers with too strong a current to make headway against. After launching on the other side we threaded the many windings of Spuyten Duyvel Creek and ran under

the Rail-road Bridge out into the broad Hudson. A fair wind induced us shortly to set our sails and with a flood tide under us, the canoes fairly flew along.

Seeing a striking female figure on the rocks of a point, fishing, I could not help running the canoe in that direction, especially as the costume was a pretty one as seen from a distance. The canoe's course was abruptly changed however when—on getting within ear shot—a small boy's voice was heard asking: "*Grandma! Gi' me some more bait.*"

On making a landing to put things in apple pie order before running into port, a native came strolling down near us and finally drew up alongside excusing himself with—"I thought I'd have the sass to ask you to let me look at them boats."

Again getting under way we drew up at our wharf at about eight o'clock—just in time for breakfast—having had a splendid time of it all through. Our advice to the reader is—Get a canoe and try it.

C. Bowyer Vaux.

A FRENCH CANOEIST.

Canoeing has crossed the Channel and proselyting has begun among the natives. We are indebted to Capt. Paul Boyton for a clipping from a Paris periodical which we herewith translate in full.

If canoeing becomes fairly started in France there is reason to believe that it will become as popular as it is in America, for France, like America, offers abundant attractions to the canoeist. Delightful cruises could be made upon the branches of the Loire through Touraine and Anjou, so cleverly described by Henry James; upon the tributaries of the Garonne; in the hundreds of interesting nooks and corners of Gascony and Languedoc; or in the track of the *Qui Vive* down the Saone and Rhone and in the paddle strokes of MacGregor (if you will allow the coinage) upon the northern rivers.

"The paper canoe, the *Qui-Vive*, commanded by M. Tanneguy de Wogan, arrived here (Paris) last evening and is housed at the "*Touriste*," near the *Pont-Royal*, having just returned from the cruise which it accomplished from Paris to Marseilles, or rather to Martigues, on the Gulf of Lyon.

A numerous company of spectators greeted the hardy captain of the *Qui-Vive* with well deserved cheers, for the Odyssey of the paper canoe and her captain was not accomplished without considerable danger. We have been favored with some very interesting reminiscences to that effect.

It was no vain freak which led M. de Wogan in his attempt. He has tried to prove that these little vessels, peculiarly constructed of paper, are able to render real service, and that the French builders can produce these light boats as well, if not better, in the numerous points of strength and safety as their English and American competitors.

The result is conclusive. The *Qui-Vive*, whose shell is three millimetres (about one-tenth of an inch) in thickness, has traveled more than a thousand kilometres (620 miles), has descended the Rhone, has been thrown against the rocks, has been stranded twice upon the sand banks, and has returned to Paris a month afterwards without any material damage.

The side incidents of the cruise are worthy of notice. The Seine, the Yonne, the Bourgoyne Canal and the Saone were explored by M. de Wogan without serious difficulty. We note, however, one unpleasant incident. A little way from the new town of Sainte Georges, M. de Wogan, who had moored his canoe and been absent a few moments found on his return that some had been trying to learn to paddle his boat during his absence. At Chalon on the Saone an episode of a very different kind occurred. The captain of the *Qui-Vive*, having been received with enthusiasm by the people, conceived the happy idea of

giving that same evening an exhibition for the benefit of the poor of the *placé*. That exhibition netted 1,320 francs (\$245), for the unfortunates.

At Lyon, ten thousand people awaited the *Qui-Vive* and saluted it with repeated cheers. The following morning M. de Wogan re-embarked.

The last part of the voyage was full of incident. The descent of the Rhone was really terrible. In the neighborhood of Valence, M. de Wogan, drawn by the current and misled by false directions, was unable to stop at nightfall and ran fifty kilometres (31 miles) in the darkness with several strandings, bumpings on the rocks, etc.

Finally the *Qui-Vive* traversed the regions infested with the cholera, and the most sinister predictions were made concerning the captain by the folks along the river.

M. de Wogan completed his programme nevertheless, and, after a brief cruise on the Gulf of Lion, returned to Paris, not without having encountered several storms.

Leaving Melun in the morning of the day before yesterday, the *Qui-Vive* found herself in advance of the hour indicated for her return, and has found her berth at the *Quai de la Râpée*, in charge of her builder, M. Tellier. It is there that M. de Wogan, greatly tanned, his hands covered with caluses, but fresh and hearty as ever, kindly gave us some reminiscences of his long and interesting cruise."

INCIDENTS.

IN THE WATER.

I don't know a canoeist who won't sometimes take a tow, but I know plenty of them who won't tell of it. I will submit to the indignity when I can't get home before midnight without it. I took a tow on Oneida river in the summer of 1874 from a flat-boat, which was itself behind a side-wheel steamer going at a good rate of speed. The *Gypsy* had lost her painter ring at the bow, so I

made a hitch of the tow-rope round a cleat forward of the well, and sat aft with the paddle to keep her from being hauled around broadside (we didn't generally steer canoes with rudders in those days.) The wash from the steamer sprinkled a little water now and then over the coaming, and my position on the floor-boards soon became uncomfortable. Under the forward deck, but out of reach, was a seat, which would raise me three inches above high water mark if I had it. The question was, would the *Gypsy* swing broadside to the tow if I ceased steering long enough to secure the seat? If she did an upset was inevitable. I would experiment. I lifted the paddle out of the water cautiously, and kept it thus twenty seconds, in which period of time I was sure I could accomplish my object. The canoe kept her course admirably. I waited ten minutes longer, while the steamer made a curve in the river, and after she was well along in a straight course again. I made a break forward and grabbed the seat. Alas, I had not estimated the difference in trim the shifting of a hundred and odd pound's weight would cause! The *Gypsy* turned in a flash, was hauled under water, and just as the tow-line broke the water closed over my head. But I had the seat!

IN THE RAIN.

I don't believe a man should be allowed to own a canoe who stays in port on account of the rain. Nature is nature, whether smiling or weeping, and a man who really loves nature, loves her in all her moods. Then, too, there is something of the elation of the conqueror felt by the canoeist who paddles his canoe in a rainstorm, defying the rain to enter his well-protected hold. "Ha-ha, old Pluvius," he can say, "you thought it a small matter to worry me, but I have beaten you. When you thought to soak me you found an oil-skin coat and hat that bothered you; and when you tried to get inside my boat there was the oil-skin apron, without a crevice where you could

squeeze through, and there were the water-tight hatches. You are well beaten old boy."

"But suppose you haven't any oil-skins, and your hatches leak?" says Skeptic.

Then, Mr. Skeptic, you deserve a sound wetting, for a canoeist who goes cruising with faulty gear is too lazy or too careless a man to have any other reward.

IN THE ROAD.

Two of us started down Cayuga lake one night after dark during the equinoctial storm in '76. We were accustomed to start every Friday night, because every Saturday was a holiday with us, and the barometer or thermometer were instruments we never consulted about cruises. It wasn't dark that night—it was black—and it poured. We felt our course along the east shore for about four miles, and then, during a lull, hauled ashore, got up tents in a hurry, brewed some chocolate and turned in. We slept like bricks all night while the clouds emptied themselves on our water-proof shelters. In the early morning we were awakened by a great hullabaloo of shouting and oaths. We unbuttoned, peered out, and at once discerned the reason. A farmer's wagon loaded for market was close by, the horses close upon the canoes, and the farmer irate because we had pitched our camp squarely in the middle of the public highway.

SENECA.

THE ASSOCIATION BOOK.

The fourth edition of this manual appears with a largely increased list of members, just in time for the meeting of the association at Grindstone Island. It has long been apparent, as stated in the quotation given from the *Times* herewith, that the Association has outgrown its original organization, and we can only say that the writer's conclusions and suggestions meet the views of all who have the interests of

canoeing at heart. No doubt, before this number of the *CANOEIST* is published, some wise conclusion will have been reached at the business meeting, whereby the diverse views of members from different sections of the country will be harmonized and the Association established on a broader and more efficient basis than ever.

"Yes," says a writer in the *Tribune*, "there are charms in wheeling superior to those in fishing, horse-racing or any other sort, unless it is canoeing, and its range is wider than the canoe."

In an article on The Canoe Association published in the *Times* of Sunday, July 26, Consul General W. L. Alden says :

"Pleasant and profitable as the annual meetings of the Association have been, the present is probably its last great meeting. The association has grown so large that it is impossible for more than a small number of its members to meet together. So long as its membership was confined principally to New York State, Ohio and Canada it was possible to get together a full representation either at Lake George or any other comparatively central place, but now that it has members in nearly every State of the Union, as well as in Canada, the place of meeting must necessarily be at a long distance from either the New-York, the Milwaukee, or the San Francisco Club.

It has evidently become necessary to divide the Canoe Association into branches, of which there should be at least four. These branches can hold their annual meetings, and a general meeting of the Association can still be held for the benefit of those who are able to attend it and for the purpose of legislation. The life of the association will, however, be in its branches. If the members who are now gathering at Grindstone Island are wise they will lose no time in giving the Association a federal organization, for unless this is done the breaking up of the Association into two or three rival bodies will be inevitable."

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

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Secretary and Treasurer—DR. CHAS. A. NEIDÉ, Schuylerville, N. Y.

The Executive Committee is composed of the Officers and the following members at large:—E. G. RAND, Cambridge, Mass.; R. E. WOOD, Peterboro, Ont.; C. B. VAUX, New York City.

The Secretary of the American Canoe Association requests persons sending money to him, to do so either by registered letter or Post-Office money order, on *Saratoga, N. Y.*

If canoeists will send application to the Secretary of the A. C. A., enclosing \$2.00 for initiation fee and dues for the first year, their names will be presented for membership.



A JUDICIOUS APPOINTMENT.

True statesmanship endeavors to shape its policy so as to secure the individual support of the best classes in the community, and the President, in appointing Mr. William L. Alden to the Consul-Generalship of the United States at Rome, has recognized the importance of the canoeing vote. We cannot venture to promise the Administration the undivided support of the fraternity. No appointment, foreign or otherwise, has as yet been offered to us, but the President has certainly done well so far. He has begun with the "Father of American Canoeing," and the rest of us

may not unreasonably cherish hopes. Mr. Alden was undoubtedly appointed mainly on account of his eminent services in introducing a noble recreation to the people of his native land. His fame as a journalist and author, his conspicuous patriotism, and his distinguished services as an explorer of dangerous and unknown rivers are mere incidents in his grander career as a canoeist. His selection to fill the delicate position of Consul-General, resident near the Papal Court, is judicious in the extreme, for such is his sturdy puritanism that not even the most anxiously fearful of our Protestant sects need fear lest he yield to the blandishments of Rome. The only reasonable ground for dread is that his somewhat obtrusive Americanism may lead him to insist too strenuously upon his rights as a citizen, and upon his dignity as an official representative of the United States. We are happy to be able to assert, however, that he will not habitually carry an American flag in his hat-band, excepting on State occasions, and that he will continue to wear his very becoming Dundreary whiskers, notwithstanding the danger he will incur of being mistaken for a member of the British Legation.

An excellent portrait of Mr. Alden, with a brief sketch of his life, was published in a recent number of *Harper's Weekly*. He expects to sail for Rome on August 8th, and the New York Canoe Club, of which he was the honored founder, will, if possible, be out in the bay with its entire fleet drawn up in line of battle and fire a Consul-General's salute of nine guns when the big Cunarder passes them in review.

It is a pretty sight to see the canoe fleet inspecting the rival yachts *Genesta* and *Priscilla*, and it is probably safe to add *Puritan*, although she, at this writing, is not actually here. *Genesta* arrived a few days since from her Trans-Atlantic trip, and looks the ideal of a sea-worthy English cutter, built for heavy work and plenty of

it. The other two boats are more graceful, and give an idea of greater buoyancy. Around these the little canoe fleet circles, the peaks of their mainsails rising only a short way above the taffrail of the larger craft. Canoeists are yachtsmen at heart, and are generally treated at least with the consideration usually accorded to poor relations by their bigger and richer kinsfolk. They will watch with great interest the trial races which will precede the great contest for the America's cup which is set down for early Fall.—

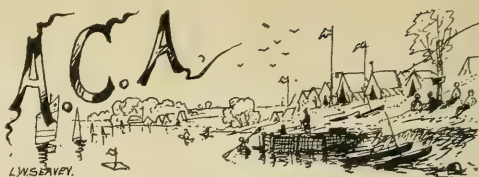
That was a most unfortunate and inexplicable oversight which permitted the JUNE CANOEIST to go to press with "See Bee" instead of SEA BEE, as the name of Mr. Vaux's new canoe. Our apologies are here with tendered alike to her and to her owner.—

The success of the Western Meet, considering the fact that this is the first great enterprise of the new organization, speaks well for the push and pluck of the Buckeye canoers.

While the formation of the Western Canoe Association—the W. C. A. that is to be—does not materially interfere with the carrying out of Com. Oliver's plan of a division of the A. C. A. as given in our columns, yet it is to be regretted that an *independent* organization was established.

If the resolution is intended to convey the idea that the W. C. A. is to be one division of the A. C. A., while an Eastern and a Canadian division are to be formed, all governed and bound together by a central organization, the plan is a good one and entirely in consonance with Com. Oliver's idea.

If, however, the proposition is to form two or three distinct associations with different government and various or variable sailing regulations and classifications, separate systems of collecting information and disjointed effort in protecting the rights and augmenting the privileges of cruisers, the fraternity will be wanting in the dignity and power which only united effort can secure.



Members of the American Canoe Association applying at the office of the New York, West Shore, and Buffalo Railway (popularly known as the West Shore), No. 280 Broadway, New York, will be guaranteed excursion tickets at the lowest possible rates. Boats and camp equipages will be carried free in baggage car at owners' risk, provided timely notice is given at the office in advance of shipment, so that necessary arrangements can be made with agents for forwarding.

The West Shore being the newest of the great lines from New York westward, is probably less familiarly known to canoers than the other routes. It is, however, well worth trying, and its route along the west bank of the Hudson may afford glimpses of familiar scenery which will seem new and unfamiliar even to habitual frequenters of the river.

As we send CANOEIST to press we are glad to learn that the camp at Grindstone Island is in full blast, and that its success is already assured.

By effective sanitary precautions, systematic police arrangements, including the patrolling of the camp and course, Com. Oliver has warded off the discomforts and nuisances of last year.

Each morning an "officer of the day" goes on duty and his authority is respected throughout the camp.

The disappearance of the embryonic bar of last year and the increased attendance at the ladies' camp on Squaw Point are facts significant of the well sustained *morale* of the Association.

The races will be looked upon with unusual interest, and the merits of the new rigs and models tested.

The following named gentlemen have been elected to membership in the American Canoe Association, since the meeting of the Executive Committee in October last.

Chas. A. Moody, Rochester, N. Y.; E. B. Lewis, 126 Main Street, Norwich, Conn.; Chas. A. Kroman, P. O. Box 802, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Louis F. Burke, P. O. Box 10, Bayonne, N. J.; J. C. Haines, Seattle, Washington Ter.; Thomas G. Buddington, 304 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; George M. Munger, 1347 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.; F. R. Webb, Staunton, Va.; Geo. Adams (Rev.), Cortlandt, N. Y.; W. P. Couch, care of Commercial Nat. Bank, Dubuque, Iowa; J. W. Richards, Toledo, Ohio; John R. Robertson, Lawrence, Mass.; F. C. Goodenough, Lawrence, Mass.; John T. R. Stinson, Normal School, Toronto, Canada; Chas. F. Smith, P. O. Box 188, Lawrence, Mass.; Edw. Jay Allen, P. O. Box 943, Pittsburgh, Pa.; E. H. Moulton, care of Farmers and Mechanics Bank, Minneapolis, Minn.; John Boyle O'Reilly, "The Pilot," Boston, Mass.; William H. Hillier, 653 Broad St., Newark, N. J.; Emile Ruff, Dubuque, Iowa; Chas. E. Bullock, Canton, Pa.; D. W. MacDonald, 7 Bowling Green, N. Y.; R. J. Welles, P. O. Box 543, Athens, Pa.; J. H. Wheeler, University of Virginia, Albemarle Co.; Willis D. Maicar, Fort Wayne, Ind.; M. T. Bennett, Jr., Garden City, N. Y.; T. Howe Childs, care of Hussey Howe & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Willis G. Thrall, Oswego, N. Y.; Dudley T. Greene, Homer, Cort. Co., N. Y.; James W. Higgins, Oswego, N. Y.; Francis Goodwin (Rev.), Hartford, Conn.; Jacob L. Greene (Col.), Hartford, Conn.; William G. Abbott, Hartford, Conn.; C. E. Forrest, Hartford, Conn.; James Goodwin, Hartford, Conn.; James P. Phinney, 770 East 4th St., South Boston, Mass.; Frederic G. Mather, 99 Lancaster St., Albany, N. Y.; Edward A. Hatch, 266 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.; C. F. Walters, Rochester, N. Y.; Pliney F. Munger, 1345 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Guilford Hasbrouck, Rondout, N. Y.; Clark Van Deusen, Rondout, N. Y.; J. A. Miller, 16 North Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.; Joseph A. Frizzell, 158 K St., South Boston, Mass.; Geo. W. Ruggles, Charlotte, N. Y.; Sigourney Butler, Quincy, Mass.; Samuel J. Cresswell, Jr., 202 South 39th St., Philadelphia, Pa.; William J. Haines, Cheltenham, Mont. Co., Pa.; Thomas N. Dixon, 1410 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Pell W. Foster, Washington Heights, New York; Geo. J. Rapelje, Romney, W. Va.

Signed Chas. A. Neidé, Sec'y A. C. A.

CLUB DOINGS.

THE IANTHE CANOE CLUB.

NEWARK, N. J.

The first annual regatta of the Ianthe Canoe Club will be held on Saturday afternoon, August 22nd, on the Passaic River, commencing at two P. M. The regatta will be open to all canoeists; the rules of the New York Canoe Club to govern. Course from a point off the club house, half mile to and around buoy and return, or one mile.

RACES.

No. I.—Single Paddling Race for canoes 24 inches beam and under.

No. II.—Single Paddling Race for canoes 24 to 28in. beam inclusive.

No. III.—Paddling Race for canoes 28in. beam and over.

*No. IV.—Tandem Paddling Race, open to all canoes irrespective of size or beam.

No. V.—Sailing Race, open to all single canoes irrespective of size, class, or rig.

No. VI.—Obstacle Race, open to all single canoes, the occupant to tumble out of his canoe into the water up to his chin at the discharge of the signal gun which will be fired at least twice.

The prizes are to be as follows:

No. I.—Silver Cup.

No. II.—Paddle.

No. III.—Paddle.

No. IV.—Gold Medal.

No. V.—Patent Canoe Lamp.

No. VI.—Silver Medal.

The entrance fee will be fifty cents for each race, except No. V., in which case it will be \$1.00.

All entries must be sent to the Commodore on or before August 6th, or they will not be accepted.

The boat house is situated on the Passaic River at the foot of Grafton avenue. To reach it take the N. Y. L. E. & W. R. R. to Woodside; or take any of the other railroads to Newark and the red car running north to Crofton ave.

Visitors will be welcome at the house on all occasions, and especially on the day of the regatta. F. A. Phelps, Jr., Commodore.

KNICKERBOCKER CANOE CLUB.

The second race for the club trophy was started on Saturday, July 18. We say started for it will never be finished.

With a fresh northerly wind and strong ebb tide three canoes got away from the club house intending to go over the club's triangular course up and across the river and return.

The start was thus : *Guenn*, Wm. Whitlock, 5.12.50 p. m. ; *Lorelei*, E. C. Griffin, 5.14.15 ; *Inertia*, E. W. Brown, 5.14.55.

The three canoes beat up to the first stake-boat against winds and tide, arriving thus :

	TIME. ELAPSED.	
<i>Inertia</i> ,.....	5.37.25	22.30
<i>Guenn</i>	5.37.25	24.35
<i>Lorelei</i>	5.38.35	24.20

The wind then entirely died out and the race was abandoned.

MERSEY CANOE CLUB, (Liverpool).

We have received from the Secretary of the Mersey C. C. a copy of a circular announcing the Spring election, and the condition of the club. The newly elected officers are : President, N. Rundell, Jr.; Captain, T. H. R. Bartley; Mate and Secretary, W. S. Holden; Treasurer and Librarian, F. Mounsdon.

There are at present 24 canoes in the club house, 2 at the club premises at Hilbre Island, and several at Ludlow and other places.

The circular says : "On looking at the record of Cruises made by present and past Members, it will be seen that the burgee of the Club has floated over many waters in many lands.

"Most of the water courses in England, Scotland and Ireland have been navigated, and a considerable portion of the sea-board explored. Members of the Club have also made cruises on the Norwegian Fjords, Jordan, Baltic, Nile, Red Sea, Mediterranean, Canadian, American, New Zealand,

Australian, Chinese and African Rivers, on the Zuyder Zee and Danish waters; and the Mate will be glad to give information respecting such cruises to members or others who may contemplate cruises in the future.

"The quiet, calm and natural enjoyment of the Canoeists' camping life, coupled with the accessories of lovely scenery and health-giving exercise, should also be brought to the notice of those likely to prove able and active members of the Club, and the spirit of self-reliance which such a life fosters pointed out.

"In the United States and Canada, the American Canoe Association, organized by Mr. N. H. Bishop of Lake George, who is personally known to at least one member of the Club, has done much to instil the love of canoeing and camp-life on the other side of the Atlantic, and surely in England it needs little to stimulate a like activity."

JUNE REGATTA—ROCHESTER C. C.

The June regatta of the Rochester Canoe Club took place on June 18th, at Irondequoit Bay. The weather was delightful for the sport, a stiff southwest wind blowing very nearly full upon the waters of the bay and affording the members of the club an opportunity to show their qualities as sailors. One or more upsets occurred in every one of the contests. In the first sailing race the start was a most beautiful sight, eight canoes under full sail entering the contest. Before reaching the first buoy, however, the canoes of F. F. Andrews and Henry J. Ward were upset, and only four of the starters finished the course.

Commodore Andrews appeared with a new canoe, built to his order by Captain George W. Ruggles, of Charlotte. It is a beautiful craft—the pride of the fleet—and the result of the race clearly demonstrated its merits and the sailing qualities of the Commodore. Captain Angle sailed his Rushton canoe, the Elenore, and Professor Mellen his McGuire canoe, both gentlemen exhibiting fine pluck and skill in the

management of their crafts. The Juniper canoe of Mr. Gilmore, built by the Peterboro Canoe Company, attracted much attention by its neat appearance and fine sailing qualities. Several canoes used the Albany sail for the first time in races on Irondequoit Bay, and nearly all the crafts were fitted with the latest improved appliances of sailing canoes. At 3 o'clock the races were called by George H. Harris, referee, Fred. W. Storms, starter, and Joseph Huther, time-keeper, under the rules of the American Canoe Association. A special prize, consisting of a Canoe Cooking Kit, presented by J. B. Jefferson, of the Warren, Pa., Canoe Club to the canoe having the best average, was awarded to Commodore F. F. Andrews. The regular prizes were flags for first and second canoes in each race, and were awarded as follows :

1. Paddling, Class 11—Course one-half mile to buoy and return. Mellen 4 minutes 15 seconds; Andrews, 4 minutes 22 seconds; Moody, 5 minutes; Wilson, 5 minutes.

2. Sailing, Class B—Triangular course one-half mile between buoys; whole course one and one-half miles. Angle, 38 minutes; Mellen 41 minutes 30 seconds, Moody 44 minutes.

3. Combined Sailing and Paddling, All Classes—Same course as last. Sail to first buoy, paddle from first to second buoy, sail to third buoy. All sails to be lowered over paddling course. Andrews, 28 minutes 30 seconds; Mellen 46 minutes, Wilson 47

4. Tandem Paddling. All Classes.—Two men in a canoe. Course one-half mile to buoy and return. Ward and Andrews 3 minutes, Mellen and Stewart 3 minutes and 1 second.

5. Sailing. All Classes.—Triangular course as before. This race is first in series of five for best average for the Angle cup. Andrews 27 minutes, Mellen 28 minutes 30 seconds, Ward 35 minutes.

6. Upset race. All classes.—Course straight away, upset at signal. Andrews 3 minutes, Mellen 3 minutes 30 seconds, Moody 5 minutes.

NEW YORK.

After a number of vexatious delays the venerable New York Club has its house finished and securely moored near her old berth opposite Robbins Reef Light. The old house has been made over and placed on a large and strongly built scow, well

decked and calked throughout. She is moored between four groups of piles, and persons who are liable to sea-sickness are warned that a permanent residence aboard may not prove conducive to perfect equanimity, as the incessant passing of steamers makes a swell that at times reminds one of old ocean itself. However the members of this club have always prided themselves upon their seamanship, and are well satisfied with the situation. A second story has been added to the house affording an airy room for social purposes, with galleries fore and aft across which a refreshing breeze may be safely counted upon to blow during the afternoon hours most affected by the fraternity.

BROOKLYN.

The Brooklyn Canoe Club had its house warming on July 12th, a number of neighboring canoeists being invited to inspect the new quarters and witness informal races under sail and paddle. The house is a new one with a large room for the stowage of canoes, and an upstairs room for lockers, meetings, and miscellaneous uses. The whole structure is mounted on a float of large logs and the ample sliding doors open on a wide platform for launching, rigging, etc. The float is moored in the basin of Munn's shipyard, a headquarters for yachtmen, safe from the annoyance of steamboat swells and the seas that are sometimes rolled up by a westerly wind. This is a great advantage, as members can make sail and get under way in smooth water, and run out into the sea with everything ready.

As there was a dead calm a paddling race was started first, with *Tip Top*, Commodore R. J. Wilkin; *Minx*, M. V. Brokaw; *Daphne*, G. Messiter; *Judy*, W. Baker.

Tip-Top, an elegant Peterboro boat, had it all her own way, driven by the muscular Commodore and crossed the finish line well ahead of all competitors. A gentle breeze came up just in time for the sailing race, and

the following canoes started: *Guenn*, Wm. Whitlock; *Minx*, M. V. Brokaw; *Daphne*, T. G. Buddington; *Pilgrim*, Chas. Gould; *Tip-Top*, R. J. Wilkin. *Guenn* led from the start and finished well in advance of the others, *Minx* being second. It is only fair to say that *Tip-Top* and *Daphne* were becalmed at the start and only got a start of wind after the others were well away. Indeed the Commodore is reported in the *Brooklyn Eagle* as having said after the race: "We don't care much about racing, the idea of canoeists is to make long trips wherever we can float our canoes. Over measured courses naturally there might be as much excitement over a canoe race as over a sculling race. But the real delight of canoeing is that as a rule we can go where there is six inches of water, and where there isn't any water we can carry our canoes." It is believed, however, that some members of the club *do* care considerably about racing for all the Commodore's alleged indifference.

BAYONNE.

The Bayonne Canoe Club held its fourth annual regatta off the Club House on Newark Bay, July 4th. A course of three miles was marked out for the sailing race, and as there was a stiff breeze and plenty of sea, on a fine race was very properly anticipated. For the sailing race (one class), there were nine entries, namely: *Lil*, R. V. Vienot; *Sioux*, T. F. Garrett; *Mist*, F. B. Collins; *Kelpie*, E. R. Smith; *Manahatta*, R. Pebble; *Foam*, J. Collins; *May*, W. Rumble; *Baby*, F. Beardsley; *Water Witch*, G. W. Heard. *Sioux* came in a winner, with *Lil* a close second. *Mist*, *Kelpie* and *Foam* came to grief and got their swimming suits wet.

The second event was a one mile paddling race for singles. There were five entries, namely: *Canoe "Sioux,"* M. Grace; *Ella*, A. Fleming; *Mist*, F. B. Collins; *Kelpie*, E. R. Smith; *Baby*, F. Beardsley. It was a very close finish, with *Kelpie* first, and *Mist* a close second.

A tandem race followed, distance one mile, four entries: *Water-Witch*, Garret Heard; *Ella*, Vrenot Henning; *Kelpie*, Smith Pebbles; *Belle*, Swift Grace. *Water-Witch* won, *Ella* two.

The upset race, always the most popular with outsiders, concluded the entertainment. *Kelpie* and *Mist* were the only two entries, and the crews having already been overboard in the sailing race were in prime condition. *Kelpie* was victorious, regaining his place in thirty seconds. Prizes were awarded to the winners in each race, and first and second prizes were given for the sailing race. A large crowd of spectators were present, the day perfect and fireworks gave a patriotic finish to the affair in the evening.

PITTSBURGH.

The second race for the Pittsburgh Canoe Club Record Cup was sailed on the Alleghany River on Thursday, July 2nd. The course was from Sixth Street Bridge one-half mile down stream (to windward) and return, the course to be sailed over twice. The start was a good one, *Marguerite*, Singer; *Lady Jane*, Bakewell; *Whiffler*, Woodwell, and *Freyja*, Holdship, crossing the line together, with *Katrina*, Bailey, a few yards in the rear. All got away on the starboard tack except the Class A canoe—*Lady Jane*—who took a short stretch over towards the Alleghany shore. The wind was strong at the start, and *Whiffler* carried no dandy, while *Marguerite* and *Katrina* were reefed, but before long both the latter hoisted out their reefs, while *Whiffler* would cheerfully have given ten dollars for his dandy. For the first quarter mile the canoes crossed and re-crossed each other, making some pretty close shaves, for the puffy, shifting wind required full attention with but little time allowed to peep under booms to see what was on the lee bow. By this time *Freyja* was clearly ahead, and *Katrina* was getting a good hold on second place. *Whiffler* was third, and the Class A

boat naturally falling to the rear. Positions were not changed at the first buoy, where *Freyja* was about as far ahead of *Katrina* as she had been at the start; but the buoy was anchored too close to the Union Bridge, which cut off the wind, and, after rounding, the leader was nearly becalmed for a spell, and second man almost closed up the gap. The two leaders had a see-saw race up before the wind, first one and then the other being favored by the breeze, while the other three contestants were caught in the doldrums at the turn and left hopelessly in the rear. Just before reaching the upper turn *Katrina* got a blast which ran her ahead far enough to clear *Freyja's* bow, and, making a close turn—rather too close for comfort, having underestimated the current—she luffed up and started on the second round in the lead. On the beat down, the wind seemed to favor the first boat, for she continued to gain slowly, as also on the run home; and she finished the race sixty to seventy yards ahead of *Freyja*. Of the other canoes *Whiffler* held the advantage throughout the first round, making the upper turn about four lengths ahead of *Marguerite*; but becoming over-anxious on the windward work of the second round, she hugged the wind too closely, and was passed and beaten by her competitor. *Lady Jane* was overpowered by her larger antagonists, and did not complete the course. The record now stands: *Katrina*, 12; *Marguerite*, 9; *Freyja*, 8; *Whiffler* and *Lady Jane*, 5 each; and *Tiger*, 2.

OSHKOSH.

The first race of the Crescent Canoe Club season was held June 25 for the challenge prize of the club held by R. P. Finney as captain of canoe *Bon Ami*. The course was a three mile triangle. The start was at 2:25 P. M., with a strong southwest wind. There were but nine of the eighteen canoes ready to start, but the nine made a very pretty race. The entries, with time of race, were as follows:

		Min.	Sec.
<i>Meta</i>	Gus Simm.....	42	10
<i>Bon Ami</i>	R. P. Finney.....	43	20
<i>Alice</i>	Otto Scholert.....	43	30
<i>Genevieve</i>	F. H. Gary.....	45	15
<i>Rene</i>	W. A. Lesson.....	46	26
<i>Ada G</i>	L. F. Gates.....	50	00
<i>Dollie R</i>	C. S. Radford.....	56	55
<i>Dontuo</i>	C. J. Reynolds.....	57	45
<i>Lis</i>	A. M. v. Kaas.....	58	10

“OSHKOSH.”

THE LAKE ERIE MEET.

The Western Meet has come to a successful conclusion; successful in itself in its attendance, racing, etc., and successful in establishing a western association whose actions will be in sympathy with the A. C. A.

As announced in the CANOEIST the meet was held on Ballast Island, which is one of the Lake Erie group near Sandusky, O. The meet was brought about by the energy of the Cleveland Canoe Club under the able executive leadership of Com. Gardner. The camp was opened on Saturday, July 18, divine service being held on Sunday, the 19th, under the direction of Rev. G. T. Dowling of Cleveland.

The racing began on Wednesday, the 22d, the judges appointed being Messrs. Short, Axworthy and Jones, and the Regatta Committee, Messrs. Fred. Keith, E. S. Wright, and O. S. Root.

Instead of adopting the A. C. A. classification the Committee framed the following:

Paddling: Class I., length not over 16ft., beam 26 to 30in. Class II., length not over 18ft., beam not under 30in., Class III., not over 18ft., beam not under 24 and not over 28in.; Class IV., open canoes, single or double blades; Class V. tandem canoes. Sailing—Class A, length not over 16ft., beam not over 28in.; Class B, length not over 18ft., with a limit of 28½in. beam for that length. The beam may be increased ½in for each full 6in. of length decreased. Class C, length not over 18ft., any beam, with allowance of 6 seconds per foot per mile, open or decked canoes.

Otherwise the A. C. A. Rules were adopted.

RACES.

July 22. Class I. Paddling, 1 mile, (Distances are approximate only, as the courses were not measured, time results will therefore be valueless.) Finished as follows: *Psyche*, F. W. Keith; *Cleveland Greys*, E. H. Gardner; *Mary Brady*, O. H. Root; *Little Fraud*, C. F. Pennewell.

Class III. Paddling, 1 mile: *Fannie L.*, F. W. Keith; *Cleveland Greys*, R. W. Yorke; *Mary Brady*, O. H. Root.

Class II. Paddling, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile: *Dick L.* and *George El* (a Sunbeam), G. H. Gardner; *Gipsy*, J. W. Hepburn; *City of Cleveland*, C. F. Pennewell; *Laura*, W. W. Hite.

Class IV. Sailing, 3 miles, triangular course. No limits, trim or rig. Three starters: *Fifine*, W. I. Brown winner; *Gipsy*, J. W. Hepburn second.

Glass A. Sailing. Same conditions. Five starters; won by *Cleveland Greys*, G. H. Gardner.

Upset Race. Four starters; won by G. H. Gardner.

July 23. Class C. Sailing, 3 miles, Nine starters. Finish as follows: *Fanny L.*, F. W. Keith; *Fifine*, W. I. Brown; *Gipsy*, J. W. Hepburn; *Cleveland Greys*, G. H. Gardner.

All Classes. Sail 1 mile, paddle 1 mile, sail another mile to finish. Four starters. *Fannie L.*, F. W. Keith, winner; *Laura*, W. W. Hite, second. These being far in advance of the two others.

As no open nor tandem canoes were present races for these boats had to be dropped.

Novices Sailing Race. 2 miles. Eight starters. *Gip*, W. W. Hite, winner; *Fifine*, W. D. Breed, second.

Novices Paddling Race. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. Four starters, *Cuyahoga*, C. F. Pennewell, winner; *Little Fraud*, R. H. York, second.

July 24. Class C. Sailing (canoes of 30in. beam and over; allowance made for those under 30in.), ten starters. Finish: *Fifine*, W. I. Brown; *Gip*, H. D. Crane; *Fannie L.*, F. W. Keith; *Gipsy*, J. W. Hepburn; *Laura*, W. W. Hite.

Sailing Race for winners of previous races. Course as before. Starters: *Gip*, H. D. Crane; *Laura*, W. W. Hite; *Fifine*, W. I. Brown; all of Cincinnati, and *Fannie L.*, F. W. Keith, of Cleveland. *Cleveland Greys*, G. H. Gardner, Cleveland, was also eligible, but breaking her tiller at the start, was compelled to withdraw. Finish: *Fifine*, *Gip*, *Fannie L.*, and *Laura*.

Paddling Race for winners. Course one mile, Three starters. Finish: *Psyche*, F. W. Keith; *Cuyahoga*, O. H. Root, and *Cleveland Greys*, C. F. Pennewell.

The ubiquitous and ever welcome Dr. Neidé was present, as was Mr. W. P. Stephens (N. Y. C. C.) of *Forest and Stream*.

Mr. Stephens was elected a representative to the A. C. A. Meet, bearing the following resolutions:

Whereas, the Western A. C. A. has been duly organized on the 24th day of July, 1885, at Ballast Island, Lake Erie; and

Whereas, the said Association is desirous of encouraging canoeing in this country, and organizing rules, regulations, etc., that govern the canoers throughout North America; therefore be it

Resolved, That a representative be elected from this Association, with instructions to present the action taken at this meeting to the A. C. A. at its meeting at Grindstone Island, and that the said representative express to the said A. C. A. our willingness to reorganize the said W. C. A. on a basis which will place this Association on an equal footing with such an organization as may be formed by Eastern and Canadian canoers.

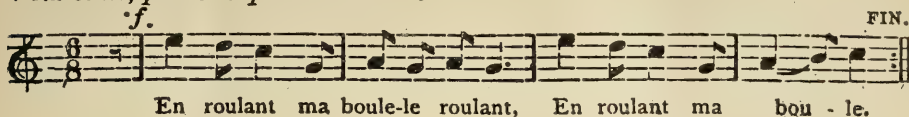
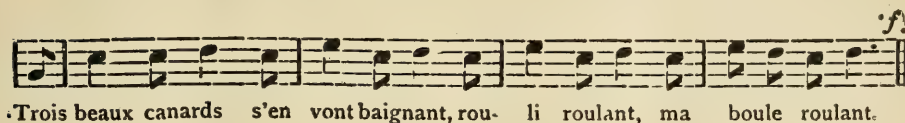
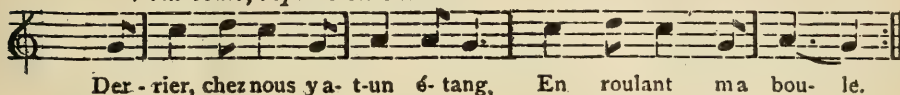
 GUENN vs. TRAMP.

A private match race was sailed between Messrs. Wm. Whitlock (*Guenn*), Brooklyn Club, and C. P. Stevens (*Tramp*), N. Y. Club, on Friday, July 24th. The course was from off the N. Y. C. C. House to and around Bedloe's Island, where Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty is to stand. This gives a course of nine miles. The wind was a gale from the southeast, and as both the boats are heavy weights, the *Tramp* being a Tredwen Pearl and the *Guenn* a narrower and deeper sailing canoe designed by Hyslop, it was most exciting to participants and spectators.

Guenn led over the entire course, which was covered by the victor in 1 hour and 33 minutes. The boats reached Bedloe's Island in 35 minutes ($4\frac{1}{2}$ miles) and began the beat to the finish only a short distance apart, when *Tramp* carried away a screw-eye which could not be reached for temporary repairs, and she was obliged to run ashore for repairs. The sea was very lumpy, and both boats shipped a good deal of water, but fairly distanced a large cat-boat which undertook to follow them over the course, on the run down the wind.

A REMINISCENCE OF GRINDSTONE—1884.

BY THE COURTESY OF EX-COM. LONGWORTH.

Voix seule, puis la reprise en chœur.*Voix seule, reprise en chœur.*

Derrière' chez nous, y a-t-un étang,
 En roulant ma boule.
 Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.
 En roulant ma boule roulant.
 En roulant ma boule.

Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
 En roulant ma boule.
 Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
 En roulant, etc.

Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
 En roulant ma boule
 Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
 En roulant, etc.

Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
 En roulant ma boule.
 Visa le noir, tua le blanc,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
 En roulant, etc.

Visa le noir, tua le blanc,
 En roulant ma boule.
 Un fils du roi, tu es méchant !
 Roule, roulant, ma boule roulant,
 En roulant, etc.

O fils du roi, tu es méchant !
 En roulant ma boule.
 D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
 En roulant, etc.

Behind our house, came to the lake,
 En roulant ma boule ;
 Two ducks to bathe and one fine drake,
 Rouli, roulant.
 Ma boule roulant,
 En roulant, ma boule roulant,
 En roulant ma boule.

Two ducks to bathe and one fine drake,
 En roulant ma boule ;
 The prince a hunt would undertake,
 Rouli, roulant, etc.

The prince a hunt would undertake,
 En roulant ma boule ;
 With silver gun of heavy make,
 Rouli, roulant, etc.

With silver gun of heavy make,
 En roulant ma boule ;
 He shot the white duck by mistake,
 Rouli, roulant, etc.

He shot the white duck by mistake,
 En roulant ma boule ;
 O, prince, thou art a wicked rake,
 Rouli, roulant, etc.

O, prince, thou art a wicked rake,
 En roulant ma boule ;
 My fairest duck, her life to take,
 Rouli, roulant, etc.

D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,
 En roulant ma boule.
 Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
 En roulant, etc.

Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,
 En roulant ma boule.
 Par les yeux lui sort'nt des diamants,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
 En roulant, etc.

Par les yeux lui sort'nt des diamants,
 En roulant ma boule.
 Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
 En roulant, etc.

Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
 En roulant ma boule.
 Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
 En roulant, etc.

Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent,
 En roulant ma boule.
 Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
 En roulant, etc.

Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant,
 En roulant ma boule.
 C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
 En roulant, etc.

C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
 En roulant ma boule.
 Pour y coucher tous les passants,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
 En roulant ma boule roulant,
 En roulant ma boule.

My fairest duck, her life to take,
 En roulant ma boule;
 Her side the drops of blood forsake,
 Rouli, roulant, etc.

Her side the drops of blood forsake,
 En roulant ma boule;
 The pearly tears show pain and ache,
 Rouli, roulant, etc.

The pearly tears show pain and ache
 En roulant ma boule;
 Her bill has gold and silver strake,
 Rouli, roulant, etc.

Her bill has gold and silver strake,
 En roulant ma boule;
 Each feather flown like snowy flake,
 Rouli, roulant, etc.

Each feather flown like snowy flake,
 En roulant ma boule;
 Three ladies catch for pity's sake,
 Rouli, roulant, etc.

Three ladies catch for pity's sake,
 En roulant ma boule;
 That they a camping bed might make,
 Rouli, roulant, etc.

That they a camping bed might make,
 En roulant ma boule;
 Where folks could rest, asleep, awake,
 Rouli, roulant, etc.

A CANOEING EPISODE.

He sat upon the varnished deck,
 While she reclined below,
 He swung on a nine foot "double blade"
 And whispered soft and low—

"Fear not those stumps so wierd and dark
 Nor boatman's treach'rous oar;
 Heed not the sound of waterfall
 Nor locomotive's roar.

"*I'll never turn my head around,*
 No danger do I fear;
 I'll never, never run aground
 At least while you are here.

"If wind and wave should storm and splash,
 And cause thee grave alarm
 Bethink thee of my trusty blade
 Wielded by my strong arm.

"Should sunken log upset our boat
 And we fall in the stream
 The life-tanks full of air would float
 And save us, so don't scream."

The lady sweetly smiled and said
 "You almost quell my fear
 You can to that compartment go
 And I, to this one here."

She wished to pluck a lily white,
 T'was near the grassy bank,
 She reached her hand but touched a frog
 Which said "*kerchug*" and sank.

She screamed, he laughed, his balance lost
 The boat turn'd quickly o'er;
 They might be in the water still
 Had they not walked to shore.—*Mourcil.*

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. IV.

AUGUST, 1885.

No. 8.

THE 1885 MEET.

FROM July 25th till August 8th, Grindstone Island awoke from its wonted quiet of the past fifty weeks, and its shores on Eel Bay were the scene of life and bustle. The canoe camp on Delancy Point showed signs of life for twenty of the twenty-four hours of each day during that time—the flags, tents, canoes on the beach and afloat, men moving here and there and the many tents indicated by day that some hard-worked fellows during the rest of the year were having an outing, and the camp fires and illuminations by night showed how hard it seemed to waste any of the precious time in sleep. The moon made the nights beautiful the first week, and the races induced sleep the second, so the loss of a moon was not felt.

THE A. C. A. RACES.

Regatta Committee: R. W. Gibson, Albany; J. L. Weller, Peterboro; R. J. Wilkin, Brooklyn.

PROGRAMME.

First Day, Monday, August 3d.

No. 1. 9.30 A. M.—Paddling Class III., 1 mile.

No. 2. 9.45 A. M.—Paddling Class II., 1 mile.

No. 3. 10.30 A. M.—Sailing Novices, Classes A and B, no limits to rig or ballast; open only to members who never sailed a canoe before 1885, 1½ miles.

No. 4. 11.30 A. M.—Paddling Class IV., 1 mile.

No. 5. 11.45 A. M.—Paddling Class I. (this race exempt from "1 man 1 canoe" rule), 1 mile.

No. 6. 1.45 P. M.—Sailing Class B, no limits ballast or rig, 3 miles.

No. 7. 2 P. M.—Sailing Class A, no limits ballast or rig, 3 miles.

No. 8. 3 P. M.—Paddling and sailing combined. Classes A and B (paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile, paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile, paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile, on triangular course of ½ mile sides), 3 miles.

No. 9. 4 P. M.—Paddling tandem, Classes III. and IV., decked (canoes for this race must be decked on half their length), 1 mile.

No. 10. 4.15 P. M.—Paddling tandem, Classes III. and IV. (open only for paddlers who do not race in No. 9), 1 mile.

No. 11. 4.30 P. M.—Upset Race, any Class II. or larger canoe (no special appliances allowed unless usually carried in cruising; at signal every canoe must be turned completely over), 200 ft.

Second Day.

No. 12. 9.30 A. M.—Paddling Class IV., cruising trim (canoe and load any material, to weigh 200 pounds or more), 1 mile.

No. 14. 10.30 A. M.—Sailing Class B, no ballast, 3 miles.

No. 15. 10.40 A. M.—Sailing Class A, no ballast, 3 miles

No. 16. 11.40 A. M.—Paddling Class II., cruising trim (canoe and load to weigh 120 pounds or more), 1 mile.

No. 17. 2 P. M.—Sailing Class B, cruising rig (sail limited to 75 ft., and ballast), 1½ miles.

No. 18. 2.10 P. M.—Sailing Class A, cruising rig (sail limited to 50 ft., any ballast), 1½ miles.

No. 19. 3 P. M.—Paddling Class III., cruising trim (canoe and load to weigh 160 pounds or more), 1 mile.

No. 20. 3.15 P. M.—Sailing unclassified canoes, no limits ballast or rig, 1½ miles.

No. 21. 4.15 P. M.—Hurry Scurry, with run, swim, 100 yds. canoes moored 50 ft. from shore, paddle 200 yds.

No. 22. 4.30 P. M.—Gymnastics.

The races are given below in the order contemplated by the programme, although some of them had to be postponed on account of the weather, and actually occurred out of the regular order.

In all cases the name of the CANOE is in the first column, OWNER in the second, and CLUB in the third, and TIME, when given, in the fourth.

MONDAY A. M., AUG. 3d—RECORD RACE, Event 1.—Paddling Class III., 1 mile, with turn:

Invincible, M. F. Johnson, Toronto. 15 30.
Beatrice, Theo. Dunham, Harvard. 19 00
Hilcrest, E. Gould, Knickerbocker. —

Johnson won. Dunham took second prize. Strong headwind over half the course. Gould upset. Further races were postponed on account of weather.

TUESDAY A. M., AUG. 4th.—RECORD RACE, Event 2.—Paddling, Class II., 1 mile, with turn. Length not over 15 ft., beam not under 26 in.

Ariel, W. A. Leys, Toronto. 13 50
Day Dream, G. E. Edgar, Jr., Dock Rat 14 30
Irene, R. Baldwin, Ottawa. 15 05

Event 3.—Sailing.—For novices, canoeists who never sailed a canoe before 1885. Any canoe, 1½ miles, triangular course, once around:

Flit, H. Stanton, Knickerbocker. 19 00
Emily, F. M. Turner, Brookville. —
Margaret, E. K. Dunham, Harvard. —

Turner and Dunham upset.

Heavy wind and rough water. Stanton won the prize and made the best sailing time once around the course during the meet, having full sail breeze and from a quarter making but two tacks necessary on the windward side of the course. He handled his canoe with wonderful address.

WEDNESDAY P. M., AUG. 5th—RECORD RACE, Event 4.—Paddling, Class IV., 1 mile with turn. Length not over 16 ft., beam not under 30 in.

Nellie, W. F. Kipp, St. Lawrence. 13 00
Bijou, J. L. Jackson. 13 30
Snake, R. W. Gibson, Mohican. 14 00
Gertie, J. R. Robertson, St. Lawrence. —
Daisy, G. O. Totten, Jr., Essex. —
Verena, E. B. Edwards, Peterboro. —

THURSDAY P. M., AUG. 6th—Event 5.—Paddling, Class I., 1 mile with turn. No limits to size of canoe.

Maggie, M. F. Johnson, Toronto. 12 00
Ariel, W. A. Leys, Toronto. 12 22

The best time over the course last year was made by Mr. Johnson in the canoe Maggie, 1½ miles, time 14.48 or 9.52 to the mile. Tandem, 1 mile in Maggie, was recorded as 9.31. Unfavorable weather prevented good time this year.

TUESDAY P. M., AUG. 4th.—RECORD RACE, Event 6.—Sailing, Class B, 3 miles, triangular course, twice round. Length not over 17 ft., beam 28½ in. for that length; ⅛ of an inch beam can be added for each inch of length decreased.

Sea Bee C. B. Vaux, New York. 50 30
Snake, R. W. Gibson, Mohican. 52 00
Star, F. S. Rathbun, Deseronto. 55 00
Isabel, Robert Tyson, Toronto. —
Grebe, B. W. Richards, Brockville. —
Freyja, C. F. Holdship, Pittsburgh. —
Daisy, Geo. O. Totten, Essex. —
Verena, E. B. Edwards, Peterboro. —
Germaine, A. G. Webster, Harvard. —
Katrina, R. W. Bailey, Pittsburgh. —
Guenn, C. V. R. Schuyler, Brooklyn. —
Beatrice, T. Dunham, Harvard. —
Bertha, J. E. Mellen, Rochester. —
Aurora, C. A. Neidé, Mohican. —
Sofronia, F. F. Andrews, Rochester. —
Thetis, P. M. Wackerhagen, Mohican. —
Inertia, E. W. Brown, Knickerbocker. —

Vaux won, Gibson taking second place. Heavy wind and sea all through the race. ½ mile in each round a dead beat to windward. A squall passed over the bay during first round. The jibe at the first turn proved fatal to several. The cautious ones "wore ship" round this flag to avoid danger of jibing.

RECORD RACE, Event 7.—Sailing, Class A, 3 miles, triangular course, twice round. Length not over 16 ft., beam not under 28 in.

Nirvana, A. K. Nimick, Pittsburgh..55 30
Day Dream, G. E. Edgar, Jr., Dock Rat 63 30
Irene, R. W. Baldwin, Ottawa..... —
Irex, Ford Jones, Brockville..... —

Nimick won. Edgar second. Baldwin and Jones upset. This race was started ten minutes after Class B, and, therefore, sailed in same weather. Nimick came in ahead of several of the B class, who finished. In 1884, eight canoes started and finished in the Class A race. It is notable that the A class is getting less popular.

RECORD RACE, Event 8.—Paddling and sailing combined, three miles, triangular course, twice round, Classes A and B together. Paddle $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, sail $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, paddle $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, sail $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, paddle $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, finish by sailing $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Snake, R. W. Gibson, Mohican.....50 20
Day Dream, G. E. Edgar, Jr., Dock Rat 60 00
Aurora, C. A. Neidé, Mohican..... —

Heavy wind and rough water prevented more entries.

Event 9.—Paddling tandem, Classes III. and IV., decked canoes, 1 mile. Class III. length not over 17 ft., beam not under 28 in. Class IV. length not over 16 ft., beam not under 30 in. Prize to each man in winning crew of two.

Nellie, W. F. Kipp, St. Lawrence;
J. L. Jackson, St. Lawrence....13 00
Gertie, J. R. Robertson, St. Lawrence;
C. V. R. Schuyler, Brooklyn....13 05
Jessie, J. S. Davis, St. Lawrence;
C. F. Smith..... —

Kipp and Jackson took the prizes. Close race.

Event 10.—Paddling tandem, same as Event 9, but open canoes only allowed, 1 mile.

Invincible, M. F. Johnson, Toronto;
G. B. Wilkinson, Brockville....13 00
Daisie, A. C. Shaw, Brockville; E.
Pitt, Brockville.....14 00
Ballyhack, R. Martin, Oswego; J.
W. Higgins, Oswego..... —

THURSDAY P. M., AUG. 6th.—RECORD RACE, Event 11.—Upset race, Class II., canoes

and larger, 200 ft., at signal every canoe to be turned completely over.

Sofronia, F. F. Andrews, Rochester.
Sea Bee, C. B. Vaux, New York.
Gunz, G. B. Wilkinson, Brockville.
Invincible, M. F. Johnson, Toronto.
Snake, R. W. Gibson, Mohican.
Verena, E. B. Edwards, Peterboro.
Hilcrest, E. Gould, Knickerbocker.

Andrews turned his canoe completely over without moving from the cockpit. Invincible, Verena and Hilcrest were all open Peterboro canoes, the others were decked. They crossed the finish in the order named.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 5th.—RECORD RACE, Event 12.—Paddling, Class IV., cruising trim, canoe and load to weigh 200 pounds or more, 1 mile.

Nellie, W. F. Kipp, St. Lawrence....11 30
Snake, R. W. Gibson, Mohican....12 35
Ballyhack, R. Martin, Oswego.....13 45
Germaine, A. G. Webster, Harvard.. —

Event 13 is absent without leave, and not accounted for. Has not been heard from to date.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 5th.—RECORD RACE, Event 14.—Sailing Class B, 3 miles, triangular course, twice around, no ballast.

Thetis, P. M. Wagerhagen, Mohican.51 40
Sofronia, F. F. Andrews, Rochester..56 40
Sea Bee, C. B. Vaux, New York.....58 55
Grebe, B. W. Richards, Brockville... —
Verena, E. B. Edwards, Peterboro... —
Snake, R. W. Gibson, Mohican..... —
Marion B., R. S. Oliver, Mohican... —
Star, F. S. Rathbun, Deseronto..... —
Katrina, R. W. Bailey, Pittsburgh... —
Freyja, C. F. Holdship, Pittsburgh... —
Bertha, J. E. Mellen, Rochester..... —
Isabel, Robert Tyson, Toronto..... —
Aurora, Charles A. Neidé, Mohican.. —

Thetis won, making up her long lead of five minutes entirely on the windward work. Sea Bee and Sofronia sailed a close race all through, passing each other four times. The wind was light and water smooth, with a dead beat to windward on second leg each time round.

RECORD RACE, Event 15.—Sailing, Class A, same conditions as class B.

Nirvana, A. K. Nimick, Pittsburgh...58 30
Irex, Ford Jones, Brockville.....66 15
Day Dream, G. E. Edgar, Jr., Dock Rat.67 45
Nereid, H. W. Shaffer, Essex..... —
Irene, R. W. Baldwin, Ottawa..... —
Nettie, W. L. Green, Knickerbocker. —
Lady Jane, B. C. Bakewell, Pittsburgh —

Nimick won in better time than No. 3 in Class B.

THURSDAY, AUG. 6th.—RECORD RACE, Event 16.—Paddling, Class II., cruising trim, canoe and load to weigh 120 pounds or more.

Ariel, W. A. Leys, Toronto.....13 00
Irene, R. W. Baldwin, Ottawa.....13 15
Day Dream, G. E. Edgar, Jr., Dock Rat. —

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 5th.—RECORD RACE, Event 17.—Sailing Class B, 1½ miles, triangular course, limit of 75 ft. of sail.

Snake, R. W. Gibson, Mohican....25 25
Katrina, R. W. Bailey, Pittsburgh...26 10
Thetis, P. M. Wackerhagen, Mohican.26 16
Grebe, B. W. Richards, Brockville .. —
Sea Bee, C. B. Vaux, New York —
Verena, E. B. Edwards, Peterboro... —
Sofronia, F. F. Andrews, Rochester.. —
Guenn, C. V. R. Schuyler, Brooklyn. —
Marion B., R. S. Oliver, Mohican.... —
Lorelei, E. C. Griffin, Knickerbocker. —
Isabel, Robert Tyson, Toronto —
Flit, H. Stanton, Knickerbocker —
Freyja, C. F. Holdship, Pittsburgh.. —
Aurora, C. A. Neidé, Mohican..... —
Inertia, E. W. Brown, Knickerbocker —
Daisy, G. O. Totten, Essex..... —
Gertie, J. R. Robertson, St. Lawrence —
Peterboro, J. L. Rogers, Wenonah... —

Gibson won, Bailey second, light wind and smooth water. A close race all through.

RECORD RACE, Event 18.—Sailing, Class A, under same conditions as class B.

Nirvana, A. K. Nimick, Pittsburgh. 24 10
Irene, R. W. Baldwin, Ottawa.....30 30
Day Dream, G. E. Edgar, Jr., Dock Rat. —
Lady Jane, B. C. Bakewell, Pittsb'gh —
Nereid, H. W. Shaffer, Essex..... —

Nimick won, making his third straight race in Class A ; Baldwin second. Nimick's time was 1m. 5s. better than the winning B canoe. A class starting 10 minutes after B may have got a little better wind, but

his performance in any event was very creditable. He beat the next boat in his class 6m. 20s

RECORD RACE, Event 19.—Paddling, Class III., cruising trim, 160 pounds canoe and boat.

Invincible, M. F. Johnson, Toronto.11 25
Hilcrest, E. Gould, Knickerbocker...11 32

Johnson won and made the best time over the course during the meet, though Kip was within 3 seconds of him. This was a close race to the finish.

Event 20.—Sailing, for canoes over the limit, did not come off, as there were no entries. This is a fact worthy of note.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 5th, Event 21.—Hurry-Scurry Race.

Gunz, G. B. Wilkinson, Brockville.
Invincible, M. F. Johnson, Toronto.
Lorna, E. A. Gardner, Knickerbocker.
Hilcrest, E. Gould, Knickerbocker.
Inertia, E. W. Brown, Knickerbocker.

Though not ahead when the water was reached, Gunz, by a splendid dive and strong swimming, reached and got away in his canoe first and won.

This finished the programme proper, as gymnastics, numbered 22 on the programme, were indulged in pretty much all the time, and no regular performance came off. A number of extra races were contested, and they are recorded following the record of points on next page.

THE RECORD.

PLACE	NAME	POINTS	CANOE	RACES
1...	R. W. Gibson.....	53.15.	Snake.....	7
2...	C. B. Vaux.....	34.09.	Sea Bee....	4
3...	G. E. Edgar, Jr....	31.05.	Day Dream.	6
4...	A. K. Nimick.....	30.00.	Nirvana....	3
5...	F. F. Andrews.....	26.09.	Sofronia....	4
6...	M. F. Johnson....	25.05.	Invincible..	3
7...	B. W. Richards....	24.00.	Grebe.....	5
8...	E. B. Edwards....	23.09.	Verena	5
*9...	W. A. Leys.....	20.00.	Ariel.....	2
*9...	W. F. Kipp.....	20.00.	Nellie.....	2
11...	P. M. Wackerhagen.	18.95.	Thetis,	3
12...	R. W. Baldwin....	18.25	Irene.....	4
13...	C. F. Holdship....	14.08.	Freyja.....	3
14...	R. W. Bailey.....	13.55.	Katrina....	3
15...	F. S. Rathbun....	13.37.	Star.....	2
16...	R. Tyson.....	13.01.	Isabel.....	3
17...	G. O. Totten, Jr..	12.17.	Daisy.....	3
18...	R. S. Oliver.....	11.03.	Marion B... 2	

19	Ford Jones	8.05	Irex	2
20	J. L. Jackson	8.02	Bijou	1
21	G. B. Wilkinson	7.00	Gunz	1
22	C. V. R. Schuyler	6.29	Guenn	2
23	J. R. Robertson	6.01	Gertie	2
24	E. C. Griffin	5.23	Lorelei	1
25	T. Dunham	5.05	Beatrice	2
*26	H. M. Shaffer	5.05	Nereid	2
27	H. Stanton	4.17	Flit	1
28	R. Martin	4.00	Ballyhack	1
29	C. A. Neidé	3.41	Aurora	4
30	B. C. Bakewell	3.25	Lady Jane	2
31	E. W. Brown	2.58	Inertia	2
32	W. L. Green	2.05	Nettie	1
33	J. E. Mellen	2.05	Bertha	2
34	E. Gould	1.00	Hilcrest	3
*34	A. Webster	1.00	Germaine	1

* Kipp won a tandem race not in the record. Leys paddled against Johnson in Class I., being the only man entered against him, came in 22 seconds behind the winner over a mile course. Thirty-five canoes and men competed in the record races. Leys and Kipp, Dunham and Shaffer, Gould and Webster, tied in number of points scored.

EXTRA RACES NOT ON OFFICIAL PROGRAMME.

FRIDAY, JULY 31st.—Scrub sailing race, 3 miles, twice round regular triangular course for a prize paddle offered by Mr. Rushton. This was the first race sailed over the course during this year's meet.

Katrina, R. W. Bailey, Pittsburgh	49	00
Thetis, P. M. Wackerhagen, Mohican	50	00
Sea Bee, C. B. Vaux, New York	50	50
Germaine, A. Webster, Harvard	54	50
Sofronia, F. F. Andrews, Rochester	—	—
Startle, G. G. Hutchinson, Brockville	—	—
Daisy, G. O. Totten, Essex	—	—
Freyja, C. F. Holdship, Pittsburgh	—	—
Nereid, Henry Shaffer, Essex	—	—
Harvard, T. Dunham, Beatrice	—	—

Katrina won. Light wind and smooth water. A steamer cut Sofronia out of fourth place. It was a fairly close and pretty race all through, with constant passing and repassing of the canoes.

FRIDAY, AUG. 7th.—Consolation sailing race, 1½ miles, for canoe and man never having won an Association race. Prizes from Mr. J. H. Hull, Brooklyn. Value, \$15 to first, \$5 to second.

Guenn, C. V. R. Schuyler, Brooklyn	45	20
Grebe, B. W. Richards, Brockville	45	30
Daisy, G. O. Totten, Jr., Essex	—	—
Nereid, Henry Shaffer, Essex	—	—

Guenn won. Very light wind. Grebe and Guenn had a very close race of it all through. Grebe making up on Guenn in the windward work but finally being passed by her running free on account of Guenn's very large and high sail. Five canoes started in the race. No record was kept of the fifth man, and the finish of the non-winning canoes was not announced.

Cruising Canoe Race, 3 miles; first prize, from J. C. Wilson and Chas. Remington, a decorated paddle; second prize, from John Glendenning, a spoon paddle.

Thetis, P. M. Wackerhagen, Mohican	58	30
Guenn, C. V. R. Schuyler, Brooklyn	64	30
Grebe, B. W. Richards, Brockville	—	—
Daisy, G. O. Totten, Jr., Essex	—	—
Nereid, Henry Shaffer, Essex	—	—

Thetis won by almost a whole leg of the triangle, beating Guenn 6 minutes, and all the gain was in the windward work, as reaching or running free the Guenn had the advantage, if anything. Guenn and Grebe had a close race of it as in the consolation, and Daisy and Nereid kept together all round. It was a race of pairs, with Thetis single and ahead.

Sailing Race for open canoes, 1½ miles. Prize, decorated rudder from Mr. Ira Davis. Wind very light.

Verena, E. B. Edwards, Peterboro	40	30
Irene, R. W. Baldwin, Ottawa	—	—

Reaching Sail Race, any canoe, 1 mile, with turn. The wind was so light it was made short. Pin for prize, presented by Mr. Hugh Neilson, Toronto. Over 10 canoes entered, but as it came off a flat calm nearly all withdrew. Nimick worked the Katrina over the course by swinging the sail, and won. Andrews drifted about and hung on till a breeze sprang up and fairly sailed the entire distance.

Portage Race, ⅓ mile, paddle, carry over fence and 100 ft. on shore, for "Dorsal Fin" camp kit:

Hilcrest, Ed. Gould, Knickerbocker	5	30
Wenonah, G. O. Totten, Jr., Essex	5	45
Vida D., R. W. Baldwin, Ottawa	—	—
Far Niente, Chas. A. Neidé, Mohican	—	—
Dotakecare, C. Larom, Berkeley	—	—
Verena, E. B. Edwards, Peterboro	—	—

Edwards stood up on the gunwale of his canoe after the finish and paddled to shore in this position, a most difficult feat to perform.

All who were there voted the meet a success, and probably not one but had a jolly time of it, even though his rest was disturbed once or twice by those owls of fellows who were continually cutting up late at night, firing the camp cannon off, taking up anchors and mooring canoes to berths foreign to them, slacking off guy ropes, thus making a tent shaky over some unfortunate head or heads, and in many other ways getting rid of overcharged energy and causing no small amount of wonder among their fellow men at the small amount of sleep they seemed to need; for they invariably turned up fresh and blooming next day, and were ready for other victims the next night. The spirit of pure fun ruled, and in all the practical jokes played no injury was done to property or man. Woe unto that man who could not take the joke in the spirit in which it was given. The camp is democratic, and no respecter of persons other than as canoeists. The old soldier, the successful merchant, the poor clerk, the sophomore and the college graduate are on the canoe level here, and they are not allowed to forget it either. The association officers alone are obeyed, and command respect and obedience.

The following letter was received by Commodore Oliver while the meet was in progress, and was read by the Secretary at the business meeting:

3 PAPER BUILDINGS, TEMPLE, E. C., }
LONDON, JULY 22d, 1885. }

The Commodore American Canoe Association:

MY DEAR SIR—Allow me to offer cordial greeting to the officers and members of the American Canoe Association.

Thanks to your excellent publications, the *CANOEIST* and *Forest and Stream*, we in England are kept well informed of all that is going on in American canoeing; and were it not for the difficulty that your

meet is three weeks too early for us to join, our almost universal English holiday commencing August 10, I should at this moment be in contact with you not by "mail," but hand in hand.

None the less I wish the A. C. A. all success at this meet, and shall hope to hear all about it in *Forest and Stream*, and perhaps see the "cracks" by photograph.

I have watched with great pleasure the growth of sailing canoes in America, both as to number, size and sail area, and it bears out completely what I ventured to predict here ten years ago, and in *Brentano's Monthly* in 1880: That when once a canoeist becomes an expert sailor and has obtained an efficient sailing canoe, he has tasted a "loving cup" of nautical brew of the finest brand, and he will not easily be drawn off that cup.

But if there is the slightest touch of "lubber" in his constitution, his canoe will find it out, and you will not often see him "under sail," except, perhaps, when he is under water at the same time.

Will the A. C. A., however, permit me to suggest that to keep this "cup" within popular taste, it is necessary to define the proportions of all its ingredients. Size, weight and sail area are the three governing qualities; the two former are limited, but if sail area is longer left unlimited, it will, in particular cases, increase to abnormal proportions and the pastime will generally suffer. Provided the limit be such as will give a full size suit, according to present notions and as existing canoes go, no hardship will be done to existing craft, and the future would be guarded against an abnormal growth of sails, spars and ballast. With a limit of sails, weight and size of hull and fittings will naturally be kept to moderate proportions.

Having carefully considered the question from all sides, I incline strongly to the following scheme as a simple, effective, racing limitation, and it will be proposed for adoption at the Royal C. C. autumn meeting, viz.:

(a) Number of sails allowed to be set at a time, not more than two.

(b) Area of sails limited to:

First Class—Mainsail, 100 sq. ft.; mizzen, or jib, 25 sq. ft.; spinnaker, 50 sq. ft.

Second Class—Mainsail, 60 sq. ft.; mizzen or jib, 15 sq. ft.; spinnaker, 30 sq. ft.

This sail limit can then be applied to either class (B or A), as suits circumstances. Thus for a "cruiser" race, the conditions would be "B class canoes, second class sails."

A first class limit at 80 ft. main, 20 ft. mizzen and 40 ft. spinnaker would be better; but so many existing craft exceed this limit.

The photograph herewith shows *Nautilus*, of 1881, racing with a mainsail of 130 ft. Such a sail with 14 ft. boom and yard, is over the line of reasonable limit for a canoe. The new *Nautilus* of this season, winner of the R. C. C. Challenge Cup, has two sizes of rig: No. 1—Main, 100 ft.; mizzen, 15 ft.; and No. 2 main, 80 ft.; mizzen, 10 ft. She sails far best with No. 2 and moderate ballast; but there being no limit at present, she is bound to carry No. 1 suit in racing lest the wind fall off, when larger areas would have the advantage without doubt.

Were sail area limited, racing success would depend upon model handling and "set" of sails rather than on size, weight and area; intellect would be put into fair competition with brute force, and the purest form of amateur seamanship, canoe sailing, would be encouraged.

Wishing all success to the A. C. A., sincerely yours,

WARRINGTON BADEN-POWELL, R.C.C.

Secretary Neidé was directed to acknowledge this letter, with its valuable suggestions, to extend a cordial invitation to English canoeists to visit the meet next year, and it is understood that the Executive Committee will consider the expediency of limiting the sail area as suggested. This, however, is already practically adopted in several of the races, as shown by the record.

At the business meeting of the Association on Friday, August 7th, THE CANOEIST was voted the official organ for 1885-6, an honor it has held for two years past. *Forest and Stream*, being a weekly, was also made an official organ, its greater number of issues bringing the Association news items quicker before the clubs than is possible in a monthly. The four num-

bers for August of that paper contain the camp news complete, and those canoeists who were not at the meet are referred to them for much interesting matter impossible to publish in a monthly.

SUBSCRIBER.—Hello, CANOEIST! you here? I had given you up long ago and placed the balance of my account with you in my lawyer's hands to collect. Are you coming again? If so, I will telegraph the sheriff to wait a bit.

CANOEIST.—Yes, I am coming right along now. My September crop will be consigned to you on the 10th, and the October cargo you can count on for the first of the last week of this month.

SUB.—Oh, I say, draw it very mild, please. Why, you were late even last June.

CAN.—Yes, I know. The poem machine was just being moved into the regular office then, and the messenger I employ to carry copy to the printer got hold of the crank and a necessary delay occurred.

SUB.—But July hadn't even turned up when I left Grindstone? How do you account for that?

CAN.—My dear fellow, I had to be at the meet in person, and it took me a month to get ready. You certainly could not expect to have me and the results of my editorial and news-collecting labor too. Of course not.

SUB.—But, even now, this, your August number, is way behind the record.

CAN.—It was a goat, honor bright. The copy left my sanctum on time en route to the printer in charge of that same messenger mentioned above. A hungry goat was met by the way; and, by the way, by the way he relished that copy you can easily judge what you have lost. If you buy any gloves this autumn look well into them, and part of the lost matter may be discovered assimilated into the skin. Mind, I again mention the 10th and the 25th as my dates.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN A. C. A.

BRENTANO BROS., 5 Union Sq., N. Y. C., Publishers.

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Vice-Commodore—R. J. WILKIN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rear-Commodore—DR. GEO. H. PARMELE, Hartford, Conn.

Secretary and Treasurer—DR. CHAS. A. NEIDÉ, Schuylerville, N. Y.

The Executive Committee is composed of the Officers and the following members at large:—B. W. RICHARDS, Brockville, Ont.; GEO. ROGER, Peterboro', Ont.; W. B. WACKERHAGEN, Albany, N. Y.

The Secretary of the American Canoe Association requests persons sending money to him, to do so either by registered letter or Post-Office money order, on *Saratoga, N. Y.*

If canoeists will send application to the Secretary of the A. C. A., enclosing \$2.00 for initiation fee and dues for the first year, their names will be presented for membership.

To the Members of the A. C. A.:

I respectfully call your attention to the fact that Article I. of the by-laws of the American Canoe Association was so changed at the recent meeting at Grindstone Island, that the second paragraph now reads: "Each subsequent annual payment shall be two dollars," etc. I hope the members will forward their dues promptly, as such action will materially facilitate the duties of the secretary-treasurer. A copy of the Association Book for 1885 has been sent to each member of the Association. Please notify me of any error that may occur to you. Fraternally yours,

CHAS. A. NEIDÉ, Sec'y A. C. A.

SCHUYLERVILLE, N. Y. Aug. 17, 1885.



EDITORIAL.

THE graceful letter from Mr. Baden-Powell to the Commodore of the Association indicates that at no distant day English and American canoes will meet to try conclusions under sail in the same friendly spirit that brings the yacht *Genesta* to our shores. The Executive Committee will no doubt consider seriously the advisability of naming a later date for the Annual Meet of 1886, in order to do everything possible to induce Mr. Baden-Powell and others of the R. C. C. to join us. If he comes next year he will find a queen's subject in command of the

camp. If Mr. Baden-Powell should come next year, probably more interest than ever would be excited by the meet, and he would find the largest gathering the Association has ever witnessed. Mr. Baden-Powell last fall placed before the Royal Canoe Club, at their business meeting, a plan of Regatta Record very similar to the one adopted by the Association, and for the same purpose—arriving at the best average, all round canoes and rigs. How this has operated in England does not yet appear. What he "predicted ten years ago, and in Brentano's Monthly in 1880" about steady increase in sail area, has come to pass—but to a very limited degree. In fact the only canoes now carrying anything approaching his figures for sail area are the big, heavy centreboard, ballasted canoes built after the English models, or modifications of them. But one of these canoes here has been built later than 1882 to our knowledge, and they all are yet very far from popular. The majority of canoes competing in the A. C. A. races for the last three years have been built under the limits allowed in size by the rules, and a large majority race without any ballast whatever other than the crew. It is practically impossible, therefore, for these canoes to carry successfully more than 100 square feet of sail; 75 ft. main and 25 ft. mizzen is larger than the average. The suggestion of limiting sail, however, is an excellent one, as it will undoubtedly tend to the building and racing of lighter canoes and set the tide the other way—a very desirable thing. The Record has had a marked influence already in checking the tendency to "weight and brute force." It does not seem desirable, though, to set limits for each sail—a total sail area limit would give free scope to ideas and experiments. CANOEIST recommends the Regatta Committee to ponder well the subject thus forcibly put to them by an expert of well-known experience and keen observation.

THE MAGAZINES.

IT is noteworthy, and to canoeists an encouraging fact, that the great illustrated magazines give prominence in their current numbers to canoeing articles, by active members of the A. C. A. The *Century* opens with "Camp Grindstone," by Henry Eckford, a pseudonym which, being translated, reads Charles De Kay. This is cleverly illustrated by W. A. Rogers of the New York Club, engraved by T. Shussler, A. Gamm, P. Atkin, W. Mollier and S. Davis.

Harpers' Monthly gives the place of honor to a first paper on Labrador, by C. H. Farnham. Mr. Farnham carries a camera, and the drawings are mainly from his pictures by T. Walsh, C. Graham, M. J. Burns (an incipient canoeist), Harry Chase and J. H. Cocks. The engraving is by Speer, Baker, Stewart, Morse, Sheil, Mollier, and Schladitz. All canoeists will prize these articles as mementoes. From Mr. Farnham's paper we quote below:

LABRADOR

Is the first paper of the series, published in *Harpers' Monthly* for September. Mr. C. H. Farnham, A. C. A., thus describes the beginning of his voyage along the desolate coast that stretches for hundreds of miles to the eastward from the mouth of the Saguenay; a coast which Jacques Cartier described more than three centuries ago as "a land given to Cain:"

"I was to float alone along that shore whence so many have never returned, and where their course is afterward judged only by dead-reckoning. The sympathy of my friends wishing me good-speed from the beach could not have met a more yearning mood; the warmth of their hands still seemed to linger in mine as I paddled out from Tadousac into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Back of me the lofty rock heads of the Saguenay stood on their eternal watch, and before me they led off to Labrador in a long line of storm-breasting giants. I could not help wishing for

their strength and firmness, as I seemed to be venturing into a vast, dim cavern of the unknown, walled with beetling mountains, flooded with a heaving sea, and arched with a sky of leaden gloom. I crept along the foot of the headland as if clinging to the last mute friend; but the swells broke on the rocks, and drove me out on the uncaring sea. So I accepted Solitude at once as my comrade; she had often met me in throngs of men, but here she took me by the hand to lead me away to her own shadowy and unknown abode.

* * * * *

"After passing Ste. Genevieve Island the coast for some miles is without much shelter; but as the wind was fair and light, and the long rolling swells were quite smooth, I fully expected to pass this exposed reach in safety. I pushed open the apron of the canoe, and lay down in the hold to enjoy a change of position. The gulls wheeled overhead, strongly marked against the serene blue sky; the air was balmy, coming from the homeward direction of southwest. But all at once my thoughts were recalled from distant visions by the breaking of a sea just astern, and before I could get up in my proper place and close the apron, a second sea broke just at her waist, poured into the cockpit, and lifted her on its crest till she seemed ready to be pitched end over end. I thought that the paddle must surely snap in keeping her from broaching to, and when she plunged her head down, down, into the trough of the sea, I thought we had laid our course for the next world. A third sea half filled the canoe. She now rolled about slowly and heavily, like a log; the squall seemed bent on running her under. The halyards had fouled so that I could not lower the sail. It was impossible to bail out, both because I could not leave the cockpit open to more seas, and because one hand was required in steering with the paddle, and the other in holding the sheet. Moreover, I had to give the most

careful and constant attention to keeping her from rolling over. I realized now that I was in a waterlogged canoe three miles from land. I had been surprised by conditions not uncommon on these waters: heavy seas made by a blow in a distant part of the Gulf had overtaken me, as it happened, on a reef, when the shallowness of the water made them suddenly break. The first thing to be done was to get off that shoal, and the second was to stand in for the shore. As she handled so very slowly now, I risked jibbing at once rather than delaying to bring her head up to the wind to wear away on the port tack. The boom never swung over a craft in a more critical condition; but by watching her sharply, letting the boom swing free, and leaning well over, I managed to check her heavy roll, and soon got her headed for the shore. Then began the keenest contest that I remember. She rolled in such an ungovernable way, with the water in her hold, that it was impossible to keep much wind in the sail, and I had to depend chiefly on paddling, even with the hinderance of the sheet and sail now and then swinging inboard. The course was in the trough of the seas, and it often seemed impossible to bring her head up in time to meet the seas that broke. The water in which I sat was so cold as soon to make me shake, and convince me that if she capsized, the struggle would be short to swim or even to hold on to the canoe. I knew, moreover, that sharks were numerous off this part of the coast, and so dangerous that the Indians always avoid deep water and follow the shore. By great good fortune I was opposite a bay instead of a precipitous wall of granite. But the heavy seas whitening the water ahead made it seem at times quite useless to struggle any longer to reach the harbor. I still kept on, however, often in a mood of cool curiosity to see how long such circumstances could be overcome, and each success made the problem more interesting.

"I suppose I may have passed two hours in this hand-to-hand contest, requiring the utmost tension of every faculty. Those towering seas seemed to leap at me with savage eagerness, and the yawning hollows opening to swallow me seemed to lead down to fathomless gloom. Gradually however, I entered quieter water, where it was possible to relax my nervous grip of the paddle and the sheet; and when at last I entered a cove just within the eastern point of the bay, I knew what it is to be profoundly thankful. It was surprising to see how cautiously I stepped about on the safe sand beach, as if the general dangers of the coast still threatened me; and my devotion to the fire, to the drying clothes, and to the duties of camp was as persistent as if I needed to withdraw my thoughts from some terrible tragedy. Even after the fire had warmed again the blood in my veins, I still felt so shaky that I felt an inclination to shoot a raven croaking at me persistently.

"As the day closed, the whole scene had a strange tone; the seas flashed with a purple and metallic lustre under some crimson clouds; the island of Anticosti lay out pale and cold along the horizon, and the beach wore a ghastly green hue. When the night came, the beating of my own pulse was the only sign of life in that world of gloom. I was glad to close my eyes and hope for a brighter day."

A fine engraving showing the *Allegro* in this perilous episode accompanies the description, and the artist has produced a passable portrait of Mr. Farnham in the act of using his paddle to steady his wildly flying craft. It will be readily inferred that this picture is not taken from a photograph.

THE ST. LAWRENCE RAPIDS.

In the current number of *Outing* will be found a highly interesting account from the pen of Mr. R. B. Burchard—who is at present absent from the editorial rooms of

the CANOEIST, and is understood to be somewhere off the coast of Maine—giving a detailed account of his famous run down the St. Lawrence rapids last year. The narrative is accompanied with a clear map showing the proper courses for a canoe past all the dangerous points.

The August *Century* contains a clever article on Camp Grindstone—the first in the number. It is the result of visits by author and artist to the camp last year; and though written, of course, for the general public, cannot fail to interest every canoeist. It will, no doubt, bring in many recruits to the Association, just as did Farnham's article about canoeing on the Upper Hudson in that same magazine several years ago. The press is doing the fair thing by us and no mistake. Even the daily journals show us up now and then more or less to advantage.

A VETERAN'S NOTES.

I was lately asked by a young fellow about to become a canoeist: "What canoe shall I order? I want the best, of course," and he evidently expected a prompt answer, stating model, builder and rig in as many words. Now, I have owned, sailed and paddled a canoe pretty frequently for the past ten years or so, and yet I could not answer him. Can you?

I have observed, as you have also, no doubt, that if a prominent canoeist, so called, gets a new canoe, slightly different in model from any former boat, a number of lesser lights at once order the same thing, on faith, and before any fair trial can have been given to the new craft. For instance, this year James Everson built a new canoe having a decided deadrise to the floor. This was arranged for a purpose. Yet canoeists who care nothing for racing, and are extremely nervous when running free under the most favorable circumstances, at once ordered the boat of the builder. If they have not already found out, they soon will, that this

model, under sail in light ballast before the wind, is a very worrying kind of craft to manage. The new canoe has many excellent points, some superior to most other canoes, and properly ballasted and managed is entirely safe, even before the wind; but a nervous man has no business in one if he wants peace of mind; and I predict that some present owners will come next spring with flat floors to float on.

At the meet I remarked the fact to myself that not a man I saw upset got to shore without assistance; certainly not one righted his canoe and bailed out so as to be able to sail in on any one of the race days. One man, Robinson Crusoe, went ashore on his island and hoisted signals of distress. It is a pity some of those clever fellows did not care for themselves entirely, just to show our friends it can be done.

The register of canoes at the '85 meet, I notice, shows a marked change in one particular from that of '84. The new canoes do not seem to have increased in beam, but the 15 foot craft is much more common than last year, and the A Class has had its ranks perceptibly thinned. The performances of Nirvana, however, in this class will probably give new life to the A boats—and for next year I predict a fuller list of entries for them.

A careful study of the racing records for sailing canoes seems to me to result in the conclusion that size, pure and simple, has little to do with the speed. The canoes built up to or near the limits allowed, one and all failed to get good place; whereas the judicious compromises for sailing and paddling points resulted best—15 ft. x 30 in. Everson got the highest number of points for the three B races, while Thetis, 14.4 x 30¼, won one and got second place in another. Sails, handling and boards, no doubt, had much to do with this. It is not, therefore, safe to lay down any laws just yet.



Mr. F. S. Rathbun, of Deseronto, Canada, was elected Commodore for the coming year. Mr. Rathbun held the office of Vice-Commodore during the past year. Mr. R. J. Wilkin, Brooklyn, N. Y., was elected Vice-Commodore, and Dr. Geo. H. Parmele, of Hartford, Rear Commodore. Dr. Chas. A. Neidé was re-elected Secretary and Treasurer. Messrs. Richards, Brockville, Geo. Roger, Peterboro, and W. B. Wackerhagen, Albany, N. Y., were elected members of the Executive Committee. The place of meeting was left to be decided by the Executive Committee when they meet next month. The annual dues were raised from one to two dollars to meet the growing expenses of the association, more particularly in connection with the annual meet. The attendance was lighter this year than last; dull times and the lapping of the fourteen days from July over into August made it difficult for many business men to be away from offices, no doubt.

PRIZE FLAGS.

In answer to a circular sent out by the A. C. A. Regatta Committee early in the spring to members, asking those who felt interested to contribute flags for the prizes, came so many beautiful flags of quaint and appropriate designs that there were not enough races on the programme to produce winners for all the flags. A few of them, therefore, were given as second prizes in races having a number of entries, and which were well contested all through. The following is a list of the contributors: R. S. Oliver, Albany; Mrs. S. R. Stoddard, Glens Falls; C. M. Shedd (2), Springfield; Mrs. Tyson and Miss Johnson (2), Toronto; W. P. Stephens (2), New York; Mrs. Parmele, Hartford; Miss Vaux (2), New York;

Miss Larom, Stafford Springs, Conn.; Miss Drummond, Perth, Canada; Miss Leigh (2), Toronto; Mrs. C. K. Munroe (2), New York; The St. Lawrence C. C., Canton; Chas. A. Neidé, Canton; Grant Van Dusen, Rondout; F. S. Rathbun, Deseronto; Rochester C. C.; Miss Baldwin, Ottawa; Mrs. J. K. Blakewell, Washington; Mrs. Brooks, San Francisco; W. J. Root, Brooklyn; Mrs. Titus, Deseronto; Miss Burnet, Peterboro; Miss Sophy Burnet, Peterboro; S. D. Kendall, Tarpon Springs, Fla.; Mrs. E. B. Edwards, Peterboro; Miss Hall, Peterboro; Mr. R. B. Lundy, Peterboro; Amsterdam C. C.; Miss Hart and, Miss Maghen, Perth, Canada; Miss Edgar, Newburgh; Reide W. Bailey, Pittsburgh; Miss Palmer, Albany; F. F. Andrews (2), Rochester.

The prizes for special races were: Cruising Canoe Sailing Race, decorated paddles, J. C. Wilson and Chas. Remingsen, Watertown, won by Phil Wackerhagen. Paddles offered by Rushton, Scrub Sailing Race, won by Katrina, Reide W. Bailey. Other races for these prizes did not come off for lack of time. Open Canoe Sailing Race, for decorated rudder, Mrs. Ira Davis, won by E. B. Edwards in Verena. Portage Race for Dorsal Fin Camp Kit, R. J. Wells, Athens, Pa., was won by E. Gould. Reaching Race, pin, Hugh Neilson, Toronto, won by Nimick in Katrina. Consolation Sailing Race, two prizes, J. H. Hull, Brooklyn, first, valued at \$15, won by Schuyler in Guenn; second, valued at \$5, won by Richards in Grebe.

For winner of most sailing races on the programme, marine glasses, J. B. McMurrick, Oswego, won by Nimick in Nirvana.

The committee provided a number of very pretty lettered flags of different colors for second prizes, but so many flags were contributed that but few of these were given out.

The acting Regatta Committee at the meet were R. W. Gibson and R. J. Wilkin,

Mr. J. L. Weller being obliged to return to Peterboro before race week. Messrs. Neid , Roger and Thomas acted as judges. C. F. Earle was clerk of the course, assisted by W. H. Larom, entry clerk; F. L. Mix, timekeeper and starter. Harold Morrow acted as Mr. Mix's assistant. At the general meeting votes of thanks were passed to Mr. Gibson and the Regatta Committee, to the Albert Dennis Post, G. A. R., for loan of the cannon, to Mr. Delaney for the use of his grounds, and to the donors of the prize flags, many of whom were present at the meeting.

Brentano Brothers have received from R. W. Anderson, of Toronto, full sets of the photographs taken by him at Grindstone Island in August. These comprise a general set of six pictures and a number of separate views of camps, tents, groups, etc., which all collectors of canoe photos will be glad to add to their memorabilia. The group of starters for the principal sailing race is particularly good. Small as the craft appear in the picture, their owners can generally recognize individual peculiarities of rig and build almost as if the actual fleet was before them.

Messrs. Stoddard and Seavey are yet to hear from, for they, too, made use of their cameras; and to judge by former results, will, no doubt, have some treasures to lay at the feet of the men who were of the '85 campers at the Islands.

A number of the canoeists brought cameras with them, and had abundance of material to work upon. General Oliver's tripod was seen often in stray nooks and corners, and Webster was actually detected lurking among the trees one fine afternoon at Squaw Point with a loaded camera, which was shot off at short intervals.

DATES.

August 29th.—Lake St. Louis C. C., open regatta.

September 19th.—New York C. C., open regatta.

September 26th.—Jersey City Yacht Club, canoe race.

September 26th.—Knickerbocker C. C. open regatta.

CLUB DOINGS.

Six of the Hartford C. C. took a cruise on the Sound July 4th. Venture, Com. Jones; Vision, Dodd and Davison; Phyllis, Girard; Oahu, Parmele; Leilah, Abbott; and Edelweiss, Francis. Kestral and Kunding were at Saybrook. Thimble Islands were visited and other places of interest. Mrs. Parmele was also with the party.

Mr. and Mrs. Parmele started July 15th for a two months cruise in Oahu on the waters of the Sound. Their report will probably appear in September issue.

The long distance race of the Mohicans, four miles to windward and return, for the prize presented by Captain Thatcher, was sailed July 21. The prize was a very handsome Bohemian-glass beer set, consisting of six goblets and a pitcher, hand-painted, and all standing on a brass tray, appropriately inscribed. Thetis, P. M. Wackerhagen; Snake, R. W. Gibson; Annie O., H. L. Thomas, were the entries. The race was sailed in a light breeze, taking much the same course. After the turn, the Thetis drew ahead and came home the winner in 2h. 20m., with the Snake 7m. later. The Annie O. was caught on a sandbar and filled by the swells from the day boat just coming into Albany and her time not taken. The prize is the most valuable in the gift of the club, and once won is held by the winner.

The officers of the Sherbrooke B. and C. C. of Quebec are: President, Colonel Gustavus Lucke; First and Second Vice-Presidents, F. P. Buck and L. E. Paunton; Commodore, Jas. F. Morkill; Secretary, John H. Walsh; Treasurer, W. D. Fraser. Committee of Management: Jos. G. Walton, Chairman; H. W. Mulvena, H. R. Fraser, Alex. T. Winter, Jno. Ready, H. Hains, Chas. H. Foss.

The following officers of the Essex C. and B. C., Newark, N.J., have been elected: Commodore, Geo. O. Totten; Vice-Commodore, Geo. Cox; Secretary, W. Scott; Purser, W. H. Hillier. The signal of the club is a double pointed burgee, blue ground with red border and the name Essex in white.

The Mosquito Fleet, of San Francisco, have held a number of races this summer for a champion pennant. May 31st was the first of these races, six starters in a strong wind. Zephyr won, W. W. Blow. June 14th—Mosquito won, W. A. Byrnes, six starters. June 29th—Zephyr won, W. W. Blow. July 12th—Mystic won, W. W. Blow, six starters. July 19th the fleet took a cruise. The entire fleet consists of eighteen canoes.

Chicago C. C. annual regatta, August 15th. Sailing race, A and B canoes. Seven starters. Psyche, H. B. Cooke, won the B race, and Phantom, J. B. Keogh, won the A. Class II., paddling, eight entries, Whirligig won, A. W. Kitchin. Classes III. and IV., paddling, two entries, won by Ray A. W. Kitchin. Tandem paddling won by Psyche, Cook and Keogh. Silver medals and silk flags awarded to the winners.

First annual regatta, Ianthe C. C., Passaic River, August 22d. Open to all. Course, 1 mile with turn. 1st race, single paddling, 24 in. beam, won by Geo. Cox, Achilles; prize, silver cup, presented by the Commodore to be raced for at each annual regatta, and must be won three times by one man before he can own it. 2d race, single paddling, 24 to 28 in. beam inclusive, won by W. H. Hillin, Essex C. C., nameless canoe; prize, a pair of paddles, presented by Mr. T. W. Seybolt. 3d race, tandem paddling, any canoe, won by G. W. Heard and T. F. Garrett, Bayonne C. C., Water Witch; prize, 2 silver medals, presented by Mr. Maxwell. 4th race, single paddling 28 in. beam and over, won by C. Dry, Dolphin; prize, pair paddles, presented by Dr. W. B. Graves. 5th, sailing race. There being no wind, the committee decided to have an upset race with two upsets, distance 400 yards, won by Geo. Cox, Achille; prize, patent canoe lamp, presented by Mr. Geo. Cox. Owing to the swift current which the canoes had to contend against one way, no very fast time was made. Regatta voted a success.

In reports of races times will not be given unless the courses sailed or paddled are known to have been accurately measured. The times given are so often far below the A. C. A. records, that there is no doubt the distances published are much above the facts.—Ed.

BOOK NOTICE.

CANOE AND CAMP COOKERY.*

Under the above title, and uniform in style with the other canoeing books recently issued, *Forest and Stream* publishes an excellent manual for the campfire. The author, known to the fraternity by the pseudonym of "Seneca," writes from the standpoint of the practical camper-out, whose outfit is reduced to its lowest terms, whose culinary equipment is of the simplest, and whose aim is to reach the best results with the least trouble. He does not fall into the error of talking to camps about tables and napkins and other effeminate luxuries, which seemed matters of course to the author of a recent work on alleged camp cooking, who had never camped out at all, nor does he assume that the simplest rules of the culinary art must of necessity be known to the amateur cook.

The opening chapter treats of the "grub box" and its accessories. This box, he says, should contain enough supplies for at least three meals, so that it can be lifted out of the canoe and carried ashore with certainty that everything will be "right there," ready to the cruiser's hand when the canoe is raised. The main stores may, of course, be distributed in different parts of the canoe, to be drawn upon whenever it is necessary to replenish the box. The inestimable advantage of not having to run back and forth a dozen times between canoe and camp fire must be obvious to every experienced canoeer.

The question of stores is treated at length and judiciously, and among them will be found the Brunswick soups, which many have found unsatisfactory, simply, as "Seneca" says, because the directions have not been implicitly followed. A list of provisions for a week's cruise is given as follows, and the author says that he did not run short of anything, and at the end had not enough provisions left for three square meals: 1 lb. cut loaf sugar; $\frac{1}{8}$ lb. tea; 1 lb. flour; $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. crackers; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. lard; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon; $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. coffee; 1 lb. butter; 1 can condensed milk; 3 loaves bread; $\frac{3}{4}$ peck potatoes; $\frac{1}{2}$ peck meal; 1 pint molasses; 2 oz. pepper; 1 bottle pickles; 1 bottle yeast powder; 1 quart salt. The only thing we should venture to

* Canoe and Camp Cookery: A Practical Cook Book for Canoeists, Corinthian Sailors and Outers. By "Seneca." New York: *Forest and Stream* Publishing Co. 1885. \$1.00.

criticise in the above list is the "three loaves of bread." We do not believe in so much bread. It takes up too much room. The last loaf must have been very stale. Still, if "Seneca" likes his bread that way, he is welcome to carry it.

The recipes are excellent and practical. In the directions for pork and beans, however, we wonder if "Seneca" really meant to say "three *pounds* of pork" to two quarts of beans. According to our experience, that proportion of pork would make the beans too "damp," as it were. Enough pork is, no doubt, needed to enable the eater to season each mouthful of beans with a minute fragment, but an excess of liquid pork fat is not desirable with Boston's favorite dish. If "Seneca" has anything to say in defence of his position, we will gladly give him a hearing.

If this particular recipe is among those for which he politely gives credit to the CANOEIST, he has "got" us, but we do not remember it, and being on vacation, cannot look it up, as we do not carry complete files with us.

One thing more and we have done. Boiled eggs, "Seneca says, "are so easy to prepare that no instructions are necessary." We beg his pardon. Most people think that six or seven minutes are enough to hard boil an egg. This is a mistake. Eggs should be boiled twenty to twenty-five minutes. The yolk then undergoes a change, becoming powdery and tender, instead of tough, and is far more digestible than when boiled for a shorter time.

The little book, however, is as full of information as a properly hard-boiled egg is of meat, and should be learned by heart by every cruiser, or else carried with him as an essential part of his outfit.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Painter, a recent member of the Rondout C. C., has just received from Everson a Perfected Shadow, 15 ft. x 30 in. She is a beauty indeed. The club has commanded the respect of the citizens of both Rondout and Kingston, and after four years of hard knocks and cold shoulders, the older members have finally won for the canoe the affections of most of the natives, especially the young ladies, who have enjoyed many an evening in the canoes moonlight times these last two months. The Rondout boys were missed at the meet,

especially Van Deusen, with that fast class A, Helena, of his. The club already begin to talk of the Decoration Day meet being there in 1886.

At the meet, Sea Bee, just after winning her race, received a challenge from Venture, of Hartford, to sail a match race on her return to native waters. The challenge was accepted, and the race is to come off on September 19th, in New York Bay, during the Fall regatta of the New York Canoe Club. The Sea Bee, having changed owners, may ask Venture to let her off in favor of Lassie, a new candidate for the affections of the former skipper of Sea Bee.

Mr. Wardell, one of the five new members admitted into the N. Y. C. C. the past month, is now the happy owner of Sea Bee.

A number of gentlemen in the New York Canoe Club, including the members of the Executive Committee, have agreed to offer an international challenge cup, valued at \$100. The recent letter from Mr. Baden-Powell, intimating that some members of the Royal Canoe Club are likely to be here another year, prompted this action. The contest to be a sailing race under the A. C. A. rules, which are similar as to limitations to the R. C. C. rules. The races to be arranged something on the plan of the yacht contest about to come off, and to be held in New York waters. Full details will be published as soon as arranged. It is believed that such a race would attract widespread interest and add to the pleasure the Englishmen would experience in coming here with their canoes. If they carry the cup home with them, it will then be our turn the following year to visit Hendon Lake.

The editor of CANOEIST is away down east. The office boy, having become weary of sitting idly in the sanctum for two months, made up his mind to run things himself. The present number is the result of his running.

The O. B. considers it but due to subscribers to give them all the news about the missing editor possible, and so prints the following clipping from the *Herald* as the only reliable information thus far received on the subject:

ST. JOHN, N. B., August 30th, 1885.—The canoe Atlantis, Mr. S. B. Stoddard, of Glen's Falls, N. Y., accompanied by R. B. Bur-

chard, New York Canoe Club, arrived at this port yesterday after a stormy and difficult run from Mount Desert, Me. The trip was in continuance of a cruise from New York to the Bay of Fundy, which was interrupted at the close of last season.

The first portion of the trip was from Glen's Falls, N. Y., down the Hudson River and through Long Island Sound to Nantucket, where the deck of the canoe being stove in, the cruise was temporarily discontinued. The second stretch was from Vineyard Sound to Mount Desert, Me. During this part of the trip the canoeists were capsized, nearly five miles from shore, three miles south of Whale's Back lighthouse, off Portsmouth, N. H. A pilot-boat rescued the men, but as the sea was running very high it was impossible to drag the waterlogged canoe, and it was cast adrift. The flood tide brought the canoe up the harbor in the night, and it was found in the morning, the sails and outfit being lost. After a week's delay in refitting the voyage was continued to Bar Harbor, from which point the canoeists returned, their vacation having expired.

On Sunday last the cruise was resumed and continued to St. John, harbors having been made at Bois Bubert Island, Libbey Island Lighthouse and Pisarinco. A fishing vessel having been sighted, the little craft, struggling in the tide rips off Point Lepreaux, bore down and offered assistance, which was, to the astonishment of the fishermen, politely but stoutly refused. The canoe had at that time been driving before a gale for half an hour under a small jib, oil being continually poured over the sides to smooth the breaking water, which threatened to force in the rubber covering which protected the well.

The Atlantis is the smallest craft that has ever sailed around the New England coast, and measures 18 feet in length, 36 inches beam and 15 inches from the deck amidships to the level of the keel. It is built of cedar and is entirely decked in excepting a seven foot well, which is protected by a rubber covering fastened around the cruisers' bodies, but which may be readily detached. It carries about twenty square yards of sail distributed in mainsail, mizzen and jib, and fitted with a quick reefing gear, invented by Mr. Stoddard, which admits of the sails being

reefed or double reefed in an instant by hauling a single line.

The canoe is fitted with water-tight tanks which would support crew and cargo if the boat were stove in. The outfit comprises two cork jackets and two Paul Boyton life preservers, a drag or storm anchor, two Radix centreboards and an anchor and an oil dripping device. Besides these the canoeists are provided with a sleeping tent, which covers the well, blankets, an alcohol stove and canned provisions for a week. The seafaring men along shore pronounce the little boat the best equipped small craft that has ever cruised in these waters.

The canoeists will return home with their craft by steamer.

The Hartford canoeists are returning one by one to their cosy house on the river, from cruises of more or less length on the Sound, Peconic Bay, Shinnecock Bay and the south side of Long Island.

Mr. Francis, in Everson canoe Outing, took a two weeks' cruise from Peck Slip, N. Y. C., to Hartford lately.

The Vision, on the Hartford register, was built by Mr. Gladwin on the Connecticut river, and gave her owner much pleasure on a recent Sound trip east from Saybrook.

Mr. Reade W. Bailey reports the members of the Pittsburgh Club as scattered to the four winds of heaven. He is at home. The four winds and their charges are: Singer still among the Thousand Islands, Alexandria Bay; Albree in Labrador, on Farnham's trail, perhaps; Howe, with two others, on Lake Superior somewhere; and Nimick, with all his laurels about him, at Saratoga.

Canoeists of Newark held an impromptu regatta on July 15th. The sailing race was won by Geo. W. Totten, Jr., in the Daisy. There were six entries for the paddling race. Geo. Cox won in canoe Achilles, Hold being second.

Secretary Collins of the Bayonne C. C. sends CANOEIST word that the B. C. C. will hold an open regatta on Newark Bay, September fifth, off the Club House. A number of races are on the programme, among them the yet popular upset race.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1885.

No. 9.



MANY of the Clubs at the meet had very pretty printed ribbon badges which members gave to their friends and visitors, and these bright bits of color ornamented many a dark masculine flannel shirt and quaint camp dress of the fair Squaw Pointer. The Knickerbocker Club brought with them nothing of the kind. Be it remembered that the K. C. C. this year produced a "real canoeist," who is a born sailor, and the K. C. C. is as tickled therefor as the parents of a large family of girls who find themselves at last in possession, for the first time, of a young hopeful and an heir. The spirit of not being outdone pervaded the rank and file. A badge was wanted. The artist of the club and his assistant, who gets a vacation once a year from a big bank note company in town, put their heads together. A chunk of pine was cut from the side of the Delaney mansion and planed down "type high."

On this was drawn the clubs sailing signal and a wood cut of it made with a primitive jack-knife. This, together with a little light blue ribbon, some dark blue ink and a Clay-ton printing press, produced what you see on the preceding page reprinted in simple black.

The badges were in great demand and certainly produced as unique an effect as anything of the kind possibly could. The K. C. C. is to be congratulated. 'Tis not every club that can boast a crack paddler, a "real" sailor and a home-made badge of excellent design and clever workmanship.

A BRAND NEW MODEL.

"**S**AY, Block, I hear you have sold your new canoe. Is that so?"

"Why, yes, Pintle; but how did you hear of it?"

"Hatch told me. Come, now, why did you sell the other boat? I thought you were perfectly satisfied with her. She certainly did well with those new sails and that Root-fix centreboard in the club races last week."

"Well, yes, but I want an easier paddling canoe; one that will hold two comfortably, will be perfectly steady running free, a regular wind eater, and a lighter boat withal; capable of sailing without ballast, dry in rough water, and with really water-tight bulkheads to keep my clothes dry when I upset."

"A perfect canoe, in fact. Well, have you decided on the model? Now, tell me and I won't let on to a soul."

BLOCK (who does not care to go into details of length, beam, depth, and all the arrangement and placing of parts, at once coins a name for his entirely new lines). "She is to be Daniel Webster model, and Everson has the order to put her through."

PINTLE (who, of course, has never heard of the Daniel Webster model, but does not wish to exhibit his ignorance, at once replied), "You don't say so. I should hardly suppose

that would suit you. I thought strongly of ordering one myself last year, but decided there was not quite enough sheer for our waters. I shall be glad to hear how you like her after you have used her a week. Come in sometime and see Sarony's pictures of our new club house," and they part, both equally satisfied.

OIL SKINS.

MONDAY, August 3d, was a dreary day at Grindstone Island to many of the campers. The day opened cloudy, with a strong easterly wind, and as the first race of the programme was started rain began to fall. Races were postponed, canoes hauled up well beyond the reach of the waves that were running pretty high, and most of the men retired to their tents to pass the time as best they could. The walk over to Delaney's, half a mile, for dinner, thoroughly wet through many of the fellows, and a general changing of clothes was in order when they got back to camp. The rain stopped late in the afternoon, but the wind increased in force till it blew a howling gale. Then, when the wind was at its height in the evening, the rain set in once more. The journey over to supper wet many more clothes, and the grass and mud did the business for shoes and stockings. Rubber overcoats gave some protection to those who had them, but even these few were more than disgusted at the way the moisture had of gradually running up hill on the inside of the coat almost to the shoulders. Then, too, the water off of them ran into the shoes below every time. A cross word escaped many a good tempered canoeist for all ordinary occasions. About eight o'clock in the evening the gale was beginning to play the dickens with tents and shelters of all kinds. This made it necessary for every one to turn out and drive in pegs, put up guy lines, look after canoes and sails, and collect things scattered by the wind from tents

already-blown down. The rain kept on pouring down on the just and the unjust, the good boys who retired at night at ten o'clock, and the bad boys who sat up late to play tricks on the sleepers—all alike. The work of securing tents and property was no sooner complete than the cry went up: "The yacht is coming ashore." Sure, enough she was walking that anchor along the bottom as though nothing was at the end of the long rode. A crowd of fellows collected on the dock, and amid clouds of spray and sheets of rain, at last succeeded in getting the boat around to the lee side of the wharf and well secured to it, where she rode the storm out in safety. This done, another sail boat was seen to be coming straight on shore, more spray, more rain and hard work before she was pulled up high and safe. And then the third lugger had to receive a like attention from the drenched and tired campers. About ten o'clock, when the various excitements were pretty much over, the light of a big hard-wood camp fire was seen over the ridge in the woods on the lee side of the point. A number of the fellows put for it, and on the way passed two great trees that had been blown over earlier in the evening. Before the camp fire were twenty-five or thirty men, some rolled up in rubber blankets, as it was still raining, others as near the fire as possible, warming their wet feet or backs; and all but a few very quiet, and looking rather miserable, in spite of the hot punch that was doing its best to neutralize the effects of the cold and rain. The few alluded to were the life of the party, cracking jokes, laughing at one thing or another recalled of the days doings, and well contented, rain or shine; and being off for a vacation, they evidently were going to extract all the fun possible out of every experience. Looking at these fellows you would have been struck at once by the fact that one and all of them wore yellow-colored garments, and that the ground, or even long wet grass, seemed perfectly comfortable to them to recline on.

Yes, they had complete suits of oil skins, and the seaman's so'westers, and having come through all the experience of the day and evening without wetting a stitch of clothing, they were able, being perfectly comfortable in body, to enjoy letting their spirits run riot over the exciting times just passed. They did not have colds next day, nor have to put on wet clothes, having kept both suits dry, and they slept the sleep of the thoroughly happy that howling night when they did finally manage to tear themselves away from that glorious fire, the hot punch and the weird scene. MOARL.—Oil has a wonderful effect in calming troubled waters—and spirits.

A NEW KIND OF BUOY.

BE it known that black buoy 17 marks the limit of the steamboat channel just off Robbins Reef in New York bay. The north shore ferry boat to Staten Island, when coming from the city, makes a sharp turn from the bay channel round buoy 17 into the channel of the Kill von Kull.

Imagine the surprise of a regular native pilot one afternoon not long ago, on reaching the Kill channel, discovering *two* buoys near together where on his former trip he had seen but one. This pilot smoked—but he was strictly temperance, and knew he could not have "got 'em again." Yet the two buoys puzzled him. When he got them near to, off the starboard bow, his wonder increased on seeing in the water near the new bouy a third object, evidently the head of a real boy.

The buoy, not 17, and the boy were not anchored, for the pilot noticed them drift with the tide. He was about to pull the bell to slow up, intending a rescue, when he noticed a boat put off from a canoe house on shore and steer for the subjects of his wonder.

The ferry boat therefore tarried not, and pilot Gibbs has spent several sleepless nights since trying to think out what that buoy-boy was doing at the mouth of the Kills.

CANOEIST happened to send a reporter to the Island that afternoon to interview the canoe men who had inspected Genesta on her arrival, to learn from them the chances they considered Genesta would have going to windward in rough water against some of the new Sunbeam canoes then in commission. This reporter overheard the deck hands talking about that new bouy off the Kills which they had concluded was placed there by the Lighthouse Department to mark some recent wreck. He immediately forgot the object of his trip—but charged his expenses to CANOEIST just the same—and on his arrival at the Island, at once instituted himself a special committee to find out all about that buoy with this result: A Pearl canoe, in ballast, manned by a sturdy English crew, cleared from the Island early in the afternoon, and, with a free wind and full sail set—some 140 square feet—was making remarkably fast time towards town when rough water was encountered off Robbins Reef. The ship went through a five-act play in two minutes, and did its best to create a tragedy, for when the drop was lowered she found herself on her beam ends, rapidly filling. The well-trained crew at once cleared away the wreck from the decks, but it was too late. The ballast had shifted—aft. The stern gradually and gracefully settled, but the big air tank forward held out. The crew, struggling in the water, managed to man the painter and secure the drifting masts, hatches and sails to it, and then holding on by the same line, secured firmly to the stern, now high in air, for the canoe stood straight up on its end, patiently awaited help from shore. Thus it is, another victim to the reckless habit common among sailors of allowing themselves ever to put a ship dead before the wind. Why, even a Pearl, with 200 pounds of ballast, a 'steen and a 'ty board and 33 inches of beam can't stand it. The moral, of course, is—never go with the wind, for then it does as it likes; but go against it, and do as you like.

A VETERAN'S NOTES.

I HAVE seen many canoe sailing races, and I have noted the large percentage of upsets occurring during them. Win or upset seems to be the principle with many. Now, it is, to my mind, much more creditable to bring a canoe safely, right side up—even if far from first—in two races, over a given course, than to win one race and capsize during another. The men who regularly get good places in the A. C. A. races—third, fourth, fifth, even sixth, where from fifteen to twenty start—are careful sailors and run no unnecessary risks. Pluck is a good thing; recklessness should be avoided. An upset takes a certain amount of nerve and confidence out of a man, just as a header demoralizes a wheelman, sometimes for days. The most careful men do upset at times; rarely when racing. Several men in the Association have been known to go years without capsizing, and yet do much cruising and racing, too.

A few years ago—before the Atwood centreboard became generally known—canoes fitted for windward work usually had keels. These keels were rockered and from three to six inches below garboards at their deepest point. I do not remember seeing a single keel canoe at the 1885 meet. The Association at first limited keels to two inches, but later on put an extra inch to the rule. It was very soon discovered that a three-inch rockered keel would not carry a canoe to windward and give it any show of winning races against the eighteen-inch drop boards. Keels, therefore, have gone out. Several men of my acquaintance prefer the keel. They don't like to be continually beaten in the races though, and have therefore, against their inclinations, been obliged to use centreboards. The rules are intended to even things up, so to speak, and not to encourage boards particularly, at the expense of keels. The rule as it stands has done this. A salt-water sailor of considerable experience tells me that, as the result of his

many trials, he has concluded that five inches is the right depth for a shadow canoe's keel. He never races at the meets. Here is more food for the Regatta Committee. I address them, and ask why five inches should not be allowed. There certainly is no unfair advantage gained.

Two out of three of the B sailing races at the meet were contested on smooth water and in light winds. Flat-floored canoes are probably faster under such conditions than those built with deadrise and considerable sheer, intended ordinarily to be sailed on rough water. When rough water is the order of the day they have a chance to spread themselves; witness the performances of the Eversons that blustering Tuesday when Flit and Sea Bee carried off the honors. This class of canoe is well adapted to the waters on which they are sailed the year round. How are they to be improved so as to be fast in comparison with Thetis and Katrina in smooth water? That is what puzzles the interested.

Everson tells me he has just got out a new set of moulds, over which he proposes to build what he is pleased to call the Ideal canoe. He is not giving any facts about her as yet.

Some idea can be got of the increase in canoeing interest and the additions to the ranks, when I repeat what Rushton told me the other day about his shop. Over twenty men have been kept busy there this entire season, and yet he is behind his orders. The pretty sneak box seen at the meet, anchored off the Dock Rats' Retreat, was from his shop.

Tanner, of Albany, whose brass canoe fittings have been so popular the past year, has just materially reduced his scale of prices.

Last year I purchased a Farnham cork mattress-cushion life preserver and paid \$5 for it. It has proved itself to be perfect—except in price. A friend gave me the address of a Newark firm a few weeks since who make cork goods. I find, upon investigation, that Lord & Co. will make me a

whole, civilized, home bed for \$8, out of the most luxuriously finely cut cork shavings. Single cushions for a canoe, very cleverly made, and excellent life preservers, can be got of them for the modest sum of one dollar. I have refrained from asking them the price of a Farnham mattress, feeling doubtful of my state of mind when brought face to face with the difference in price between theirs and that of the swell New York house from whom I made my purchase.

NEW FITTINGS.

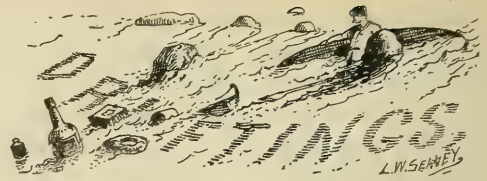
A TENT near the store on the point at the meet contained much to interest canoeists, young and old. Rushton put it up, and had a clever workman there always ready and willing to lend a hand, with a splendid kit of tools, to any needy canoeist who had carried away a block, broken a line or bent a rudder. Besides having the necessities for pretty much any kind of repairs likely to be needed, there was a large assortment of new fittings that caused universal interest and were worthy of great praise. A brass ring, nickel plated, with two smaller rings brazed to it, had a nickel plated block attached to one of the smaller rings and a larger ring run through the other. The main ring was to encircle the mast just above deck, and two thin straps of leather, one nailed securely around the mast above and the other below the ring held it in place. The halliard was run through the block and the boom was lashed to the loose ring when the gear was in place. Thus the boom could not rise up when the halliard strain was put on the sail, nor could it drop down when the sail was lowered, being held in place by the ring around the mast between the leathers. The ring played freely around the mast and the halliard and boom always kept their distance from each other, being secured to this main ring as indicated all turned one side or the other together. This gear does away with the troublesome tack heretofore used. It also serves the purpose of a jackstay, and

therefore two more ropes are cast to the winds—dispensed with, in fact, altogether. The gear is simple, strong, neat and eminently useful. It might be called boom ring and halliard block, if it has not already received some simpler name.

Another capital improvement over anything before exhibited for mast-head gear is the pin and ferrule at the mast-head, with block for halliard attached to an angle brass, having a hole in the plate for the pin to run through. Thus the halliards and lay-jacks can be at once slipped off the top of the mast and sail detached, without loss of time or running any chances of fouling the lines and causing bother when they are to be put in place again. A thread and nut put at the top of the pin keeps the block and angle-brass from slipping off when in use. These fittings are also nickel plated. Though Rushton brought a liberal supply with him, the stock had to be replenished before the meet was half over, there were so many appreciative canoeists present. Among other neat fittings offered for sale were: dandy sheet jam lever blocks, patent cleats, drop rudders, tiller chains with neat turn buckles for taking up all slack, boom and batten jaws, and many other pretty contrivances well calculated to make the mouths water of many chaps who in vain have tried for years to get something of the kind made, with little or no success.

A few canoeists arrived with broken paddles, or no paddle at all. The needy had but to drop in to the tent to select any length he wanted. Rushton certainly deserves much credit for the thoroughness with which he looked after the interest of the canoeist at the meet. He deserves none the less credit because he looked after his own as well.

CANOEIST will be much pleased to hear from those men who take a keen interest in the races, and will give all the space necessary to suggestions and remarks from them, and will also editorially do what it can to have a thorough discussion of all mooted points.



The New Orleans *Picayune* sagely observes that it requires no skill to play the kazoo. All that is needed is wind and a general desire to be disagreeable. Evidently the editor of the *Picayune* has not the pleasure of an acquaintance with our own Rogers.

An indignant summer excursionist writes that in looking over the side of his canoe, he espied a snapping turtle on the bottom of the lake, and on the back of this attraction was the advertisement: "Gents' ready-made clothing marked down low."

Nearly every club now boasts a trick canoeist. The member of the K. C. C. who holds this office thinks nothing of crawling round his dandy mast on deck while sailing and playing with the rudder head just for amusement. Another local club has a trick member who occupies his leisure moments in training his dogs the various ropes aboard. He expects shortly to have them do all the halliard and sheet work while he plays gentleman skipper at the stick.

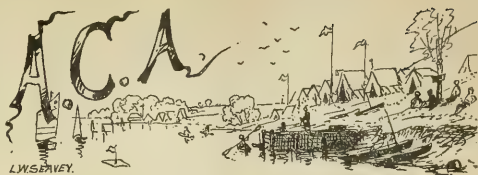
Last month a conscientious paddler did not go home to dinner one evening, though he knew his sister was there alone, except for the servants. No, but he went paddling with a friend and could not get back—the tide had turned. Next morning early he entered the house very quietly, crawled up to his room and closed the door. He upset the clothes upon his bed, poured water into the basin, soaped it well, and prepared his room so that no one would imagine he had not retired as usual the night before; then, with a clear conscience he sat down to read, and await the ringing of the breakfast bell. Seven-thirty came and went—no bell. Eight o'clock did not help matters. At eight-thirty he proceeded down stairs only to find an empty table in the dining room. The

cook was called. "Oh, Mr. Edward, you here. I thought you were away as you did not come home last night. Your brother came in yesterday and your sister went off with him to the mountains for a week and left this note for you." The note. "Dear Ed., Ry came down for me to spend a week with Mary and the children at Tannersville. Be a good boy and get home early, and don't go canoeing Sundays. You know what happens to the bad boys who go canoeing Sundays. Don't forget to lock the front door when you come in at night. Bidly will get your meals for you. *Draw a check and pay the cook.*" Fancy, and he had taken all that trouble, just so she would not be worried by knowing that she had been alone in the house all night as he thought.

The Essex C. C. have adopted a two-pointed burgee as their club signal. Why depart from the time-honored and universal one-pointer?

Gretchen, a nautilus canoe lately owned by a Harvard man, was built in England in 1870. She came to the U. S. in 1871, and sailed in the first regatta held by the New York C. C. in October, 1872, and won the race. She was on the N. Y. C. C. register till 1882, when a Harvard man took her to the A. C. A. meet at Lake George, and later to Cambridge. Where is she now? Mr. Gostenhoffer owned and sailed her in 1879-'80, and while he sailed her Dot had close work of it to win the races.

Dr. Mrs. Parmele arrived at City Island off New Rochelle, Long Island Sound on August 30th in canoe Oahu. Leaving the canoe there they took train and boat to the New York Canoe Club house. After having duly inspected the clubs new quarters they accepted Commodore Munroe's invitation to spend Sunday in town. They both give glowing reports of their cruise which was begun on July 10th at Hartford. The doctor is as brown as berry, and as jolly as ever. A more enthusiastic canoeist it would be hard to find. Oahu resumed the cruise on Monday and began the return trip to Hartford along the Connecticut shore of the Sound. Vacations are coming to an end, even the doctor's.



To Members of the A. C. A. :

I respectfully call your attention to the fact that Article I. of the By-laws of the American Canoe Association was so changed at the recent meeting at Grindstone Island that the second paragraph now reads: "Each subsequent annual payment shall be two dollars," etc. I hope the members will forward their dues promptly, as such action will materially facilitate the duties of the secretary-treasurer. A copy of the Association book has been sent to each member of the Association. Please notify me of any error that may occur to you.

Fraternally yours,

CHAS. A. NEIDE,

Sec. A. C. A.

Schuylerville, N. Y., Aug. 17th, 1885.

The Commodore will probably call the Executive Committee meeting some time during October. Date not yet fixed.

The regatta committee for 1886 will be appointed shortly and their names published in our October issue. During the last two years an enormous amount of work has devolved upon the committee, but the rules and business of the regatta are now in such shape that future committees will have a very much easier time of it.

It is desirable that a free expression of opinion be had regarding the several events of the '85 meet, and any suggestions as to improvement or modification will be well considered and widely discussed before the committee meet to finally pass upon all matters pertaining to the '86 programme.

The record idea has now been on trial two years, and was so well received at both meets that it seems desirable to put it in some more definite and permanent shape — make it thoroughly official, in fact.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN A. C. A.

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OFFICERS AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—F. S. RATHBUN, Deseronto, Ont.

Vice-Commodore—ROBERT J. WILKIN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rear-Commodore—DR. GEO. L. PARMELE, Hartford, Conn.

Secretary and Treasurer—DR. CHAS. A. NEIDE, Schuylerville, N. Y.

The Executive Committee is composed of the Officers and the following members at large:—B. W. RICHARDS, Brockville, Ont.; GEO. ROGER, Peterboro, Ont.; W. B. WACKERHAGEN, Albany, N. Y.

The Secretary of the American Canoe Association requests persons sending money to him to do so either by *registered letter* or *Post-Office money order*, on *Saratoga, N. Y.*

If canoeists will send application to the Secretary of the A. C. A., enclosing \$2.00 for initiation fee and dues for the first year, their names will be presented for membership.

Y^e



EDS.

THE main points for the Executive Committee to decide on at their coming meeting are the time and place for the meet of 1886. If Delaney Point be again selected the work cut out for the officers this coming year will be simple and definite. If another site be chosen, the officers will have plenty to do to get everything in working order in time. The greatest good to the greatest number must decide.

SEPTEMBER is the best month in the year for club regattas. Canoes are in the best condition and their skiffers have had plenty of practice during the summer to get the points of sailing down fine. The lessons learned at the meet have been put into practice, and the canoes launched in the spring have had a fair trial, and by this time are in good working order—or should be. There is likely to be wind almost any day. Brock-

ville, Bayonne, Jersey City Yacht Club, K. C. C., N. Y. C. C., heard from, and they are to have canoe races. Brooklyn is to have races too, but the club is so young yet that their regatta has been arranged for members—no outsiders need apply. The Turtles move slowly, and have thus far refrained from naming dates—but their club races will be sailed this month or the early part of next. We are waiting for other official returns, and results will be published in the October issue. Considerable interest is felt in the doings of both Sofronia and Grebe—new canoes on new lines at this year's A. C. A. meet, where both did very well in the races. The result of the coming contest between Thetis and Snake are also eagerly awaited. Snake has received a thorough overhauling at Rushton's hands, and may be looked to for better work than she did at the last club race when Thetis won the four mile to windward and return race. Katrina too may add something to her record before another moon has passed and gone.

It is hoped that the sumptuously illustrated record of a cruise on the following pages will so attractively present the delights of canoe voyages, that many persons, thus far entirely ignorant of them, will be induced to join our ranks as canoeists, and eventually subscribe to THE CANOEIST.

THE October number will be mailed to subscribers on the 25th of this month. Any one not receiving his copy in a reasonable time thereafter is earnestly requested to send a line to the editor to that effect, as a few complaints have been received.



CANOEIST behind time as usual, missed September's first mail.



THAT SUNRISE.

MY GREAT CRUISE.

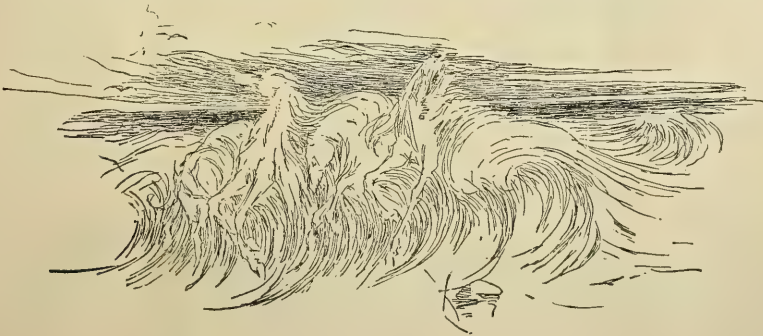
GOT up at dawn to start on my eventful journey. This was my first canoe cruise. I had just got a canoe in trade for a water-bury watch, a standard columbia machine—off of which I had taken a header early in the spring, which laid me low for six weeks—and a pen knife.

After getting well under way with an assorted cargo aboard, the sun rose in all its June splendor and added life and warmth to the rural landscape. Admire above the sunrise. Paddling leisurely down stream, past many a primeval forest and new clearing, where the cattle were picking up a scanty morning meal from the fresh grass (note the cattle in the picture), pangs of hunger began to make themselves felt. About made up my mind to land for breakfast, when I found myself in the still water above a dam and saw mill, about which many men were at work. Decided to go below the dam to cook my first meal so as not to have an unsympathetic public view first attempts at out door

crawl along deck. Took off my shoes to wade ashore thinking the water shallow. Stepped lightly overboard and went down clear over my head. Mill hands all laughed. Spluttered ashore.

Inspected the chute. Saw at the bottom a queer wave. (The cut shows how the wave looked from shore.) Decided the chute was quite safe to run. So I ran round it. Went back to canoe. Yanked her out of the water and over the logs and sawdust into the road and down the bank below the chute. The mill hands admired the great presence of mind. Shoved canoe into shallow water, waded in and stepped into canoe from the water. Paddled on down stream out of sight of mill, a sadder and a wetter man.

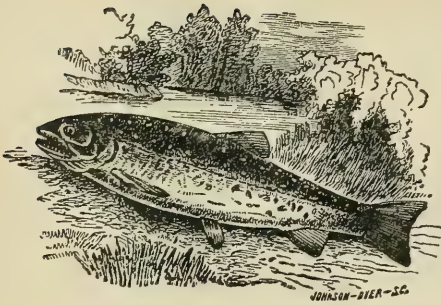
Got hold of a bush overhanging the water and pulled canoe side ways in to the bank, got out and started a fire. Put water on to boil and then dropped a fish line overboard to try my luck. Got a bite. Pulled in line and landed a big fish (see the picture of the fish.)



BELOW THE CHUTE.

cooking. Ran the bow ashore near the chute to inspect the lay of the land. Didn't know then how to get ashore myself. There was no float handy as there had been at the boat house from which I started. Didn't dare to

Turned round and found canoe gone. Had forgotten to tie the line at the bow to anything on shore. Ran down stream and at last found her trying to hide away among some tall reeds. Pulled canoe up stream to



THAT FISH.

the fire by the rope. Water had boiled over in my absence and put out the fire. Decided to breakfast on bread and butter.

Saw a woman in a field milking. Went up and asked her for some milk as she was going back to the farm house with her two pails (note the sketch of woman and cows below). She turned pale, that is, one pail and poured me out a quart, asking me at the same time to see her one better. I gave her a quarter. Resumed my journey.

Coming round a bend a little later, saw a girl in the stern of a boat. (Hasty sketch of girl and boat at once made, here it is.) Paddled towards the lovely object in order to open a conversation. Just about to pay her compliments of the morning when a man was seen sitting in the bow of the boat behind that bush. At once had a great curiosity to know what time it was. Asked the man. He said it was time to be going. So I went. Felt so *fresh* I did not even turn round, as Lot's wife did once you remember. Landscape became wilder and more dreary as I proceeded. The river widened with broad fields and marshes along the waters edge, and hardly a house in sight for miles. I got hungry. As soon as a suitable landing place was sighted I ran *Discover* (the canoe) ashore and made camp. Cooking dinner, I studiously turned that fish over and over in the pan and did not glance up for some time, not having seen a human being for hours. Imagine my surprise when I did

turn round to see quite a company of spectators standing in line watching my every movement. (Sketch of those spectators on top of next page.) They said nothing, neither did I. As the afternoon wore on my desire to move wore off. So I staid where I was. My friends left me one by one without even bidding me good-bye. Finally I was alone with my canoe and a lively fit of indigestion. Washed dishes, rearranged *Discoverer's* cargo, changed my clothes, and spread the moist garments on the hot sand to dry. Don't seem to have ever read of a canoeist washing his dishes on a cruise before. Wish I didn't have to do it often. Tried first with river water to get them clean. Failed to get the butter off the plate. Used sand on knives, forks and plates—with some success. Found a little hot water in kettle that I had intended to use for coffee, but did not as it wouldn't boil till long after the fish was cooked—as I supposed; it wasn't entirely

though—and I didn't want to make coffee an hour after dinner. Poured this hot water over the plates. Worked like a charm. I'm going to use hot water after this for dish washing, I make a special note of this for the rising generation of canoe cruisers. Took all my duds out of the canoe's hold so as to have plenty of sleeping room. Looked forward

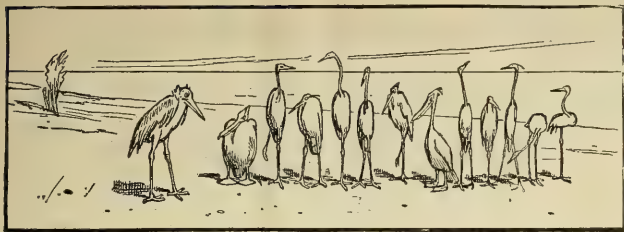
with much pleasure to my first nights' rest in a canoe. Wished it was time to retire. Had been up so early and worked so hard at the new exercise for me, paddling, that I felt



SEEMED SOLUS.



like sleeping even then, early as it was. Arranged cushions for comfort in reading. Took a smoke. Voted canoeing a great success.



THOSE SPECTATORS.

Fell asleep. Waked up suddenly by hearing a rumbling noise. It had clouded up and I decided it was thunder that I heard. Jumped around lively to get my things in order. Put

all my provisions in the *water tights*, bow and stern. Left cooking utensils on the sand, near the canoe. Clothes not yet dry, so left them out. Took sails off masts and stowed them under one side of the canoe. Stuck masts up in their places and tried to put up my brand new canoe tent. At last succeeded, after many failures to find out how the thing worked. Arranged cushions inside, noticed the shower coming fast from the west. Felt lonely. Thought of the last human being I had sighted that morning—a little girl on a grassy bank looking curiously toward me and holding her hat from being blown off by the wind. Blessed that little creature. Found I didn't want any supper. Began to rain. Got dark. Took my lantern and walked round looking for any signs of life.



MY LAST FRIEND.

It began to blow hard and get very dark. Tried to light the lantern, a patent one I had just purchased specially for canoe work. At last succeeded. Rain poured down and wind. Started back for canoe on full run. Light

blew out in spite of warrant I had received when I bought it that no wind could put it out. Couldn't find the canoe. Got wet through. Reached the shore at last and followed it: found caone. Tent blowing about badly, straining on the masts and letting the rain into the hold all

over my cushions. Got tent into place and held it there with stones till the shower passed over. Now I was in trouble. All clothes wet. By great good fortune I had left my army blanket rolled up in the rubber blanket and there kept it dry. Spread rubber blanket over wet cushions. Saw on a bush twig not far off a row of little birds perched for the night. Took the hint. Undressed completely, rolled up in the blanket and pulled down the tent flaps. Tried to sleep. Failed dismally.

Couldn't seem to get comfortable. Cushions were all lumps and hollows. Heard queer noises. Couldn't make out what they were. Wished I was home. Thought canoeing a bore. Made up my mind to put back home early in the morning. Wished it was morning. Struck a match and looked at watch. Found it was only 9.30. Tried again to sleep. Failed. Wind moaned and sighed most dismally and the waves on the shore kept up such an infernal racket I couldn't hear myself think. Felt chilly and tried to think of something to put over me.

All clothes wet and didn't know of anything dry but the blanket. Moon came out. Spent a miserable hour. Got so cold, decided something must be done. Never knew it to be so cold in August. Finally, as I couldn't stand it any longer I got up and hunted along shore for drift wood. Tried for half an hour to light a fire. Couldn't find any dry stuff to start it with. Got one started at last. Then I got warm.

[To be Continued.]



THOSE LITTLE BIRDS.

deep, which are used for sailing. I think this will give you all the information upon these points; but if there is any other information I can get you, shall be glad to do so.

Yours truly, JAMES Z. ROGERS.

PETERBORO, April 6, 1885.

MY DEAR ROGERS: Absence from home has prevented an earlier reply to your request to dot down some data of what I know about Canadian canoes for the information of your correspondent.

The birch bark, elm bark and log canoes, you know as well as I do, are not exclusively Canadian, having been in use in all parts of North America since its earliest discoveries or historical record. The elm bark canoe appears to have been used only as a substitute for the birch bark when or where the latter could not be obtained. La Salle, on his return to Montreal after his discovery of the Upper Mississippi, used an elm bark canoe "vide Parkman."

In "Strickland's 27 years in Canada," written in 1852, the writer says, the only Indians he ever saw using the elm bark canoe were the Chippewas on the River Maitland, Ontario, which discharges into Lake Huron. These Indians hunted and made maple sugar on its upper waters, and in the early spring brought their furs and sugar to Lake Huron in canoes made of soft elm bark.

My father, whose book I have quoted from, settled on the Ontario River in the year 1830, where now stands the village of Lakefield [a spot well known to all members of the A. C. A. who were present at the Stony Lake meet in August, 1883]. Birch bark and log were the only type of canoe then in use by the Indians there or on any of the many lakes tributary to the Otonabee. Wild rice grows in large beds or fields on some of these lakes, which are frequented by great numbers of ducks. To paddle through these rice beds and shoot the ducks as they rise is, as you know, considered the best of sport. The log canoe is much better for the purpose than the birch, and the lighter and swifter the better. To this end George W. R. Strickland, about the year 1855, made a great improvement in the construction of the log canoe, by which they could be shaped true to any model. Local amateur regattas were held at Lakefield, yearly, at which the improvements to the log canoe were first brought to into notice, and particularly at a regatta held on the Little Lake Peterboro on the 23d and 24th of September, 1857, of

which I was secretary. The only other kind used on this latter occasion besides the birch bark was one made of canvas stretched over a light frame, and was very creditable to its maker and paddler, John Edwards; but he did not win the race against the improved dug-out, and he left the country shortly afterwards, it was presumed on that account, and did not return until the A. C. A. meet at Stony Lake, 1883, when he put in an appearance as John Smith, and was claimed by Commodore Edwards as his long lost brother.

It was at the Peterboro regatta of 1857, I. S. Stephenson first conceived the idea of building the Canadian bass wood canoe, of which he built several in the spring and summer of 1858, and immediately after establishments were started for their manufacture by English, of Peterboro, Gordon, of Lakefield, and Herral, of Rice Lake, and their canoes have found their way to every quarter of the globe and the islands of the sea.

Stephenson was not wholly satisfied with his invention, owing to the difficulty of keeping a canoe made of wide boards perfectly tight, when left out of the water for any length of time in dry, hot weather; and after several years of experiment, he at last perfected and patented the Stephenson cedar rib and longitudinal canoe, now so largely manufactured by the Ontario Canoe Company, and now that I have brought what I know about canoes to your own door, you can better give your correspondent any further information than I can.

Though I may mention that the first decked canoe that was on the Otonabee waters was a dug-out butternut, which you will remember was made by George Strickland at Lakefield, in 1860. Its dimensions, I speak from memory, was 18 ft. x 24 in., 8 in. deep, and decked with butternut, except an opening of 6 or 7 ft. x 18 in., with a combing of say 3 or 4 in. It was a beautiful model, was finished with French polish, and the weight was not more than 75 or 80 lbs. It was exhibited in the city of Hamilton, and presented to the Prince of Wales, who, however, was not permitted to accept that or any other present from any of Her Majesty's subjects.

I hope these jottings may be of some service to friend, as I would be glad to promote a work which cannot fail to be of great interest to all lovers of the canoe.

Yours very truly, H. F. STRICKLAND.

COL. J. Z. ROGERS, Peterboro.

CLUB DOINGS.

PITTSBURGH.

Conemaugh Lake is a beautiful little sheet of water in the Allegheny Mountains, some ninety miles east of Pittsburgh. It was formed many years ago for a canal reservoir, by building a massive stone dam across the narrow valley of the South Fork of the Conemaugh River, backing up the water among the hills above so as to form an exceedingly irregular and proportionately pretty and picturesque lake of three miles in length, about one-half mile average breadth, and a maximum depth of some seventy feet. After the abandonment of the Pennsylvania Canal, the little lake seemed to have outlived its usefulness for a number of years; but at length a party of Pittsburgh sportsmen organized the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club, purchased the lake and surrounding property, stocked it with fish, built a club-house, and spent many a health-giving hour upon the water in pursuit of fin and feather; for at the proper season large flocks of ducks may be found there taking a day's rest as a break in their long flights north or south. As time went on the married members began to bring their families to the lake, and before long cottages were built, the club-house enlarged, and now the spot forms one of the most charming summer resorts to be found anywhere in the mountain land of the Alleghenies.

Here, on August 22d, was held one of the most successful [and certainly most thoroughly amateur] regattas the writer was ever fortunate enough to witness. The rowing events were all well contested—the ladies' single, the single for girls under fifteen, and the double for boys under fourteen, each requiring the very last stroke to determine who should win—while the boys' tub race furnished fun for all. The canoes entered were—the *Freyja*, *Tiger* and *Goldie*—are "No. 1 Mohicans," and the others—*Marie* and *Princeton*—15-foot Princess's." The *Marie* is one of the older boats, with wooden dagger board and latteen sails; but the other four have Radix boards, Albany rig, and all the latest improvements; and let us here record that these hardy mountaineers go skimming over their squally sheet of water without any reefing gear, one of the skippers having removed the reef lines from his 92-foot suit of Mohicans, and carrying full sail through all the puffs! The first canoe race was under sail, the canoe being one mile dead

to windward down the lake, turn buoy and run free one-half mile, finishing in front of club-house, the same finish line being used for all races—rowing, sailing and paddling. There was no "one man, one canoe" rule in force at *this* meet, and for the sailing race the entries were as follows: *Marie*, B. Horne; *Princeton*, W. E. Woodwell; *Freyja*, C. F. Holdship; *Tiger*, J. J. Lawrence, Jr., and *Goldie*, R. W. Bailey; all but the first being A. C. A. men. The skipper of *Goldie* was entirely green as a navigator of this lake, and his was essentially a case where ignorance is bliss, for while the more experienced hands were making short tacks in the middle of the lake to avoid the uncertain winds near shore, he was stretching away right into the beach each leg, and the winds, pitying his blindness, seemed to "stay with him," with the result that he got around the buoy well ahead, and ran out of reach while the others were beating up it. *Princeton* was second, *Marie* third.

The wind, which had been growing steadily lighter all through the race, now died out entirely, making everything lovely for the remaining parts of the regatta. The next event was a half-mile straight-away paddle, with the following entries: *Marie*, G. E. Shea; *Goldie*, T. M. McKee; *Freyja*, C. F. Holdship, and *Tiger*, W. W. Lawrence. It was a fairly close and interesting race, the finish being in the above order. The hurry-scurry, which came next, had *Goldie* and *Freyja*, with crews as in the paddle, and *Tiger*, manned by J. J. Lawrence, Jr. There was no swim in this race, the canoes being hauled up on shore, and the contestants being started about 100 yards back from the water, with instructions to run to their canoes, shove off, and paddle 100 yards to the finish line. The running was very even, Holdship slacking up a little at the water's edge seeming to be rather behind, but he more than made it up in getting afloat, for he managed to send his canoe off with a mighty push, and yet landed cleanly in the cockpit himself, where he remained on his feet and spurted all the way to the finish, landing *Freyja* a good winner, with *Tiger* second. The Upset race closed the series, and brought out *Marie*, J. B. Shea; *Princeton*, G. E. Shea; *Tiger*, J. J. Lawrence, Jr., and *Goldie*, T. M. McKee. Before the upset *Marie* had secured the lead of about an open length, but the pistol-shot put quite a different aspect upon matters. One contestant, in his excitement, jumped overboard without upset-

ting his craft, and had to pull her over afterwards. *Tiger*, however, was turned over quick as a flash, and was righted and the crew aboard before the others had fully realized they were wet. She got well away and won neatly, *Marie* a good second. After the race Lawrence upset his canoe four times before coming ashore, giving a free exhibition of his method, and seemed to have no more water aboard after the fifth upset than after the first.

The evening programme was rather interfered with by a heavy rain which came on just after supper; but after the various flags had been presented to the winners in the club-house parlor, the rain had stopped and the fireworks were let off from a scow moored in the middle of the lake, the reflection upon the water adding greatly to the effect. After this the entertainment was brought to a close by a procession of boats carrying Chinese lanterns, which was towed about the lake by a steam launch, the effect reminding one strongly of that last night on Delaney's Point.

KATRINA.

The programme in full for the races is given below. It is original in several points and may suggest some good ideas to other clubs.

South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club, Cone-maugh Lake. Regatta and Feast of Lanterns, to be held on Saturday afternoon and evening, August 22, 1885.

Part I, Regatta, beginning at 2 P.M.

Canoes and other boats under sail.—R. W. Bailey, 49 m.; W. E. Woodwell, C. F. Holdship, B. S. Horne, J. J. Lawrence, Jr.

Double sculls, with or without coxwain, one mile. J. B. Shea, and B. S. Horne, 7:20; T. M. McKee and J. J. Lawrence, jr., 7:35; Jas. H. Willock and Frank S. Willock, 7:48.

Canoes with double paddles, one-half mile. W. W. Lawrence, C. F. Holdship, Geo. E. Shea, T. M. McKee.

Single sculls for ladies, with or without coxwain, one-fourth mile. Miss E. B. Suydam, Miss A. M. Lawrence, Miss M. G. Hussey, Miss Lillie Hankin, Mrs. Semple, Miss M. B. Sharpe, Miss T. M. Lawrence, Miss R. E. Henderson, Miss Clara Hussey, Miss M. S. Lawrence, Miss N. B. McIntosh.

Double sculls, for boys under 14 years, one-fourth mile. O. McClintock and Frank Semple; coxwain, Hart McKee; Dick Suydam and Harry Irwin; coxwain, J. K. Clarke.

Single sculls, for girls under 15 years, one-fourth mile. Ida Irwin, Annie Semple, Alice Holdship, Belle Sharpe.

Double sculls, for boys under 16 years, one-half mile. Hart McKee and Ed. S. Mullins, 4:15; Ben. Wells and Walter McClintock, 4:20.

Single sculls, for boys under 16 years, one-half mile. John Semple, Harry Rankin.

Upset canoe race, 200 yards. J. J. Lawrence, jr., J. B. Shea, T. M. McKee.

Hurry-Scurry Canoe Race, 100 yards. B. F. Holdship, J. J. Lawrence, jr., T. M. McKee.

Tub Race, 60 yards. Hart McKee, Ed. S. Mullins, James F. Keenan, Jno. S. Clarke, Ollie McClintock, Ben. Wells, Jas. K. Clarke, Harry Rankin, Harry Irwin, Dick Suydam.

Part 2.—Feast of Lanterns, beginning at 8:00 p. m. First—Line to form off Locust Point. Second—Procession of fifty boats, illuminated by five lanterns each, drawn around the lake by steam launch, "Capt. Eads." Third—Pyrotechnic display from the center of the lake during procession. Fourth—Landing and assemblage in parlor for distributing of regatta prizes.

LAKE ST. LOUIS C. C.

The first annual regatta of the Lake St. Louis Canoe Club was held on Saturday, August 29th, at Lachine, and was the greatest success of the season. The energy shown by the secretary and committee of this young club is something remarkable, and they were well repaid for their efforts, as never before has such a crowd gathered to see a regatta at Lachine. The promenade over the boat house was thronged with ladies, who showed their appreciation of the different races, while the barges and wharves were crowded with spectators from the different summer resorts along the river. The river in the vicinity of the boat house was covered with canoes and small craft, and would have delighted the heart of any photographer, which it did to one, we believe. The Philharmonic Band discoursed excellent music during the afternoon.

1. Sailing race, course one mile and a half with turn. Three entries—B. W. Richards, Commodore Brockville Club, W. Barry, W. Girwood, St. Annes. A good start was made and a good race was expected. Mr. Richards led the way, he being a capital sailor, and finished first, before the others had gained the turning buoy, W. Barry second. Prize, silver cup. Time, 26.15.

2. Portage race, paddle, quarter mile, carry canoe twenty-five yards over stony point and paddle back. Two entries, C. S. Shaw and F. W. Stewart. From the start Shaw led and finished about twenty yards ahead of Stewart. Time 6.55. First prize, gold tiger eye scarf pin; 2nd, silver scarf pin.

3. Boys under 13, half mile with turn. Three entries, Campbell Stewart, Adolph Amos, Davidson Bros., Brock Bros. This race was pluckily contested by the youngsters and was won by the Davidson Bros., Stewart and Amos second. Prizes, first, scarf pins; second, cuff studs.

4. Tandem race, one mile, "Challenge Cup," four entries, C. S. Shaw and A. W. Shearwood, Lachine; M. F. Johnston and J. Chrysler, Brockville; G. Auldjo and C. E. Howard, Lachine; Girdwood Bros., St. Anne's. Much interest was centred in this race for the challenge cup, value \$125, as it would test the Lower Canada boys against those from Ontario. M. F. Johnston and mate swept everything before them at the A. C. A. meet, and the chances were thought to be very small of the cup's remaining in Lachine. Shaw and Shearwood paddled in their new racer, which they received a few days ago. Johnson and Chrysler used double paddles in a very fast canoe, while Auldjo and Howard found it impossible to use their new racer, not being able to sit her, it only having arrived on Saturday morning, and had to use their English canoe. The Girdwood Brothers also used their English canoe. The four canoes got into line. The latter had the advantage if anything. For a quarter of a mile neither crew gained any advantage on the others, but shortly after this point, Shaw and Shearwood gradually drew away, and at the turning buoy led by about two lengths, and came home winners by about four lengths. The cheers and shouts were deafening as Shaw and Shearwood came in, and at the presentation of prizes in the evening, three hearty cheers were given for the winners of the "Challenge Cup."

5. Upset race, single, 300 yards, upset twice. Four entries. The contestants had proceeded about twenty yards when the starters called "upset" and they all rolled out. W. Robertson regained his canoe first, with Stewart and Dowker together. Dowker came in first, with T. Stewart second. Prizes, first, dram flask; second, pocketbook.

6. Single Paddling Race, half mile, three entries, C. S. Shaw, A. W. Shearwood, G. Auldjo. Shaw led from the start and finished about three lengths ahead of Auldjo, with Shearwood a good third. Prizes, first, gold sleeve links; second, silver sleeve links.

7. Boys' race, single under 18 years, half mile, three entries, G. Barry, W. Harrison, F. W. Stewart. From the start to the turning buoy, Barry and Stewart kept on about equal terms. Stewart, who had the new racer, and had never set in her before, was making strong efforts to overtake Barry, when he suddenly upset. But for this he would have taken second place. Barry first, Harrison second. First, scarf pin; second, canoe cushion.

8. Tandem race, club, green, one mile, five entries. From the start J. Robertson and G. Barry led, and finished two lengths ahead of T. Stewart and C. Guilt, Harrison and Henderson third. Prizes, first, revolvers; second paddles.

9. Hurry-scurry race, single, swim 25 yards, paddle 300 yards, five entries. C. S. Shaw won this easily. T. Stewart second, A. J. Henderson, third. Prizes, first, silver medal; second razors.

10. Lady and gentleman's race, half mile, three entries. C. S. Shaw and Miss Gregory, A. W. Shearwood and Miss Harrison, W. Girdwood and Miss Gregory won by C. S. Shaw and Miss Radford, by about a length, W. Girdwood and Miss Radford second. Prizes, first lady, silver dog collar; gent, scarf ring; second, lady, brooch; gent, collar button.

11. Greasy pole walk, six entries, the last and most amusing event of the programme. After several tries the flag at the end of the pole was captured by F. W. Stewart, he being the only one successful in doing so.

This event ended the best day's sport ever held at Lachine, and the management of the club are to be congratulated on its complete success.

In the evening the boat house presented a pretty scene. Inside flags were tastily hung and at one end of the room stood a table on which were the prizes. All the young ladies and gentlemen in Lachine to see the presentation of prizes, presided over by Commodore Rintoul. The prizes were presented to the successful winners by the following ladies: Miss Robertson, Miss M. Brock, Miss Harrison, Miss Fisher, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Hart, Miss K. Brock, Miss Stewart, Miss Amos, Mrs. Baby, Miss L. O'Brien, Miss Ayer, Miss Hill, Miss S. Levine, Miss Howard and Miss M. Lewis. After the ladies departure the prizes for the greasy pole walk were discussed by the gentlemen, and after Mr. Richards, of Brockville, was called upon for a speech, in the course of which he thanked the members of the Lake St. Louis Canoe Club for the kind manner in which they had treated him during his short stay; also that he hoped to see the club well represented at the next A. C. A. meet, as the St. Louis Club was probably the largest club in Canada, it having upwards of sixty members. After several had spoken, Mr. Richards was pounced upon and "bounced" in the usual manner.

—From the Montreal Times.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Vol IV.

OCTOBER, 1885.

No. 10.

* MY GREAT CRUISE.

PART II.—*Concluded.*

THE moon just dropped behind the western hills over the river, when the pale glimmer of approaching day touched clouds and sky over head, yet left all dark as midnight below. Gradually the dawn grew into day. The hillcrest toward the east came out in bold relief. The mist that lay in the lap of the valley and hid the river from view, floated upward, hugging the tree tops along the hill sides, and slowly brought the shore line into view. A light thistle of a cloud turned suddenly pink. Then the western ridge of hills was illuminated, and at last old Sol himself poked his forehead above the hill tops and dispelled all doubts as to it being day once more.

This is as I remember it now, cosily sitting at my little writing desk at home. O! it was a beautiful morning,—*to look back upon.* I did not appreciate it then. How could I? Sleep came not to me that night, and for hours I had been sitting over the fire, now and again replenishing it with wood, watching for day. My clothes were wet; the blanket about me was damp in spots with dew, and had two great holes burned in it by sparks from the fire. I was hungry, sore and stiff from the paddling of the previous day; hands blistered and face burning from the effects of the sun; legs, neck and arms covered with mosquito bites; almost worn out from the long sitting in the canoe and before the fire; and above all the want of sleep and a companion in misery made me thoroughly wretched indeed. I would have sold that canoe for five dollars then to any one who would have taken her off my hands, whisked me home and into my own bed. Sold, did I say? I would willingly have given canoe and traps for one hour's rest in my own room.

Frying pan and tin dishes were in a delapidated state indeed, covered with sand and dirt the rain had splashed on them, and more or less rusty. Felt faint. Thought of

provisions in those water tight compartments. Opened the forward one. Can of sardines all right; no water had leaked through the tin box, but there seemed to be considerable water lower down. Didn't remember it to have been there when the things were stowed. Could it be possible those hatches in the deck leaked; perish the thought. But they had, nevertheless; for all the crackers that I so carefully put in a separate paper had become an unsightly mass of pulp, resembling a poultice more than anything I could then think of. The coffee can had not leaked. thank fortune, nor the pot of condensed milk. A thorough search failed to find salt, pepper, or sugar. These useful articles had been carefully left in their original paper bag wrappers in my haste to get afloat, and had melted away, even as doth the beautiful snow before an April sun. A loaf of bread, damp as to its lower corner, was exhumed from the forward and narrow end of the compartment, where the deck had been tight. The bread had been wedged in above the water line. This was the first ray of hope. Proceeding now to the aft hatch I was pained to find that the bottle holding kerosene for the lantern had been broken by my rough handling of the canoe getting round the chute. The butter did not improve with the flavor of lamp oil added, and I was forced to reluctantly part company with it. A few other things were saved from the general wreck, mostly canned goods.

Poking up the fire, I put water on to boil. A little French coffee pot I had brought along was cleaned, and a dose of coffee administered above the sieve. Condensed milk can was opened and the bread cut. A few sardines were placed on the slices of bread and I soon forgot about the butter. Water finally boiled and I had the pleasure of succeeding in making very good coffee, as I took care not to put in too much water. The want of sugar was not fatal to a keen enjoyment of the beverage, as condensed milk is quite sweet itself, and I did not spare the rod—milk, and spoil the child—coffee. Felt

*The record of the first part of this eventful trip appeared in the September CANOEIST, as fully illustrated as the paper herewith.—EDITOR.

better. Arranged clothes and tent to best advantage for drying in the sun. Cleaned out the canoe and wiped off the dirt and wet from the pots and pans. Decided to take



A CRACK SHOT.

needed rest, as I couldn't very well travel with nothing but a blanket to wear. Retired up the bank to the shade of a small shore willow. Spread out cushions and rolling myself up in the blanket. Lay down to rest, and soon fell fast as sleep.

Whir-r-r, sping-g-g, bang, bang! How I started up, thoroughly scared and rubbing my eyes. There was a punt down shore, and just the other side of my bush a man with a gun, in hot pursuit of a wounded duck, which took to the water as fast as its broken wing and leg would let it. The man followed and I did not bid him tarry. He finally captured the lame duck and started down river as hard as he could row after the rest of the flock. I turned over and wooed soft slumber once more with marked success.

"Harry, look—look there! What is it? why, it must be a boat. Let us land."

"So it is. What a funny little craft. See all these clothes and things lying around, and no one in sight. What can it mean. Jim! Hallo, Jim! bring Charlie over here on your back, and see what we've found."

"What is it, Harry? Charlie, hurry up, jump on my back and I'll wade across. Hold on now, I'm coming, Harry."

"Es, Ary, ees comin'."

"Oh, Harry! this is dreadful. Look where the hat is, way down there at the very edge of the water, and all these clothes scattered about here. That poor fellow must have gone in bathing and got drowned. Isn't it awful? What shall we do?"

"By Jove, May, I do believe you're right! he couldn't have gone off shore-way without any clothes." Something came



A DOG.

between me and the sun. Had I been dreaming. I looked up, and there was a dog looking down at me calmly. Peering round the bush I saw a boy wading along shore to my canoe, with a youngster on his back. Standing over the same and examining its contents was a third figure, that of a girl. Calmly gathering in my various garments was a fourth person, a curious young man. They evidently intended taking everything with them as the last effects of a drowned man. What was I to do with only a blanket on, and that dog standing over me?

"Say, May, I don't think we ought to disturb anything, come to think of it, till the coroner has been notified. This is serious business, you know. I guess we had better row home and send word to the village."

"I would't dare to get in the boat again. Just suppose we should come across it in the



VISITORS

water, I know I should faint. Charlie and I will walk along shore, and you and Jim take the boat. Let's get away from here right away. I'm all in a shiver now. Here Dash! come along, old fellow," and off she started with the youngster and the dog following her. The boys walked to their boat, which I had not seen before, pushed off and silently rowed up the river.

Phew! I breathed once more. Imagine my being left behind that bush *with only a blanket on*; canoe, traps and clothes all gone! I left that bush in a hurry and gathered up my traps pell mell. Quickly dressing and getting everything on board somehow, I shoved off, and paddled down the river around a bend and out of sight of my former camp.

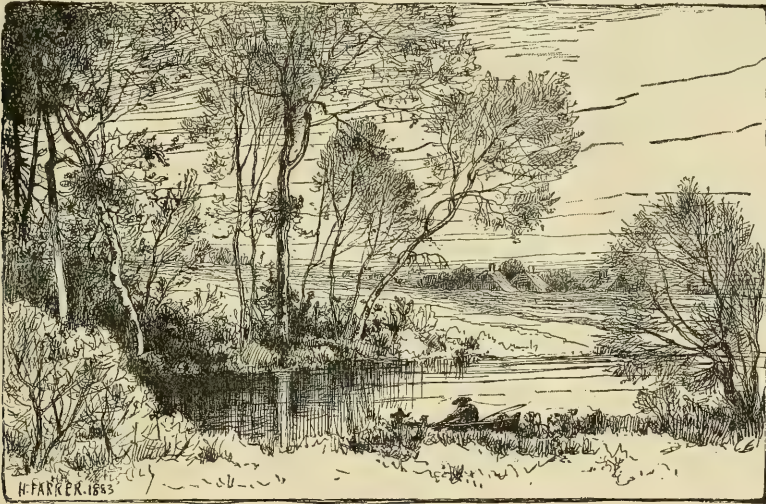
Paddled across the river looking for a quiet and retired spot to land. Found a charming little inlet shortly, grassy banks down to

the water's edge and big shade trees all about. Named the place Retreat Bay and then landed, once more spreading my damp duds about on the grass to get thoroughly dry. Walked across the fields to find a farmhouse if possible so as to buy, steal or beg a square meal. Got half across the field when I heard a great commotion behind me and a low bellow of disapproval. Turned round. To my horror I saw a bull, head down and tail on end, in hot pursuit. Thought over all my sins of the past; mentally rejoiced to think that I had a \$5,000 policy on my life in the Mutual, and felt sure the cash would much more than repay my heirs for any per-

eyes and awaited death. The shock came. The tree stood firm, and the bull bounced back, minus one horn, but wild with pain and rage. Sitting on the limb I calmly now awaited death by the slow process of starvation.

MY PRESERVER

The bull walked round and round but showed no inclination to walk off. I climbed to the top of the tree to scan the horizon for one ray of hope. Bitter disappointment, not a sail in sight. One more look. The longing to live came back to me with overwhelming force. Could I make



RETREAT BAY.

sonal loss that they would sustain at my demise. Could vividly picture the item that would shortly appear in the local weekly paper. "Sad Accident. Untimely End of an



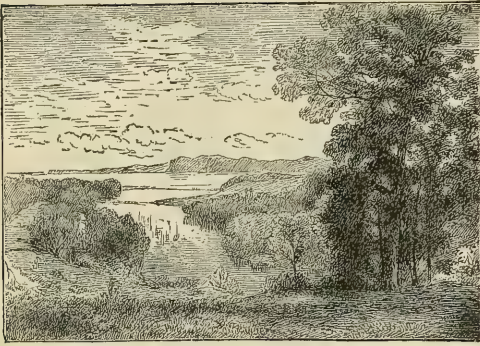
SAVED.

Esteemed Fellow-townsmen K—Gored to death by Farmer Rail's Bull. Loss fully covered by Insurance." Then I shinned up a tree to the first branch, held on, closed my

that man hear me,—the one over in the next field hoeing cabbages. With all the power of my fast failing strength, I gave an unearthly yell, waved my hat and pointed toward the relentless sentinel below. The farm hand looked up, took in the situation at a glance, paused to laugh, and then came toward my tree brandishing the hoe. The enemy retreated and I was saved.

Yes, the native was sure I could get a dinner up at the house, though the folks had finished theirs an hour ago. How good that simple but well cooked meal did taste. I have had a great respect for cooks from that hour. The complexion of life had turned and I was actually longing for more canoeing.

Returning to the Discoverer, I neatly packed all the traps, arranged the cushions comfortably, and put a good dose of vaseline on the blister, sunburned spots and mosquito bites, and then paddled out onto the bosom of the river in the middle of the mellow afternoon. Half drifting, half paddling, Discoverer was navigated down the river to the

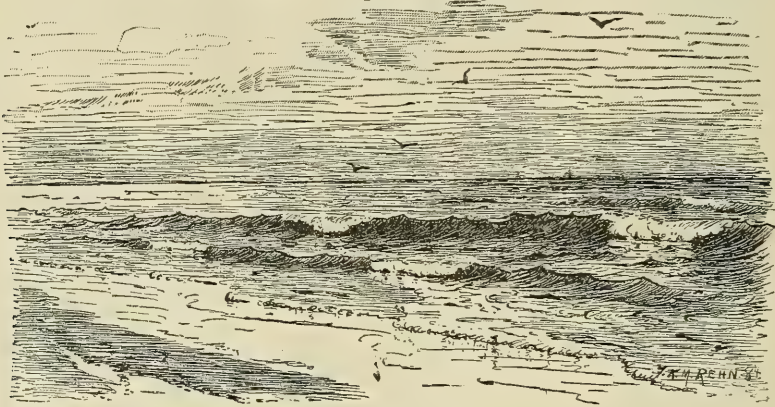


THE RIVER—WEST.

great bend, just above the town and the harbor, and where the river came very near the ocean beach, but retreated again, as if yet afraid to trust itself out into that deep

Paddled across the river. Followed the shore up stream, came round a bend suddenly and started a flock of ducks so that they rose up from the water and sailed far up the river. Somebody on shore was talking to me I soon found out, in language more forcible than elegant, as the bard hath it. The somebody proved to be a man, a gun, and a dog. They were all three after those innocent little duckies, and they one and all had blood in their eyes. I pleaded the baby act and was let off with a 50c. lecture on the habits of game, gratis.

Paddled steadily for an hour and then reached the River Locks. From this starting point the canal follows the river for miles till the Branch is reached a little above my native place. It then strikes off across the



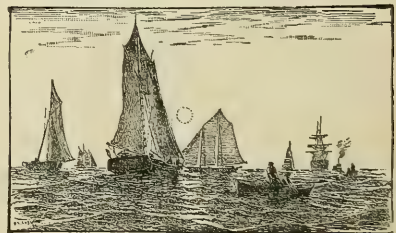
THE OCEAN—EAST.

water. Here I landed and climbed the low hill separating the river from the sea. A most beautiful view was to be had from the crest of the slope. Behind me to the west was a broad stretch of water almost as smooth as a mirror. The ocean reached off to the east with its great breakers rolling in at my feet. Not a sign of human life on river or ocean. How different the harbor with its vessels at anchor or drifting with sails set, but hanging limp for lack of wind; and way off in the dim distance a great ship bound out, with a little tug puffing steam straight up into the still air towing her.

Long I sat and drank in the fresh sea air, the lovely view, and listened to the loud roar of the breakers along the beach; and then I wandered back to the canoe. Canoeing was charming after all, but a fellow needs a companion to share his woes and joys—in another canoe. Decided to return home and try it again shortly with a companion, if one could be induced to join me. Was just dying to tell somebody all about it. Felt I could not go another day of it without telling all that had happened.

country and finally taps the coal regions. The coal barges are towed down to the town at the mouth of the river from the River Locks as fast as they arrive.

Landing above the locks, I hauled the Discoverer up the bank onto the tow path and awaited a return barge. One soon emerged from the lock and began its voyage to the mountains. I hailed the skipper and made a bargain with him to ship me and the canoe home. The barge was brought up to the bank and the canoe taken aboard. I at once made myself at home, as I believe that is the way a true canoeist always does under any circumstances. Hung out a few things over the clothes line on deck to air. I then



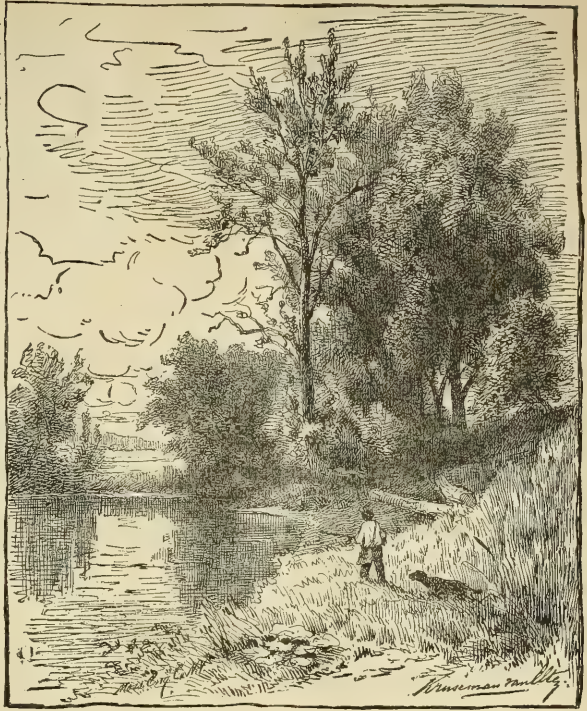
THE HARBOR—SOUTH.

walked to the bow—the skipper returned to his post at the helm—and gave a lusty blast on my fog horn. The boy ashore at the same time gave the mule a cut with his stick, and we were off with colors flying and a bone in the teeth of the old hooker—that is thoroughly nautical even if it is not quite true.

Told the captain all about my cruise and many adventures; showed him and his admiring family all over the canoe; answered all their questions about cost price, weight, woods used in construction, the builder and myself; and finally brought forth the remains of all my canned goods and presented them with much emotion to the family. In exchange I got a good supper, and was treated to many a quaint story of canal life from the helmsman. Felt sleepy. Chocked the canoe up firmly on the deck of the old canaler. Put up the tent, and turned in, this time to fall into a profound and peaceful sleep almost immediately.

When I awoke in the morning the sun had but just shown up. The boat had reached the Branch Locks and was awaiting her turn to go up hill. The Captain called me in to breakfast, and I went. Made the coffee for the crew myself, and was much complimented on my success. Bolted some raw ham and a poached egg and then packed canoe. Lifted her onto the tow path and slid down the bank gracefully into the river.

Bade the captain good luck and good bye and paddled off down the river toward home, which I had passed while on the canal boat during the night. Felt like a veteran cruiser. Began to wish I had tried sailing. Felt sure it would be easy enough to learn. Wished the sails had not been left at home as there was a good breeze down stream at that very moment. Bright idea. Landed by a clump of small cedars. Cut one with a thick top and shaved down the trunk to fit my mast



A SPORTSMAN ALONG SHORE.

tube. Set it forward as a sail and then started off once more. Luxury was no word for it. I stretched out on the bottom of the canoe and got most comfortably fixed on the cushions. Enjoyed the easy gliding motion imparted by a favorable wind and current. Slipping round a bend, the club house came into view with two fellows on the float. How I would surprise them! I did, and myself too. Nearing the float, a strong puff of wind from off shore hit that tree-sail a slap all on one side, and over we went together. When my head appeared above water those fellows on the float knew what was up and I was shortly hauled out, much to every one's amusement but my own. It was a most annoying wind up to the cruise. I did not care in the least for the wetting, but to think that the whole club would know about my capsizing under sail was painful to think of,

especially as I had taken the cruise entirely alone, so no one would know of my mistakes and blunders while learning. I have told no one about my other adventures and I now tell all this to you in strict confidence. I am going to try sailing next week and will tell you of it.

B. KANTWRIGHT.



HOMEWARD BOUND.

AFTER-THOUGHTS OF '85's MEET.

I.

BY SIX FEET.

THE letter from Baden-Powell—what? *Mister!* My dear fellow, the idea is preposterous, as well say *Mr.* George Washington. Well, that letter, which was read on "Capitol Hill" the last morning, furnishes a starting point for more trains of thought than I can well reduce to order; but let me try to follow one line for a little piece. That suggestion about a sail limit,—wouldn't such a rule be rather superfluous in the A.C. A. at the present day? Sail-spread would seem to be a question which will take care of itself in this country; for a canoe with no ballast, except the skipper on the weather gunwale, can't stand more than about 100 ft. of canvas in any breeze worth sailing in. Surely there are mighty few who will feel like trying one of the big, heavily ballasted boats after the experience we have had of them.

Take the result of the races at the last meet. We had two of the big boats among us—Isabel and Guenn. The first, a modified—perhaps exaggerated is the better word—Pearl; the second, built upon lines of her own, not differing greatly from some of the "all round" canoes of more recent build. Now, *don't* jump at a fellow and accuse him of saying "Starlight," or "Dulcinea" were stolen from Hyslop! I only intimated that great minds *might* run in similar channels. Let's see where these two were in the unlimited sailing race. Here it is, AUGUST CANOEIST, page 114, Isabel fourth, Guenn eleventh, seventeen starters. But hold on, old man, you didn't get to the Meet this year, and sometimes the bald record needs a little description to qualify it. Out of those seventeen only the first seven completed the two rounds. What became of the rest of them? Well, let us begin at the bottom and see if we can account for them. Inertia, she is a good boat. Your recollections of Eel Bay in '84 don't furnish any basis for a conception of its state while this unlimited race was going on, and a 75 ft. sail and 10 ft. boom are not conducive to comfort when the water gets as lumpy as it is just now. Yes, that's Inertia just landing at the Knick's stage down there. Thetis, the Albany terror, where is she? Away out there paddling in. When she got half through the second round she had so much water aboard, and there seemed to be so much all around her, the skipper didn't like to throw any more into the bay. Sofronia? Well, even a Rear Commodore will sometimes experiment in a race, and the main sheets *will* foul in unfamiliar leaders when

you jibe. Aurora—there's No. 14 beating up past the finish, now! Yes, sure enough, but see the "Rochester Canoe Club" down there? Well, his canoe, Bertha, and Aurora tried to pass through the same point in space at the same moment of time; and—fouls disqualify a man, you know—the Sec.-Treas. is just practicing a bit out there at present. Any other fouls? Yes; Katrina hit Beatrice a while ago, when on the wrong tack, and the water around Pittsburgh don't splash all over a fellow this way; so 240 went ashore after dry clothes. His victim (yes, *both* the Harvards) got still wetter before they got to dry land. Any others unaccounted for? Why, where is Guenn, one of the especial two we started to look after? She was out there in the middle of things awhile ago, with her big dandy—35 ft., is it?—for all sail. Oh! yes, the good ship thought it was too much canvas, and carried away the halliard block in order to get in out of the wet. Well, who did finish? Do you see that canoe under two dandies? At this Meet a dandy is the sail which *don't* have the number on it. Well, if you can't pick out the one—there! see that chap with both feet on the weather side-deck, while the canoe bowls over the waves like a loping horse? that is Sea Bee, and she won the race. The old Snake came second, and had to bail out more than a canoe-full of water in the course of the race. Then the Vice brought his Racine in a good third; and here is old Isabel just rounding the buoy, fourth. Well, fourth is good enough in a field of seventeen, most of which didn't finish at all! Yes, but see that chap with the two little leg o'-mutton sails right close to the Pearl? By George! if he hadn't been so cautious about getting well to wind'ard of the buoy he'd have beaten her over. Who do you think *he* is? Why, Nirvana, the winner of class A who started with the rest of his class when all these B boats were half a mile away. If a little chap like that can make up such a distance on a Pearl in a three-mile race, and the roughest kind of water, what's the use of a Pearl, anyway? But there's Grebe 'way out there beating up. She's an all-round canoe, and a good one, too. So she is, or she wouldn't be sailing in now. Who said no one at the Meet, who upset, managed to bail out without assistance so as to sail in? Well, just let him say that in the Brockville camp next August—that's all.

But no conclusive deductions can be drawn

* "Six Feet" probably refers to one of the Veteran's Notes in our August number. The Veteran evidently intended to say, if he did not so express it, that *he* did not *see* any one recover, unassisted, from an upset during the Meet.—[EDITOR.]

from a single race, so let us go on to the next. This is the "No ballast," and Guenn is barred by her heavy Radix board; while Isabel, without ballast, and board under 15 lbs., naturally chooses a small suit of sails. The wind, just after the start, becomes so light that the Pearl, with her little sails, is not disgraced while she leaves one canoe behind at the finish. The conditions of the remaining race also rather handicap the big boats. Foresail is limited to 75 ft. Taking out ballast is a poor remedy, for then their high sides catch the wind and they are blown to leeward in beating. In this race the wind is all that can be asked, but a bad start comes in to spoil the chances of several; for Flit meets with partial shipwreck, and so entangles Verena, Sofonia and Katrina that at the first buoy ten of the eighteen starters are ahead of them; yet, in the half-mile beat to windward, all three manage to pass the two heavy boats.

On the last day of the Meet two special races were sailed, in which Guenn got a first and a second prize. In these she carried her full sail—140 ft.; and yet, in the Consolation Race, which she won, she beat Grebe (with but 88 ft.) by only ten seconds, and Grebe was more than that distance behind at the start; so the light boat really had the best of it in the elapsed time, in very light wind, which is now recognized as the especial weather of the large sail craft. In the afternoon Guenn again beat Grebe, but was herself beaten six minutes by Thetis (with 100 ft. of sail), which would seem to prove that the all-round canoe can beat the heavily ballasted one even in her own weather. To see what small sails *can* do, we have only to follow the Sofronia, who had only one set of 75 ft., which she used in all races. In the scrub race of July 31st, after going two miles (once around the triangle, and down to first buoy the second time) she was lapped upon Thetis, who had 100 ft., and no canoe was ahead of them except Katrina, with 94 ft. Sofronia lost her place in this race through being cut off by a steamboat. In the unlimited race she unfortunately upset; but in the no ballast she got second place, with her 75 ft., while first canoe carried 100 ft.; third had about 93 ft., and fourth 88 ft. Her position in limited sail race was owing to bad start already noted.

The helmsman of this article believes the Guenn to be the best big canoe ever built, on this side of the ocean, at least. There is a chance of Baden-Powell, or Tredwen, being with us next year (and what *wouldn't* each one of give to make that chance a certainty), and we may have our eyes opened to a thing

or two not yet dreamed of in our philosophy. But meanwhile it would seem that the custom prevailing at the last two Meets of having one race with a sail limit of 75 ft., one without ballast, and one entirely unlimited is worthy of perpetuation, for surely we can afford to grant the heavy ballast man *one* chance out of the three to meet us with any trim or rig his wildest flight can dream of.

II.

BY THE COMMODORE AND UNCLE JOHN.

TWO Canadians, seated around the camp-fire (contained in a base-burner) discussing a friendly pipe, got talking over the A. C. A. camp of 1885 and concluded to give the result of their cogitations to CANOEIST for the benefit of their brother knights of the paddle, or possibly to its editorial waste paper basket for the benefit of its devil who lights the fires. As their conversation was somewhat fragmentary they give their ideas in fragment form.

They agreed that one of the greatest benefits of the Association meets was the bringing together of gentlemen from all parts of the country, or rather of both countries; and the spirit of fraternity among men from different clubs represented this year was one especially pleasant feature of the gathering. This might, perhaps, be due to the renewal of acquaintances formed at the camp of '84. But the intercourse around the club camp fires was certainly very conducive to it. It might be well for the Executive to encourage the clubs to hold these gatherings, as there is less restraint among the limited numbers who gather around a small fire than at the large Association fires, where all hands are on deck; and each member of the club that gives "The Fire" feels himself to be in the position of an entertainer, and is brought more into sympathy with his guests.

There were at the '85 meet three gentlemen who are now ex-commodore. It is well known to all members of the Association that these gentlemen have always taken, and still do take, a very great interest in its welfare, and yet they are now, in a great measure, shut out from active participation in the management of its affairs. If the Association is not too democratic, could not all ex-commodore be appointed a second chamber or advisory board where their knowledge and experience would be of the greatest service in the conduct of the business of the Association?

Commodore Oliver and his staff are to be congratulated on the smoothness with which all their arrangements for the camp ran.

It is gratifying to the Canadians that the

nomination and election of the Canadian Commodore was by the Americans themselves.

A recent number of a Canadian paper notices, in an article on the camp, that there were several fan sails used. Dr. Johnson says any man who would make a pun would pick a pocket. The nominating committee (including Robinson Crusoe) think that any man who would use a fan sail would make a pun.

A very pleasant surprise to all was the letter from Mr. Baden-Powell to Commodore Oliver, read at the general meeting. It is to be hoped that the Executive of this year will succeed in inducing the fathers of sailing canoes to come out to the '86 meet and sail in our Association races. He, and any other English canoeists, would meet with a hearty welcome from their A. C. A. brethren.

The ever-recurring subject of new models of canoes is a very inviting topic to enlarge on, but as enough infliction is contained in the foregoing remarks for the CANOEIST to get under hatches this trip, the writers will reserve their ideas for another cruise.

K. NEWS.

Violetta is now in the K. C. C. She was built by Everson in 1871 for Mr. Alden. She is a typical No. 3 Nautilus canoe with great sheer. She was in the sailing race at the N. Y. C. C. regatta in 1872 sailed by Mr. Roosevelt. The historian reports that she upset at the turning buoy. This historian, by the way, is none other than Col. Norton, who for the first time saw decked canoes on the day of that regatta—being present aboard the judges' steam launch Gertrude—and he was so impressed with the sailing qualities of the canoe, that he then and there asked to be allowed to join the club. One week later he was admitted to active membership, October 24th, 1872. He is still a prominent [honorary] member of the same club and took part in the regatta on the 19th.

Vice-Commodore Stephen's canoe yawl, (cutter rig) was on exhibition at the N. Y. C. club-house on the 12th. She was built by Burgess, the designer of Puritan; is 18 ft. long, 5 ft. beam, and draws 2 1-2 ft. 700 lbs. of lead forms part of her keel.

The K.C.C. men who went to Lake George instead of attending the A. C. A. meet met with bad luck. Canoe Natalie, P. W. Foster, was completely ruined by coming in contact with a wharf when on the after deck of a tug. Laura, M. G. Foster, had three planks badly checked by rough railroad

handling. She was in commission though for the N. Y. C. C. races on the 19th. Everson soon repaired the damage done. Mr. Wm. Foster purchased the last canoe Everson had in stock, and he now has her in commission, Sunbeam model.

Canoe Sofronia, F. F. Andrews, commanded considerable attention at the meet as exhibiting an entirely new method of canoe building. She is planked and corked just like a yacht. Captain Ruggles, of Rochester was the builder.

Article XI by-laws A. C. A. as printed in the 1885 year book begins thus: "Each member may send *into* the secretary by October 15th of each year. a log of such cruises, etc." The question at once arises: How is the log to be got *into* the secretary? If it is sharp at one end (this is rarely the case, most of them being exceedingly dull) it could doubtless be forced into the secretary, if he stood still long enough. Still, it does seem hard on the secretary that the by-laws should permit such a performance by a member. It is exceedingly creditable to the association that thus far, no member has insisted on his full right in this direction.

Word just comes from Brockville that Grebe has changed owners. Mr. Richards has sold her to a member of the B. C. C., and means to build a new one this winter. This is an excellent arrangement to keep a good canoe in the club and try to get a better one in, too. The N. Y. C. C. led off by capturing Lassie and holding on to Sea Bee. Had the N. Y. C. C. done this three years ago—at Lake George Wraith won the sailing race—and kept the canoe that L. Q. Jones is doing such excellent sailing in under the name Venture, one less formidable rival would now be in the field. We are none of us aware at times of the good things we possess, but envy what we think good in the possession of others.

It is becoming quite the thing for a *prominent* member to present a cup to his club, to be sailed for several times, and then becoming the property of the winner of most races. Hartford now has a cup of quaint and appropriate design waiting to be claimed by the first canoe over the home line. Rondout, too, is working its sailors up to white heat fighting for first place and a Hasbrouck cup. Phil. W. Thetis won not only the cup but all the glasses and pitcher, too, even before he went to the meet. Rochester seems to run to gold medals, watches and like trifles. The historic flag prize seems to be getting into the background.

BOOKS TO READ.

THE AMERICA'S CUP.

THERE is no literary man more competent to think and write upon yachting matters than Capt. Roland F. Coffin. A veteran of the merchant marine, he took a practical and helpful interest in the sport, and began newspaper correspondence concerning it before yachting had any hold upon general interest. For years he was the only newspaper man who had a single original idea upon the subject, and it was well known that reporters were wont to derive most that was good in their descriptions of yacht races from his ever ready and jovial conversation upon the judges' boat.

Chas. Scribner's Sons have recently published his book on the America's Cup, which, as its title page sets forth, narrates, in most interesting form "How it was won by the yacht America in 1851, and how it has since been defended." Further than this, it gives the history of the Priscilla, Puritan and Genesta, and the preparations for the races just sailed.

The Scribners have also just published a deliciously quaint description of a bicycle tour in the path of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims, and an American edition of Mr. Peile's useful exposition of lawn-tennis, edited by the American champion, Mr. Sears.

SMALL YACHTS.

A SUMPTUOUS quarto volume of 370 pages letter press matter, and 63 full and double leaf plates, on the design and construction of small yachts, has just been published. Mr. Kunhardt, the author, was for several years yachting editor of *Forest and Stream*. He has always been a staunch cutter man, and the advocate of deep draft and safe yachts, and opposed to the shallow and top heavy craft which now are generally known by the name he gave them—skimming dishes.

The book is divided into *Introductory* [model and draft, draftman's office, yacht on paper and in block, three plans, model, taking off]. *Elements of Design* [resistance, displacement, stability, rig, beam, balance, centreboard and keel, computations, etc.,] *Illustrations of Type* [giving the various classes of boats, with illustrations of existing

examples of each]. *Single-hand Yachting*, and *General Information*. Each subject is taken up, thoroughly discussed and explained, and very clearly illustrated by simple drawings all through the text, wherever a sketch will make a fact more easily understood.

Mr. Kunhardt is not only master of his subject, but he is an artist as well. Nearly all of the plates and cuts are reproductions directly from his drawings, and printed as they are on heavy, fine paper, with wide margins, they are far more perfect than anything before attempted in the same line.

A small yacht, the author defines as one requiring but owner, a friend and one paid hand for ordinary control—no professional skipper and expensive crew. Catboats (centreboard and keel), sloops (light draft and deep centreboard, light draft and deep keel), compromise keel and centreboard yachts, beamy cutters, moderate beam and small beam cutters, special class yachts (cruising schooner, sharpie, buckeye, sneakbox, lifeboat, canoe yawl, combination row and sail boat), are some of the boats described—hull, spars, sails and keep. There is a very large amount of information in the book of interest to the canoeist. Sailing is sailing, whether it be in Genesta or Snake; the difference is but in size. Canoeists have been known to interest themselves in larger boats when location and funds permitted. It may be so again. In *Small Yachts* will be found two boats, built for and owned by present or former members of the A. C. A.—Daisy and Windward. The sneakbox has slyly poked its nose very nearly into the Association. The "single-handers" are for along the coast and sounds, like unto the canoe for bay, river and lake. The principal on which a sail boat makes to windward is very fully treated and illustrated by diagrams. The rules of the road are also given and directions for carrying lights at night. No canoe club should be without a copy, even if the average canoeist considers *Small Yachts* a luxury he cannot afford. The book would make a noble prize for a sailing race, or series of races; and its low cost in comparison with English works imported into this country, attempting to cover only part of the ground gone over thoroughly here, will no doubt cause it to take the place of the very expensive books before the public heretofore on the subject. Nothing of the kind has ever before appeared here. To the man interested in boats—building, rig or sail—Kunhardt's book will be as interesting as a novel. It will not be read through once and then shelved; but will be kept in a convenient place for easy reference. It cannot get out of date.

The American Cup, Capt. Roland F. Coffin.

A Canterbury Pilgrimage, Ridden. Written and illustrated by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

Lawn Tennis as a Game of Skill, Lieut. S. C. F. Peile, B. S. C. Edited by Richard D. Sears. Chas. Scribner's Sons, N. Y.

Small Yachts; their Design and Construction exemplified by the ruling types of Modern Practice. C. P. Kunhardt. Forest and Stream Publishing Company, N. Y.

ONCE a year, regularly, sometimes oftener, some would-be genius jumps up and says that a canoe cannot sail, was never intended to sail, and ought not to be sailed any way. The last man heard from is a fellow signing himself "Deja." He proposes a substitute for a canoe—a boat three feet wide, thirteen feet long and drawing 21 inches of water. This sort of thing is becoming tiresome. Such a boat would be utterly useless to nine-tenths of the members A. C. A. Will the nine-tenths therefore give up boating entirely? Hardly. "Deja" says he has tried canoeing in all kinds of canoes and proved it a failure, from his standpoint. It is fortunate for the members that he reached that conclusion so soon. We might have had him as a fellow member. The association covers a big field, and many shades of opinion are within its circle, but a chronic discontent—not one.

SEVERAL members of the A. C. A., who have done considerable racing, have decided to put a check to the tendency toward larger and heavier canoes and more sail area, agreeing among themselves to limit their sail area to 85 square feet. They ask for no change in the rules, and are willing to be beaten by those who care to sacrifice comfort and ease in handling, when the winds are light. After long experience it has been pretty well proved that for general work 85 feet is enough sail for a canoe without ballast—or with a small amount—and built well within the limits, so as to be convenient for cruising, railway transportation and general canoeing. If a number of canoes carry the same amount of sail, it brings the racing down to a clear test of lines and handling—certainly a very desirable result. If this limit was incorporated in the rules, the tendency would at once develop building lighter and smaller canoes. This is not specially desirable; but a check on increase in size and weight is almost necessary. The 85 feet is not intended to cover a spinnaker for use down the wind in a long distance race to windward and return. Under a mile run before the wind a spinnaker is practically useless. It is valuable for longer distances.

THREE new events have been added to regatta programmes this last month, viz:—Hand paddling, standing paddling, and three paddle races. Sailing races at regattas, as a rule, are uninteresting to the average spectator, although of absorbing interest to the club members. So little of a sailing race can usually be seen from shore, that the points of management and handling of the canoe are entirely lost to the looker on. The events that can be contested near club houses

therefore, are desirable if the public is to be interested. Other novelties will no doubt suggest themselves to the committees of this year. For instance, a tandem upset race would add a new interest to an event now so quickly and skillfully accomplished that very few lookers on know it has begun before the winner has actually come ashore for his trophy.

IN club sailing races the contest very soon narrows down to two or three boats, and often it is almost certain at the start who is going to win. The Mohicans have tried a good plan to even things up and add interest. Every man gets a canoe other than his own, by lot or selection, and goes in to win on his merits as a sailor.

THE request to change the keel rule, be it understood, comes from men who do not wish a centreboard trunk of any kind in the canoe. The keel is not to be used always, but can be put on for sailing waters, and taken off for paddling waters in the same way that Farnham works it in the Allegro. The keel is now allowed to be three inches deep the entire length. Why not change the rule to so many square inches of keel surface placed as the canoe owner may desire? A good rockered keel in this way could be 5 inches deep in middle and run off to nothing at the ends where keel is not needed. What has the committee to say?

UNCLE JOHN's suggestion to make the A. C. A. Ex-Commodores a board of advice seems unnecessary. Probably not a man yet elected commodore desired the office, and every one has been glad when his term expired to be relieved from care and responsibility, and once more attend the meets to enjoy his time and do what his sweet will dictated. The ex-officers have always shown a perfect willingness to do all in their power to help along matters and will continue so to do doubtless. It seems hard to ask them continually to wear the yoke.

THE yachting columns of the New York papers the last month have been most interesting, and in many cases, amusing reading. The average newspaper reporter makes some curious combinations when he attempts to be thoroughly nautical. Puritan was described editorially and in the news columns as a schooner in one daily. At another time the scribe wrote that she came down to the line with jib and *main sheet* as the only sails set. The errors, if all were collected and written up, would make a charming chapter for *Puck*. The starboard tack has the right of way; and, if obeyed, Puritan would have avoided a foul.



Commodore—F. S. RATHBUN, Deseronto, Ont.

Vice-Commodore—ROBERT J. WILKIN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rear-Commodore—Dr. GEO. H. PARMELE, Hartford, Conn.

Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. CHAS. A. NEIDE, Schuylerville, N. Y.

The Executive Committee is composed of the Officers and the following members at large:—B. W. RICHARDS, Brockville, Ont.; GEO. ROGER, Peterboro, Ont.; W. B. WACKERHAGEN, Albany, N. Y.

The Secretary of the American Canoe Association requests persons sending money to him to do so either by registered letter or Post-Office money order, on *Saratoga, N. Y.*

If canoeists will send application to the Secretary of the A. C. A., enclosing \$2.00 for initiation fee and dues for the first year, their names will be presented for membership.

To Members of the A. C. A.:

I respectfully call your attention to the fact that Article I. of the By-laws of the American Canoe Association was so changed at the recent meeting at Grindstone Island, that the second paragraph now reads: "Each subsequent annual payment shall be two dollars," etc. I hope the members will forward their dues promptly, as such action will materially facilitate the duties of the secretary-treasurer. A copy of the Association book has been sent to each member of the Association. Please notify me of any error that may occur to you. Fraternally yours,
CHAS. A. NEIDE, Sec. A. C. A.
Schuylerville, N. Y., August 17th, 1885.

A. C. A. REGATTA COMMITTEE FOR 1886.

J. B. McMurrick, }
Oswego, N. Y., } Chairman.

S. T. Fairtlough, Kingston, Ont.

Reade W. Bailey, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Appointed Sept 2d, 1885, by

F. S. Rathbun, Com. A. C. A.

The Executive Committee are to meet at Oswego some time during October. The date has not yet been fixed upon by the commodore. Oswego is so convenient a place to reach that it is very probable a number of interested A. C. A. members, other than committeemen, will be present to fill the lobby and add a true political flavor to the proceedings. Oswego is pretty well known as a very live place, and that all who can go will have a remarkably good time is certain. The business before the committee can be transacted in a few hours, and ample time will be afforded visitors to see the sights of the historic lake port. Last year's meeting was at Albany. All who were there remember the fun of it, and look forward to the coming meeting as a good excuse to have a jolly time again. The yachtsmen of Oswego have a reputation for making it warm for visitors. As the canoeists are mostly yachtsmen there, also, the reception will likely prove H. O. T.

The commodore has had a die made of the exact design of the A. C. A. pin, and his note paper and envelopes ornamented with it are very pretty.



EDITOR CANOEIST:—Many of your readers wish the A. C. A. to meet in August, '86, at some spot other than Lake George or Grindstone. Let them remember that to accomplish this concerted action will have to be taken and some particular point selected, which will be agreeable to a number of the members. Also, that considerable information about this selected spot will have to be collected by such members and placed in the hands of the Executive Committee. The officers cannot do all the work and thinking, too.
EEL BAY.

EDITOR CANOEIST:—The double pointed burgee of the Essex Canoe Club was bequeathed to it by the Essex Boat Club when it became defunct. This occurred about two weeks before the meet, and as the Club desired recognition at Grindstone, we adopted the Boat Club's colors and took the burgee with us.

Your remarks in this month's CANOEIST are verid good, and the Essex will soon, most likely, fall in line with a one pointed burgee.

W. H. HILLIER.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Sept. 15, 1885.

COMMODORE KNICKERBOCKER CLUB:—The Grand Army of the Republic will hold a reunion in 1886 at San Francisco, and the Northern Pacific Railroad Co. has fixed the rate for the round trip at \$50 in first class cars, from St. Paul to Tacoma, good for 60 days.

Can you not use your influence with your club and with the American Canoe Association to have an encampment of the Association for 1886 held on the Pacific Coast, to take advantage of the above low rates? It will not exceed \$53 from Chicago and \$60 from New York and the Atlantic cities. If parties of 40 will apply as members of organized clubs, the above rates can be extended to them as well as members of the G. A. R. There will not be, in many years to come, an opportunity of visiting the Pacific Coast at so low a cost. The Knights' Templar rate in 1883 was \$75, which was deemed low. Now the G. A. R. rate is \$25 less.

Owing to the great distance between the two oceans, it would be impossible to have canoes carried free. We are endeavoring to get a rate fixed at \$8 from St. Paul, \$9 from

Chicago, \$10 from Pittsburg and Cincinnati, and \$12 from all Atlantic cities, for the round trip.

The idea is to have a two weeks' encampment on the waters of Puget Sound, which is the finest sheet of water in the whole world; and a ten days' encampment, with from three to five races each day, at some point on the Willamette river, near the city of Portland.

Canoes can be launched (on stop-over tickets) at Spokane Falls for a paddle of 400 miles to Portland, if so desired; also at Rath-dun for cruising on Cover d'Allere Lake (27 miles,) and at Kootenai on Pend d'Oreille Lake, 43 to 53 miles in length.

Hoping you will lay this matter before your own Club and before the American Canoe Association at its next business meeting, I am, Yours truly, THOS. B. MERRY,

Com. Oneonta Canoe Club, Portland, O.

CANOE TRIPS

About New York at various times during the summer by some of the young Alligators who have made their home on the Bay Ridge Shore. They answer to the cry of Brooklyn, Red, White and Blue.

TRIP I, FIRST DAY. Sailed and paddled to South Beach, Staten Island. Camped 6 p. m. Lovely night.

SECOND DAY. Started 9 a. m. paddled 4 miles. where we got light breeze of the ocean which increased and took us to Tottenville by 12 o'clock. Here we met two canvas canoeists from Perth Amboy, who were preparing for a paddling race. Told us they had seven canvas canoes and expected to organize a club and get some cedar boats. Stopped at one o'clock when a heavy shower came up. Went to shore and prepared dinner in an abandoned boat house—staid here until 3 o'clock waiting for the rain to stop. Started off against tide, with a very light breeze, which increased a trifle and lasted till we were about two miles from Newark Bay, when we again took the paddle and worked until eight o'clock to reach Marmalade Lodge. Found no one home, so went to Shore House and camped on the floor all night. Off next day for home with a stiff breeze on the quarter. Got some rough water in the the tideway off Robbins Reef, and reached home, having circumnavigated Staten Island.

NOTE. Overtook and passed three cat boats between Rossville and Elizabethport in the Arthur Kills.

TRIP II, FIRST DAY. Pilgrim and Minx

started in race with camp kit aboard. Minx got 2d place, Pilgrim 3d; did not stop for prizes but started off for Bath. Got becalmed below Fort Hamilton and lashed together for supper. Took paddle after supper and reached a boat-house at 9 o'clock. Received a hearty welcome and were invited to stay all night—accepted (of course).

SECOND DAY. Lovely sail—spent the morning in Gravesend Bay—went to Capt. Jinis and laid in a good dinner. Sailed home with the tide and free wind.

TRIP III, FIRST DAY. Pilgrim, Jennie D. and Minx set sail for the lower bay. Reached Coney Island point about 7 p. m. Concluded to sleep in our boats. Could not sleep because of the mosquitoes. Pilgrim said it was the worst night he ever had canoeing. Jennie D's first night in camp. Did not sleep a wink all night. Finally Pilgrim and Minx decided to pitch the shore tent in the sand and close it up tight. Awfully hot, but we got rid of the little pests and were happy.

SECOND DAY. Pilgrim and Minx turned out early. It was not necessary for Jennie D. to turn out as he had not turned in since he began fighting the mosquitoes. Had some nice sailing in the lower bay and then went in to Cap't Jinis to dine. Jennie D. started for home, Pilgrim and Minx for Staten Island, where they made a pleasant call on the N. Y. C. C. and then sailed home, accompanied part of the way by Sea Bee.

TRIP IV, FIRST DAY. Started from club house under heavy sail and reached Capt. Jinis' in time for dinner—called on the Col. B. C. and then made sail for South Beach, with a good stiff breeze and very heavy sea. When about 2 miles below Fort Wadsworth in the tide way we got in the roughest water either of us had ever experienced, but the canoes took the rollers splendidly and with the exception of a good wetting from the spray there was no harm done. Got in camp in time to get dry and thoroughly comfortable before supper time. While eating supper we saw two canoes making good time towards Fort Hamilton, but they were too far off to be recognized.

SECOND DAY. Had a splendid sail across the Bay to Coney Island point—heavy swell and chappy water at times, but not enough to wet us to any extent—went ashore on the beach below Bath to eat our dinner—loafed around until three o'clock and then set sail for home. In these two days cruising we did not have occasion to joint our paddles nor do any beating to windward, having favorable winds all the time.

REGATTAS.

BAYONNE.

Bayonne Canoe Club held annual Fall Regatta Saturday, September 5, off club house, Newark Bay. When the sailing race was started the wind was very light, but as soon as that race was over it began to blow very hard and rained so that the Tandem and Hurry Scurry races had to be given up. The sailing race had the following entries :

Geo. Cox,	Ianthe C. C.	Ianthe.
T. F. Garrett,	B. C. C.	Sioux.
R. V. Vienot,	"	Sil B.
R. Pebbles,	"	Manhatta.
F. B. Collins,	"	Mist.
L. F. Burke,	"	Gus.

Cox won a very close race, Garnet second and Vienot third.

In the canvas class were:

J. S. Collins,	B. C. C.	Foam.
W. Rumble, Jr.,	"	May.
F. Beardsley,	"	Windward.

The Foam won easily, with May second.

The paddling race resulted as follows:

T. F. Garnett, Sioux, first by one length; F. B. Collins, Mist, second; Geo. Cox, Ianthe, third, and C. V. Schuyler, Ianthe C. C. Regina fourth.

BROOKLYN.

Brooklyn Canoe and Sailing Club held a regatta on September 5th. Only club members allowed to enter. The sailing race was called at four o'clock with six starters. After one round, Freak and Minx leading, a squall of wind and rain caused the race to be given up, and hot haste was made for the club house. No other races were started.

BUFFALO.

The last of a series of races of the Buffalo Canoe Club was sailed September 5th to windward and return. Nellie won. Otter and Elf competing. The first prize of the series was won by Lansing. Mr. Wood got second.

ROCHESTER.

A canoe sailing race was held on September 19th, at Charlotte, for prizes offered by the hotels. Seven canoes took part. Commodore Andrews, in Sofronia, took first prize—a gold medal, valued at \$25.00. Prof. J. F. Mellen, in Oliver Twist, won second prize—a gold medal, valued at \$15.00. Captain Geo. Ruggles built both the winning canoes. Sofronia was at the meet.

RONDOUT.

Jansen Hasbrouck offered a cup to be

sailed for five times by the members of the R. C. C. Van Dusen has won both of the races thus far sailed. The second race was sailed Monday, Sept. 21st. There were seven contestants. The race was viewed by about two hundred spectators from the shore.

BROCKVILLE.

Second Annual Regatta of Brockville Canoe Club, Thursday, 10th September. The first day for races broke clear. The canoeists congratulated themselves on having some decent weather at last, and everything promised a favorable day; but by 10 A. M. a heavy gale from E. N. E. had sprung up and the river was one mass of angry looking white caps, while out in mid-stream, where the heavy current met the full force of the gale, the sea was rolling "mountains" high.

A consultation resulted in a change of the course. The race was called, notwithstanding the gale, and the exceedingly good prospect of a ducking for most of the contestants.

At 10.30 seven skiffs, all close-reefed, each manned by two members, were at the starting point awaiting the gun to go. At 10.40 this was given and a tolerably good start was had. The boats were sailed by their respective owners and belonged to G. Troutbeck, J. Chrysler, G. G. Lafayette, G. C. McClain and H. Coates, while F. King's new boat was sailed by M. Suave, and R. C. Jamieson's by B. W. Richards.

The course decided on was up the Canadian side, a mile run before the wind, around Mile Island and a beat directly back, dead to windward, most of it being in shelter of the long Canadian Pacific railway piers. The skiffs remained bunched together until Mile Island was reached, and here the fun commenced. Richards was the first to come to grief, his rudder pintles breaking off and he taking a back summersault out to windward, carrying the rudder with him, while his craft sailed on fifty feet further before upsetting. McClain also lost his rudder here, but was more fortunate in keeping in his boat, and finished the race with a paddle for a substitute. Lafayette struck a bad squall on his jibe, and the boat plunged in head first, putting an end to his career for the day and his chances of winning the gold medal. Chrysler took in his canvas and came at once to the rescue of the swimmers, while Troutbeck's boat took the bit in her teeth and got out of his control altogether. The race was now between Sauve, McClain and Coates, and they sailed it for all its worth, heading straight out into the heavy breakers in mid-channel to take all advantage of the currents. Sauve

was first around the judges' boat and had a lead of a quarter of a mile on the second round before Coates eased off his sheet to follow him, while McClain was well to leeward of him beating up. The second round was a repetition of the first, except that there were no upsets, and the distances between the three boats increased gradually until Sauve finished a good first, half a mile to windward of Coates, while McClain came in a late third, steering as well as he could with his paddle, thus finishing one of the hardest and most pluckily contested races the writer has ever seen. The deck hand in each boat had been kept busy from the start bailing out, while both he and the skipper were very little short of perpetual motion in balancing the crafts.

Two novelties were introduced by Sauve. In running before the wind he set his dandy in a cross brace about a foot aft of his mainmast, lifting mast and all out before coming on to the wind again. In consequence of this arrangement he had less steering to do than if the dandy had been in its usual place aft, and before he started out he starched and ironed his sails to get them smooth, flat and tight. Probably this had in some degree the desired effect, but his sails must have been in a lamentable state when he reached his boat house after getting all the spray and water that was flying, and there was plenty of it.

The judges then postponed the balance of the programme until the 14th and 15th, to commence at 2 P. M. on the 14th.

Tuesday, 15th September, after several postponements on account of bad weather, the regatta of the B. C. C. was resumed today. Light S. W. wind.

No. 2 Sailing Class A canoes. No entries.

No. 3. Reaching race for skiffs. Nine starters including one Class B canoe. Distance two miles. Won by J. Findlay first with skiff carrying 180 feet of canvas. Second, canoe Grebe, B. W. Richards. Third, skiff, J. E. Chrysler.

No. 4. Reaching race, canoes, Classes A and B. Two miles. First, Grebe, B. W. Richards. Second, Swan, G. B. Wilkinson. Third, Emily, F. M. Turner.

No. 5. Single Paddle for Classes III, and IV, was a walk over for E. Pitt. Second, J. E. Chrysler.

No. 6. Three paddle race. Distance one mile with turn, was well contested by three crews, and was won by F. M. Turner, G. B. Wilkinson and H. Bagg, using double blades. Second, E. Pitt. paddling with T. McCullough and C. H. Lowe. Single blade paddles.

No. 7. Upset race was won easily by G. B. Wilkinson. T. M. Turner second.

No. 8. Sailing race, canoes Class B. Distance five miles. First, Grebe, B. W. Richards; second, Emily, F. M. Turner.

No. 9. Paddling Tandem. Distance one mile with turn. Won by E. Pitt and F. Burt. Second, G. B. Wilkinson and F. M. Turner.

No. 10. Portage race, one mile with turn. Two Portages, two in canoe. Won by E. Pitt and F. Burt; second, G. B. and R. Wilkinson.

No. 11. Hurry Scurry Race. Fifty yards run, fifty feet swim. One hundred yards paddle. First, G. B. Wilkinson; second, F. M. Turner.

No. 12. Paddling single. Only one entry, F. M. Johnston. Race declared off.

The judges were Geo. Reid, R. Bowie and Geo. Ashley, and the referee, V. H. Moore.

UNCLE JOHN.

NEW YORK.

September 19th. N. Y. C. C. Fourteenth Annual Regatta, held off the club house, at New Brighton, Staten Island. Programme :

1. Sailing—No limit of sails or ballast. A and B classes.

2. Novices. Sailing—No limit of sails or ballast.

3. Paddling—Classes III. and IV.

4. Tandem paddling.

5. Paddling—Class II.

6. Standing Paddling.

7. Hand Paddling.

8. Performance by the trick canoeist and his trained dogs, Black and Tan.

Races 1 and 2 sailed together.

Novices are those who have never won a sailing race.

This was the most successful regatta the Club has ever held. The weather was perfect, except for tide and wind being in same direction. Mr. L. Q. Jones, with canoe Venture, came on from Hartford to sail a match race with the Sea Bee. The Venture won the unlimited sailing race at the '84 A. C. A. meet, and the Sea Bee won the same race at the '85 meet, Venture being absent. Mr. Gibson, from Albany, turned up Saturday morning with the far famed Snake, the picture of which is more than familiar to any reader of canoeing literature. The other Clubs represented were the Knickerbocker, Essex, Bayonne, Brooklyn, Staten Island Athletic and the Newburgh Canoe and Sailing Club. The latter had two members present, Messrs. Edgar and Van Dolsen, but no canoe. Mr. Edgar sailed the Sea Bee in the race with a make-shift rig, as the regular Sea Bee rig was used on Lassie. The sailing

race was started at 2.45. Course from line in front of club house, to and around buoy 17 off Robins Reef, and back to starting point, sailed over twice, distance 3 1-2 miles.

Entries B.—L. Q. Jones, Venture, Hartford. R. W. Gibson, Snake, Mohican. E. W. Brown, Inertia. H. O. Bailey, Surge. C. B. Vaux, Lassie. Grant Edgar, Jr., Sea Bee, Newburgh. C. J. Stevens, Tramp. C. L. Norton, Kittywake.

Class A.—R. B. Burchard, Siren. C. K. Monroe, Psyche.

Novice.—B. H. Nadal, Sea Urchin. M. Y. Brokaw, Minx. G. W. Hurd, Water Witch, Bayonne.

Order of finish—Lassie 1, Venture 2, Snake 3, Inertia 4, Psyche 5, Minx 6, Surge 7, Sea Bee 8; Tramp, Kittywake, Sea Urchin, Water Witch, Siren, places at finish not noted. Venture and Lassie sailed a very close race all through. The water was smooth but there was a good all sail breeze during the race. Venture, Snake and Lassie made the buoy each time by good windward sailing against the tide, and therefore did not have to tack once. Lassie carried 90 feet of sail, Venture 85 and Snake 75. Venture was handicapped somewhat by ignorance of the tide and course and a bright sun directly in front of the skipper sailing home, which made close calculations impossible. Lassie was not sailed to the best advantage, as her skipper sailed her for the first time, she being but a week out of the builder's shop, and the management of her two boards so bothered her sailing master that Venture got ahead of her at the buoy on the second turn and would have won the race had the finish line been at right angles to the course. As it was, Lassie only just managed to poke her nose over the line less than two feet ahead. This was the closest race ever sailed over the N. Y. C. C. course. Lassie took first prize, an aligator dressing case, and Venture received a pretty little compass as second prize. Psyche won first prize for class A, beating four of the class B canoes. Minx won the Novice prize. The match race between Venture and Sea Bee was not sailed for lack of wind. Mr. Edgar sailed Sea Bee remarkably well, and perched himself on deck part of the way. Only one N. Y. C. C. man saw him by accident slip from this graceful position overboard. Not in the least troubled by this, he righted the canoe with but little water in her and completed the course.

Many visitors watched the races from the club house balcony; a number of them having come from Hartford, Albany, and other points nearer New York. One party found

the motion of the floating club house so much like that of an ocean steamer, that they were obliged to go ashore to avert disastrous results.

Paddling classes III. and IV. had six entries. Laura, M. G. Foster, won. Daisy, G. O. Totten, Jr., second (Essex,) Sioux, Garrett, (Bayonne) came in third. Course a short mile with two half turns and one complete turn.

The Tandem had three crews, same course as above. Laura, Foster and Vaux won. Water Witch, Hurd and Collins (Bayonne) being a close second. Minx, Brokaw and Wilkin (Brooklyn) third. Water Witch pushed Laura all through the race. Prizes given to each member of the winning crew.

Class II. paddling over same course was won by McMurray in Lark, Totten second and Paine third. Standing up paddling race was won by Foster in Laura, Psyche and Sea Urchin coming in close behind over a 1-4 mile straightway course.

There were seven entries in the hand paddling race, and it was a most interesting sight. The canoes under way looked like great water bugs splashing along. 1-4 mile, straightway, with tide. Foster in Laura took his fourth first prize in this race on account of his long arm and generous palm, which some wag suggested was webbed like a duck's foot. Totten in Daisey got second place. Psyche, Sioux, Black Maria, Lark and Clytie were entered and went over the course.

The trained dogs were on hand, but the trick canoeist was so bashful before such a large and enthusiastic audience that he locked himself in his clothes closet and would not appear till all the guests had left for the return boat to town.

The Snake really got second place in the sailing race, as Lassie and Venture were practically both first, and her second was a close one too—less than a minute behind the leaders. Windward work is the Snake's strong point, and she had practically none of it in this race, for no course could be arranged, as the tide and wind were together, in which beating had to be done. If such a course had been laid out, few if any of the canoes could have gone over it once. The race proved one thing conclusively, viz : that a class A boat (15 ft. x 28 in.) can hold her own with the B canoes in light weather at any rate; and as Lassie is specially designed for rough water, it is to be presumed that she can do as well under other circumstances. The N. Y. C. C. can congratulate themselves on having had a most successful regatta, in point of weather, and interest centred on the result of the races, and it must express its thanks to the gentlemen from other clubs who materially contributed to this success.

CRUISE OF OAHU.

TOLD BY THE DOCTOR.

The run from New York to Hartford, being the return trip of Dr. and Mrs. Parmele. They started from Hartford early in July and reach home again Sept. 10th, having been canoeing for two full months on the Sound and Long Island waters.

WE sailed on the Elevated to Harlem, thence to Barton and City Island, where we found Oahu O. K. We left City Island at three o'clock (high water, Monday afternoon), and drifted with the tide, there being now and then a faint puff of air from the S. W. as far as Rye Neck. Here notwithstanding the fact that it was growing dark, we decided to continue on our way before a gentle N. W. breeze which had just reached us. The moon did not rise till late but the night was not dark, and Mrs. Oahu and I enjoyed the sail exceedingly, especially after ten o'clock when the moon, or a part of it at least, came up. From Rye Neck we laid our course for the light on Great Captain's Island, from there to the fixed red light, (by the way, who fixed it?) off Stamford, and then for the white light with two red flashes on Smith's Island, off Norwalk, which we reached at 12 o'clock. We were very soon sound asleep in a shanty belonging to our friends on the beach.

First thing we heard next morning was: Hallo! here's the Oahu, but where's the tent that goes with it? A shout from me informed them of our whereabouts, and we were soon warmly greeted by commanders of schooners "Linda" and "Belle," who convinced us that it was our duty to stay over for two days on Smith's Island, promising us, if we would, that they would accompany us two days' journey to the eastward.

Thursday morning, therefore, at 6 o'clock the schooner-rigged pilot boats "Linda," Captain Thornton H. Smith, and "Belle," Captain Theodore Ledyard, escorting the canoe Oahu left the beach at Smith's island (old charts call it Sheffield Island,) and sailed toward the rising sun. What little wind there was came from the N. E., but after working out from among the islands it died out entirely and we drifted around until eight o'clock when we caught a good breeze from the S. W., which kept gradually increasing until four o'clock p. m. when near New Haven it was blowing three-quarters of a gale. Here we lost the schooners, having kept near the shore from Stratford Light, while they stood well out into the Sound.

We spent the night in a cottage at Meruin's Point, and at nine next morning (Friday) the fleet was re-united off New Haven light, the schooners having put into Savin Rock the night before, about four miles beyond where we were.

We had a delightful sail that morning, the schooners sailing under mainsail and jib only allowed us to skip along side by side with just wind and sea enough to make it jolly. We reached Pot Island, one of the Thimbles, at half-past eleven, just in time, too—for there wasn't a breath of air from that time until three o'clock. At that hour an easterly breeze sprang up which, being fair for the schooners to "make a home run," with much regret we parted, saluting each other with the toot—toot—toot—toot—of our whistles for a long time, though hid from sight by the islands. The Oahu had hardly cleared the islands when the wind hauled suddenly to S. W. and there was every indication of a bad blow, so we run into Sachem's Head to a cozy little harbor, where we spent the night with friends. Hard blow, did I say? Well, it was, you know, and we were thankful to be ashore and under cover; for of all the blows I ever heard blow I'll be blowed if I ever heard a blow blow as that blow blowed. I walked up to Guilford that night, and I thought I should be totally wrecked working back to windward.

Saturday morning, however, dawned fair, and with wind north. We laid our course from Sachem's Head to Hammonasset Point, and passed Menunketesuck Pt. to Cornfield Pt., entered the Connecticut River and landed at Saybrook at 1 p. m., raining great guns. We beat up to Essex with the first of the flood, (the rain having ceased meanwhile) but just before we landed a squall struck us and down poured the rain in torrents.

Owing to a good outfit we were all right.

We spent Sunday with an "old sea captain" at Essex.

Monday, at 3 p. m., with a light southerly wind and flood tide we ran up to Rock Landing; and Tuesday, with a little southerly breeze now and then, we made the "Powder House," four miles below Hartford at eight p. m. It was raining when we landed and in the night it poured and poured, and poured, but the faithful old "Powder House," so familiar to our H. C. C. boys, kept us dry and warm.

Wednesday noon, bright and clear, we left for the club house, and twenty minutes later was unpacking on the float. We have had an immense time all summer.

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THE ROMANCE OF IT.



COMMODORE VAN

was a true canoeist of the right school. He paddled and loved his canoe long before he was a commodore, or belonged to a club; in fact before there was a club to belong to where he lived. A true canoeist is one who can enjoy his canoe and canoeing alone, if it does not happen to be convenient for a companion to accompany him.

Van was a clerk in a country town store, and had to remain at the counter until a late hour on Saturday nights, not to mention the other days of the week. He got a week's vacation once a year, and generally enjoyed it. A city friend one year had a vacation the same time Van planned to get away, and the friend suggested a canoe cruise on the river, agreeing to get Van a canoe from a member of the city club if Van would go too. Van went, and so thoroughly enjoyed it that by careful saving and some over-work he managed to buy a canoe for himself the following spring. Life then had an added charm for him. After being cooped up for a whole week he would close up the store Saturday as early in the evening as he could—nine or ten o'clock, but oftener nearer eleven—betake himself to the corner of the great store-house on the wharf where the canoe rested, launch her, and paddle down the river to the Island six miles below. There he usually cooked up a light supper over a camp fire, and then retired to the unused fish shanty near the shore to sleep. The next day he would quietly spend cooking his meals, sunning himself or reading in the shade, and thus get a breath of fresh air and a glimpse of nature to last him for another week of labor and waiting. Late in the afternoon, or evening, if the tide served, he would paddle home, and be bright and fresh at the counter next morning.

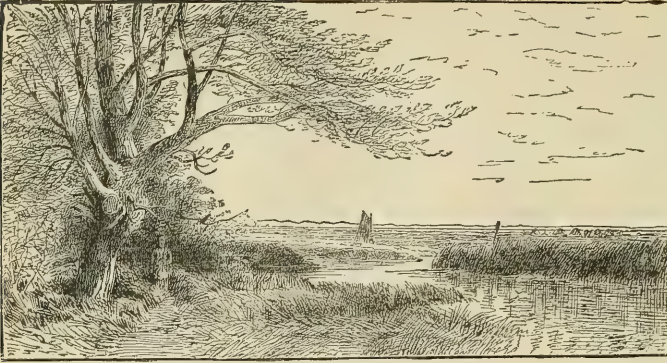
This went on till the Fourth gave him a

whole holiday. Brook, who owned a row-boat, proposed a picnic. Van agreed, but insisted on going in his canoe, and told Brook to get some other fellow to go with him and make up a neat triangle. Van took them to the Island and gave them a point or two about camping, out-door cooking, and let them try the canoe. This settled it for Brook. His boat was sold and the canoe gained a chum.

This sort of thing went on quietly till a very respectable fleet grew up, a club was formed and a small club-house constructed. Van, of course, was elected commodore at the first meeting. He kept his old independence, though, and many a time paddled off alone for his day and two nights of open air. Engagements that would interfere with his canoeing he made none. His disgust was so marked, when a club member refused to go on any trip proposed on account of a party, call, theatre or any entertainment where ladies were included, that the members always gave other reasons for being away, when they gave any.

Van's sister complained bitterly at his neglect of her and her friends. She got little satisfaction from him. He even went so far as to refuse having anything to do with a club-house warming if ladies were to be invited. Van did not want them "cluttering up the place," as he expressed it. Of what use were they anyway about a club-house, he would ask when invitations were suggested at the meetings. It was only after the Vice and the Secretary had talked long and earnestly to him, that he agreed to invitations for the regatta being sent to a few sisters and mothers of members. The day of the regatta he kept in his canoe and looked bored most of the time, though he did not come near the visitors' launch.

As time went on the club-house was decorated little by little with flags, curtains; the club table sported a cover; neat drawings, and other odd trifles were added to the inventory, such as only a woman knows how to make. The commodore ignored them all, and bent his energies to bettering the float,



THE ISLAND.

having lockers put in the dressing room, the house painted, and all such substantial improvements.

Van's canoeing costumes were wonders in their way. They never could have been called attractive. The oldest and queerest garments he could lay hands on were his delight. The more out at the elbow the better. His hats begged description. He had so many, and they were all so old, it did seem as though in his life he had never thrown one away. He said he never had, but that it pained him to think of one his mother, in the kindness of her heart, had given a tramp the year before. That tramp was afterwards seen about town with the hat sewed in the back of his coat to form a patch, it not being good enough for even a tramp to wear on his head.

The winter had little influence in getting Van into society. He bought a stove and had it placed in the club house. Here he spent his evenings when he could, with a companion, if one turned up—alone otherwise. He cooked, smoked, read and meditated. He was royal company of a Saturday night with five or six other fellows hugging the stove—a driving snow storm outside. Then it was he had stories to tell, jokes to crack, new rigs to discuss; and his attention was directed to each individual and his comfort. In a parlor he was silent, and usually stole away as soon as he could.

Time wore on till the club was three years old, and all the members had learned to love and respect their commodore, and make due allowance for his peculiarities. June came round again and found all the old canoes in commission, and several new ones rapidly arriving at a complete state of rig. The commodore kept to his old programme Saturdays as regularly as clock-work, but he also seemed to shun companionship on such occasions, and one after another of the members became aware that now it was always

early Monday morning when Van got back to the club-house. When parties started off for the Island Saturday nights, Van would sometimes start with them, but he usually got separated from the others on the way down, and disappeared in the darkness, not to turn up again till Monday morning at the club-house. This began to attract attention, and the commodore was watched.

One night when a party had started for the Island, Wynn got to the club-house after they had left, and decided to take a short paddle by moonlight before going home. After drifting about for a time he paddled up river a mile, and then ran in under the counter of an ice barge moored to a great ice-house wharf, to keep from drifting down with the tide. Here he was completely in shadow. Shortly the dip, dip of a paddle was heard, and a canoe came up river very fast, close in to shore. Wynn waited, meaning to join the paddler, but he changed his mind when the moonlight disclosed to his astonished gaze the commodore's well known Saturday night paddling hat. Van was working like a steam engine, and soon disappeared round the point. Wynn did not go home that night. He went straight for the Island and found the fellows around the camp fire. Where was Van bound and what had come over him were the questions in the minds of all. The fellows agreed to find out, and secrecy was sworn among them. The party returned to town late the next day, having seen and heard nothing more of their commodore. His canoe was not in the house, nor did it arrive during the evening.



THAT'S HIM.

Wynn left his office at noon on Monday. Going direct to the club-house he found no one there, but saw Wood-duck, the commodore's canoe, on her rack. Wynn knew that Van could not leave his counter at that time

of day, so he felt secure from being interrupted in his search after truth. He looked thoroughly through the hold of Wood-duck, having first removed the sponge, bailer, seat and paddle. From the forward end he drew out a queer, flat board, with a thin board hinged to its end, and a stick hinged to the extra board. This he studied carefully, and finally discovered that it was an adjustable seat and back-rest for the bottom of the canoe. He had never seen Van use it; yet it was far from new. One of the bottom boards was out of place, and Wynn started to put it in position, as he did so he caught sight of an object that greatly interested and amused him. Resting quietly on the keelson was a

hairpin. Now thoroughly interested, he investigated next the contents of the forward hatch. In it, rolled up carefully in a rubber blanket, was a very pretty cushion in two parts—evidently intended to sit on and use as a back-rest also. The canoe's name was beautifully worked in bright worsted, on both sides. A blanket of a deep red color was also pulled out. Replacing these articles, and restoring the hold to its former order of things, Wynn looked into the aft hatch. It contained only a large rubber bag; but the bag contained a very pretty flannel canoeing suit of clothes of just Van's size. That settled it for Wynn—there was a girl in the business he felt sure. Who? Wynn's object in life was now to find out.

Van's sister and Wynn were great friends, so he took the first chance that offered to have a long talk with her and tell her all that he had discovered. She had had her suspicions aroused previously, but had been able to learn nothing. She willingly agreed to help Wynn in every way she could to discover who had interested the commodore.

Whether Van suspected he was being watched or not is not known, but the very next Saturday he went with the boys to the Island and stayed with them there over night. Saturday evening, sitting round the camp-fire, the question of the best canoe seat came up. Van urged that canvas stretched over a frame made the most comfortable seat for paddling, and asked Brook, who was down by the canoes, to bring the

one in Wood-duck up to the fire. As Brook handed the seat to Van, a small rubber over-shoe dropped from between the canvas and the frame, and nearly went into the fire. Van reached for it quickly and shoved it in his pocket, looking a little confused as he did so. A gentle smile played upon the faces in the circle for a moment, and then vanished—nothing being said about the occurrence. Little things of this kind happened now and then—a bit of trimming caught by a cleat on Wood-duck's deck, a pearl button on her floor, a pretty flag at the peak of the mainsail, with a swallow beautifully worked on it in colored

silks—all tending toward but one explanation. Yet Van said nothing and was entirely unconscious that the club members were one and all fairly itching to know more.

The commodore proposed a regatta and general picnic for a holiday then near at hand. This time he put no veto on the cousins and aunts being invited, but strangely insisted that the place of meeting should be a new spot he had found up river and not at the old camping ground on the Island. The reason given was that the new place could be reached by the visitors in carriages, and

made a pleasant six mile drive for them from town. This was accepted by the club and all arrangements made. Two of the fellows paddled up the night before and camped so as to be on hand early in the morning to get the ground ready, the fire built, chowder started and awnings up. Three attended to making the purchases, loading the provisions on the launch, getting ice, plates, glasses, etc., and chartering the cooks. The rest of the club looked after the canoes, sails, prizes, laying out and buoying courses, and the various other duties toward making the thing a success. The commodore saw to it that each man had his post assigned to him, and got things in good working order, and then announced that he proposed to direct the squadron and superintend the regatta events, but that he wished to have no special work left to him. The night before the picnic he disappeared with Wood-duck, and could not be found.



GAME IN SIGHT.

The men being put on their mettle about the arrangements, attended each to his assignment to the letter; but no little anxiety and worry among them were manifest the fatal day, when the hour for guests to arrive had almost come and no commodore to be found anywhere. Just as the first guest drove up, Brook sighted a canoe being leisurely paddled to the landing from up river. It proved to be Wood-duck, with Van aboard, dressed in his natty flannel suit, and looking cheery and pleased as possible. He took command at once and blossomed out in a new character to the surprise of all, by receiving the guests as they arrived, arranging for the care of their horses, and the placing of their wraps and belongings in convenient and safe places. His attentions to the elderly ladies were specially marked and flattering.

Wynn drove out from town in a buggy with Van's sister, arriving at the farmhouse above the landing an hour or more before the time set for the guests to come. The horse was put in the stable, and then Wynn excused himself and ran down to the landing, joining the others. Ida lused herself about the house preparing for the lady guests, and then strolled down a path towards the river, meaning to walk back to the landing on the beach. Entering the woods along the river bank, she followed a path which shortly made a sudden turn and disclosed to her view two figures just disappearing round the next turn in the woods. There was Van, and with a girl she could not recognize from the dress. Hurriedly and quietly following them she saw Van actually kiss the girl when they got down on the beach. He then jumped in his canoe that was lying there and paddled for the landing. The girl looked after him, and then wandered along up shore and vanished round a point. The scent was getting warm. Ida ran back by the path and soon appeared at the landing, coming from the direction of the farmhouse. Wynn was then notified and put on his guard, and he gave the tip to the others to keep a close eye on the commodore all day, which they did. The regatta was a success, the chowder savory, the weather perfect, and the guests good natured and

deeply interested in all that went on. The commodore was the life of the whole party.

Toward evening the guests began to depart. One after another the carriages drove up, took on their loads and departed, the passengers getting a last greeting from the commodore. During this time Ida stole away to run along the wood path up the shore. She soon returned to tell Wynn that the girl of the morning was sitting on a grassy bank down by the water around the point, parasol in hand, evidently waiting for Van and the Wood-duck.

The tents, seats and chowder pot were on board the launch, the canoes packed and manned ready to start. The commodore was busying himself about the grounds picking up odds and ends. He called to the fellows to go ahead, adding that he would shortly follow. The fleet got under way and soon disappeared round the bend down river. Ida had previously started home in the buggy with her uncle. The commodore lost not a moment, but sprang into Wood-duck and soon ran the canoe's bow ashore right under the parasol.



WAITING.

Wynn and Brook dropped the fleet after getting out of sight of the camp ground, and paddled up an inlet. Here they ran the canoes ashore where they could not be seen from the river and then landed, and proceeded back round the bend on land. Behind some bushes on the beach they concealed themselves to await developments. Van, with the parasol and its owner in forward, soon appeared, paddling Wood-duck leisurely along very near shore. He passed close to the bush, and the boys got a good look under that sun-shade, and both agreed Van was a man of good taste, for the girl was very pretty and had a lovely expression. Van paddled toward Mossy Island just below. As his canoe disappeared around its lower end the boys pushed out of the inlet to follow, noting as they did so a heavy thunder shower coming up river toward them. All haste was made to the island, on the north end of which they landed. They heard a girl's voice calling some one to hurry up, and then Van was heard to reply. The fellows knew from this just where to look for their game, and so, crawling silently through the

woods, they gradually made their way toward the lower end of the island keeping a sharp lookout ahead for Van. When he was sighted they found a thick evergreen to hide behind so they could watch what transpired without being seen. Van pulled his canoe ashore, took out the seats and cushions, turned the Wood-duck over and lifted the bow up into the crotch of a tree three feet from the ground. He then raised the stern and pushed the aft end of the canoe into a thick cedar, thus getting support for it. The seats and cushions were arrayed on the ground under the well, and all the loose things were stowed in the canoe along the deck, now serving the purpose of a floor. The girl then arranged herself comfortably on the cushions with the canoe over head as a roof, and Van sat down beside her with his feet down the bank, and spread a rubber blanket over their laps. They were no sooner settled than the shower broke and the watchers got a good wetting. Not so the watched; they were perfectly protected, and chatted together, evidently enjoying the situation greatly. The shower lasted half an hour or more, and during it, Van reached forward in the canoe and drew out a basket containing provisions, which were spread out on a loose hatch and presented the appearance of a dainty supper to the two poor wet and chilly rascals in the bushes. While eating supper, Van and Bessie—the boys heard Van address her by this name—talked over the events of the day,—he telling her all about the pic-nic and regatta; and how the club members knew nothing of her; and how surprised they all would be when he told them of his engagement,—which he said he intended to do as soon as she returned to town; for the fellows would be hanging around and bothering him if they knew of it before she went away from her summer home, and then they could not have any more of those quiet little canoe excursions they had been having. Both enjoyed the fun of the anticipated surprise to the club, and laughed over their cleverness in keeping the secret so long. By the time the shower

had blown over, it was beginning to get dark. Van put away the tea things, and replaced in the canoe, which he took down from the trees, all the cushions and duds. He lit his lantern, launched the canoe and once more placing Bessie comfortably forward, paddled away up the river to take her home by moonlight—for the sky had cleared and a full moon kindly threw its rays on the river, and made the waves in the course of the canoe sparkle wonderfully.

The boys returned to their canoe to await Van's return on his way to the boat house. They knew he would not be back for a long time, as it was such a lovely evening, so they built a fire to boil water for their coffee, and warm over the leavings of the picnic, they had with them—and to dry out their wet clothes by. They drank the coffee and enjoyed it, and laughed at the wetting, as they succeeded so beautifully in getting ahead of their com-modore, and for whose return they now looked so anxiously.

Two mortal hours they stayed, and then heard the dip of Van's paddle up river in the darkness. They joined him, greatly to his surprise and disgust—for they soon let him know his jig was up. He made a clean breast of it, and confessed he had been engaged two months. Bessie Durham was the only daughter of a merchant, and lived in the city in the winter, but had spent the summer before at the farmhouse, with her mother, where Van had met her. She had returned to the same place again the previous June. Van had been a constant visitor there ever since her arrival. He was a great favorite with Mrs. Durham, and had received her approval as to the engagement, but looked forward with no little fear and trembling to the arrival at the farmhouse of Mr. Durham, who had remained in town all summer on account of business.

It would be interesting no doubt to know if Van neglected his canoeing after his marriage. As the events herein related happened in this very year, 1885; and as Van is as yet only engaged, the second chapter will have to be written next year—or the following.

PHIL. JUDSON.



MODELS.

I AM an advocate of afternoon sailing, from necessity. I must use my canoe then, or only once a year, and hence my interest is great in sailing models and lines. The winter is coming upon us, when most of us are frozen up, and I can't see why it will not be a profitable proceeding to carry on a discussion upon canoe design in the columns of CANOEIST from month to month. I shall now favor you with my opinions upon some branches of the subject; and, for the sake of discussion, will lay it all down without qualification, in hope of arousing some fellow's combativeness.

Size is not essential to speed. No canoe can be built to outsail all competitors in *all* winds, and the class A canoe can be built—probably has been—which in *her weather* will beat her class B rival, and let us add, her weather will prevail upon a very respectable proportion of regatta days. Fifteen feet is a very good length, and need not be departed from; but beam is a matter of personal preference, with some consideration of the nature of the home waters. If your sailing is to be upon open water, where there is liable to be more or less sea at all times, ballast is essential. On water where there is not sufficient expanse to get up an objectionable swell, ballast is an unnecessary nuisance. With the same weight of ballast a twenty-eight inch beam canoe will behave better than a thirty; but of two canoes built to sail without ballast, the thirty will be more comfortable than the twenty-eight. To sail without ballast you need a bottom flat, or nearly so, and not too high a side, for your light flat bottomed craft will float high; and with too much free-board, having but little hold on the water, the hull will be too much acted upon by the wind. But a canoe intended for ballast needs considerable dead-rise to put the weight low enough to do any good, and a proportionately increased depth to secure sufficient free-board when loaded with ballast. Whatever your midship section, you do not want to carry it too far towards the ends. A fine entrance and run are both essential to speed, and the ends—the bow especially—should have only a moderate flare; or when your craft begins to bury her nose in lumpy water, her speed will be killed, and you will be chagrined to find your smooth water flyer has degenerated into a tub. Do not be afraid she will not ride the swells. A lean, sharp bow will travel through the waves much faster than a full one will rise over them. Remember this, too, in deciding upon the sheer, and keep it flat, for high ends catch a lot of wind when close-hauled, and are ut-

terly ruinous if you have to paddle in the teeth of a breeze. Any water which does come on deck will be taken care of by your coaming; for, of course, the cockpit is pointed, and the coaming at forward end is three and one-half inches high, and flaring well out, with a beading on its upper edge.

Now, to combine these various considerations. Say we want a class B sailing, IV paddling canoe to carry ballast. Length fifteen feet, beam close up under beading, exactly thirty inches, to catch the class IV.; but the midship section shows considerable flare, and at water line she is barely twenty-nine inches; then there is a quick round to the bilge, and thence to keel is a straight line, forming an angle with the horizontal of about one in four, so the bottom is in the shape of a very flat V, while the total depth inside, from top of garboard, beside the keelson, to underside of deck at gunwale, is eleven and one-half inches. Sheer will be five and one-half inches forward, and four inches aft, making height from underside of keel to top of deck eighteen inches at bow, and sixteen at stern. Stem and stern post are both plumb, to utilize all of her length in the water lines, and both below water well rounded away into the rocker of keel, to secure quickness in stays. Two inches round to deck is enough, and the cockpit may be eighteen inches wide at middle, round at aft end, pointed forward, with coaming one and a-half inches high for two-thirds of its length, rising to three and a-half at the point where it flares out at an angle of 45°.

But suppose one canoe is for smooth water and no ballast, but intended to be eligible to same classes? We keep the length already adopted—fifteen feet—but widen out our midship section to thirty-one inches at gunwale, the flare reducing it to thirty at water line; then the same quick round to bilge, and a flat bottom, which may be an absolute dead-flat, or have a dead-rise not exceeding say one in nine. This makes our depth from garboard to gunwale nine and a-half inches, or two inches less than in the other design. Keeping the same sheer we will have a depth at bow of sixteen inches, and at stern of fourteen. With same stem and stern, rocker, deck and cockpit, we have two designs which should be pretty evenly matched in the varying fortune of wind and weather, and in a paddling race the greater width of one is equalized by the greater depth of the other. Either makes a good cruiser, the flat bottomed one, of course, the best for shallow waters. Now, fire away; who will be first to pick them to pieces?

GRINDSTONE FOR '86.

HANDLING IN A SURF.

THE English National Lifeboat Institution, some years since, collected information from 128 different places on the coast of the United Kingdom regarding the system of management of boats in a surf and broken water, pursued by fishermen and other coast boatmen. The results, as formulated, are so pregnant with information, which is of vital importance to canoeists, that we publish them, with very slight abridgment, as we find them in Sir George Nares' Seamanship.

Rules for the management of boats in a surf or broken water naturally fall under two heads, viz: 1st. Their management when proceeding from the shore to seaward against the direction of the surf; 2d. Their management under the opposite circumstances of running for the shore before a broken sea. Before stating the course to be pursued under last head, we may remark that it is an axiom almost universally acknowledged that there is, as a general rule, *far more danger when running for the shore before a broken sea than when being propelled against it* on going from the land; the danger consisting in the liability of a boat to broach-to and upset, either by running her bow under water, or by her being thrown on her beam-ends and overturned broadside on.

RULES OF MANAGEMENT. I.—IN ROWING TO SEAWARD.

As a general rule *speed must be given to a boat running against a heavy surf*. Indeed, under some circumstances, her safety will depend on the utmost possible speed being attained on making a sea. For if the sea be really heavy, and the wind blowing a hard on-shore gale, it can only be by the utmost exertions of the crew that any headway can be made. The great danger then is that an approaching heavy sea may carry the boat away on its front, and throw it broadside on, or up-end it, either effect being immediately fatal. A boat's only chance, in such a case, is to obtain such way as shall enable her to pass, end on, through the crest of the sea and leave it as soon as possible behind her.

If there be rather a heavy surf, but no wind off shore and opposed to the surf, as is often the case, a boat might be propelled so rapidly through it that her bow would fall more suddenly and heavily after topping the sea than if her way had been checked; and it may, therefore, only be when the sea is of such magnitude, and the boat of such a character that there may be a chance of the former carrying her back before it, that full speed should be given to her. It may also

happen that, by careful management under such circumstances, a boat may be made to avoid the sea, so that each wave may break ahead of her, which may be the only chance of safety in a small boat; but if the shore be flat and the broken water extend to a great distance from it, this will often be impossible.

The following general rules for rowing to seaward may, therefore, be relied on:

1. If sufficient command can be kept over a boat by the skill of those on board her, avoid or "dodge" the sea, if possible, so as *not to meet it at the moment of its breaking or curling over*.

2. Against a head gale and heavy surf, *get all possible speed on a boat on the approach of every sea which cannot be avoided*.

3. If more speed can be given to a boat than is sufficient to prevent her being carried back by a surf, *her way may be checked on its approach*, which will give her an easier passage over it.

II.—ON RUNNING BEFORE A BROKEN SEA, OR SURF, TO THE SHORE.

The one great danger, when running before a broken sea, is that of *broaching-to*. To that peculiar effect of the sea, so frequently destructive to human life, the utmost attention must be directed. The cause of a boat's broaching-to, when running before a broken sea or surf, is that her own motion being in the same direction as that of the sea, whether it be given by the force of oars or sails, or by the force of the sea itself, she opposes no resistance to it, but is carried before it. Thus, if a boat be running with her bow to the shore and her stern to the sea, the first effect of a surf, or rather on its overtaking her, is to throw up the stern, and, as a consequence, to depress the bow; if she then has a sufficient inertia (which will be proportional to weight) to allow the sea to pass her, she will, in succession, pass through the descending, the horizontal, and the ascending positions, as the crest of the wave passes successively her stern, her midships and her bow, in the reverse order in which the same positions occur to a boat propelled to seaward against a surf. This may be defined as the safe mode of running before a broken sea.

But if a boat, on being overtaken by a heavy surf, has not sufficient inertia to allow it to pass her, the first of the three positions above enumerated alone occurs—her stern is raised high in the air and the wave carries the boat before it, on its front or unsafe side, sometimes with frightful velocity, the bow all the time deeply immersed in the hollow of the sea, where the water, being stationary, or

comparatively so, offers a resistance, whilst the crest of the sea, having the actual motion which causes it to break, forces onward the stern, or rear, end of the boat. A boat will, in this position, sometimes, aided by careful oar-steerage, run a considerable distance until the wave has broken and expended itself. But it will often happen that *if the bow be low it will be driven under water*, when the buoyancy being lost forward, whilst the sea presses on the stern, the boat will be thrown (as it is termed) end over end; or if the bow be high, or it be protected, as in some life-boats, by a bow air-chamber, so that it does not become submerged, that the resistance forward acting on one bow will slightly turn the boat's head, and the force of the surf being transferred to the opposite quarter, *she will in a moment be turned round broadside by the sea*, and be thrown by it on her beam-ends, or altogether capsized. It is in this manner that most boats are upset in a surf, especially on flat coasts, and in this way many lives are annually lost among the merchant seamen when attempting to land, after being compelled to desert their vessels.

Hence it follows that the management of a boat, when landing through a heavy surf, must, as far as possible, be assimilated to that when proceeding to seaward against one, at least so far as to stop her progress shoreward at the moment of being overtaken by a heavy sea, and thus enabling it to pass her.

There are different ways of effecting this object:

1. *By turning the boat's head to the sea before entering the broken water, and then backing in stern foremost, pulling a few strokes ahead to meet each heavy sea, and then again backing astern.* If a sea be really heavy and a boat small, this plan will be generally the safest, as a boat can be kept more under command when the full force of the oars can be used against a heavy surf than by backing them only.

2. If rowing to shore with the stern to seaward: *by backing all the oars on the approach of a heavy sea*, and rowing again as soon as it has passed to the bow of the boat, thus rowing in on the back of the wave; or, as is practised in some life boats, placing the after oarsmen with their faces forward and making them row back at each sea on its approach.

3. If rowed in bow foremost: by towing astern a pig of ballast or large stone, or a large basket, or a canvas bag, termed a "drogue," or drag, made for the purpose, the object of each being to hold the boat's stern back and prevent her being turned broadside to the sea or broaching-to.

A boat's sail bent to a yard and turned astern loosed, the yard being attached to a line capable of being veered, handled, or let go, will act in some measure as a drogue, and will tend much to break the force of the sea immediately astern of the boat.

Heavy weights should be kept out of the extreme ends of a boat; but when rowing before a heavy sea the best trim is deepest by the stern, *which prevents the stern being readily beaten off by the sea.*

A boat should be steered by an oar over the stern or on one quarter when running before a sea, as the rudder will then at times be of no use.

The following general rules may, therefore, be depended on when running before, or attempting to land, through a heavy surf or broken water:

1. As far as possible avoid each sea by placing the boat where the sea will break ahead of her.

2. If the sea be very heavy, or if the boat be small, and especially if she have a square stern, *bring her bow round to seaward and back her in*, rowing ahead against each heavy surf sufficiently to allow it to pass the boat.

3. If it be considered safe to proceed to the shore bow foremost, *back the oars against each sea* on its approach so as to stop the boat's way through the water as far as possible, and if there is a drogue or any other instrument in the boat which may be used as one, tow it astern to aid in keeping the boat end on to the sea, which is the chief object in view.

4. Bring the principal weights in the boat towards the end that is to seaward, but not to the extreme end.

5. If a boat worked by both sails and oars be running under sail for the land through a heavy sea, her crew should, under all circumstances, unless the beach be quite steep, *take down her masts and sails* before entering the broken water, and take her to land *under oars alone*, as above described. If she have sails only her sails should be much reduced, a half-lowered foresail or other small headsail being sufficient.

Thetis lately found herself under the lee of a catboat. She pulled herself together, ran through that lee, pointed up closer and walked up to windward in two tacks on mistress puss—much to tabby's surprise, and stayed there till the feline squared away for home.

Rushton is at work on new lines and improved brass fittings.

[From the BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE, Sept. 18th.]

CANOE RACING.

Another International Sailing Match Promised.

THE SPORT RAPIDLY GAINING GROUND.—THE VENTURE TO TRY CONCLUSIONS WITH THE SEA BEE.

The closing season has been an eventful one to canoeists of Brooklyn and New York. More progress has been made in encouraging a taste for this sport than during any other single season, and the prospect of an international sailing race next Summer has worked canoeists up to a pitch of unbounded enthusiasm.

Last Summer Mr. William Whitlock, proprietor of the *Art Interchange*, visited England with his famous canoe, the Guenn, and, though not allowed to enter as a competitor, raced with the crack canoes of the Royal Canoe Club, of which the Prince of Wales is commodore. The regatta took place at Henley on the Thames, and the Guenn finished a good third. On his return to this city Mr. Whitlock conferred with a number of members of the American Canoe Club, the outcome of which conference was the determination to offer a valuable piece of plate, in form of cup, to be competed for annually or according to challenge, between English and American canoes. Mr. W. Baden Powell, mate of the Royal Yacht Club, who owns the crack canoe of the club, accepted the challenge and agreed to sail three races in New York Bay next August, the winner of two to hold the cup.

The boat to sail against Mr. Powell's will be either Mr. Whitlock's Guenn, Brooklyn Canoe Club; Mr. C. B. Vaux's Sea Bee, New York Canoe Club, or Mr. E. W. Brown's Inertia, Knickerbocker Canoe Club. These three canoes will race in the bay a few weeks before the international race, to decide which is the fastest sailer to windward.

At present the American canoeist is ahead of his English competitor, as the Britisher lost the only international race which has so far been sailed. This event occurred two weeks since in the bay, and was kept very quiet until it was all over. The boats were Mr. Whitlock's Guenn carrying 105 feet of canvas in her mainsail and 35 feet in her dandy, and the English boat, Mr. C. R. Stevens' Pearl, carrying nearly as much sail. The course was four and a half miles, round Bedloe's Island, return—nine miles. The Brooklyn canoe sailed in an easy winner.

Another canoe race will be sailed on Saturday afternoon next from the New York Canoe Club boat house, Staten Island. This event was brought about as follows, and attracts much attention among canoeists: During the last meet of the American Canoe Association at the Thousand Islands Mr. C. B. Vaux's canoe, Sea Bee, 14 foot, was matched to sail a 20 foot skiff, renowned on the St. Lawrence as a fast boat. The small boat sailed away from the large one. On returning to New York Mr. Vaux heard of the new fame of Hartford's crack canoe, the Venture, and challenged her to sail the Sea Bee. The challenge was accepted, and the race will be sailed on Saturday.

The American Canoe Association is not composed of clubs, but of individual members from all parts of the States. Since its foundation, five years ago, canoeing has received a strong impetus, new clubs having been formed in all directions. Among these clubs in this locality are the Knickerbocker, the Bayonne, the Newark and the Brooklyn club. The latter, which has its boathouse at the foot of Fifty-fifth

street, was formed in January last with ten members. This number has since increased to twenty-four, with nineteen canoes. During the present season the members of the Brooklyn Club have entered in nine races, carrying off three first prizes and two seconds. The Guenn secured two of the firsts and Mr. C. B. R. Schuyler's Freak the other. The members take weekly cruises in their canoes around Staten Island to Sandy Hook and up the Hudson, and a fleet of six attended the American Canoeing Association meet at Thousand Islands. Brooklyn is recognized in the American Canoeing Association by the office, that of Vice Commodore being bestowed on Mr. Robert J. Wilkin, Commodore of the Brooklyn Canoe Club.

It is erroneously supposed that canoeing is a tame amusement, because the boats are small. As a matter of fact, it is an easygoing occupation in still water and on smooth rivers, but in these waters more skill is frequently required to paddle or sail a canoe than to row a shell or sail a yacht. The tiny vessels ride the waves like chips of wood and scud over the surface like a fish. It is not surprising that the sport is fast gaining headway with those who love aquatic exercises, although until recently a good canoe, like a good bicycle, has necessarily been so expensive as to prohibit their use to those of limited means. But with the increased demand canoe builders are lowering prices, and the increase in the number of these crafts on the bay and rivers next year will be very noticeable. At present there are about 100 canoes in Brooklyn waters.

The father of American canoeing may be said to be the Hon. William L. Alden, the well known journalist, now Consul General at Rome. He was the first commodore of the American Canoeing Association, being succeeded by Hon. Nicholas Longworth, Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, and then in their respective order by E. B. Edwards, of Peterboro, Ont.; F. A. Vickerson, Springfield, Mass.; General Robert Shaw Oliver, Brigadier-General of the Tenth Battalion, and F. S. Rathburn, of Deseronto, Can. The membership of the association is now 900 and increasing rapidly.

Could anything be more beautifully twisted. This is such a gem that we could not refrain from publishing it in full. The *Eagle* reporter must have interviewed some one and then gone to a champagne supper; or else he called at the Brooklyn C. C. house the night of September 5th—when the members were "passing a jolly hour with songs, pipes, tobacco and ginger ale," after their regatta—and got the story from some member too fond of that intoxicating pop.

W. E. Hermance started from the head waters of the Yellowstone, Livingston, M. T., on July 4th, in canoe Eda—made of yellow birch at Racine, Wis.—to cruise to New Orleans. His brother joined him at Kansas City in a cedar canoe, and they both arrived in St. Louis on October 6th. Mr. Hermance told his story to a reporter of the *Globe Democrat*, who states that the worst part of the trip was the first 600 miles. There are only two towns in that interval, Billings and Miles City, but there are nine rapids. Still-water rapids are the worst. The Buffalo Rapids are five miles long, and I went through in fifteen minutes.

EDITORIAL.

CANOEIST is nearing the end of its fourth year. This looks as though it had come to stay, don't it? CANOEIST is the official organ of the A. C. A., yet many members of that growing institution are not subscribers to it. We trust though that they all see it. The date of issue has been changed to the last week in the month, so that even the San Francisco subscribers will get their copies by the first of the month printed on the cover of each issue. CANOEIST asks for no charity. If the Association non-subscribers do not think it worth the sum of one dollar a year to them—8 1-3 cents per copy—we do not want their dollar. If any subscriber at the end of the year feels that he has not received the equivalent of his money, we are ready to return to him the difference between the value he has received and what he has paid, and will accept his statement of the account. There will be found in a column on the cover, notices of "Wants" and "For Sale," and any canoeist who has a canoe to sell, or is in need of one, can have two lines of space, free. It is the desire of publishers and editor to make the paper of value to its subscribers. The latter can add materially to its value and interest by jotting down points of interest and local notes that occur to them, and send them to the editor, who cannot be everywhere nor know all tastes. The secretary of any club sending us his name and address will receive copies regularly, free. For the interest of all, the editor requests the club secretaries to forward to him notes of club meetings, regattas, and cruises taken by club members. Any canoeing information desired by subscribers, upon application to the editor, will be given, if it is possible to get the facts, and queries of interest to many coming in this way will be published with the answer—or with the request for an answer from some well informed subscriber.

THE season for sailing races has now come to a close. The interest in such contests can be judged from the reports given on another page of some of the races which took place since last issue. The most notable race of the month perhaps was that at Hartford on the 10th, when young John Bowles in Gluck beat commodore Jones in the Venture. Jones got even again though, on the 17th, at Springfield Regatta, by winning two sailing races. The chances of sailing races are so great that it is never wise for a canoeist owning a fast canoe to talk much—and they rarely do—as it is only a question of

time when they come in behind some one. The crack even is never sure of a sailing race till it is won. When he is beaten every one wants to know the reason. How seldom is everyone satisfied by the reply "that the other fellow sailed faster than I did." Yet this is the reason—and the only one, nine out of ten times—however loath people are to believe it, the crack included.

"GRINDSTONE FOR '86" begins a series of articles to be published on models. There are several models now pretty generally known as having done good work and show—each in its way—some special points of excellence. The builders too are alive to the wants of canoeists in this matter, and are themselves working on problems for improvement here, and modification there, in there existing lines. The sail, the sails, "the thing to catch the conscience of the king." It is as important as the model; for without it in almost perfect shape, all hope of winning must be given up. And what a lot of things go to make up the perfect sail—a perfect sit, suitable spars, simple and effective running gear, including the all-important reef lines, light and strong material faultlessly cut and sewed. And then the sails must balance. The man who will race, and sets his heart on a good place at the finish, has plenty to think of and no little personal work to do that no amount of money can relieve him of. Who is next on the list—let him beware lest he finds himself on the Mikado's Lord High Executioner's List. The fan mainsail—"Do you think it would be missed were it put upon the list?"

"SENECA" has published a long letter in *Forest and Stream* telling why he don't race, and strongly intimating that the men who do race are not canoeists at all. He says MacGregor, Bishop and Nessmuck don't race and never have—therefore no one else should who wishes to be considered a canoeist. Does he rule Baden-Powell out of the ranks, Neide, Tredwen and others? It seems so. Seneca prefers the sneak box to the canoe for certain kinds of cruising, and we trust no canoeist will deny that for Seneca's work the sneak box is the better boat. He seems to think racing has brought only harm to canoeing. Most of us think it has resulted in a great amount of good as well. Because a man likes to race it does not prove that he cannot appreciate nature or enjoy cruising alone.

THE Commodore's circular to the western members of the A. C. A. will be found in another column.

REGATTAS AND RACES.

RONDOUT.

Mr. Jansen Hasbrouck, Jr., put up a very handsome cup for the "shell backs" of the R. C. C. to sail for. On one side of the cup is engraved the canoe "Crazy," under full sail in a piping breeze, with the lunatic on deck and at the helm. The engraving being done from an instantaneous photograph, is very accurate.

This cup will become the property of the first man who wins three races. Three races have already been sailed, and three different men have scored one. The first being won by the Helena, Grant Van Deusen, the second, by the Mystic, W. S. Stephens, and the third, by the Nick, Z. Nickerson. Large and enthusiastic audiences congregated on the banks of the Hudson to witness these contests and cheer the winners.

Because of the sudden and extreme coldness of the water, the remainder of the races have been postponed till genial spring comes again.

The following is clipped from the *Kingston Freeman*, and describes the race of Monday, September 21st:

The wind blew fresh from the south, kicking up a sea which was quite formidable. At four o'clock the little fleet left their home, the old ferryhouse, for Kingston Point to seek fame and glory in battling with the element. Some cautious men paddled out, others not so wise sailed. Two members came to grief. The Ponckhockie in jibing capsized; boat and crew were picked up by the steamer Sheridan, the canoe freed from the water taken aboard was launched from the steamer's deck and paddled ashore by owner and builder, Mr. Guilford Hasbrouck. Shortly after, the Helena coming up the river with all sail set, was struck while on the crest of a wave by a sudden squall, staggered for an instant and then gracefully careened to port, while the crew clambered up to windward and rode the canoe as if it was a sea-horse.

Mr. Murdock, of the light house, hastily put out in a boat and towed the disabled canoe ashore, where, after refitting, she joined the fleet and was ready for the race. The canoes entered were the Ponckhonckie, G. Hasbrouck; Crazy, J. Hasbrouck, Jr.; Lady Clare, R. Tompkins; Nick, Z. Nickerson; Mystic, Wm. Stevens, and Helena, G. Van Deusen.

The course was from an imagery line off Kingston Point around the buoy at the middleground and return. The wind being from the south made their course a run to

leeward to the buoy and a beat to windward to the finish. The Nick, Mystic and Helena had reefed mainsails. Shortly after the start the Lady Clare fouled the Crazy, detaining her some. The Lady Clare withdrew, but the plucky Crazy continued in the race, though the other canoes had obtained a considerable lead through this accident. The Helena rounded the buoy first, closely followed by the Crazy, Mystic and Nick. All jibed around safely and stood off toward the brick yards on the port tack.

Seeing themselves being gradually overhauled, the reefed canoes shook out their reefs and with full sail spread to the breeze drove into the head seas, throwing the spray far up on their sails and making their several crews look as if they had experienced a heavy shower. This is the exciting part of canoe sailing, and sends a thrill of pleasure tingling through the canoeist. In the beat to windward the Mystic, splendidly handled by Mr. Stevens, took the lead and crossed the line a winner; followed five seconds later by the Helena. This was the third race for the Hasbrouck cup, the second was declared off, not being finished in the required time of "seven hours." The captain of the Gen. Sheridan very considerably followed the canoes over the course to be ready to pick up the unfortunates, but fortunately was not called upon a second time to do life saving service.

JERSEY CITY YACHT CLUB.

Mr. Crane offered a cup to the J. C. Y. C. during the summer, to be sailed for in canoes of any club over the J. C. course. The race was called September 25th, in perfect sailing weather. The course was triangular; three miles with one mile dead to windward, the course to be sailed over twice. A reef breeze was blowing. Fanny, S. B. Crane; Psyche, C. K. Munroe; Guenn, W. Whitlock; Tramp, C. J. Stevens; Siren, R. B. Burchard; Lassie, C. B. Vaux; Sea Urchin, B. H. Nadal, were the canoes entered. Guenn carried away her mast before the start by fouling a yacht. Tramp capsized in the rough water of the ship channel near the second mark on the first round. Siren and Sea Urchin at once went to the rescue. Lassie won, with Psyche second. The time table is as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lassie,	3 35 45	5 02 25	1 26 40	1 26 40
Psyche,	3 35 45	5 15 10	1 40 15	1 38 15
Fanny,	3 35 30	5 19 45	1 44 15	1 42 45

The Lassie had to allow the Psyche and Fannie two minutes on account of her extra length (15 ft.) by the yacht club rules. Vice Com. F. C. Brower-Archer, was judge and starter, and Mr. J. F. Carnes presented the cup

to the winner, at the same time making a graceful little speech. It is to be regretted that Guenn lost her mast, as her sailing would have added interest to the race, and Mr. Whitlock would then have had a chance to meet Lassie, and need not have made any exceptions in his letter printed in another column.

KNICKERBOCKER.

Annual fall regatta, Saturday September 26.

The first race was paddling in open canoes. Messrs M. G. Foster and Edwin Gould, distance one mile with turn, over a very rough water, won by Mr. Foster. Sailing race over a triangular course.

Daisy, Class B, G. O. Totten, Essex C. C., won.

Freak, Class B, C. V. R. Schuyler, B. C. C., second.

Inertia, Class B, Edw. Brown, upset.

Nettie, No. 2, Class B, E. Fowler, did not finish.

Nettie No. 1, Class A, W. L. Green, won.

Nettie No. 2 withdrew from the race in order to help the Inertia. Mr. Gardner in Tiny, Class A, came in ahead, but fouling one of the stakeboats the race was given to Mr. Green. The third event was a tandem race, one mile with turn.

Laura, M. G. Foster and E. C. Griffin, won.

Freak, Schuyler and Brockaw, B. C. C., second.

No Name, Totten and Gould, third.

The fourth race was for paddling, Class 4, one mile with turn.

Laura, M. G. Foster, won.

Daisy, G. O. Totten, second.

The fifth event was an upset race, won by Mr. Foster, with Mr. Taylor a good second. Mr. Cox did not succeed in upsetting his boat.

On September 10th, a race was started for the club trophy. Nettie, E. Fowler; Edith Adele, R. P. Martin; and Inertia, Edward Brown, entering. Inertia got back to the starting point first, but Nettie claimed that she got over the line—which was a very long one, first. The race was therefore declared off, as the point could not be settled.

NEW YORK—BROOKLYN.

Three matches have been sailed during October between the Guenn, Brooklyn C. C. and Tramp, N. Y. C. C.; the former sailed by Mr. C. V. R. Schuyler, Brooklyn C. C., while the Guenn's owner, Mr. Whitlock, B. C. C., sailed the Tramp. The first race was sailed over the course from the N. Y. C. C. house around buoy 17, in a good S. E. breeze, Guenn carrying two-reefed mainsail and short mast, and Tramp a new storm trysail, a loose-footed standing lug of 46ft. only. Tramp won easily. A second was sailed the same day over the course. A squall struck the canoes on their return. Tramp carried her sail all through it, and won. The third

race a week later, was from old Seawan-haka Basin around buoy 18 and Fort Lafayette, a distance of seven miles, three miles of which was to windward with the first of an ebb tide—the run home being dead before the wind against a strong tide. The wind was light and the water smooth. Tramp won by about one minute. The Lassie sailed over the seven mile course, with Tramp and Guenn, starting over a minute after them. On the reach she almost overtook Guenn, and did pass her on the second tack after turning buoy. Tramp was passed on the third tack and Lassie then kept near the racers till rounding the fort, when she was given the reins and came in over six minutes ahead—but Guenn was not sailed by her owner.

After the publication of Deja's lines in *Forest and Stream* and the discussion of them the following challenge appeared:

"Abuse will mend no one's temper or settle so vexed a question as that raised by 'Deja.' As I, however, believe that canoes are all that he claims them not to be, I hereby challenge him to a match race, believing that to be the most satisfactory way to show the superiority claimed by each side. I propose a minimum course of five miles, time limit of two hours for that distance, the loser to subscribe \$25 to a cup, which I understand is to be offered for an international trophy on the occasion of Mr. Baden-Powell's proposed visit to the meet next summer." GUENN.

Deja's boat be it noted is 13ft. long and 3ft. beam with 21 inches draft. His sail plan showed some 80 sq. ft. as a cruising rig. Deja refused to race for reasons best known to himself. Thomas Chapham took up the challenge for his Sharpie. Guenn agreed to race the Sharpie for the sake of a race. The boat that came to the scratch was 15ft. x 6ft. beam drawing 6 inches of water—board up and carried over 200ft. of canvas all in one sail. The canoe was 15ft. x 31 inches and drew about 8 inches of water carrying a little over 100ft. of sail. The canoe was beaten of course, what else could have been expected when the respective beams and sail area of the two are compared.

A match race between Psyche and Siren, class A canoes, resulted in the defeat of Siren. The Psyche has but two inches of keel and carries 75 lbs. of ballast, her skipper, C. K. Munroe, sitting inside. Siren has a Radix board fitted to her inch keel and Burchard sails her sitting on deck.

A race for a cup was sailed on the 13th inst., open to the small boats of the Staten Island Athletic Club, New York.

The following boats competed :

Josie,	Lewis Morris,	Light Row Boat.
Oriole,	Geo. H. Frieze,	Whitehall Boat.
Social,	Francis Lippitts,	Whitehall Boat.
Surge,	H. O. Bailey,	Canoe.

With the exception of the Surge, the above boats are all rigged with jib and mainsail, the Josie and Oriole being decked, the Social open. The course was a triangular one of about four miles. A good breeze from the southward with moderately smooth water.

Time was taken for each boat at start and finish. The Oriole and Social carried spinakers, and the Josie a balloon jib which greatly assisted them when sailing free to the second stake, which Surge turned last. On the beat home, the Surge secured the leading position and maintained it to the finish, beating the Josie eleven minutes. The latter claims seven minutes from the Oriole, but the matter has been in dispute, and is to be settled by another race to come off shortly.

TORONTO.

September 19th, sailing and paddling race. Seven entries. Mr. Colin Fraser won in canoe Kate. Mr. McKendrick won the Mason paddling cup.

September 26th, regular regatta. Half mile handicap won by W. G. McKendrick, Wenona. Open canoe race, half mile and turn, won by Wm. Leys. The tandem had four entries, and was won by Wanda, Fraser and Jacques. Whimbrel was a very close second. Leys and Parsons won open tandem half mile race in $5\frac{1}{4}$ minutes, it being a walkover.

SHATTEMUCK.

Regatta at Sing Sing, N. Y., October 10th. Paddling, class II, won by J. K. Hand, prize, scarf pin. G. Fisher Secor came in second, prize, canoe cookery (?) Class IV won by H. M. Carpenter, canoe anchor; second, G. O. Totten, Jr., CANOEIST for one year. Tandem, Secor and Carpenter, prize, books. Sailing, class A, J. K. Hand, pennant. Second, Secor, silk flag. Class B, S. J. Hand, *Outing* for one year; second, H. M. Carpenter, canoe lamp. Upset race, J. K. Hand.

A neat card of invitation was issued by the club and sent to members of neighboring clubs. Mr. Totten is a member of the Essex club of Newark.

BROCKVILLE.

After several postponements on account of the weather the last race of the Brockville Canoe Club Regatta was called and started yesterday afternoon at 2:30. Some seven skiffs were on hand, sailed by the following members of the club:—M. Sauve, J. E.

Chryslie, J. G. Findlay, H. Coates. G. C. McClean, R. C. Jamieson and C. Troutbeck, and the canoe Crebe sailed by B. W. Richards. The wind was easterly and very light, and the contestants cracked on all possible sail. A good start was made and all kept well together around Old Man's Island, the Spar buoy above it, Oriental Isle and home to the judge's boat, which was rounded first by Richards and Findlay, the former leading. On the second round the wind died out and the boats were almost becalmed above Old Man's Island, when a puff coming up from the east bunched them all together again, those behind coming up with the wind. From there to the inside of Mile Island, Richards, Chrysler, Findlay and Sauve were within jumping distance of each other, and when they close hauled their sheets for the last leg of the course to windward, the Crebe was a trifle ahead. By this time the wind had died out completely and all were becalmed for some twenty minutes. Chrysler from his position was the first to feel a puff and getting slowly under way got clear of the islands and out into the current where there was a light wind, and came home a winner by half a mile, the other boats lying becalmed. Finally the Crebe finished second and Findlay third. The cup thus goes to Chrysler.

BROCKVILLE DAILY TIMES, of September 25th.

OTTAWA.

September 19th, sailing race between Iolanthe, R. Mc. L. Mainge; and Irene, R. W. Baldwin. Iolanthe won; Robinson Cruso Baldwin having the misfortune to get his steering gear out of gear. September 21st, paddling race over $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile course was won by Irene over four opponents.

September 26th, the tandem race between Hemming and Baldwin, Brough and Wheeler, and Wicksteed and Evans. Messrs Hemming and Baldwin used single blades and Brough and Wheeler used double. The former crew won, with Brough and Wheeler second.

ROCHESTER.

On Thursday, October 8th, the last of the six races for the Angle cup was sailed. This cup was presented to the club by Capt. Angle to be sailed for, and to become the property of the winner of five races. Commodore Andrews won five of the six races in Sofronia. He was absent the day he did not win. The second prize for the same series of races was won by Prof. J. E. Mellen—a Camp Cookery Kit, presented by the proprietor of the New Port House. CANOEIST would like to know what business the R. C. C. had to sail round the Charlotte Light House on Sept. 14 and expects a report at once—if not sooner.

HARTFORD.

Trial race for entries in final race for commodore's cup was sailed September 28th, two miles. Rambler, E. Hart Fenn, won with Caroline, J. C. Abbott, second.

Fall Regatta, October 10th. The club issued the prettiest programme of races yet received by CANOEIST. A card with club burgee at top, name, date and list of races, ten in all, with the committee names on one side in blue; and the sailing signal, crescent and star in red, at top on the other side, followed by list of prizes, members, officers and associate members' names in blue. The *Hartford Evening Post's* account in part is given herewith.

Sail and row boats of all descriptions dotted the water, and at 1 o'clock, the time appointed for the first race of the regatta, the river presented a very lively scene. Vice-Commodore Bliss and Messrs. John Bowles and Emil Knappe of the Springfield canoe club were present, and the last two named entered several of the races. A light breeze from the north-west came up about noon, so that no very fast time was made in the sailing races. The hand paddling contest was a very ludicrous affair. C. R. Forrest won the one mile novices' sailing race in nineteen minutes, although W. G. Abbot led almost to the finish. The 160 yards standing paddling race W. F. Griswold won in the Kismet and Messrs. Dodd and Davidson were second in the Vision. Commodore Jones led the fleet in the one mile open sailing race, the first mile, but when about half way on the finish, John Bowles, in the Gluck, overhauled him and took the lead, although Jones was a close second. The half-mile tandem paddling race, Messrs. Dodd and Davidson came in first in the Venture. Bowles and Knappe in the Gluck fought hard and it was a very close and exciting race, Bowles and Knappe being a very close second. In the paddling race for members, the race was between Jones and Girard, and they finished so close that it was some time before the judges decided the contest, finally awarding the first prize to Girard. It was 5 o'clock before these races were finished and the wind had almost died out. The following is the corrected summary of the races:

Event 1—Sailing race for boys, one-half mile:			
A. W. Gilbert,	Oahu,	1	13 min.
H. L. Williams,	Phyllis,	2	15½ min.
C. H. Saunders,	Petrel,	3	
Geo. Forest,	Quonehticut,	4	
E. Talcott,	Hartford,		Upset.

First Prize—Fish rod. Second Prize—"Canoe Handling," by C. B. Vaux.

Event 2—Open paddling race, one-half mile:

L. Q. Jones,	Venture,	1
W. F. Girard, Jr.	Phyllis,	2
L. Ingraham,	Joker,	3
E. B. Gaylord	Kismet,	4

First Prize—Double-blade paddle.

Second Prize—Tool-holder.

Event 3—Boy's paddling race, 20 yards:

C. H. Saunders,	Petrel,	1
H. L. Williams,	Phyllis,	2
A. W. Gilbert,	Joker,	3
E. Talcott,	Hartford,	4

First Prize—The president's flag.

Second Prize—Camp knife.

Event 4—Novices' sailing race for members, one mile:

C. R. Forest,	Quonehticut,	1	19 min.
W. G. Abbott,	Leilah,	2	not tak'n

First Prize—The president's flag.

Second Prize—Folding anchor.

Event 5—Standing paddling race, open tandem or single, 100 yards:

W. F. Girard, Jr.,	Kismet,	1
A. W. Dodd,	Vision,	2
W. B. Davidson,	Joker,	3
L. Ingraham,	Gluck,	4
John Bowles,	Venture,	5

First Prize—Single blade paddle.

Event 6—Open sailing race, no limit to trim or rig, one mile.

John Bowles,	Gluck,	1	21m. 46s.
L. Q. Jones,	Venture,	2	22m. 26s.
A. W. Dodd,	Vision,	3	28m. 48s.
A. W. Gilbert,	Oahu,	4	34m. 19s.
W. F. Girard, Jr.,	Phyllis,	5	35m. 26s.
E. Hart Fenn,	Rambler,	6	38m. 50s.
L. R. Ingraham,	Rambler,	7	47m.
C. R. Forest,	Quonehticut,		Rigging damaged did not finish.

First prize, Treasurers' Flag; second prize, Kemp's "Practical Boat Sailing."

Event 7—Hand Paddling race, open, one hundred yards:

L. Q. Jones,	Venture,	1	1min, 30s.
John Bowles,	Gluck,	2	
G. H. Saunders,	Petrel,	3	
E. B. Gaylord,	Kismet,		Did not finish.
L. R. Ingraham,	Joker,		Did not finish.
A. W. Gilbert,	Oahu,		Did not finish.
W. F. Girard, Jr.,	Phyllis,		Did not finish.

First prize—Camp hatchet.

Event 8—Tandem paddling race, open, one-half mile.

W. B. Davidson,	Vision,	1
A. W. Dodd,	Gluck,	2
John Bowles,	Petrel,	3
Emil Knappe,	Hartford,	4
C. H. Saunders,		
A. W. Gilbert,		
E. Talcott,		
Geo. Forest,		
W. F. Girard, Jr.,	Phyllis,	Did not finish.
H. T. Stancliffe, Jr.,		

First prize—Pair Poncho blankets.

Event 9—Paddling race for members any canoe in the house:

W. F. Girard,	Quonehticut,	1
L. Q. Jones,	Venture,	2
S. W. Burchmore,	Kismet,	3

First prize, double-blade paddle; second prize, hunting knife.

Event 10—Final race for Commodore Jones challenge cup. Postponed for want of wind.

The hand paddling and standing up paddling races seem to have interested the spectators and probably will be repeated in other regattas. When first tried at the N. Y. C. C. regatta, Sept. 19th, they created much interest.

Mr. C. H. Lawrence acted as judge and Rev. Francis Goodwin time keeper. Starter and clerk of the course, Dr. G. L. Parmele; regatta committee, L. Q. Jones, commodore; C. R. Forrest, E. Hart Fenn.

Race for the Commodore's Cup. There were four contestants for the Challenge cup, presented to the club by Commodore Jones. At four o'clock, Oct. 14th, when the race was called there was only a moderate breeze

although a stiff S. W. wind had prevailed during the day.

The Phyllis in beating down to the buoy, one mile below the club house, gained considerably on the Vision and turned first, but the Vision caught her in running home before the wind and crossed the line $40\frac{1}{2}$ seconds before the Phyllis.

The Phyllis was allowed a handicap of 20 seconds, and the Quonehticut 43 seconds.

The following is the time:

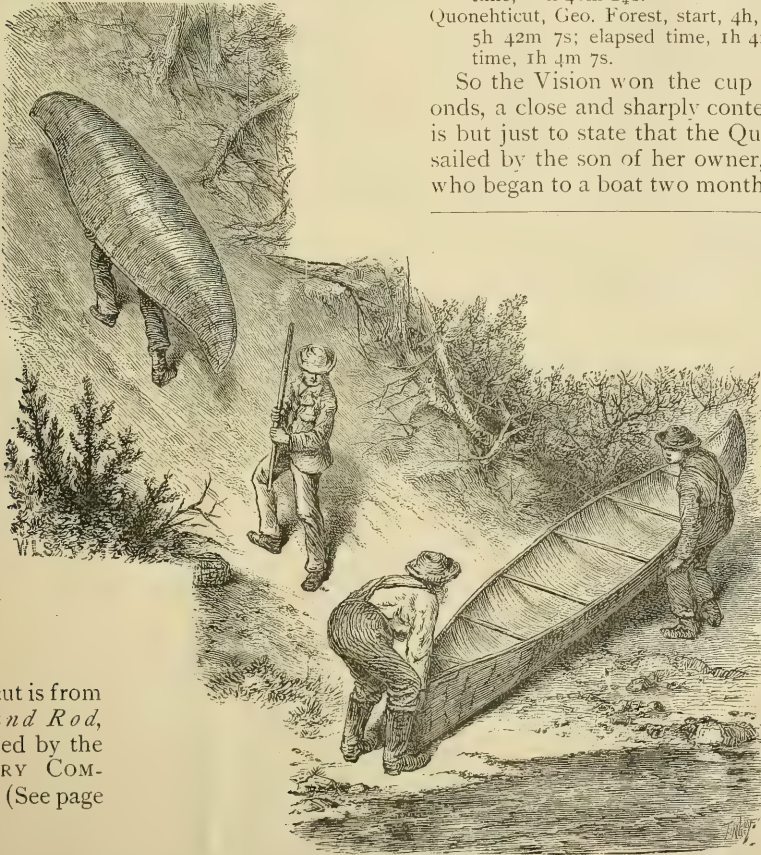
Vision, W. B. Davidson, start, 4h 37m $\frac{1}{2}$ s; finish, 5h —m 12s; elapsed time, —h 23m 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ s; corrected time, —h 23m 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

Phyllis, W. F. Girard, Jr., start, 4h 36m 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ s; finish, 5h —m 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ s; elapsed time, —h 23m 52s; corrected time, —h 23m 32s.

Rambler, E. Hart Fenn, start, 4h 37m; finish, 5h 23m 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ s; elapsed time, —h 46m 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ s; corrected time, —h 46m 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

Quonehticut, Geo. Forest, start, 4h, 37m 17s; finish, 5h 42m 7s; elapsed time, 1h 4m 50s; corrected time, 1h 4m 7s.

So the Vision won the cup by $20\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, a close and sharply contested race. It is but just to state that the Quonehticut was sailed by the son of her owner, a lad of 16 who began to a boat two months ago.



This cut is from *Gun and Rod*, published by the CENTURY COMPANY. (See page 177).

Springfield Regatta, October 17th. Dr. Parmele, Jones, Dodd, and Forrest came up from Hartford to take part in the races. Open paddling, five entries, Nereid won, G. D. Pratt. Two mile sailing, seven entries, won by Venture, Jones. No ballast race, six entries, one mile, won by Venture; Gluck second, John Bowles. Novice race, Oahu won, C. R. Forrest. Tandem was won by

Bowles and McKnight. Hand paddling race won by Venture. Standing paddling won by McKnight. Gluck did not do as well as she did last week at Hartford, when she beat the Venture, as the wind was light all the afternoon, Venture's best weather. The Springfield and Hartford rivalry as to sailing races is creating much interest in the events, and promises well for next year.

OFFICERS AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—F. S. RATHBUN, Deseronto, Ontario, Canada.
Vice-Commodore—ROBERT J. WILKIN, Brooklyn. N. Y.
Rear-Commodore—Dr. GEO. L. PARMELE, Hartford, Conn.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. CHAS. A. NEIDE, Schuylerville, N. Y.

The Executive Committee is composed of the Officers and the following members at large:—B. W. RICHARDS, Brockville, Ont.; GEO. ROGER, Peterboro, Ont.; W. B. WACKERHAGEN, Albany, N. Y.

The Regatta Committee for 1886:—J. B. McMURRICK, Oswego, N. Y., Chairman; S. T. FAIRFLOUGH, Kingston, Ontario, Canada; READE W. BAILEY, Pittsburg, Pa.

The Secretary of the American Canoe Association requests persons sending money to him to do so either by registered letter or Post-Office money order, on *Saratoga, N. Y.*

If canoeists will send application to the Secretary of the A. C. A., enclosing \$3.00 for initiation fee and dues for the first year, their names will be presented for membership.

To Members of the A. C. A.:

I respectfully call your attention to the fact that Article I, of the By-Laws of the American Canoe Association, was so changed at the recent meeting at Grindstone Island, that the second paragraph now reads: "Each subsequent annual payment shall be two dollars," etc. I hope the members will forward their dues promptly, as such action will materially facilitate the duties of the secretary-treasurer. A copy of the Association book has been sent to each member of the Association. Please notify me of any error that may occur to you. Fraternally yours,
CHAS. A. NEIDE, Sec. A. C. A.
Schuylerville, N. Y., August 17th, 1885.

DESERONTO, ONTARIO, OCT. 19th, 1885.

To the Western Members of the American Canoe Association.

Gentlemen:—The following circular letter has been sent to the address of all the Western members of the A. C. A. as contained in the Association Book for 1885.

A number of these letters have been returned by the Post Office authorities on account of the address being insufficient.

As the executive committee at their meeting on Nov. 7th, desire to have a full expression of opinion before taking any decided steps in relation to the proposed division of the Association, I would urgently request any Western member who has not received or answered the circular, to write me fully his opinion and answers to the questions given as early as convenient.

I will only add that as a large number of the Western members were among the Pioneers in the association contributing very largely in the past to its success, while they now derive but little benefit from its membership, special attention will be given to the consideration of their news, and it is hoped that, with a full reply to these circulars the executive committee will be enabled to move in the matter so that the Association will be most benefited thereby.

It is proposed to make the Western state lines of New York and Pennsylvania, the dividing line between the eastern and western divisions.—Yours respectfully,

F. S. RATHBUN,
Commodore A. C. A.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
DESERONTO, ONT., Sept. 7th, 1885.

DEAR SIR:—It has long been apparent to all who have watched the rapid spread of canoeing from the vicinity of New York, first to the North and East, and then to the West, that it would be impossible to cover so great an extent of territory by ONE meet at any point however so central.

The advantages of UNITY are well shown by the rapid growth of canoeing under the influence of the Association, as, after ten years of hard work on the part of a number of individuals, it hardly obtained a foothold in this country; while five years under the care of the Association have put it in the foremost rank of outdoor sports.

There is no doubt that some organization is necessary in the West, and we have had this matter brought to our notice by several members of the A. C. A. taking part in a MEET held at Ballast Island in July last.

We would respectfully ask you to fill up the replies to the questions asked on the enclosed sheet, so as to enable the Executive Committee at their approaching meeting to carefully consider all the points in connection therewith, and to decide what steps, if any, are necessary to be taken.

It is the earnest desire of the Executive Committee to meet the wishes of the western members of the Association as far as possible, and we might add that the Executive Committee have been empowered to make such changes in the constitution and by-laws whereby a WESTERN DIVISION of the Association may be formed, such Division to hold its MEETS and elect its own officers (who will be members of the Executive Committee of the Association) and to have administration of its proportion of the funds of the Association, &c.

It is hoped that a prompt and full reply will be given. I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

F. S. RATHBUN,
COMMODORE.

Name
Residence.....
Association No.....

REPLY.

Are you in favor of a Western Division of the American Canoe Association being formed?

As it will be necessary if such change is made to elect officers over said Division—Will you kindly name the parties you would wish elected to the following positions, these officers to hold position until replaced by those elected at the annual Meet of said Divisions.

VICE COMMODORE.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
REAR COMMODORE.
NAME
ADDRESS.....
DIVISION SEC'Y., TREAS.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

Please fill up the answers to the above questions and return to me at early convenience, and oblige
F. S. RATHBUN,
COMMODORE, American Canoe Association.

A regular meeting of the Executive Committee of the A. C. A., will be held at the Doolittle House, Oswego, N. Y., on Saturday, Nov. 7th, 1885, at 10 o'clock A.M. All members of the Association are cordially invited to be present, either in person or by letter, with any suggestions or ideas for action of the committee that they may deem of benefit to the Association.

The committee will meet at the call of the chairman, to prepare such matter as it may deem advisable to submit for the action of the executive committee.

Members are respectfully requested to address all communications relative to matters in the jurisdiction of the regatta committee, to the chairman thereof. By order of the commodore.

CHAS. A. NEIDE, Secretary A. C. A.

A BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

SPORT WITH GUN AND ROD IN AMERICAN WOODS AND WATERS; Edited by ALFRED M. MAYER. The Century Company, New York.

THIS book contains 886 pages of short stories and sketches of hunting and fishing experiences by well-known writers, and is most beautifully illustrated by 38 full page wood-cuts, together with a great number of smaller ones. The text is printed in large type on paper similar to that used in the *Century Magazine* for the cut pages, and has the most perfect finish of any paper used for wood-cut printing.

The editor writes in his preface: "We shall have obtained our object if, * * * * by its perusal, also the younger reader may be led to spend his vacation in the enjoyment of sports which are manly and health giving, which engender self-reliance and good fellowship, and develop a love of nature.

"My connection with this volume was unexpected. Some time ago I suggested to the editor of the *Century Magazine* that the various articles on hunting and angling which had appeared in that periodical should be collected into a book. At the time I made this suggestion I had no intention or desire to undertake the editing of writings describing the pursuit of game, so varied in habits, that no one person could be expected to have had the requisite experience, and it was only at the solicitation of the publishers that I undertook the task. To make the work complete, several papers have been added, some of which are here printed for the first time."

George Bird Grinnell, Chas. T. Ward, Frederick Schwatka, John Burroughs, Chas. Dudley Warner, W. Mackay Laffan, Lew Wallace and many other well-known names are the contributors. Thomas Moran, F. S. Church, Walter Shirlaw, James E. Kelly, Jervis McEntee, Henry Farrer, George Inness, Jr., Mary Hallock Foote, Fidelia Bridges, Elbridge Kingsley, Sol. Eytinge, Frederick Dielman, W. H. Gibson and Harry Fenn are a few of the many artists whose designs have been cut on wood by Henry Varley, T. Cole, J. H. E. Whitney, Henry Marsh, F. S. King, R. C. Collins, Frank French, Annie L. Heywood and others whose names are familiar to all readers of *The Century*. The frontispiece, "In the Woods" was engraved direct from nature by Elbridge Kingsley.

Nor has the canoe been neglected. It figures prominently in A. G. Wilkinson's article on salmon fishing, being placed in the foreground—or rather water—of the sketch of the Countess of Dufferin pool, on the St. Johns river, and elsewhere in the same article. Porpoise shooting by Chas. A. Ward actually begins "Canoe, ahoy-oy-oy!" and keeps the canoe up all through the article, with an Indian or two in it, except where Sebastis says "Oh, no; no danger to handle a porpus, when two men are in the canoe. S'pose only one man, then pretty risky. About a year ago I got upset myself, takin' in a big porpus all 'lone. Fishermen see me, and send small boat take me off, and tow canoe alongside schooner. Not so bad you see; save porpus, canoe paddle, and spear;—lost my gun, that's all." The canoe is "the medium" of A. K. Maedononglis' article on Sea Trout Fishing. But when the canoeist turns over the leaves of the book, and gets into the five hundreds, he drops out of town at once, and finds himself with Howard Pyle among the Thousand Islands. From experience, few of the A. C. A. members, who have been to camp Grindstone, know that there really are eels in Eel Bay. Yet a cut on page 593 shows him two men in a boat at night, with a torch forward, actually spearing eels in the bay where he has sailed races or watched others sail them, with never a thought for the wrigglers below the surface.

"Gun and Rod" was copyrighted in 1883, and appeared in an *Edition de Luxe*, the full page cuts being printed on india paper, and the heavy morocco cover, beautifully stamped with attractive designs in relief. The present edition is a popular one, and popular it is destined to be in every sense of the word.

EDITOR CANOEIST:—As canoeists are too apt, as a class, to jump to conclusions from the success or failure of a single race, and straightway order their next boat on the winner's model, I would ask you to permit me a few lines in reply to some of "Six Feet's" deductions in October CANOEIST, that a type which I still believe to have some points unequalled by any boats now existing here, be not utterly annihilated without a further consideration of some facts which I shall try to present.

The "Guenn" is taken as a conspicuous example to demonstrate the failure of "big" boats. I might object to that title, as her dimensions are but 15 ft.x30 in. As, however, she is undoubtedly too heavy I will waive discussion on that point. Your correspondent will, I am sure, admit that a canoe should be sailed by some one used to her to show her good points, and that her rig should fit, and not break down, if she is to show them. In the race he mentions A. C. A., class B, '85. She was sailed by a gentleman who had sailed her but twice previous to the meet, once at night. She carried a storm main-sail of 70 ft., not 35, which had never been on the mast she had, and not used before since May, '84. It was noticeably ill setting, and appeared to others there to be an error of judgment to attempt to use. It also broke down.

As to the best sailing weather for ballasted boats, a point also raised, I beg leave to again protest against so unqualified a statement as "Six Feet" makes. I admit that with a sea and light wind a heavy boat keeps her way when canoes with no ballast, and as much or greater sail area stop; but ballasted boats of proper form have won their greatest laurels, both on the Clyde and in American waters, in wild water and strong, to reefing breezes. I append a record, from memory, of the "Guenn's" short career:

At Newburgh, '84, only boat completing a four-mile course against wind and tide. Sea very rough and strong, and squally wind. Neide, Gibson, and Vaux gave up. Fall regatta N. Y. C. C., '84, came in first, beating "Dot," "Surge," "Freak," etc.; moderate breeze. Newburgh, '85, won principal race, beating "Snake," "Marion B.," "Sea Bee" and "Tramp;" drift and finish in a strong breeze. K. C. C. spring regatta, '85, and challenge cup, beaten by "Inertia;" flat calm and drift, ending with light breeze. Challenged again in July. "Guenn" first; drift race, only boat making the course. Her match race with "Tramp," N. Y. bay. July '85, in a summer gale, five miles to leeward and back, she won in something just under

an hour, beating "Tramp" and a 19-foot cat manned by three judges.

These, as far as I can remember, are her principal races. She has never been upset, or taken enough water to bother the skipper, and her ability and weatherliness are conceded in her own waters by all except "Lassie," which she has not yet met. Her performance at Grindstone on the morning before the races, when she was the only boat out—launched, too, from a lee shore, and worked clear by her temporary captain—cannot certainly be ignored. I leave to your readers to judge whether the poor "Guenn" has deserved to be classed with such examples of Mr. Tredwin's noble "Pearl," as we have had the luck to see at the meets in previous years. In conclusion, I can only echo the general hope that Mr. Baden-Powell and Mr. Tredwin, or his brother, may indeed join us next year.

I hope and believe they will have no such walkover as many suppose, but at any rate the type of large boats will be sailed as we, at A. C. A. meets, have never yet seen done, and the owner of the "Guenn" will no longer have to hide his diminished head as the owner of an unpopular type of boat.

I am, respectfully, "GUENN."
NEW YORK, Sept. 26.

In justice to Gibson and Vaux it should be said that neither had his canoe in complete commission at Newburgh in 1884—the races were held so early in the season. Guenn was not in the race, but happened to have a small sail which was used unreefed, and was just the right spread for such a blow. The Newburgh '85 race was a fluke all through, as Guenn will admit. In the N. Y. C. C. Fall regatta the Guenn was third boat to within a few hundred feet of the line, when she got a slant of wind, sending her in a winner, while Dot and Freak were becalmed. In the spring regatta of same club—not mentioned by Guenn—Dot led in a good breeze to the line which was in the lee of the shore. Here she was becalmed till Surge came up and got over the line by a lucky puff. Dot second and Guenn third. Tramp has lately beaten Guenn in three races, the Guenn's owner sailing Tramp, and C. V. R. Schuyler sailing Guenn. Guenn has raced with Sea Bee but once, Newburgh '85, when she got a breeze that put her half a mile ahead of Sea Bee before the latter got a puff. The other races cited were drifts as stated by Mr. Whitlock. Guenn was practically untried at the N. Y. C. C. '84 spring regatta. The only just verdict therefore, that can be given from the above facts is that she has yet had no satisfactory tests. [EDITOR.]

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. IV.

DECEMBER, 1885.

No. 12

MOHICAN.

CANOE CLUB HISTORIES.

ROUNDOUT.

WHEN a few fellows associate much together, there nearly always arises the necessity of organization of some sort. The charter members of the Mohican Canoe Club, of Albany, N. Y., felt this need, and a social club had been suggested, but did not meet with much favor for various reasons, and something else seemed to be needed.

It was while in this receptive state, but lacking a specific bond of unity, that one (they all claim the honor) proposed that we get canoes and form a canoe club. What suggested the idea no one seems to know; possibly it was some picture, magazine article, or book read long before; but whatever it was, the idea at once met with popular favor, and the more it was talked of the more favorably was it entertained. It did not take long to find books on the subject: "Canoeing in Kanukia" and "Canoe and Flying Proa," of Alden, excited us with a fever that burned fiercely, and soon the subject was a nightly topic for discussion. It now chanced that a friend heard of our idea, and increased our enthusiasm by the information that he already owned a canoe, and was a charter member of an organization devoted to the sport, called "The American Canoe Association;" that he had for some time desired to see a club started in Albany; was delighted to witness the interest now manifested, and was eager to join us in starting our club. Arrangements were at once made for inspecting the canoe (a home-made tin one), and circulars of different builders were sent for. The inspection and trial of the tin canoe took place; a meeting was held; and the club organized, with six members. Officers were elected, and a committee appointed to draw up a constitution and by-laws, and select a name. The mere mention of canoe was suggestive of birch-barks and camp-fires, and none but an Indian name was thought of, and the old local Indian name of the Hudson River was finally adopted, with the turtle as totem of the tribe.

And now see the Mohican Canoe Club, fairly started with name, officers and a constitution! We immediately proceeded to

join the A. C. A., subscribed to the CANOEIST and looked up canoes. All that winter the fever burned high, and by spring we were ready with a fleet of three canoes—a Racine St. Paul, an American Traveller and a Nautilus of unknown make. We had of course elected the "old and experienced" canoeist our commodore; but during that winter his thoughts had gradually veered around from a camp-fire to a fireside, and his enthusiasm in consequence was being rapidly extinguished by an all absorbing pursuit of—well we wont say what, but will just add here that he got *her*, and has been lost to canoeedom ever since.

But a little thing like that couldn't stop the ball which had been set rolling, and the "Canoe Fiends," as our friends dubbed us, anxiously looked forward to the opening of navigation. Having no house, we got quarters for the three canoes with a rowing club, and transferred the canoes to them from the parlors where they had been stored on their arrival, and where they could be daily admired by their respective owners. At the first opportunity they were launched amid the criticisms of a crowd of small boys, and after a short trial pronounced *perfect*.

We were but fairly under way one afternoon soon after when we were joined by a rakish looking canoe from a neighboring boat-house with the name "Acorn" freshly painted on her bows. This was owned by General Robert Shaw Oliver, who told us he had had her some six or seven years, but had never been able to get any one to join him in the sport, and so had given it up to wait till canoeing should be duly recognized. On seeing our fleet he had taken her down from the shelf and got her in commission again. We informed him of the club we had just started, and he accepted an invitation to join us, and in this way we added to our number one who has done more to further the interests of the Turtle and keep it alive and hearty than any other one member. From this time till the meet of 1882 at Lake George, we practiced paddling and sailing, discussed rigs and camp kits with all the boldness of novices. We took it for

granted that we should capsize, and had learned just how to right our canoes, climb up over the stern, and hop along frog-fashion to the cock-pit. We hadn't learned this from practice, oh, no! but the books gave us all the information we needed. To our astonishment we had but one upset that season: we don't wonder so much now, when we recall to mind the diminutive size of our sails. The mainsails of that period would scarcely answer for dandies now; and the dandies—well they *would* do for handkerchiefs, but there wouldn't be much to spare. We steered with paddles, of course, for we had read that was much the best way. But we enjoyed it all the same, and were as eager for the A. C. A. meet as any racer of them all.

Finally the time came when we packed our canoes for transportation, and ourselves boarded the train as happy as schoolboys off for a holiday. On arriving at the lake—which we reached at its lower end, intending to cruise up to the camp—we put in a good dinner, and thus fortified, proceeded to get our crafts in cruising trim.

The amount and character of our duffle causes a smile even at this date. Of necessities we had a few; of luxuries none, and of useless articles, a canoe load. But the story of a cruise is not a history of the club, and it is needless to tell here of our adventures—how we encamped the first night on an island with some Canadian canoeists, and thought from their rough looks and dress* that they might not be desirable neighbors near a camp with loose articles lying around, and afterwards found them most pleasant and genial companions; how we had eggs, coffee and bread for breakfast, and bread, coffee and eggs for supper, till we thought feathers must grow, and we should flap our wings and crow.

We always managed to be near a hotel about dinner time, and if the proprietors could count up any profits after we were through, we felt they were welcome to them. Our beds were hammocks or mossy rocks, and one of the four still contends that he *did* get some sleep one night, but the others have always had reasonable doubts of the truth of that tale. But still we stuck it out and enjoyed it too, thus proving our title to the proud distinction of "true canoeists."

When we finally reached the camp we in reality had our eyes opened and an eye tooth

cut. There we learned to appreciate the saying of old Socrates, "that the only thing he knew was that he knew nothing," for there we saw the Dot, "sailing like a ship," as the General expressed it, her skipper sitting on deck leaning way out to windward, and actually steering with a rudder by a deck-tiller, in exact opposition to our high authority on that point. There we met many a jolly good fellow, the expectation of seeing whom is one of the strongest reasons for attending the meets year after year. There we saw old cruisers cooking appetizing meals and sleeping on comfortable beds; and there, too, we saw something of what a canoe was capable of under sail,—until we were almost ashamed of our own small canvas, and developed a recklessness that was positively alarming. Why, even the General, who always pleaded caution, on account of being father of a family, was actually seen one day flying about with *both* sails up. We didn't do much talking though, but we did an awful pile of nosing about and storing away many an idea for future use. That meet was to us what every A. C. A. meet is to a novice—a liberal education in canoeing—and we date our progress from it. But it is needless to enter into details of any advancement we have since made; of the numerous inventions which have been tried and discarded, or improved and adopted. We will merely mention the salient points from this date up to the present.

The next winter saw the Mohicans busy making new rigs, adding centre-boards, rudders and deck tillers to their canoes; getting up tents, beds and camp kits for their comfort, and generally putting in shape the ideas they had obtained the summer before. It was there the General came out strong, and developed so much ingenuity in the way which has since added so many conveniences to a canoe outfit. The writer was also devoted to arousing enthusiasm among our friends, and the next spring found us with a greater number of members and canoes. It was then that we took in that thorough all-around canoeist who has added so many laurels to the club, both by his genial good fellowship around the camp-fire and his success in so often bringing the Snake first to the stakeboat. Arrangements were also made for securing suitable quarters for the growing fleet and a boat-house was obtained which is as convenient as any canoeist can desire.

The next summer saw us devoting all our spare time to sailing and camping, and when the time came for the meet at Stony Lake, there were few who were more comfortably fixed for enjoying camp life than the four Mohicans who attended.

*The Mohicans at the '82 meet made their mark by the neatness of their dress, the club uniform being of a quiet grey; and they have since kept up this reputation, as they always, as a club, are strong on this point at the meets. Neatness in dress cannot be said to be a leading characteristic of canoeists in general, when canoeing.—EDITOR.

That year the Turtles began also to take a place in the racing annals, owing to the Snake and Marion. That fall was devoted to camping and racing, and by the close of the season the *racing spirit* was strong within us. The winter was devoted mainly to improvements in sails and the discussion of the fine points of speed, close sailing, and the racing rules. The next spring saw us with many new names and a still larger fleet, and we were hailed at the Newburgh meet as truly belonging to the "inner circle."

There we held our own in the races, taking back numerous prizes with which to decorate our new boat-house, and also maintaining our growing reputation as cruisers and campers by five of the party taking a two weeks cruise down the Walkill and Delaware rivers. We were also well represented at the A. C. A. meet, increasing our fame by prizes and by having the commodore and one of the executive committee for 1885 chosen from our club. This, with the meeting of the executive and regatta committees at Albany, kept up the enthusiasm for the following winter, and this year found us with still larger numbers and better equipments. The Hudson River spring meet was again held at Newburgh, and we were there; and, we trust, lost none of what reputation we may have obtained as good canoeists. The A. C. A. meet was also attended by a goodly number, and a fair share of the prizes came to the Mohicans; and they were also complimented by all, save the commodore, for the good order and quiet maintained in their camp. As to the future, who can say? But from the talk of new models, and constant discussion of *lines*, the outlook for the next year at least is good.

ONE OF THE TURTLES.

RONDOUT, ITS CLUB.

An object that attracts the attention of travelers and tourists, as they pass up or down the Hudson River, is a demure and modest looking story-and-a-half building on the Rondout Creek, just behind the light-house and on the west bank. The building is painted an apple green, and as the eye from river or creek sweeps the shore it will come to at this edifice, which proclaims in plain black letters on the front, and by the tricolor floating above it, to be the headquarters of the Rondout Canoe Club.

In days gone by this had been the Rhinebeck Ferry-house. Later it was abandoned for years.

Before the R. C. C. was organized, its pioneer members had secured this deserted

building; and although its floor presented an incline that shamed the tower of Pisa—its roof in need of a new thatch, its chimney crumbling, and decay visible everywhere—it was a palace to the old shanty previously occupied, that increasing numbers and an encroaching stoneyard forced us to abandon. There, at high tide, the canoes, three in number, cruised about at hap hazard, and at its fall would be left here and there as if the flood had been playing at jack straws. The run was stationary, and at low water presented a good toboggan slide, but correspondingly precarious walking, and this spider of a run would catch a fly now and then. So the removal to the old ferry-house, with all its failings, was hailed with joy, and celebrated by a feast within its walls.

Work was commenced at once to make the old house habitable. In front a wharf was built, large enough for half a dozen canoes at once, when they were being got ready for a sail. This was surrounded by a fence with barbed wire around the top to keep out the ever present "terrier." From the dock a run of twenty feet in length is hinged, leading to the float, which readily supports and gives room for three canoes.

The wharf and float are on the east side; on the north, and projecting over the water is a balcony. To sit here of a summer's afternoon in the cool shade, smoke a peaceful pipe, and indolently watch the dobber of a fishline for a bite, is bliss. Within the house on the first floor are the canoes on racks, and in tiers of threes, with their bows and name plates toward the door. At the annual meeting in January, places are drawn by lot and held one year; and the man of the light canoe often gets a ground berth, while his brother of a craft of size and weight may be doomed to a flat, so to speak, on the top floor; and he has to be his own elevator, which is good for muscular development, and is exercise of a more practical nature than dumb-bell or indian club practice. Perhaps some one can suggest a fairer way of allotting position.

On the starboard side of the house is a companion-way leading to the dressing room above. Here the usual order and neatness of canoe houses meets the gaze as the head comes up the hatch. Spare sails and tents, ice-boat spars and rigging are stowed around the sides where the rafters approach the floor; overhead hang oil-skins and sou'westers, guernseys, flannel shirts, knickerbockers, lanterns, and various things that are more often found kicking about the floor. In the corners are a few capacious lockers.

In the center, where it is safe to stand erect without danger to the head, is a stove, upon which many a cook has spoiled the broth; near the stove stands a table, and scattered about are numerous camp stools. In an otherwise unoccupied end, are cots always ready; and often occupied by the "Owls" who come in late from a call on a summer guest at Flatbush perhaps, the "Kittens," over the river, or the "Canaries," down near the lower lighthouse.

The club organized January 22, 1884, with a membership of nine, and since then the growth has been active and steady, and fifteen men have added their names to the roll, making a total of twenty-four, besides an honorary membership of four. The rescue of a member when in danger of his life, makes the rescuer eligible for honorary membership. Dot, at great peril to himself, saved Jansen Hasbrouck, Jr., from a watery grave in Newburgh bay on a rough day, during the '84 spring meet, and is an honorary member therefor; as is also Mr. Clifford Goodwin, who one cold day late last fall took the almost lifeless body of C. V. A. Decker from the bottom of his upturned canoe—upon which he was clinging afloat in the middle of the river, so benumbed with cold as to be almost insensible—carried him to his house and administered restoratives. For the reward of such deeds as these is honorary membership given.

The above is a partial account of canoeing in Rondout, since it has had a club. Canoeing began in Rondout five years ago with H. S. Crispell and G. Van Deusen as its champions, and later C. V. A. Decker. From this small beginning has grown the present strong club.

HELENA.

TO CLEAN OUT A CANOE.

Hitherto I have each year set apart a week for humiliation, and passed it crawling about on my belly in the depths of my canoe. It required sand in both of us to bring me to such a penance; and at the end of the week she still surpassed me in that distinguishing trait of the cruiser. But I hope I have had enough of that discipline, and that I may henceforth lead an upright life. The old and loose varnish will have to be removed as usual, particularly on the lower streaks where the water affects it most; scraping with a putty knife ground to a sharp square edge, and the end made a little rounding to fit the curve of the bilge, readily takes off the most of the varnish; and this year I did this scraping with water in the canoe, and while the planks were yet saturated with the water they

absorb on a cruise. He who loves his canoe will then dry her and sandpaper the inside. Then comes the removal of the sand.

With the help of a hose, a scrubbing-brush and a man, I this fall washed every particle of sand out of my canoe in about two hours. The brush has a stick or handle about three feet long screwed on to its back; the nozzle for the hose should be bent like a horseshoe, so as to throw the water somewhat towards you at an angle of about twenty degrees to the line of the hose, and attached to the end of the paddle, so that it can be thrust under the deck clear up to the stem and stern-post. The canoe was laid on her beam-ends, across two boxes, the bow being a foot or two higher than the stern, and the keel resting against the side of the house, so that the water would run out over one side of the after end of the coaming. We dressed in oilskins, and connected the hose with the hydrant; then, while one reached in under the deck and scrubbed, the other thrust the hose up to the bow and directed the water under the knees and into all the corners; and so, working gradually aft, we soon washed all the sand in the bow down to the cockpit. The water in the canoe was allowed then to stand ten minutes that the dirt might settle in the unwashed end—the stern; then the stern was raised very gently, that the water might pour out without carrying dirt into the clean bow. The stern was now raised a foot or two above the bow, and cleaned by the same process followed in washing the bow. When the entire inside had thus been scrubbed and cleaned, the canoe was turned upside down across the boxes, on an even keel; the hose was then thrust again up to the bow to rinse out the dirt carried there by the wash-water from the stern, particularly on the lower side; and the water, properly directed, washed the last particles of sand over the carlines and along to the cock-pit, and thence over the side-frames and coaming to the ground.

C. H. FARNHAM

Rushton received two certificates of award from the New Orleans exhibition.

An interesting account of a cruise on the Wabash, has been received from Mr. F. R. Webb of Staunton, Va. It is too long to print in full, but extracts from it will appear later.

The New York C. C. will have there annual dinner on December 12th. The Knickerbocker dinner is to be cooked at a later date the same month. The Brooklyn C. C. has already had a "feed."

WEST BRACH CRUISING.

As you have not heard a splash from my paddle for some time, and as my thoughts tack off on canoeing a bit, I'll come alongside and have a talk with you on my summer cruise in the Willow-the-Wisp. For a long time I was undecided as to what part of the world I should explore. I had thought of the Congo, the Yukon, Lake Mistassini, in fact of many places where I could make the journey there and back, (tide and river flow permitting) in about seven or ten days. Then remembering the heading "canoe pilot" in one of the first vols. of CANOEIST, I pored over said issues and found there a description of the Delaware by Greenleaf, who was then weather-bound at Lackawaxen. After reading the article I came to the conclusion that the Delaware was the river for me; and I began to prepare for the cruise. I provided myself with maps of the country through which the Delaware flows. These maps were mostly all railroad maps, and gave me the impression that a fast canoe could go from up back of Catskills to Delaware Bay in about three or four days. Regular distance cutters those maps!

Well, I kept this matter all to myself, and I bought rubber overcoat, rubber blankets, woolen blankets, tins pots and pans, shotgun, fishing rod, new flannel shirts, canoe shoes—in fact everything that one would need for a voyage around the world and a long stay in every port. I added to this a tent, of course, just for ballast—for the "Willow" is a Tandem Princess and can carry a good deal—and besides it made a good thing to sit upon. Now all these things had to be carried to the club-house, about three miles from my home; so most every afternoon after making my calls I would fill my buggy full of duffle, and cover it with the lap robe, and start club-houseward, taking great care not to let either my wife or my patients know what I was doing, feeling very much like Darius Green at work on that flying machine of his. So it went on through the month of July.

I could stand it no longer: August was upon us, and I had sat upon my porch and thought of the fellows that were up at Grindstone having a jolly time, and I down here in Jersey waiting on a lot of sick people that would not get well and let me go. I could not fix the matter so that the missus wouldn't worry. At last, however, I let it out, and told the folks I was going away for a week. I made out the river was always low in the summer, and only about knee deep, and then strove to pacify my anxious little wife.

At last the day arrived for the start. Great Scott! How happy I was when I saw that canoe and cargo on the train. We were on, too, my man Friday and myself; for the Willow is a tandem you know, and there is room for two. I thought I'd take my man along to build fires and put up the tent, etc., in fact, do everything I wanted done while I took it easy. Finally we were off for Delhi, Delaware Co., N. Y. From there it is easy going in that strong current, plenty of rapids and rifts,—in fact one of the finest canoeable rivers in the eastern part of the U. S. As the train flew over the country, past the green fields and busy towns, I felt that everybody must know I was going on a vacation. As I sat in the car with my canoe, I would look at her and imagine I could feel the motion of the waves under her keel. Visions of the camp-fire shadows and camp cookery flashed through my mind, and I painted to myself most beautiful scenery of mountains and villages, and of looking back over the stern and catching glimpses of glistening rapids successfully run. I didn't even forget to think of the corn patch near the river as a basis of supply; neither did the wily tuber go unthought of, nor the onion.

Awakening from my reverie, I found the sun hiding himself down behind the hills, and here and there over the country glimmered the lights through the windows of many a cottage and farmhouse. The air was growing chilly, and I fain would put on my overcoat—but it was at home. So I sat and shivered and wondered when the train would get to our destination. At last, however, a great screech of the whistle and a slowing up of the train, warned us of our arrival at Walton, and brought to mind the fact that we must change cars. We also found that we would have to stay in Walton the rest of night, as there was no connection with the Delhi branch until eight o'clock in the morning. We, however, took it philosophically, and jumped off the car nearly frozen stiff. After lifting the Willow off the train, and having been told she would be well cared for, we took an omnibus to the hotel and put in a good night's rest. In the morning we started early for the depot to find Willow just where we had dropped her the night before. Eleven o'clock found us safely landed on the platform at Delhi. A short carry across lots brought us to the river bank, and there we placed the canoe, ready to "give her to the god of storm, the lightning, and the gale." Retracing my steps to the town, I purchased canned corn beef, potatoes, salt, bread, eggs, a huge piece

of salt pork, and some condensed milk. Now these articles were as light as a feather at first, but before I got half way back to the river, I was puffing and blowing like a mad bull, and my arms were as lame as if I had had the rheumatism all the days of my life; however, by dint of perseverance and of much changing of hands, and assuming the sitting posture semi-occasionally, I managed after an hour more or less to get back to the river side, where I found Friday stretched out on the grass on his belly taking it easy, after having pulled everything out of the canoe that was not riveted down. I asked him what he did it for, and he answered: "Ah, Dochtur, I was after gettin' me pisthul, and me catridges, and me knoife, and me shurt, and preparin meself to decind this magnificent wather-course, and sure its full of the biggest bullfrogs I ever seen in all my life.

Tired as I was I could not but smile at Friday's enthusiasm, so I went to work and put all the duffle back into the canoe and made ready for a start down the river. A dam a little way above us prevented much water coming over, and as the water was not very deep, I supposed that to be the cause of the shallowness of the stream at this point; it was as I had told the "Missus," not knee-deep.

It was now about two o'clock. Picking up Willow, fore and aft, we walked into the stream with shoes and stockings on, and lowered her into the water. How prettily "she floated on the river, like a yellow leaf in autumn." Seary! We got in, and then we got out and dragged the darned thing along. Then says Friday, "now she'll go, sure the wather is half way up to me knees," and so instead of getting in we sat on fore and aft decks with our feet on the river bottom and pushed with the paddles. And so we went, wading and pulling and pushing all that afternoon until half past five, when a severe thunderstorm sent us into camp, wet as rats, and no fire-wood, except standing timber, and that on the other side of the river on the steep bank. We had to wade once more, and this time for fire-wood. After hacking away for awhile I got off a pretty good hunk of wood, when my eye fell upon a piece of old board which I seized with alacrity, and found it somewhat dry inside. By the addition of some alcohol and tallow candle, a little shellac varnish, and some tall blowing and fanning I had the makings of a fire. By this time Friday had cut quite a goodly pile of wood and prepared a fire-place *a la* Nessmuk—and by the way, that is the finest way to make a camp fire that ever was thought of. Things

got warmed up a bit and I made some coffee. Well now, you may say what you like about coffee, but that particular coffee would have melted the glacier. I burned my tongue, but I didn't care; it thawed us out, and the fire warmed us in; and by ten o'clock we were quite comfortable, and tried to get some sleep. Something or other kept me awake. I tried to tempt old Somnus, and at last I won the fight. I awoke early, very early in the morning, to find the hammers of my shotgun prodding me in the back, and my head lying in the saucepan, which was half full of a mixture termed in boarding house parlance hash. My feet of course had gotten out from under the tent, and were soaked with water, and cold. The fire had died out beyond the chances of re-kindling, and the coffee pot had been blown off the bank into the water. I arose and looked out of the tent. Little could be seen, the fog was so dense—just a bit of river, and very, very shallow; a pile of gray ashes, and a little trodden down grass in front of the tent. What was to be done? Why build a fire of course! and the wood? why wade across the river and chop some, and then find another board or something, and again play the trick of preceding evening. So off I went, frozen in every joint, to hunt up a piece of wet board, and then after the birch across the river, and then shellac, alcohol, candle, and more blowing and hat-hooking. I get a blaze started and coffee ready when Friday awoke just, in time for a good breakfast of fried eggs, fried pork, fried potatoes, fried bread, and fried coffee—no, the coffee was boiled.

By noon the fog cleared away and we discovered then that we had made a whole mile down stream the previous afternoon. Nothing daunted we again set sail, hoping to find deeper water. This time we rolled up our trousers and put on our wading shoes, prepared for anything that might come. All at once we came to a long eddy, very, very deep, so deep that you couldn't touch bottom with your feet while sitting on the deck of the canoe. On we paddled with our wet legs hanging out drying on deck, and warming in the summer sun. After a long stretch of this delightful paddling, we suddenly heard a noise of rushing waters, and I just kept my eye open for a good place to go down a fine stretch of rapids—when, to our dismay, the keel grated on the river bottom and we had the exquisite pleasure of walking down stream for the remainder of the day. Sunset found us a little below Walton, and we camped on a picnic ground because there was so much wood there—nice sawed wood

just our size. After supper of boiled coffee, boiled potatoes, boiled pork, boiled onions and boiled corn, and dry bread, with no butter (I had forgotten to purchase butter), we spread our wet edged blankets and crawled in to rest. Everything outside of the tent seemed to be moving. It was hot. The summer sun had fully done his work, for my eyes burned like red hot furnaces, and my trousers full of river sand rubbed my legs constantly. Friday sat up most of the night trying to peer through the darkness and discover what was walking around in such close proximity to our tent. As I fell asleep Friday sat up, pistol in hand, awaiting attack from something that never came.

On awakening I found my legs the size of nail kegs, and blisters upon them as large as hens' eggs. This day was Sunday, and I resolved to keep it by remaining quiet. It had been raining heavily all night. The river seemed to be about an eighth of an inch deeper than on the preceding day. Two old raftsmen told us that with that much water in the river, they could take that ere canoe, and put her clean through to Phila-

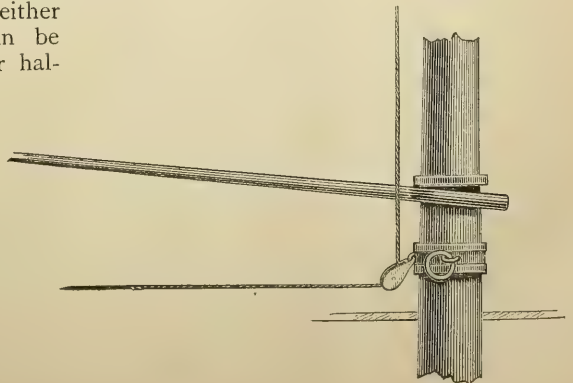
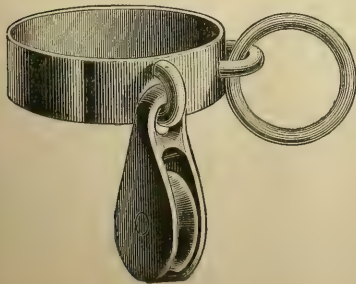
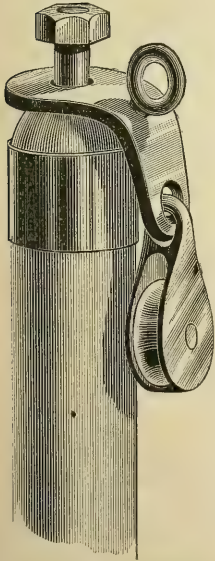
delphia without grazing her once; and besides, said they, the river is rising from the thunder storms we have had lately, and you will soon have all the water you want. I had decided to take the canoe back to Walton, and ship her to Hancock, and make a fresh start from that point; but these two he sirens beguiled me into the river again. On we went, really having quite a good run for the first mile, when we had to get out and walk as usual. Most all day we walked, until Friday's wading shoe gave out and he couldn't walk any more, and so was forced to go below. I trudged on alone tugging the canoe and its passenger down the river, ever downward. To cap the climax, a pouring rain came down upon us, that with my swollen and very painful legs almost made me give up playing tug boat; but I stuck to it until evening, when we landed, and after placing four quarts of milk and bread under our jackets, we fell fast asleep on a bed of oat straw. Oh, how soft and sweet smelling.

(To be continued.)

TWO OF RUSHTON'S FITTINGS.

These cuts illustrate the mast-head gear and the mast-foot gear made by Rushton, exhibited at the meet last summer, and alluded to in the Sept. CANOEIST. The mast head gear is arranged for a single halliard to run through the block, and for the lazy-jack lines to run through the ring. If a double halliard is used, two blocks may be used. A good way to arrange lazy-jacks, is to have a double line on both sides of the sail, either one of which can be used as a spiner hal-

liard. In such a case, a double block of small sizes is secured to the ring shown in the cut. The mast-foot gear is excellent. It is arranged for Mohican rig—halliard through the block, reef lines through the ring, and boom held in position by a jaw and leather above the ring and block. For other rigs, a double block could be fastened to ring, or two single ones riveted in ring. Another way is to have boom lashed to one ring, and let halliards and reef lines run through block or blocks in an extra one below it. The cuts so clearly illustrate the gears, any explanation or suggestions seem almost superfluous. Rushton deserves credit for the excellent fittings thus added to the canoeist's stock. The prices charged for them are, to say the least, reasonable.





LETTERS from Mr. Tredwen expressing his expectation of being at Grindstone next August, will be found in another column. Since the executive committee meeting secretary Neide has received a letter from Mr. Baden-Powell stating that he too, in all probability, will be with us at the meet. With two such prominent canoeists from England coming here, and two valuable cups offered for sailing races, it does look as though next season would be one of unusual interest to canoeists. It is not even now too early to begin to prepare, as some of the experts seem to feel, judging from the number of renowned canoes offered for sale—Snake, Marion B, Sofronia, etc.

WHY was it that canoeists jumped in so quickly to answer Deja and Senaca when they wrote of sneak boxes and canoe-cutters? Was it that the canoeists did not like these boats, did not think them safe or useful, and did not want any right minded person to use them? Not at all. Not one among all the canoeists has objected to the use of the box, or the cutter. Many canoeists own and sail the homely but serviceable box. They jumped up to defend themselves,—not to attack a foe. Toleration is a lesson the canoeist learns when young. Canoes vary so—are uses for such radically different purposes, that no one thinks of saying “this is canoeing and only this.” Now Senaca and Deja and Spike, too, had better learn as soon as possible that the canoe is a fact; that an ever increasing army of canoeists exist, and propose to use their canoes for any and all purposes pleasing to them. They don’t object to the box, nor the canoe cutter, nor the nickel plate; but they don’t propose to substitute any of these for the canoe of their fancy because they are told they must, or be considered fools; nor do they propose to use only one canoe, and call one kind of canoeing, and that only, true canoeing. It would do Deja, Senaca, Spike and Sharpie Chapham, too, a world of good and teach them something, if they would only drop down on Grindstone Island next August for a day or two. Gentlemen, what say you?

TRULY the future for the advocates of heavy canoes seems bleak indeed. These canoes are certainly unpopular on this side of the

Atlantic. New York and Toronto are the only ports where they can be found; and in numbers few even there. The main support these canoes have had, was the fact that the best English sailors used them. Now the two leading canoeists in England are coming round. Baden-Powell has put in writing his favorable opinion of light canoes; and Tredwen, in his letter to CANOEIST, half admits that lighter canoes and the deck position of crew are more conducive to speed than mere dead weight. These facts will make it necessary for Guenn to do something—other than writing—if her reputation is to be sustained for fast sailing.

LETTERS are coming in from all parts of the country informing us of new clubs to be formed, and of canoeists now doing missionary work in places never before heard from in the canoe world. The canoe is getting to be appreciated, and it deserves to.

THERE are a number of members in every club who care nothing for racing, who have perhaps attended one or more meets, and who are desirous of something new next year. Our Pacific correspondent opens up to them a bright picture of what can be done. Few club members can leave business for a protracted period in the summer. Nearly every club has a member, perhaps several, whose time is their own. The western trip proposed would be a most charming one to make. If the men who can take such a trip, and are willing to forego the pleasure of seeing the international matches next summer, will combine forces, by writing to CANOEIST or to the Portland Canoe Club, no doubt the scheme proposed can be carried through. Now is the time to talk it up.

CANOEIST’s staff artist has an apology to make. It has reached the editorial ear that one of our chief supporters has remarked on the fact that the cut at the head of the editorial page is all out of drawing—out of proportion. Our artist would willingly offend no one. Although he is a canoeist, he has never used a deck tiller, and therefore he had to draw on his imagination (it is always dangerous for an artist to attempt to draw on anything but paper) to depict his poetic idea of the guiding instrument. We have kept this work of art before us as much for the beauty of its landscape as for anything else, and we trust it will not be taken from us by harsh criticism, which would lead to its banishment.

THE N. Y. C. C. CHALLENGE CUP.

To the Secretary of the Royal C. C., England:

SIR—The New York C. C., at a meeting held Oct. 28, voted to offer an international challenge cup to be sailed for by canoes, as it seems probable that some of the Royal C. C. members will visit America next year. The conditions under which the races will be sailed are appended, subject to modification if it seems desirable to members of the Royal C. C.

CONDITIONS.

1. The canoes competing must come within the limits defined by the N. Y. C. C. rules, which are identical with those of the A. C. A. and the R. C. C.

2. The cup is to be held as a perpetual challenge trophy.

3. The competition is open to any authorized representative of any canoe club sailing under foreign colors. Only two canoes to sail in any race—one from the challenging club, and one from the club holding the cup.

4. Two victories to be necessary to either win or hold the cup, and therefore three races may be sailed, the same canoes competing in each.

5. The races to be sailed on the waters of the club holding the cup.

6. Races sailed in the United States to be contested on New York Bay under the auspices of the N. Y. C. C.

7. The distance sailed over in each race must not be less than eight nor more than ten miles, and within a time limit of three hours.

8. The races must be sailed during the fourth month after date of receiving a challenge.

9. The N. Y. C. C. rules to govern the races: these are practically identical with all canoeing and yachting rules.

10. The cup must in all cases be held by the club and not by its representative. Should the club holding the cup dissolve its organization, the cup will then revert to the N. Y. C. C.

C. BOWYER VAUX, SEC., N. Y. C. C.

The Miami C. C., of Cincinnati, was organized on October 29. A constitution was adopted and officers elected: Hon. S. N. Maxwell, Commodore; Dr. A. E. Heighway, Jr., Vice-Commodore; Dr. H. S. Groesbeck, Secretary and Treasurer. Eight charter members were enrolled. J. O. Shiras writes that the club adopted a black burgee with an orange diamond in it—the diamond containing the letter M in black. The sailing signal is a black diamond in the peak of the sail with a white M on it.

MOHICAN.

Three were three races set for Oct. 15:—

1. Championship, twice over a course of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. 2. 75 ft. limited sail. 3. Oliver cup race, 60 ft. limit of sail; 2 and 3 once over the course. Thetis, P. M. Wackerhagen, Annie O., H. L. Thomas; Snake, R. W. Gibson, and Marion B., R. S. Oliver presented themselves as competitors, and it was decided to sail No. 3 first, a fresh N. W. blowing. Messrs. Palmer, just returned from Europe, and Fernow acted as starters and timekeepers. The Annie O. crossed the line at $2:43\frac{1}{2}$, closely followed by the Snake, $2:44$, Marion B. $2:44\frac{1}{4}$; and Thetis, $2:44\frac{3}{8}$. The Annie O. kept the lead throughout, though once or twice she came near sailing with keel to the wind, and recrossed the line a winner of the cup at $3:02$; the Snake following at $3:02\frac{1}{4}$, Thetis at $3:03$, and Marion B. at $3:04$. The Snake broke her tiller at the start, and after this race decided not to compete again; and as the air was rather too chilly, the others were induced to postpone the races to some more favorable afternoon. FERNOW IN *F. and S.*

General Oliver has disposed of his three canoes—Marion B, Marion and Puck. He is not on the retired list, however—far from it. What next is the leading question.

The Newburgh Canoe and Rowing Association, (Dock Rats), had their annual clam-bake on Wednesday, October 28th, at Denning's Point. A head wind and lack of time prevented the club from visiting Plum Point, the scene of the spring meet, as was intended. Sixteen members participated. Vice-Commodore Van Dalfsen did the baking. The affair was a gigantic success. On election day, November 3d, the club had a sailing race. Scylla (Bartlett), Ripple, (Van Dalfsen), Mabel (Nate Smith), Jennie (Marvel), row boats; and Iolas (W. G. Van Dalfren), and Dido, (Edgar), canoes, entered and sailed two and half miles up the river round a buoy, and return to starting line off the boat-house. Scylla won in 54 minutes in a spanking breeze and very rough water. The order of finish, accounting for time allowance was Scylla, Iolas, (73 minutes); Dido, 74; Ripple, 77; Mabel, $77\frac{1}{2}$; and Jennie, 81. Appropriate prizes were awarded.

The sixth race for the Knickerbocker C. C. sailing trophy was sailed on October 31st, over the regular three mile course, in a strong and puffy wind,—Inertia and Nettie only competing on account of cold water and cold air. Brown in Inertia with 53 feet of sail won, the Sunbeam model proving more than a match for the Shadow in rough water.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Would n't you like to? You know you're afraid.
Faint heart ne'r won a fair maiden 'tis said.
But if you should dare to—the dark eyes flash fire,
And the pretty pink lips are compressed in an ire
Half concealed, then are parted in smiles sweet and
bright,
That wreath like a halo round the whispered "Good
night."
MIME.

Webster won the sailing race at the Howard C. C. regatta on October 24th.

"Don't touch my sore arm," was a constant exclamation from the Canadians present at Oswego on the 7th. A vaccinated arm was the passport necessary for admittance into the States at this particular season.

N. H. Bishop has succeeded in satisfying himself with a late modification of the sneak-box, which he calls the Barnegat cruiser. The American Single-Hand Cruising Club has been formed, with headquarters at Tom's River, New Jersey.

Dr. Neide came to the Executive Committee meeting from across the border. Considerable speculation was indulged in by curious members as to how he got over there, and why; and also how he got back without a vaccinated arm. Futurity alone can solve these problems.

The Cincinnati C. C. has been heard from; new members are coming in and an active organization is the result. Secretary Neide looked up Dr. Highway when he was west, and found our old friend of Lake George, '82, still as strong, and canoeically as enthusiastic as ever.

Major Fairtlough is an expert amateur photographer. At Oswego he presented to several of the members, who were of his group, beautifully clear prints from a negative got at Grindstone in front of the Kingston tent. Yes, CANOEIST was there, in good company too.

Major Fairtlough of the A. C. A. regatta committee is commodore of the Royal Military College Canoe and Boat Club, of Kingston, Ontario; but the vice (Serg. Morrow) won the sailing race on October 14th, the commodore merely remarking at the time, "better luck to Morrow."

In his article on "Chattanooga," (Novem-

ber *Century*, page 136, top of first column), Gen. Grant writes: "This order was borne to Sherman by a messenger who paddled down the Tennessee in a canoe, and floated over Mussel Shoals; it was delivered in Iuka on the 27th." Even our great hero had use for a canoe once.

C. H. Farnham, writes from Boston:—I came from Canada about six weeks ago, left Allegro with Rosalie at St. Johns, Prov. Quebec: hope she won't get the small pox! The winter is finding me settled here under the shadowy, the gilded dome of the State House. I'm still writing on French Canadian life.

Stoddard has sent us his photographs of the '85 meet. They are capital. The one of Marion B. under sail is a gem. This series is much more complete than any previous one. Mr. Stoddard has obtained Mr. Seavey's negatives and some of the prints are from them, notably the Fan mainsail and canoe gymnastics. The photos can be seen at Brentano's and ordered from them, or of Mr. Stoddard, Glens Falls.

Mr. Lloyd, of Chicago, was at the Doolittle House, Oswego, on the night of November 7th. What he wants to know is: how that small boy got into his room (No. 27) at at 2:30 A. M., what business he had there, and why he fled so rapidly when spoken to. Mr. Lloyd remembers distinctly locking his door when he retired at an early hour in the evening. Perhaps the vice-commodore can explain.

A column article on Canoeing, illustrated and written by W. H. McDougall, appeared in the New York *World*, October 18th. An article on outdoor sports, including canoeing, was published in the New York *Herald*, October 25th. It does seem strange that the daily papers can continually make the most ridiculous errors about canoeing. Both the above articles mention the canvas canoe as the best and most popular kind.



Commodore Rathbun had a die made for stamping paper. It is of the A. C. A. Pin. A number of the members at Oswego saw the paper and asked permission to have some of it. This was granted. Below are the prices at which it can be furnished:

Envelopes stamped in red and gold, per 100,	\$1 55
Note paper, single sheets " " " "	1 25
" " double " " " " " "	1 50
Envelopes stamped in red only " " " "	70
Note paper, single " " " " " "	50
" " double " " " " " "	65

The paper is included, a clear, smooth linen. Address all orders to Editor CANOEIST.



OFFICERS.

Commodore—F. S. RATHBUN, Deseronto, Ontario, Canada.

Vice-Commodore—ROBERT J. WILKIN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rear-Commodore—DR. GEO. L. PARMELE, Hartford, Conn.

Secretary and Treasurer—DR. CHAS. A. NEIDE, Schuylerville, N. Y.

The Executive Committee is composed of the Officers and the following members at large:—B. W. RICHARDS, Brockville, Ontario, Canada; GEO. ROGER, Peterboro, Ontario, Canada; W. B. WACKERHAGEN, Albany, New York.

The Regatta Committee for 1886: J. B. McMURRICK, Oswego, N. Y., Chairman; S. T. FAIRTLUGH, Kingston, Ontario, Canada; READE W. BAILEY, Pittsburg, Pa.

The Secretary of the American Canoe Association requests persons sending money to him to do so either by registered letter or Post-Office money order, on *Saratoga, N. Y.*

If canoeists will send application to the Secretary of the A. C. A., enclosing \$3.00 for initiation fee and dues for the first year, their names will be presented for membership.

To Members of the A. C. A.:

I respectfully call your attention to the fact that Article I, of the By-Laws of the American Canoe Association, was so changed at the recent meeting at Grindstone Island, that the second paragraph now reads: "Each subsequent annual payment shall be two dollars," etc. I hope the members will forward their dues promptly, as such action will materially facilitate the duties of the secretary-treasurer. A copy of the Association book has been sent to each member of the Association. Please notify me of any error that may occur to you. Fraternally yours, CHAS. A. NEIDE, Sec. A. C. A.

Schuylerville, N. Y., August 17th, 1885.

Some few members evidently have not read the above notice from the secretary, as there are still dues yet unpaid.

The full proceedings of the Executive Committee assembled at Owego on November 7th will be found in the supplement to this issue. CANOEIST is indebted to the courtesy of the *Forest and Stream* for this supplement, the matter in type having been taken bodily from its issue of November 11th. The attention of members is specially called to the action by the committee, in reference to a cup to be sailed for at the coming meet by English and American canoeists. The Association is to raise funds for this cup by subscriptions from members. Every A. C. A. man is entitled to subscribe \$1.00, and no more. The committee having this matter in charge will receive contributions and attend to all the necessary arrangements. Dr. Geo. L. Parmele, Hartford, Conn.; W. B. Wackerhagen, Albany, N. Y.; and William Whitlock, 39 W. 22d street, N. Y. C., compose the committee.

A letter received by a member of the cup committee of the N. Y. C. C. from the Treasury Office, makes clear the point about custom duties on the canoes coming to this country to race from England. They are admitted free.

THE A. C. A. CUP.

At the annual meeting of the executive committee of the A. C. A., held Nov. 7th at Oswego, in view of the approaching visit of English canoeists, the resolutions printed in the supplement in reference to the cup were passed.

Mr. Whitlock, as chairman of the committee appointed, begs to acknowledge subscriptions of one dollar each as follows:

Through rear-commodore Parmele, \$19.

F. F. Andrews,	Wm. Hindhaugh,
E. B. Edwards,	J. B. McMurrick,
S. T. Fairtlough,	C. A. Neide,
R. W. Gibson,	R. S. Oliver,
Jas. W. Higgins,	F. S. Rathbun,
B. W. Richards,	C. B. Vaux,
G. M. Roger,	R. J. Wilkin,
J. H. Rushton,	J. C. Wilson,
W. P. Stephens,	J. T. Mott,
	Geo. L. Parmele.

Collected Knickerbocker C. C. \$10.

F. A. Renton,	L. W. Seavey,
Henry Stanton,	Arthur Brentano,
Edwin Fowler,	A. J. Gardner,
Wm. Whitlock,	Ad. Lowenthal,
R. P. Martin,	E. W. Brown,

By Sharpie-Guenn race, \$25.

Total to date, \$54.

All contributions, by kind permission of the editors, will be acknowledged in CANOEIST and *Forest and Stream* as received. Secretaries of clubs are kindly requested to bring the resolutions to the notice of the A. C. A. men on their roll, and to forward such subscriptions as they may receive to any of the committee.

As an international race will undoubtedly bring the sport of canoeing very prominently before the public, and in all probability largely increase the number of gentlemen interested in it, this committee urge on all A. C. A. members prompt action, that it may take early steps to procure a trophy not unworthy of comparison with that annually offered by the Royal C. C.

It is hoped to secure about \$300. To do this will require the hearty co-operation of all, without delay, as designs have to be prepared and take time to carry out, while nothing can be done until the requisite amount is assured.

WM. WHITLOCK, Chairman.

The Regatta Committee made no changes in the existing rules, and signified their intention of holding very closely to '85's programme for the '86 regatta. The question raised by Mr. Gibson as to the desirability of establishing a senior or veteran class for

those who have won two or more races [two sailing races to make a sailing veteran entitled to a special flag—and two paddling races to create a paddling veteran] was not acted on. The proposal was to allow veterans in all races, but to make them ineligible for winning event prizes; in this way making the races more interesting to the less expert, and encourage more entries. Mr. Gibson's suggestion will be found below.

A SPECIAL CLASS.

I beg to offer for consideration by the A. C. A. and its committees the following proposition:

Whereas, One of the chief impediments to general competition in the regattas by the majority of members has been the probability (almost certainty) that the prizes would be secured by members already known as experienced and skillful sailors or paddlers. Experiment (in 1883) has proved that the attempt to provide separate subdivisions in each race for these, complicated the programme beyond practical use. Yet the regatta aims and should aim to stimulate competition among this majority of members, especially to promote perfection of rig and equipment, and of skill among cruisers and general canoeists. Further, the regatta committee and its staff is charged with duties so onerous that they should be lightened rather than increased; therefore, I propose to relieve the general races of the few insatiable experts by reviving the old distinction of "seniors" and promoting them into it. At the same time the regatta committee can be eased of further labors by allowing seniors to make up matches upon their own arrangements. Of course it is not advisable to entirely separate the crack canoeists; so they should surrender not the right to race, but only the right to take the prizes.

I can hardly suppose that seniors will be reluctant to pass prizes in the general races; but in order to make it clear that it is a promotion and not a disqualification only, I suggest the giving of a pennant to sailors and flag to paddlers upon their attaining the distinction of winning two first prizes in either one (not both) of the methods of propelling a canoe.

On the other hand, it should be distinctly understood that members not so graduated are in no wise slighted. They should not be called juniors, and perhaps a better word than seniors can be found for the graduates to prevent any such inference. Champions will not do, because only one or two among them can be fairly entitled to that.

I would not have the seniors take any

prizes of the regular programme. The combined sailing-paddling is, I think, just the race we want the entries stimulated for. Let the seniors enter by all means, but for the pleasure only.

The adoption of this system can hardly fail to increase the interest among less fortunate racers to a very great extent. I hope it may in any case be tried. But the first need is discussion.

Now, my dear reader and comrade in canoeing, please take time by the forelock and hold him until you commit your ideas to paper for the printer. In the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom. The following is a draft of the necessary rules:

A. C. A. RACES.

1. Members who have won four [since writing this letter, Mr. Gibson has had time to examine the A. C. A. records, and has come to the conclusion that two first prizes, as a qualification for senior grade, would serve the purpose better than four] first prizes in A. C. A. sailing (paddling) races shall be passed into a separate class, and shall be awarded in token thereof a white pennant (flag) with a blue star.

2. They will not be eligible for prizes in any regular programme sailing (paddling) race or for record, but will arrange matches by challenges with one another, and will select their judges and time-keepers for such events, who shall report them to the regatta committee, and arrange them with due regard to the committee's authority; and the regular sailing courses shall only be used at such times as the committee or their judges permit, so as not to interfere with the regatta staff, but rather to relieve them of excessive duty.

3. The members of the special class shall be known as seniors.

4. Seniors shall be entitled to enter and sail (paddle) in all races as heretofore, and their records shall be registered and announced, but the prizes shall be awarded in all regular programme races as if no seniors had competed.

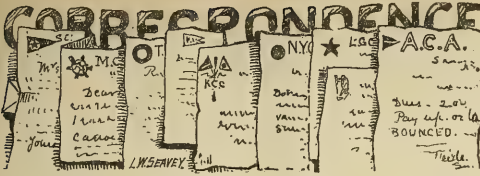
5. Seniors shall be eligible to receive special prizes, unless distinctly barred by the conditions of any such event.

6. Seniors may arrange for flags as prizes in their races, and such prizes shall be presented to the winners at the regular presentation.

7. Any member not being a senior may, of course, challenge and race in such matches; and seniors shall have no privileges or rights over other members, except to carry the pennant.

R. W. GIBSON.

[From *Forest and Stream*, Oct. 29, 1885.]



EDITOR CANOEIST :—Your very interesting paper is a continual source of pleasure and instruction, and I look forward every month for the next number with great interest. When you are behind I feel considerable disappointment, and when two numbers arrived in such rapid succession, as was recently the case, there was a shock of pleasant surprise, especially as the numbers were so interesting. The sail plan of Sea Bee in your June number with accompanying description, is useful, not alone to canoeists, for the mode of stringing the yard described by Mr. Vaux has been adopted in my sail-boat Frolic with considerable advantage. I made some slight modifications, which may or may not be considered advantageous, but with your permission I will describe them. My yard being 16 ft. long, the halyard instead of being fastened to the yard (in the peak of the sail) is hooked to a thimble on a span of cord, one end of which is attached to the yard within three feet of its upper end, the other end being made fast about the middle of the yard. This gives support to the yard at two places instead of one, so that a lighter yard can be used. I also dispensed with the short line through the mast-head, and used two blocks, one above another on the mast-head. Before adopting Mr. Vaux's plan, my mast was barely high enough to set the sail, hoisted by a halyard made fast at only one point on the yard. Now the mast is found not only tall enough, but there is a foot to spare. The moral is that by Mr. Vaux's plan a mast can be shortened a foot, and a lighter yard used, both very important considerations. My best thanks are due to Mr. Vaux; and I expect before long many of our boat sailors who use lug sails will also profit by his suggestion.

The sail plan of the Sea Bee afforded me the gratification of seeing a point I have always studied in cutting my canoe sails, viz: the shortening of the boom. The Pearl's sails have never been cut with a straight leech, but have always been cut somewhat like those of the Sea Bee, only for the sake of the appearance I have not made leech or luff parallel. Each batten is cut from three to six inches shorter than the boom or batten below it, so that the leech presents a rounded appearance, the boom being 18 inches or two feet shorter than it would be

with a straight leech. The part of the sail that is cut off would not *drive* the boat much, but would *press* her a good deal, and the longer boom would often get into the water and promote a capsize.

In reading the accounts of the canoe races your side of the water, I notice a great many upsets chronicled, the proportion being much greater than in the races we have here. I think this must be due to the habit of sitting on deck in canoes very lightly ballasted, and trusting to the crew's weight out to windward for preservation of balance rather than to the canoe's natural stability. We always sit or lie *in* our canoes, and do not get outside; and in the narrow waters of the Thames between banks on which trees and houses often intercept the wind, causing sudden variations in the strength and direction of the wind, your mode of sailing would be decidedly dangerous. Is it not likely that the custom of sitting outside the canoe induces the carrying of more sail than the canoe is calculated to fairly carry, and causes so many canoes to upset when racing? Next season I shall endeavor to fulfill what has long been my ardent desire, to take part in the A. C. A. annual meet.

E. B. TREDWEN.

E. B. TREDWEN.

EDITOR CANOEIST—I recently got a letter from Mr. Tredwen, an extract from which I send you. It was not written for publication, but it will probably be of interest. R TYSON.

EXTRACT.

I am sorry the Pearls are not more to the fore, and fancy it is because they are built to obtain the greatest amount of *natural* stability compatible with good lines and speed; whereas the American canoes generally are designed especially for speed through the water, and get artificial stability by the crew sitting out to windward. I am inclined at length to think that the greatest speed can be obtained in the American style; but I don't like it, because the man sitting outside has to perform continual gymnastic feats in order to preserve the balance of his boat when sailing in narrow waters such as we have here, where one moment you are becalmed and the next staggering under a puff. You probably have more open waters and steadier winds, and you certainly get frequent spills. A spill in one of our matches is now very rare. If I were framing rules, one would be that in some races sitting on deck should be barred, as tending to produce larger sail areas than the hull was capable of carrying in an ordinary comfortable cruising style. Some races might be "go as you please," and would be '*tours de force*,' to rank some points higher than canoe gymnastics and hurrry-scurry.

However, when one is with the Romans one must do as the Romans do ; so I shall fit my canoe with a deck-tiller, and do a little practice, with a view to be prepared to sail to best advantage under any conditions, for I have quite made up my mind to come to Grindstone Island next year, unless '*force majeure*' prevents. I expect Mrs. Tredwen will come with me to Squaw Point next year. We shall probably only remain in America during the meet, and three or four days in New York, perhaps seeing Niagara; but we shall not have time to make a stay such as I should like. Business will compel me to get back within a month.

E. B. TREDWEN.

It is exceedingly gratifying to learn from Mr. Tredwen that he will probably visit America next year and be with us at the meet. Mr. Baden-Powell writes that he too will be with us. Probably few men in the A. C. A. appreciate the effect that the article in *Century Magazine* on Camp Grindstone produced in England. It was widely read and most favorably commented upon there, both for its literary and artistic excellence and for the new side to canoeing illustrated.

Both Tredwen and Baden-Powell are advocates in canoe sailing of big boats, comparatively speaking, and stability got from weight (ballast), the crew always remaining in the cock-pit when sailing. Mr. Tredwen in his letter says he thinks the frequent upsets he reads about, as befalling the American racers, are due to their sitting on deck in lightly ballasted canoes. "A spill in one of our matches is now very rare," he says. Does he consider that now the matches he speaks of are participated in by but few men—five or six—and all of them are old hands at canoe sailing, if we are not mistaken? In the B races at the A. C. A. meets, from ten to twenty canoes sail, many of them manned by fellows who have had but a year or two of experience, some of them never having raced before; and the new men attempt to carry the same amount of sail that the old hands do. Some of the best and oldest sailors belonging to the A. C. A., have never had a spill in any race. Spills are very rare among the good sailors. That the canoe has little to do in the matter of spills, will perhaps seem clearer when we state that the only upset chronicled this year in any race in New York Bay, to our knowledge, happened to canoe Tramp—a Pearl boat, built and rigged from drawings furnished the builder by Mr. Tredwen himself. Tramp's owner has seen Mr. Tredwen's Pearl.

The American canoes that have won races

in the A. C. A., without exception, have not been built for speed principally, but for convenience in all-around sailing, paddling, cruising, and easy handling on shore and afloat. With very few exceptions, they are sailed crew on deck, as being the safest and handiest method of handling in steady wind or puffy. The Mohican canoes sail on just such water, and under the same conditions that Mr. Tredwen describes as existing on the Thames, where the Royal Canoe Club members sail; yet the Mohicans never carry a pound of ballast. Ballast here is only carried by the rough water sailors, and they use from 50 to 100 pounds only.

The sail area of the fastest canoes in the Association is under 100 square feet; some are much under. Mr. Tredwen carries about 140 square feet we understand. It does not seem therefore as though sitting on deck "induces the carrying of more sail than the canoe is calculated to fairly carry;" but it does seem as though the sail can be carried to better advantage in this way, since the majority of our canoeists do it, when they have known for years that the English experts sit inside, and this position is always taken here when cruising.

It has been very generally believed here that our best canoes were inferior to the best English canoes in respect to racing speed. How much inferior we were very anxious to know; and when it seemed probable that the experts would be here another year we looked forward to an interesting trial of speed between ballast, big canoe, and large sail area, the crew inside—the English method; and the light ballast or no ballast, small sail area, crew on deck, and small canoe—the American. It is with no little surprise we see by Mr. Tredwen's letter that he is going to do as the Romans do when he is with the American Romans next year. That he is an exceptional Roman we all know. Whether he wraps himself in a Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes, it will be uphill work for the man or men selected to defend the A. C. A. and the N. Y. C. C. cups against this formidable adversary.—[EDITOR.]

A letter from Mr. Thos. B. Merry, commodore of the Oneonta Canoe Club of Portland, Oregon, written to the commodore of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club, was published in CANOEIST for October, page 155, giving some facts in reference to a proposed excursion for canoeists to the Pacific coast next summer. The following letter from Portland, crowded out of our November issue, gives much additional information, and its perusal has made our editorial mouth water for these fields and pastures new.

EDITOR CANOEIST:—What would the sailors and paddlers who have met at Grindstone Island say to a canoe excursion to the Pacific coast in 1886? It looks like a great undertaking indeed, but more difficult tasks have been essayed and made successful.

The Grand Army of the Republic will hold its annual encampment at San Francisco in July, and the Northern Pacific Railroad has given them a round-trip rate of \$50 from St. Paul to Portland. This will bring it to about \$60 to \$62 from New York.

Owing to the great length of the ride, canoes cannot be carried free as in all your eastern excursions. If we can get canoes carried out and back at \$8 from St. Paul, \$9 from Chicago, and \$12 from Atlantic seaboard cities, it is as good as we may expect. The present freight on a St. Paul model canoe from Chicago or Racine to this city is \$11.50.

The idea is to get 90 day tickets if possible. If such can be obtained, it will give fourteen days' cruise on Puget Sound, and ten days on Hood's Canal or Fuca Straits; fifteen days on Chehalis River, Gray's Harbor, and Shoalwater Bay; ten days on Willamette River; ten days on lower Willamette, near Portland, with three to five races each day; ten days at the Idaho lakes, and four days in Yellowstone Park. Should tickets be limited to sixty days, the excursion to Hood's Canal, Chehalis River, Shoalwater Bay and upper Willamette must necessarily be left out. The members of the Oneonta Club of Portland cheerfully offer their services as guides and pilots to any waters that guests may desire to visit.

Should the clubs composing the American Canoe Association talk the matter over at "Winter Camp Fires," and think favorably of the proposition, the Oneonta Club will send on two delegates next April to meet and confer with all the eastern clubs, giving all needed information. We claim to have seven attractive excursions here for our visitors; to have six as good canoeing rivers as may be found in America; and to have the finest sheet of salt water in the known world—Puget Sound. This idea is to bring guests through to Puget Sound; first, on account of the mosquitoes being very bad during June and July in Yellowstone Park, and on the Idaho lakes; and to visit those localities in September, when the insect plagues are over.

The main objections to a Pacific coast trip are the lack of time and money—for there are many who cannot leave their affairs for so long a time; and again, there are those who have plenty of time but have not the money to spare. As near as I can make

out, there are over 2,000 members of canoe clubs in the United States and Canada, and I think at least ten per cent. of that number should see the great North-west, when they can do so at the cheapest fare yet given.

I have written to some members of nearly every club of whose existence I have been apprised; and Mr. George Gravely, of our club, leaves for Toronto next month, and will call on Mr. Neilson and Dr. Clementi, with reference to it. Through ignorance of the matter, I have overlooked a great many, and those I hope to reach through the medium of your valuable journal. If the trip can be made to include July, August and September, I can promise your friends, plenty of sea bathing, clam-bakes, trout fishing, deer stalking, grouse and pheasant shooting, and that cordial welcome which frontiersmen always have for visitors from the "old states." We are a primitive people in many respects, but we make up in hospitality what we lack in the polish of a riper civilization. HIDALGO.

EDITOR CANOEIST:—That letter from Guenn in October number compels me to get into print again. The Guenn is a splendid boat we all know, although she has no show in a portage race, but some things are claimed for her which will surprise more than one acquaintance, and which the editorial note does not answer.

At Newburgh, '84, the Guenn did *not* complete the course agreed upon, and on which the Dot and Snake were sailing. She went around the island *the wrong way*, and as Polopel Island is of considerable size, it made a tremendous difference whether the final heat to windward of it was made in the open channel or in the back one. Dot and Snake could have got over that latter course without difficulty. The tremendous tide around the southwest point of Polopel, (which Guenn avoided) was the great obstacle. Then it is said, that Neide, Gibson and Vaux "gave up." Neide did not start. The others gave up it is true, but not from stress of weather as is inferred, but because the time limit of the race had expired. Finally, Guenn was not in the race.

At Newburgh, '85, the Guenn claims the *principal* race. This is incorrect. The race won by Guenn was an extra race—the regular Class B race was won by Snake. In the extra race the Guenn regained the long distance she had lost, and obtained her lead in fitful puffs and calms, and not in the strong wind which she got hold of and finished in before most of her competitors had a breath of it.

At Grindstone Island it is claimed she was the only boat out that blustering morning, before the races. This is a mistake, as the Snake was out and saw one or two others afloat too.

Now, I do not wish to detract from Guenn's fame in the least degree, nor do I seek to make any comparisons or provoke argument, but when Guenn claims superiority by a record which involves the records of other well-known boats, and names them as vanquished, they have a right to a statement of the case which is not so incomplete as to be misleading. The reputation of the Guenn is made on the water, not in printed columns.

SNAKE.

EDITOR CANOEIST.—In your November issue Guenn takes exception to my remarks about his canoe, and as I do not want to do injustice to any one, I beg the use of a little of your space to review his facts. To begin with, it strikes me he is a trifle disingenuous in cavilling at my calling a canoe "big" which had to be reduced in beam to get it into A. C. A. races. Her length must also have been reduced if she is now only 15 ft. long. I of course knew she was in the hands of a skipper other than her owner, but was not aware of his small experience with her before reaching the camp, and neither did I know of the ill-fit of the storm mainsail used. (Guenn will please notice that the area of this sail I put in form of a query, for my recollection of its appearance led me to think it was more than 35 ft; and really the correction puts the Guenn in a still worse light, for I know of a canoe which with sail reefed—and hence not the best fit—to 35 ft. got away from the larger boat in beating through the rough water before the Guenn broke down.) For any injustice done through my ignorance on these two points I most cheerfully apologize.

When I wrote that light weather favored the ballasted, large sail canoe, I honestly thought I was stating an honest fact; and as to the laurels won by such boats on the Clyde and on this side the Atlantic, I do not see that they affect the matter. I presume Guenn's allusion to the Clyde, refers to a race in which Tredwen was beaten through starting in a light breeze with little ballast, and being caught in a blow before the finish of the race—this proves nothing as between light and heavy boats, but simply shows that in a wind a boat built expressly for ballast, is at a disadvantage without it. If the laurels won in American waters mean the Guenn's record as given in the letter under discussion (and if not, I am at a loss to know where to

look for them), it comes down simply to this:—out of six races mentioned, four were wholly or partly drifts, and hence worthless tests; one was against another heavy ballast canoe, which broke down before finishing; and the remaining one—Newburgh, '84—you yourself, Mr. Editor, have pretty well disposed of. As to the Guenn's performance at Grindstone, the morning before the races, I had no intention of ignoring it because I had never heard of it. And as to classing the Guenn with the Pearls, I beg to remind her owner that I expressly stated my belief that she was the best big canoe ever built, at least in this country.

England has been the home of heavy canoes, yet if Guenn will take the trouble to look up the London *Field* of Jan. 31, 1885, he will find a letter from Baden-Powell, in which, after noticing the success of light canoes in America, he adds that they in England have had more than one illustration of the sailing qualities of light craft with small sails, and cites one instance where such a boat beat all the heavy racers on *all points*, including beating to windward in rough water. It was this testimony from the "Father of sailing canoes" more than anything else, which led me to speak of the heavy craft as I did; and, let me add, I was not discussing models but sail area; and while I believed that the general canoeist has no use for such a boat, I had no intention of decrying the Guenn, and have no doubt that there are men and places for which she would be the most comfortable canoe possible.

SIX FEET.

PUBLISHERS OF CANOEIST:—Will you please forward me several samples copies of THE AMERICAN CANOEIST, we expect to form a canoe club next spring and want to start now.

O. L. PEYSERT.

South Bethlehem, Pa., October 28, 1885.

PUBLISHERS OF CANOEIST:—I inclose my dollar for CANOEIST, and also one for E. S. Briscoe, and one for Maurice McMicken, Seattle, W. T. We have three canoes, of Rushton make here, owned by J. C. Haines and McMicken. Briscoe intends getting one. Your humble servant will get one if possible and we will form a canoe club.

"JOHN SMITH."

Seattle, W. T., November 11th, 1885.

Powell & Douglas, Waukegan, Ill., had in their exhibit at the Chicago Exposition, a display of canoes and pleasure boats. Among them was a 12 foot 29 inch beam cedar canoe, weighing 12 lbs.; also a 14 foot 30 inch beam of 17½ lbs. They make sailing canoes, hunting and pleasure boats, and a 21 foot, 5 foot beam steam launch.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING.

[As reported in "Forest and Stream," Nov. 12, 1885.]

WITH its members scattered over a wide territory and meeting but once a year, only a part of them being present then, it is a rather difficult matter for an association to make laws that shall be fair to all alike, and to satisfy all sections, especially as some make no effort to express their views or to be represented at the meetings. This difficulty has been felt by the American Canoe Association, and every effort has been made to give a full representation to all localities on the board of officers. The nominating committee at the meet is composed of representatives of all sections, and the ticket is made up by them. This year a special effort was made to secure the presence of some Western men at the meeting, and the selection of a Western man among the officers, but none were present or showed any desire for a representation. In view of the main question of the year—the extension of the Western membership of the A. C. A.—it was desired to select a Western member as Commodore or Vice-Commodore; but the lack of cooperation on the part of the Western canoeists made this impossible. The officers for the first year included one each from New York, Cincinnati and Jersey City, representing the clubs actively interested in the formation of the Association. In 1881 they were chosen from Cincinnati, Canada and New York; in 1882, Canada, Cincinnati and New York; in 1883, the first year that the East showed any decided interest in the Association, the officers were from Springfield, Mass.; New York, and Peterboro, Canada. In 1884 they were from Albany, Deseronto, Can., and Rochester; and in 1885 they are: Commodore, F. S. Rathbun, Deseronto, Can.; Vice-Commodore, R. J. Wilkin, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rear Commodore, Dr. G. H. Parmele, Hartford, Conn. The Secretary and Treasurer has been chosen in different years from Lake George, Boston, and of late years from "all over" in the person of Dr. Neidé, who represents no section. Similarly the Executive Committee represents this year Peterboro, Brockville and Albany, the members being Messrs. G. H. Ro, Jr., B. W. Richards and W. B. Wackerhagen; while the Regatta Committee, Messrs. McMurrich, of Oswego; Fairlough, of Kingston, Can., and R. W. Bailey, of Pittsburgh, is similarly distributed. While New York and Canada appear each year, the former represents three large clubs and the latter a considerable part of the membership of the Association.

It will be seen from the above summary that the government has not been sectional, but fairly distributed, the absence of the West in the last three years being due to the non-appearance of Western men at the meets and a lack of interest on their part in the affairs of the Association. This state of affairs has been the subject of careful discussion among the leading men of the A. C. A. for some time, as it has always been the object to make the organization a national affair, and not to limit it to the Atlantic coast. Realizing that all could not visit a meet at one point however central, an effort has been made to increase the Western membership and to establish a second annual meet at some central point in the West, to be held by the A. C. A. on the same terms as its Eastern meet, and several schemes to effect this end have been proposed in the FOREST AND STREAM. Last season a portion of the Western canoeists made a start of their own in the same direction, but independent of the A. C. A., and a meet was held at Ballast Island, in Lake Erie, under the organization of the Cleveland C. C., at which a Western American Canoe Association was formed. Officers were elected and the following resolution was passed and forwarded to the A. C. A. then in camp at Grindstone Island;

"WESTERN A. C. A., Camp Gardner, Ballast Island, Lake Erie, July 24, 1885.—The following was duly adopted at a meeting held this day:

"Whereas, The Western A. C. A. has been duly organized on the 24th day of July, A. D. 1885, at Ballast Island, Lake Erie; and,

"Whereas, The said association is desirous of encouraging canoeing in this country, and organizing rules, regulations, etc., that may govern the canoeists throughout North America; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That a representative be elected from this Association with instructions to present the action taken at this meeting to the A. C. A. at its meeting at Grindstone Island, and that the said representative express to the said A. C. A. our willingness to re-organize the said A. C. A. on a basis which will place this Association on an equal footing with such an organization as may be formed by Eastern and Canadian canoeists. (Signed) W. H. ECKMAN, Sec'y W. A. C. A."

The terms on which the new organization would consent to union with the A. C. A., as expressed by the secretary of the former, were that the A. C. A. as originally established, should disband entirely, in which case the W. A. C. A. would be willing to unite with the former members of the A. C. A. in the organization of a new body.

The proposition was considered by the Executive Committee at the meet, and when it was found that the meeting at Ballast Island only numbered about thirty, some five of them being A. C. A. men, they decided that it was not advisable to accept them as representing the one hundred A. C. A. men in the West, as well as other Western canoeists, unless their action was in some way indorsed by the others. Several protests were received from members in the West against any division of the Association. Recognizing the importance of some action in regard to the meet, the Executive Committee presented a draft of a new constitution, providing for the establishment of a Western Division, which could go into effect at any time. Later the circular printed in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 29 was sent out, in order to ascertain the sentiments of Western canoeists.

The date fixed for the annual meeting was Nov. 7, the place being

Oswego, N. Y., as convenient to all of the committee. On Friday last most of the members arrived and took up their quarters at the Doolittle House, the others coming in on Saturday morning. All of the officers were present, but Mr. Wackerhagen, of the Executive Committee, and Mr. Bailey, of the Regatta Committee, were absent. Messrs. Oliver and Gibson, of Albany, Andrews, of Rochester, Edwards, of Peterboro, Earle, of Syracuse, Wilson, of Watertown, Ruston, of Canton, Ruggles, of Charlotte. W. P. Stephens, of the FOREST AND STREAM, and C. B. Vaux, of the *American Canoeist*, both of New York, were also present, with some members of the Oswego C. C. and Col. Cotton, a new member from Kingston.

At 10:30 A. M. the Secretary called the roll, after which the minutes of the previous meeting were read and accepted. The report of the Secretary-Treasurer was then read and accepted. Objection was made to the Delany's bills for last summer as excessive, and the matter was left to the Secretary to settle. The following list of applicants for membership were then read, and all of them were elected: J. O. Shiras, 'in. O. J. E. Bowles, Springfield, Mass.; A. S. and E. A. P. nington, Paterson, N. J.; W. A. Stephens, Rondout; Zollman, Nickerson, Rondout; E. W. Master, Albany; F. R. Kimball, Boston; Myron L. Smith, Albany; Frank Brewster, Cleveland O.; F. D. Shiras, Dubuque, Iowa; Geo. W. Andrews, Painesville Ohio; R. Griff Glover, St. Louis, Mo.; C. W. Cotton, Kingston, Ont. C. H. Low, Brockville, Ont.; J. T. Mott, Oswego. The resignations of the following gentlemen were also read and accepted: E. A. Bracford, Rev. Dr. Buel, G. T. Carter, Chas. Decker, R. M. Fitzsimmons, G. H. Kemater, T. Southworth. A letter from Mr. E. B. Tredwen Royal C. C., was also read, requesting the proposal of his name as a active member, but it was resolved to elect him an honorary member of the Association. A letter of resignation from Mr. Bishop was also read and laid on the table. On motion of Vice-Com. Wilkin the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That it is with feelings of deep regret the Executive Committee of the A. C. A. have learned of the decease of Mrs. E. J. Toker, whose presence at the annual camps of 1884-85 has so largely contributed to the enjoyment of the same; and,

Resolved, That an entry of the above resolution be made in the minutes of the meeting; and that the Secretary be instructed to forward a copy of the same to Mr. Toker as an expression of the sympathy of the Committee, at this time of his bereavement.

A motion was also made to place on the roll of honorary member the names of Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Rushton, Mrs. Sus-smilch and the Misses Hall, which was carried. A motion was also made and carried to revise the roll of honorary members and to drop some of the names. A letter from Mr. Wm. Whitlock, inclosing one from Mr. E. B. Tredwen, R. C. C., asking for information in regard to the meet of 1886, was then read and referred to the chairman of the regatta committee for reply. On motion of Vice-Com. Wilkin, seconded by Mr. Rogers, the following resolution was passed:

In view of the approaching visit of the English canoeists, be it

Resolved, That a trophy be offered for competition at the next A. C. A. meet under A. C. A. rules, open to all A. C. A. men and members of any recognized foreign canoe club, the trophy to be the property of the winner, and

Resolved, That the said trophy be purchased from voluntary subscriptions not exceeding one dollar each, and

Resolved, That the purchase and all the arrangements connected with the above competition be in the hands of a committee of three and

Resolved, That the said committee be as follows: Messrs. Wm. Whitlock, W. B. Wackerhagen and Rear-Com. Parmele.

A motion was made by Dr. Neidé to adopt Mr. Gibson's suggestion of a motto for the Association, "*Entente Cordiale*;" passed. On motion of the vice-commodore, the date for the next meet was fixed as Aug. 15 to 29, 1886. A motion was made by Mr. Richards and carried that the secretary be instructed to send letters of invitation to foreign canoeists, and that copies be sent to the London *Field*, *Le Yacht* and other foreign papers.

The next question taken up was that of a camp site next year. While most of the committee favored Grindstone Island, there has been some feeling developed in favor of a new place, and the subject was thoroughly discussed, the desire being to comply with the wishes of the majority. Gen. Oliver mentioned Lake Champlain, the choice of the Mohican C. C. and exhibited maps of the proposed locality. It was considered desirable, if possible, to select a site that would be convenient for Eastern canoeists, but the discussion brought out the fact that the expenses would be much less at Grindstone than in any new place, and considering the finances of the Association, it was decided to return there in 1886. As the Commodore, on whom much of the work of the meet devolves, is a resident of the vicinity, it was considered best on his account to try El Bay again. Dr. Neidé made a motion that the meet of 1886 be held at Grindstone Island, which was carried, only Rear Com. Parmele voting in the negative, and the vote was afterward made unanimous. The date was also changed to Aug. 13 to 27. The meeting adjourned at 2:30 to meet again at 9:30 P. M.

After dinner the entire party were taken for a trip on Lake Ontario on a steam yacht, returning at dark. At 6 P. M. all crossed the river to a large malt house, in the clean dry basement of which two tables were spread. Near by were the four furnaces of the malt kilns, each a glowing mass of coal. Attendants were ready with a barrel of oysters and huge gridirons, and soon the appetizing odors began to rise, as one gridiron after another was pushed into the furnaces and withdrawn with its steaming load. At the risk of burnt fingers and

scorched mouths the warfare was carried on for some time, until even the hungriest were satisfied, after which followed songs and stories for a couple of hours.

The Committee left the table early and resumed their sitting at the hotel. The new constitution was taken up in detail and carefully considered, many minor changes being made, but the general plan being adhered to, after which it was finally adopted. The Regatta Committee made a short report, recommending an extension of the limit of length of keel, but as it was not apparent that any member desired a greater depth or that there was any general sentiment in favor of it, the matter was dropped. The Committee also advised that as the matter of a senior class had been brought up at too late a date for a thorough discussion it will be left to another year. Commodore Rathun and Vice-Commodore Wilkin were appointed a committee to confer with the Western canoeists in regard to the extension of the Association under the new constitution. The full text of the latter is as follows:

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE 1. This Association shall be called the American Canoe Association, and be comprised in such geographical divisions as may be deemed advisable by the Executive Committee.

ART. 2. Its object shall be to unite all amateur canoeists for purposes of pleasure, health or explorations, by means of meetings for business, camping, paddling, sailing and racing, and by keeping logs of voyages, records of waterways and routes, details, drawings and dimensions of boats, and collections of maps, charts and books.

ART. 3. Any gentleman over the age of 18 years may become a member of this Association whose application for membership has been approved, but canoe owners in good standing only are active members, and are entitled to vote at any general meeting of the Association and at the meetings of their respective Divisions.

ART. 4. Honorary members may be elected by a unanimous vote of the Executive Committee. Not more than two shall be elected at any meeting. Practical canoeists only are eligible. The honorary membership list shall be revised every two years by the Executive Committee.

ART. 5. The officers of this Association shall be a Commodore and a Secretary-Treasurer, and for each division a Vice-Commodore, a Rear-Commodore, and a Purser.

The Commodore and Secretary-Treasurer shall be elected by the Executive Committee at their annual meeting. In the event of one or more of the Division officers being chosen to fill these positions, the vacancies so caused shall be filled by the members of the Executive Committee from the same Division to which the officers vacating the position belonged.

The Vice and Rear-Commodores and Purses shall be elected by the members at the annual meetings of the respective Divisions. All officers shall be elected by ballot and shall hold office until their successors are elected.

ART. 6. There shall be annually elected in each Division, at the meeting thereof, one active member for every thirty (30) members in good standing present. The members so elected, together with the officers of the Association and of its several Divisions shall constitute the Executive Committee of the Association. They shall have the general government of the Association, and power to fill vacancies until the next annual meeting of the Divisions. They shall hold the annual meeting before Nov. 15, at such place and time as shall be specified by the Commodore.

ART. 7. It shall be the duty of the Commodore to preside at the meetings of the Association and Executive Committee, and to visit, if practicable, each of the Division meets during the year, to assume command of the same during said visit, and to see that all rules and regulations are properly enforced, to pass on qualification of names submitted for membership by the Secretary.

ART. 8. The Vice-Commodores shall organize and in the absence of the Commodore preside over the annual meetings of their respective Divisions, and perform all duties pertaining to the Commodore in his absence, and within thirty (30) days after their election appoint a Regatta Committee of three active members (3) for their Divisions. In the absence of the Vice-Commodores the Rear-Commodores will act in their stead.

ART. 9. It shall be duty of the Secretary-Treasurer to keep a record of the proceedings of the Association and of the Executive Committee; to keep a correct roll of members; to pass on the qualification of names submitted for membership two weeks after the same have been published in either of the official organs of the American Canoe Association; to notify each member of his election; to print each year the "Association Book" and a list of the cruises made by members; to receive all moneys due the Association; to pay all bills approved by the Commodore, and to make an annual report of finances; and to pay to the Purses of each Division one dollar (\$1) an annum for each member duly elected and assigned to his Division.

Purses shall receive and expend for their Division meets and other necessary expenses, subject to the approval of the Vice-Commodore of their Divisions, the money received from the Secretary-Treasurer. They shall also forward to him at least two weeks before the annual meeting of the Executive Committee in each year a record of the cruises in their Division and a list of the cruises made by the Division members, and shall make an annual report to the Executive Committee.

ART. 10. A quorum for the transaction of business at the annual meetings of the Divisions shall consist of twenty (20) members.

ART. 11. This constitution may be amended at any meeting of the Executive Committee, provided the amendment be recommended by at least two-thirds of said committee.

BY-LAWS.

ART. 1. Application for membership shall be made to the Secretary-Treasurer and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of \$3, one dollar as entrance fee, and two dollars as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of the non-election of the applicant. The dues of members elected after Sept. 1 of any year shall be credited from the following January. Each subsequent annual payment shall be \$2, and shall be payable before April 1. If not paid within two months thereafter, the Secretary shall notify the members in arrears, and if, at the end of one month more, the dues are still unpaid, the membership shall be forfeited and the member's name stricken from the roll, except in the case of absence from the country, or other sufficient reason.

ART. 2. No assessment shall be levied for any purpose whatever.

ART. 3. Meetings for business, camping and racing shall be held in each Division annually, the date and places to be fixed by the Executive Committee of the Association.

ART. 4. The Association signal shall be a pointed burgee, the breadth being two-thirds the length, the size for canoes being 12in. x 18in., the field red with a longitudinal whitestripe one-fifth the width, bearing the letters A. C. A. in red.

ART. 5. The officers' flags shall be swallow-tailed pennants 12in. x 18in. That of the Commodore shall be of blue, on which shall be displayed in white a pair of crossed paddles, with the letters A. C. A. in the upper three corners and a star in the lower one; that of the Vice-Commodore to be of red with the same device in white; that of the Rear-Commodore to be of white with the same device in red; that of the Secretary-Treasurer to be of white with the letters A. C. A. supported by a quill in blue; that of the Purser's to be of white with the same device in red.

ART. 6. Each canoe may carry a distinguishing signal, rectangular in shape, 12x18in. The Association signal shall be carried at the peak of the mainsail, the officer's or private signal immediately below it; national and club signals at discretion. (See note).

ART. 7. The Secretary shall publish, after each annual meeting of the Executive Committee, "The Association Book," containing the Constitution, By-Laws and Sailing Regulations, lists of officers, members, their canoes and cruises, and shall send a copy to each member.

ART. 8. When the same name has been given to two or more canoes, the one first entered on the list of the Association shall be regarded as the original owner. The others shall be designated by bracketed numbers, [1], [2], etc. in the order of entry. Cases of doubt as to priority of entry shall be decided by the Secretary.

ART. 9. It shall be the duty of the Regatta Committee of each Division to prepare and publish not later than June 1 an order of races for the annual regatta of their respective Divisions; to superintend the laying out and buoying of courses; to provide the prizes; to appoint judges, starters and time-keepers, and to decide all protests. They shall post the course and conditions of each race in some prominent place, at least one hour before the race is called; shall furnish to the Purser of their Division a record of the same, and shall have entire control of the races of their respective Divisions.

ART. 10. The uniform of the officers of the A. C. A. shall be of blue with the letters A. C. A. embroidered in gold on the collar. The Commodore shall wear three rows of gold lace on each sleeve, the Vice-Commodore two, the Rear-Commodore one.

ART. 11. Each member will send to the Purser of his Division a list of such cruises as he may have made upon completion of the cruises, noting especially the condition of such water as he may have cruised on, rapids, dams, shoals, good and bad camp grounds, and all items of value to other canoeists.

ART. 12. Any member who is guilty of ungentlemanly conduct, or of racing for money, shall be liable and may be expelled by a unanimous vote of the Executive Committee at any of its meetings, but fourteen days' notice shall have been given to the person it is proposed to expel. Any canoeist who shall after this date, Nov. 7, 1885, race for money, shall be considered a professional, and shall be ineligible for membership in the A. C. A.

ART. 13. No changes shall be made in the classification, measurements or sailing regulations unless sanctioned by the Executive Committee.

ART. 14. The By-Laws may be amended by the vote of a majority of the Executive Committee of the Association, except Art. 2, which can only be altered by a unanimous vote of all the Divisions of the Association.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

Note to Art. 4. This arrangement is adopted to secure uniformity, at least in regard to Association signal. Lugs and gaff-rigged sails are the only ones which have an available masthead, but every rig has a peak to the mainsail, and this was selected as the most conspicuous practicable point.

By this constitution all is prepared for the formation of a Western Division, all that is needed being the co-operation of the Western men, either in recommending for Division officers those elected at Ballast Island, or naming others if they are not satisfactory, the contrary to which is evidently the case. The matter may now be easily arranged in a way that would be satisfactory to all.

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No. 1.

WINTER. THE CANOEMEN AT HOME. • THE RANCH.

BY W. M. COOKE.



THIS is not an imposing edifice. The most frequent sojourner beneath its hospitable roof would hardly claim for it great beauty of architectural design; nor, indeed, can it vie in details or interior decoration with some of the villas lately erected in suburban New York. However, the little band of canoemen which, each Saturday evening in winter, meets at Marmalade Lodge seems well satisfied with its chaste and simple appointments.

Perhaps in their innermost hearts they may bewail the ferocity of the winds which, during a nor'wester in January, hold revel in the council chamber; but it would not be well for an outside barbarian to express any strong opinion upon draughts within the hearing of a Marmalade Lodger.

Built out from the north shore of Staten Island, upon piles, over the Kill von Kull, the fierce tides which rush to and fro between New York and Newark bays sweep beneath it. In winter the great cakes of ice crash against its foundations and shake it from stem to stern. During very high tides the waves sometimes beat threateningly against the flooring. Now and then, when the northwest wind keeps down the flood and hustles the ebb tide out of the Kills, the mud flats are laid bare for hundreds of feet from its door.

Then, indeed, the Lodgers sit them down on the float beside their canoes, and gaze upon the expanse of mud and broken bottles and old shoes and oyster-shells before them, and smoke their pipes, and dive into the sub-cellar of the English tongue for words which shall express their feelings.

But, in fact, this happens but seldom, and the many charms of their winter meet-

ing-place have long since reconciled them to its trifling and irremediable disadvantages.

The Lodge is, above all, a winter resort. Visited often enough in the warm summer days and evenings, still it is only after the men have come back from their cruises on river and lake and sound—after the Canoe Club float has been hauled up and the club house door closed for the season—that the winter Lodgers draw together.

To Marmalade Lodge are then taken those hard-worked boats which know no rest while a spot of open water can be reached from the house doors, and whose crews are willing to muffle themselves beyond recognition in jerseys and flannels and mittens, and risk the chance of frost-bitten ears and noses for the sake of a five mile paddle or run under double-reefed sails.

It is not all the Lodgers however, who indulge in these chilly recreations. By no means. There be some, of mature years and judgment, who prefer to toast their slippered feet at the fire, with book and pipe, and watch through the window-panes the sportss of their fellows; but this difference of taste gives rise to naught beyond a little gentle chaff. For, despite the most markable differences in nationality, age, size, religion and occupation, and the most comical diversity of opinion upon nearly every subject under the sun, the Marmalade Lodgers form a thoroughly happy and united family—thus giving the lie direct to such misguided beings as would still have us believe that to swim in a canoe is to foreswear sociability forevermore.

Well, perhaps it may be unsociability or the prompting of misanthropy which causes eight to twelve men to leave their homes once a week, to cook, wash dishes, draw water, make fires, and perform such other tasks as are expected of the Lodgers; but, really, it doesn't look so. In fact, if any one still inclines to the belief that canoeing fosters ungeniality, selfishness, and some other disagreeable qualities of

* This article appeared in the *Aquatic Magazine*, January, 1884. As the monthly is no longer published, and as probably few canoemen have before seen Mr. Cooke's charming paper, we now reprint it. We cannot refrain from shedding an editorial tear when we read this story, to think that Jessica is in her winter berth, where she has been for eighteen months, and her skipper, frowned on by the Fates, is in a distant city, far from canoemen and the water.—[EDITOR.]

disposition, of which I cannot remember the names, let him spend a night with me among the devotees of this gentle sport, and think again.

We will take an evening boat for Staten Island. No fear of being too late, for the Sunday-night chowder supper is a movable feast at the Lodge, and up to midnight we are sure of it. After that time—well, I have been served as late at two o'clock A. M., and that without a murmur from the cook. But we will not try his patience to quite such an extent to-night.

Before the steamer makes her landing at the Island, half a dozen tiny points of light spring out of the darkness ahead, and as many canoes presently pass us, rising and falling on the big swell from our wheels. Plainly, the smooth water of the Kills has drawn the paddles afloat to-night despite the frosty air.

Then we land, and walk quietly up the road and cross a little causeway, and knock at the door of the Lodge.

The countersign? Certainly.

It is given, and the bolt is drawn back.

At first it is all dark and still; but we are in the lower hold, where are only spars and paddles and boats, and other things inanimate—at least on land.

But there comes shout of welcome from above, and, once up the companion ladder and fairly on deck, we are at home.

First greetings over, the lamps are turned up and the banquet-hall illuminated. The cooks bestir themselves and serve the chowder, the chow-chow, the hard-tack and the black and fragrant coffee—the strongest

dlers come tumbling up the narrow stairway—cold but in high glee, skylarking and joking like a parcel of schoolboys.

Now let us enter the council chamber; but first read the "Order of the day," posted on the door.

"MARMALADE LODGE.

December 9th and 10th, 188—.

COMMITTEES.

On Cooking	{ Dot. Psyche.
On Fires and Water.....	{ Zephyr. Jessica.
On Dish-washing and Sweeping.....	{ Jersey Blue. Freak.
Pipe Bearer	Con.

"MENU.

SOUPER.

Broquettes difficile.	Chowder de Clam.	Chow Chow.
Café noir.	Tabac.	Café au lait.

DEJEUNER.

Cotelettes de mouton.	Omelette à la mode de Marmalade Lodge.	Saucisses.
Buckwheat Cakes.	Pommes de terre frites.	Rice Cakes.
Café noir.	Petits Pains, chauçs.	Café au lait.
	Tabac."	

Eh, what? *Broquette difficile*? Why, *hard-tack*, to be sure. The translation is literal, no doubt, but what would you have? It is a bill of fare.

But come along, and let us beard the misanthropic canoeists in their den. The room is pretty well filled with tobacco-smoke just now, but you can see that it is ceiled with narrow strips of white pine, mellowed in tint of combined efforts of time and smoke. The walls are hung with models of canoes, of all ages and designs, and of boats, ranging from five by ten foot catboat to a modern six-beam racing-cutter. And there are photographs and engravings of canoeing and yachting scenes, and the desks and tables are piled with drawings of yacht-lines, and with newspaper and journals and books—technical works and sea tales, novels, and volumes of essays and poems, with an occasional opera libretto—bearing mute witness to the varied tastes of the master of the Lodge and his guests. There are many of these to-night. Seated on chairs and stools about the stove stretched on berths in the recesses of the walls, and on chests and lockers, each adding his share to the smoke-cloud and the clamor of tongues.

Here is the master of the Lodge, the owner and crew of the Jersey Blue, dilating upon the beauties of the newest cutter to two or three resident yachtsmen, who have



COLD, BUT IN HIGH GLEE.

beverage allowed by the rules of the Lodge. And, then, presently, when we have eaten and drank our fill, the pipe bearer brings in the accustomed short-stemmed blackened clays and a box of Virginian weed. And, as we fill and light our pipes, and draw the first, long, and comforting whiffs, there is a commotion below, and the returned pad-

dropped in to spend the evening, and now bid fair to swamp him with tales of the achievements of their centerboard sloop; while a couple of inland-bred boating men, invited for the night, listen with undisguised admiration and awe.

There in the corner lies the commodore, in his well-known gabardine of gray flannel. He smokes a handsome brierwood pipe—it is his badge of authority.

Near him, the youngest Lodger, plump and pleasing Freak, with white *robe de chambre*—symbolical of innocence—thrown over his boating dress, reclines upon a bunk, a silent but attentive listener of the words of wisdom which fall from the commodore's lips.

And Psyche, of Okechobee fame, is also here; and Wraith, fresh from a transatlantic trip and an object of general envy because of the dainty canoe fittings which he has brought back.

Here, too, is the Red Rover, whose many and formidable weapons carry terror to the hearts of peaceful dwellers along the shore; and the doughty sailor Zephyr, and his disciple and crony, the unterrified Con. All these are in regulation dress, of flannel shirt, knee breeches and stockings, slippers, and red "Tam o' Shanter."

And in an easy-chair close by the stove, sits gentle Jessica, enveloped in tobacco-smoke and a voluminous gray *poncho*, which falls below his feet, awaiting cremation with grace and resignation.

For an hour or more there is an unbroken stream of talk. Psyche tells of alligators and moccasins and sword-grass—of Okechobee and Indians rivers, of swamps and creeks. Dot grows eloquent over the beauties of the Susquehanna, the Hudson, Cape Cod, and the shores of the Sound. Wraith speaks of Hendon Lake and English canoeemen, and their doings and boats.

And there are tales of exciting runs through rapids, and quiet loitering on placid rivers and along shores, and days of hard work on open water, from the canoeemen; while the yachtsmen speak of cruises and races, of squalls and knock-downs. And now and then a little joke crops out about some one here or away, and there is great laughter. Each man has his little story to tell, and most of them are worth the telling.

By and by there is a lull, as the visitors hunt up their hats and coats and betake themselves to their homes; but soon the tongues begin to wag anew. Only, now that the Lodgers are *en famille*, the talk is less distinctly nautical, and they gossip of

books and the theatre, and men and things in general. And finally some one starts the familiar sea "shanty" of the "Black-baller," and there is a roar of "Blow the man up, blow the man down," that would raise the dead.

And some one else then sings an old college song, and another a little German *volkslied*; and a poem or two are spoken, and an essay read; and then the cots are brought out, and, one by one the men knock the ashes from their pipes and turn in. But not yet to sleep. For is not the night still young? and do not the boxing-gloves lie temptingly at hand?

Zephyr whispers to Con, and they quietly slip into the banquet hall, whence soon comes sounds of scuffling feet, and blows followed by one or two heavy crushes, telling of finishing knock-downs; while Dot and Freak and two others, balked of rest, also arise and fall to whist-playing beside the stove. And before long there is a cry of "Steward turn out! We famish; give us food!"

Poor steward, his labors are not yet ended. Good-humoredly growling, he crawls out of his wraps, replenishes the fire, and puts on the chowder-pot; and, presto! a savory rere-supper is served to the blanket-ed company.

After this they are at last content to retire—the master, Zephyr, Freak and Jessica to their berths, the others to cots—save the commodore, who, after tenderly tucking Jessica up in his *poncho*, puts out the lights and crawls into a great warm sleeping-bag laid upon a mattress on the floor. Then the last boat from the city, glowing with light from stem to stern, rushes past the window, sending long swells racing over the shallows and dashing against the landing-stage; and a few minutes later there is a sound of heavy breathing in the room—and nothing more.

An hour passes. A solitary man is still awake. Whether because of the midnight chowder or of an evil conscience, he does not know; but he cannot sleep. He fills and lights his pipe, and meditates—at first in his bunk, at last in a chair by the window.

The moon has risen, and, swinging above the Kills, throws her light into the council chamber upon the sleeping men. The master and one cook, with open mouths are snoring stertorously. Zephyr, sleepily selfish, has already secured a part of Freak's blanket; but the owner, knowing the habits of his bedfellow, has fixed the edge firmly between his teeth, and no rolling or sly

twitching can deprive this ponderous sleeper of his covering. The rest sleep peacefully, the commodore having drawn even his head within his sleeping bag.

Hour after hour tolls out from a near by steeple. The great low-pressure tugs, with their endless tows and their measured "thump—thump—thump," pass on their way to and from the city and Perth Amboy and New Brunswick. There is a ceaseless swash of water against the piles. Occasionally some locomotive, away over in New Jersey, gives vent to a mournful howl.

At last the watcher grows sleepy and cold, and returns to bed.

Eight o'clock and a bright Sunday morning; but *b-r-r-r-r!* how cold! For the fire has gone out during the night.

Zephyr and Jessica are awake; but neither would willingly deprive the other of rebuilding that fire; and for a time both lie still, as though asleep; at length, however, in desperation, they turn out simultaneously, and each smiles a little guilty smile as their eyes meet. Then they wash and dress hastily, with much shivering and yawning and chattering of teeth; and Zephyr busies himself about the stove, while Jessica, pail in hand, hastens forth to the well, and, returning, puts a pot of water on the fire, that the later risers may have warm water wherein to perform their ablutions.

And then he dons brave attire and a stove-pipe hat, and hies him to the village shops—to the butcher's for chops and sausages; to the grocer's for buckwheat flour and eggs and butter; to the baker's, where a pretty daughter bestows upon him her



SOFT-TACK.

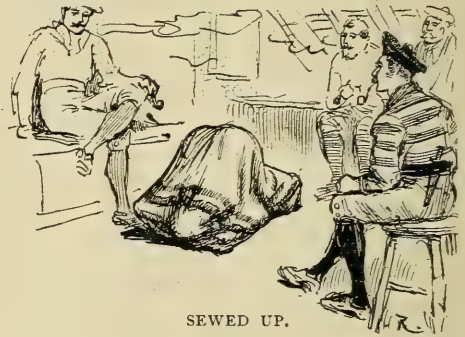
brightest smile and freshest loaf of soft-tack; and then turns back, parcel-laden, toward the Lodge.

At the door of the council chamber he is met by a whisper of "Hush," and wipes his spectacles and looks about in surprise. What is to do? The master lies with his arms above his head, his face working with suppressed laughter. Wraith has raised

himself on his elbow, and calm joy beams through his gold-rimmed glasses.

Psyche, Freak and the others, still in bed, are chuckling and grinning with mirth. The only sober face is that of Zephyr, who with palm and needle is gravely sewing up the neck of the bag of which the unconscious Dot, the slug-abed, still lies, unmindful of his duties as cook and of the hungry men about him.

Then, at a signal, there is a shout: "Cook! cook! tumble up their! Rouse out, you lubber! Breakfast! breakfast!"



SEWED UP.

The bag shivers, shakes, moves. For a half minute it seems as though a dozen Kilkenny cats might be at play inside. Then the commodore's head suddenly emerges, an incomprehensible gymnastic feat puts him on his legs, and he jumps savagely after the fleeing Zephyr, but quickly trips and falls, then he proceeds calmly to cut himself free, remarking in the mildest and gentlest of tones: "You forgot my knife, boys."

While breakfast is preparing, the Lodgers dress and smoke, and read the morning papers, and lay plans for the day. Two are to try a new sneakbox. Two others will race them in canoes. One or two will walk inland and photograph; while others have engagements, and must return to the city. Jersey Blue and Freak give evasive answers when their intentions are asked, and Freak colors faintly; but it is observed that they both shave very carefully and take up fine linen and their newest neckties, and polish their shoes vigorously. Surely these preparations cannot be for a canoe trip!

But now comes a call to breakfast, and, verily, it is as hot and well cooked a meal as ever tempted hungry man. We have timed our visit well, for the stewards of the day are experts in camp cookery. It is not every day that one can get chops so judiciously broiled, sausages so crisp and dry, or

an omelet or cakes so delicately browned as these. And the black coffee made by the commodore in his own particular coffee-pot which no one else may touch—no! not even his bosom friend—it is only when we dine at a really good French restaurant that we are given such coffee as this—not always then. Some one says: "Tis better to have cooked and spoiled, than never to have cooked at all;" but then that was the sentiment of the cook, and not of his victims.

Cannot all canoemen cook?

Oh, certainly; I, too, can cook; but still; when you mean to visit the Lodge again, perhaps you better first see that Psyche or Dot, or Jersey Blue or Freak are on the cooking committee. This little precaution may save you a fit of indigestion and a nightmare.

But notice how dutifully the cooks wait at table, and carry chops and sausages and cake in turn to the two lazy mortals who take their morning meal in bed. It is against the rules, of course; but they have agreed with Jersey Blue and Freak to act as dish-washers in their stead, if this luxury be allowed them; and the rest wink at the transaction. A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind. It will be the turn of others, before long, to lie abed and be served *en prince*.

But appetites, even of canoemen, have their limits. The pipe-bearer makes his rounds. The sweepers and dish-washers fall to work and put the council chamber and banquet hall in order for the day, and a thundering knock at the lower door and cry of "Lodge ahoy!" announce visitors from the city.

Well, well; it would be pleasant, no doubt, to linger here by the fire, and watch the play of light and shade on the water, and see the great white clouds drift by overhead and the oyster-sloops and the schooners and steamers pass, and read and smoke and talk. We might spend a delightful day a-paddling or sailing or photographing. Under the experienced guidance of Freak or Jersey Blue we might even perhaps venture into the homes of the island maidens, and learn whether or no they are in truth as beautiful as has been whispered. But, alas! the calls of duty must be heeded.

If we would reach town by dinner-time we must take the next boat, now in sight; so, grasping hats and umbrellas, we hastily descend the companion-way, followed by a parting volley of farewells, and reluctantly turn our back upon Marmalade Lodge.

CROSSING A RAPID.

[Extract from a letter written to an Eastern relative by the wife of an Army officer stationed at Fort Gaston with the Eighth Infantry, Northern California, near Eureka, on the coast.]

NOVEMBER 16th.—It is such a lovely fall, I want so much to have you see the variety and beauty of the trees. The oaks have wonderful, irregular shapes, and their entire trunks and branches are covered with a thick green moss, that since the rain is exquisite. In riding through the woods you think the fairies have been covering the trees with new green plush. There is a great deal of this light greenish gray dry moss, that hangs from the branches in long fringe-like bunches, and with the fresh green moss is very beautiful. I never saw such a variety in the woods as there is here. The leaves are all falling, but the days are not cold, nor the nights either. We still have strawberries out of our garden, and flowers.

It rained just fourteen days—I mean, it poured, for I think I never saw so much rain fall at once before. I did not very much mind it, as the mud is not bad, so we all paddled out in it. The river was booming. Oh! if you could only have seen the Indians in their canoes on it! Where we crossed on horseback before the rain there is now a mad current running at the rate of twenty miles an hour. I rode to the bank one day to see some Indians cross, and it was a picture.

The canoes are hollowed out red-wood trees. The one I saw cross had a big boy in one end with a paddle. A girl about eighteen—our prettiest squaw in the school—was in the other end with another paddle, and two girls sat in the middle right on the bottom of the canoe. They started from the other side of the river from where I was; ran away down stream; dashed into the rapids; were covered with water and spray for a moment, and then shot out, all singing as hard as they could. The canoe tipped while they were fighting against the awful current, but shot ahead again all right; and by the time they reached my side of the river I found myself all of a tremble from just watching them. I should have died from fright had I been in the canoe. They came ashore with cheeks as red and eyes as big as anything you ever saw. It was a beautiful sight. The canoe and the way they work it are most fascinating and graceful.

Jessie, the prettiest squaw, had on a dark blue flannel cape with a pointed hood—made in the school under the direction of

the teacher, myself—and one of the little hats like the work basket I sent you. As she threw the cape back and used the paddle, swaying her body ever so lightly but with a show of great strength, she presented a very pretty sight. But, if you please, I have no desire to cross the river in its present condition.

The salmon came way up the little creek that runs just below the Post. The Indians catch them by the dozen—they spear them. I bought one this afternoon, a great fat fellow, that was over three feet long. I never was in a place where one could get so many good things for so little money.

MRS. (CAPT.) JOHN ANDREWS.

THE SNEAKBOX PETREL.

HER MAIDEN CRUISE.

BELOW find a few extracts from my log-book of a cruise just completed from Jacksonville to Fernandina, 96 miles by water.

I made sail on the sneakbox Petrel at 10 A. M., Thursday, December 3d, and with a farewell shake of the hand from Dr. Neidé, and amid the waving of handkerchiefs from some lady friends, stood out into the St. Johns River bound to Fernandina by way of Sister Creek. It was blowing very fresh from west, and the Petrel fairly flew to Brown's Creek, where I put in a single reef and went on. Passed Clapboard Creek all right and at 5 o'clock came to anchor seven miles up Sister Creek, pitched the tent and sampled a can of Huckins' chicken soup, and wound up on oatmeal and cane syrup. While I was writing up my log and taking a smoke, a darky pulled up and I invited him to take a smoke. He accepted on general principles, and entertained me with accounts of his adventures, some of a most startling nature; and after closing each he would ejaculate, "Clar fo goodness, boss, but that am the God's truf!" After bidding him good night I turned in and slept soundly, and got under way just in time to use the last of the flood up the creek. Got lost about 10 P. M. and had to do considerable figuring on the chart. Passed Fort George Inlet at 11 o'clock and took a nasty squall at 11:30. The little Petrel did magnificently, however, and I was not long in reaching Nassau Sound. Stopped to fish a few moments in mouth of Amelia River, and took some trout (salt water). Hastened on after dinner and found myself getting tired and worn out with the long strain

on my strength. Had a good deal of trouble in reaching through the basin, so-called, having a strong head tide, and being close-hauled my progress was very much on the snail order. I arrived at the drawbridge across Sawpit Creek at 4 P. M. and lost an hour in taking down my spar, etc. Took a heavy squall of wind and rain at the junction of the creek and river that runs down to Fernandina. I kept her moving though, and at 6 P. M. I came to anchor in the bight south of railroad dock. Got too far in, however, and was suddenly awakened by pounding on some sunken piles, shoved off and no sooner was I asleep than the wind shifted northwest, and my! how she did blow. Backed my anchor, domed the tent, and pulling the hatches over me managed to keep warm and dry, but no sleep. Moved out in the morning early and hauled in more under the lee of dock, but the Petrel will never bob around more than she did all day. I watched her close though and came out O. K.

Wired Doc to come over and spend Sunday with me, which he did, and we had a nice little visit. Am going after shrimp to-night, and to-morrow I shall have a grand fishing trip, an account of which I hope to send you.

PETREL.

A COLD DUCKING.

SATURDAY, the 21st November, two enthusiastic members of the Toronto Canoe Club went to the club house and got out their canoes—Wanda, an open Peterboro with leeboards, and Wanona, a decked Peterboro, with Atwood board and deep rudder.

The wind being light, Wanda was not satisfied with his 45-foot sail, but borrowed a 65-foot lateen from the sail racks.

After rigging their canoes and doing the same for themselves—overcoats, gloves and old coats to keep their feet warm—they started out to get the benefit of an afternoon airing.

They went west about a mile, then came about aiming for home with the wind dead ahead; about this time it began to rain and hail. Wanda thought it would be well to take to the paddle and keep his hide dry, so he let down his sail, but as the 11-foot boom was in the way when paddling he went forward to unship the mast. He was just stepping over the thwart in the bow when the boom swung out to starboard. Wanda leaned out to port to counterbal-

ance the weight of the sail and boom. The boom swung over to port with a swish and rolled him into the bay before he could say Gosh!

Then a wild war-whoop (with a gurgle in the middle of it, as about a pint of dirty bay water went down shouting tube) made Wanona turn his head. He quickly dropped sail, and taking up his "ash" made short time over the 200 yards to the wreck. A yawl from a schooner near by got there first, however, and Wanda climbed aboard, overcoat and all, pulled his canoe alongside, dumped out the water and took the shortest route for the clubhouse. Over a rousing fire there he spent the balance of the afternoon hunting through the pockets of his wet duds trying to find enough dry tobacco to let him smoke a pipe of peace, with but poor success. JAC.

A SECTIONAL BOAT HOUSE.

SUITABLE AS A RIVER BANK SHELTER WHERE FLOODS ARE EXPERIENCED IN THE SPRING.

OUR first boathouse was the half of an old room in a dilapidated building, the other half being devoted to the storage of oars, a "hiker" or two, and the playing of seven-up and kindred games by hoodlums. This old room was the only available place for housing canoes or small boats on our entire river front. The oars, hikers and hoodlums kept encroaching on the domain of the canoe and paddle. The hoodlums wanted to stay, and so did we; any agreement between us was out of the question. We finally became disgusted and moved, storing our canoes in garrets and cellars and waited for something to turn up. We waited all one winter, and spring found us in the same state. We Micawberized all spring, and the summer sun shone on our boat-houseless canoe club. We were in despair and about to disband, when some member suggested that we build a boat-house in sections and put it up in a convenient place along the river bank. The idea took. We interviewed carpenters and painters and looked for a site. In two weeks a neat but not gaudy boat house sheltered our six canoes, besides giving us ample room for the necessary canoe appurtenances.

There may be clubs that for want of a place to house their canoes are languishing as we were. For their benefit an outline description is here given:

Floor 12 x 16 ft., walls 8 ft. to eaves, 12 ft. to peak.

Floor is in four sections, each 4 x 12 ft.; side wall in four sections, each 4 x 8 ft.; end wall as follows—a 4 x 8 ft. door, above the door a section 4 ft. wide fitting into the angles of the gable roof; the spaces at the sides of the door have but one section each 4 ft. wide and reaching to the roof: the roof is in eight sections, each 4 x 7 1/2.

The house is put up in the following manner: The four sections of one side wall are bolted along the top and bottom to two 3 x 4 inch timbers, four bolts to each section, two at top and two at bottom; the sections of the other side wall are similarly bolted. The two side walls are now raised into position and braced. Five stringers are placed across top and pinned with galvanized pins to the top of the side walls; the outside stringers being on the extreme edge where they act as timbers to which the end walls are bolted. Two lateral floor beams are now run from the side walls, being on a line with the outside stringers above. From these beams three longitudinal floor beams are run from end to end, galvanized hooks being used to keep them in position. One end wall is now bolted to lateral floor beam and outside stringer; three hooks, one at bottom, one at center and one at top, securing the corner formed by the end and side walls. Each section of floor is now put in and hooked to side walls, the end sections of floor being hooked also to end walls. The other end wall is next bolted and hooked in the same manner as the first end wall. A heavy ridge pole is run from peak to peak and hooked. The roof is now put on and hooked, section by section, to the ridge pole, end and side walls. Doors are hung and the house is finished.

The cost of above house, painted on outside only, was \$100. W. M. C.

A canoe club was organized in Mauch Chunk, Pa., on Aug. 27th by five canoeists. They had a regatta on September 16th, two events, single paddling and tandem. The club are now getting things in shape to get ahead of their rivals, the new canoeists at Bethlehem, as soon as spring opens.

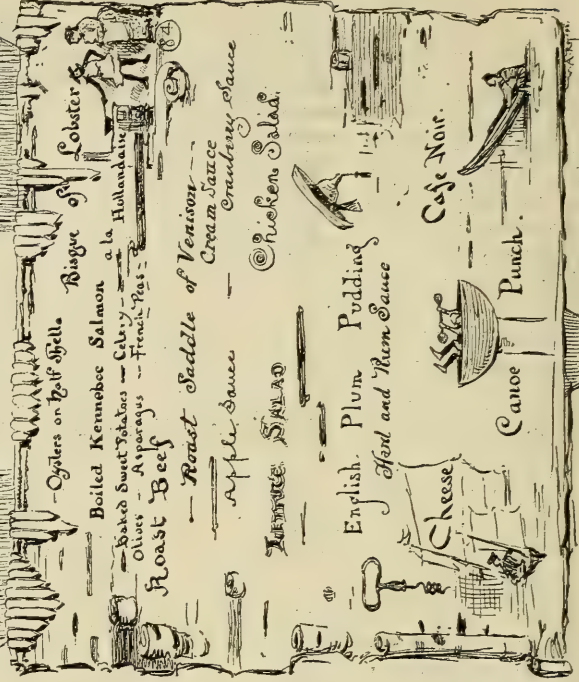
Our old friend the *Brooklyn Eagle* seems to have made a bull again. It says: "The commodore (of the B. C. C. at the annual meeting) reported that the racing record of the club's boats against other clubs showed that the Brooklyn club had won four sailing races, came in second in four and lost only two out of nine." The question is, how were these wins calculated?



15th ANNUAL DINNER of the N.Y.C. HOTEL HUNGARIA.

DEC. 12th 1885

Menu



Oysters on half shell.

Boiled Kennebec Salmon a la Hollandaise.

Baked Sweet Potatoes - Celery - Olives - Asparagus - French Potatoes.

Roast Beef

Roast Saddle of Venison - Cream Sauce

Apple Sauce

Embroidery Sauce

Chicken Salad.

LETTUCE SALAD

English Plum Pudding

Hard and Thin Sauce

Cheese

Cafe Noir.

Punch.

Canoe

Canoe

Canoe

Canoe

Canoe

6th ANNUAL DINNER

KNICKERBOCKER CANOE CLUB.

Dec 16 & 17th 1885
At MORELLO'S 442 3rd NY

MENU

Celery Oysters - Blue Point - half shell.

Pottage - Combo.

Striped Bass - Sauce Hollandaise.

Pommes de Terre Parisienne.

Macaroni a l'Italienne.

Filet de Boeuf aux Champignons.

Petit Pois Francais

MANFAGE:

Quail - Roast.

Curran d'elles

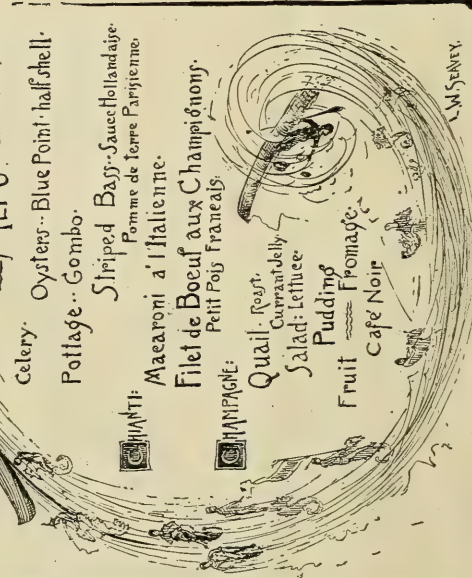
Salad: Lettuce

Pudding

Fruit

Cafe Noir

L.W. SENEY.



N. Y. C. C. ANNUAL DINNER.

DECEMBER 12, 1885.

ARTIST, author, doctor, lawyer, printer, engineer, publisher, merchant, manufacturer, government or civil clerk, broker, drummer, agent or student, as he entered the door steered to starboard to avoid the red light on the mantelpiece facing him. Red and green sidelights were the first objects seen on entering; then between them a yacht's wheel resting on the mantel came into view. Beyond and on every wall were hung prize flags, club flags, American flags and private signals—Snake's and Dots together as of old. Above the long table were hung fifteen Chinese lanterns, each one representing a year's life of the club. A handsome compass in a brass case with lights on a bronze stand rested on the table. The dinner committee had rented South street for the evening and there it was; fog-horns, ships' bells, blocks, rope, sextant, anchor, lights and all. An effigy of the international challenge cup was on the mantel near the commodore's chair—an open tomato can on a wooden support with appropriate camp knife, fork, spoon, can-opener, varnish brush, sand-paper decorations. Tin horns were used as vases for flowers resting in birch canoes on the table. The *menu* cut, printed on a card with a red and white ribbon attached was on each plate. The men in canoe rig, whatever it happened to be, were in the best of spirits, and those called on responded to the toasts given wittily. Commodore Greenleaf quoted from Irving's "Knickerbocker" an account of the first canoe voyage on New York waters, and claimed Diedrich as a member of the K. C. C., thus proving his club to be the oldest in the country. Commodore Munroe was re-elected and presided with a quiet dignity, entertaining his end of the table with story and joke. Vice-Commodore Stephens, also re-elected for another year, did the honors at the foot of the table. The oldest and the youngest member sat next each other and seemed to have something in common. The commodore and Messrs. Rogers and Burchard composed the dinner committee, and to them is due the credit of a jolly time for all present, and a unique dinner party. Mr. Wackerhagen Thetis elbowed Publisher Brentano and beamed across the table at Squaw Point Seavey. Dr. Graves sat next to Artist Rogers to administer physic in case of need. The press came in about punch time and seemed to enjoy itself, judging from the papers next day.

Mr. Jervis McEntee, who was a member of the club in 1872, almost declined to be present on account of his mature years. He felt at ease on entering the room, for he was at once greeted most warmly by two bald-headed chaps, and his artistic eye then caught sight of a third in the distance. A select few adjourned at 11:30 to catch the midnight boat to Staten Island and the ranch.

K. C. C. ANNUAL DINNER.

DECEMBER 16, 1885.

The artist is a valued member of a canoe club. What would the Red Ball and the Sea Horse have done for a menu if Rogers and Seavey had not been of them and with them? Rogers dropped the Red Ball into the punch bowl at the end and Seavey upset the Sea Horse. For the benefit of all interested canoemen let it be stated at once that Red Ball swam out and lived, and Sea Horse—though depicted, after running successfully the rapids of the dinner, as finally dumped just over the coffee cup—was not upset physically in the least by the dinner when last heard from.

With a cold wind blowing, snow and frost in the air, and the canoes dormant for the time being, it is with pleasure that the club dinner is looked forward to. For there if anywhere one can talk canoe and not have the listener look bored after the first half minute.

Freely the Knickerbockers can congratulate themselves. The dinner was good, well served and promptly. The members and guests were in the best of humor, and those called on responded cleverly to the toasts given by the commodore. After the coffee, while Havanas were gradually melting away in fragrant smoke, letters of regret were read from A. C. A. Commodore Rathbun, Dr. Parmele and Uncle John Richards. The commodore of the club then discoursed on the prehistoric period of the club's existence, and when he came to the line of demarcation between that time and the historic he called on Secretary Inertia Brown to read from the archives. Commodore Munroe spoke for the New York Club, and took the wind out of the account given by Commodore Greenleaf of the arrival of the Dutch in New York Bay composing the K. C. C. by recalling the fact that the New York Club at that very time were encamped on Staten Island, and noted the coming of the rival fleet. Vice-Commodore Wilkin told of the A. C. A. and its doings, and J. F. Newman, in a modest

and straightforward address, told some points of interest about the baby alligator, as he termed the B. C. C. over in Brooklyn. Professor Fowler read a poem, and his listeners actually floated for a time on his eloquence, but ran aground on hard facts, when the editor of CANOEIST got up and talked business. Then the jewel of the evening was seen in all the loveliness of a claw-hammer setting, for the True Canoeist (Flit) told what a real true canoeist should and should not do, the moral of which appeared to be, "Let companions go ahead and choose camp sites, or talk with aunt and relatives, but reserve the undivided attention of the fair damsel for your own personal gratification." Hiawatha Big Foot Seavey related the history of Squaw Point, and kept to the point to the end of the chapter. Buck Burchard closed the entertainment by an exhibition ride round the room on the Hippocampus, and the sixth annual dinner of the K. C. C. had been eaten.

ROCHESTER.

ELECTION AND ANNUAL DINNER.

At 8 o'clock Tuesday evening, December 9th, twenty-three gentlemen met at the club-rooms—Reynold's Arcade. A new member was admitted. Matt. Angle, captain of the club, presided. Charles H. Moody was elected captain for 1886, Henry L. Ward mate and George H. Harris purser. The men then adjourned to the Brackett House, under command of Commodore F. F. Andrews, where supper was served. The room and table were appropriately decorated with flags and flowers. A large canoe constructed of flowers ornamented the center of the table. Nearly every man present did his share toward the entertainment and amusement of the other by a speech, song, or story. It was long past midnight when the jollification came to an end.

ONE OF THOSE WAYBACKS

A BIT FROM THE SWEETHEART'S LOG.

* * * Carrying our canoes, we trudged to camp, finding an ancient moss-back fellow calmly seated by the fire (which he had liberally replenished), warming his shin bones.

"Well, I swan to man!" ejaculated that worthy, as we deposited our burdens. "Do tell," he continued, whipping out a rule and proceeding to take measurements. "Fourteen feet, why I want to know! Twenty-

six inch beam, by eleven in the clear; well I swan to man, you chaps must be a tribe of Injuns I ain't met yet."

We replied that our relatives always considered us white.

"Swan to man," he reiterated, not noticing our remarks, "why nobody in these parts would go out in this wind, much less in such cockle-shells as them. Kivered with skin?" he asked, feeling the canvas-covered decks. "Kim down to fish an' see you fellers, an' the wind was so high I did not go out," replied this Yankee to our inquiries.

"You fellers had better look out for the bars," he volunteered, "lots on 'em hereabout; an' that reminds me that two chaps about your make was eat up over on the p'int last winter, and nobody knew nothin' about 'em; did'n't leave no word fur their friends or nobody. Where do you live when you're to hum?"

"Southern Ohio? and kim all the way in them boats, du tell, why I swan to man!" I think we were even.

"Don't believe in them new-fangled guns of yours, they won't shoot true. Why I've got a rifle to hum that I kin hit your hat at more than a hundred yards, every time."

A dead silence fell upon the party after this, and then the commodore spoke up: "Look here, cully, I can hit your hat with my rifle every time, if you throw it in the air."

"Bet yer a dollar."

"Well, put up or shut up," and Will produced a shiner.

"Well I ain't got none about my clothes, but my word's good fur it."

I threw down the duck I was picking and the commodore, wiping his fishy hands on the bosom of his pants, picked up the Winchester and looked business.

"Stranger, you nor no other man kin do the like of that, an' if I am from hereabout I am no dumphool."

"Oh, of course not. Here, sonny, hold the dollar, it's yours, old hayseed, if I miss."

"Swan to man," I heard him mutter, as he selected a stone to place in the crown, "this is the softest crowd I ever struck!"

"Look out now," he yelled, striking an attitude, and up went the felt about twenty feet. Bang! Out flew the stone and we saw daylight through the crown, while the hat, freed from the weight, floated on the breeze. Bang! and a fearful rent lengthwise was the result. Not a word was spoken, and then the man rubbed his left shin with his right boot, expectorated, and blurted out:

"Wal, it was a derved dirty mean trick, swan to man if it wa'nt."

That afternoon we rigged up our lateens, and the glorious excitement of skimming over Crooked Lake will long be a verdant spot in my memory. The Blackbird fairly beat the Sweetheart, "who did not have enough ballast aboard," and "the tiller line got kinked," but later in the day the scores were evened, for the commodore, trying "something fancy in the Ellard jibe," went neck and croup over into the white-capped green waves.

Tacking to the southern shore, we then fairly flew before the wind toward camp. I hoisted the dandy; but a puff of wind flicked it out of my hand, snapping the mast and shipping a tubful of water, which floated everything about my shins; the Sweetheart pitched through, instead of riding the high-running waves, presented very much the appearance of a playful porpoise. At each dive I would hold my breath, feeling assured that it would be the last, and mentally cussing in the choicest canoe jabberwock Rob Roys of every condition and kind.

GEORGE WARDER.

N. Y. C. C. CHALLENGE CUP.

The letter and conditions published in December CANOEIST, which was sent to the Royal C. C. in London, have been responded to. Mr. T. G. F. Winsor, secretary of the R. C. C., writes that the challenge has been laid before the R. C. C. at a general meeting and accepted; that a modification of the conditions allowing the English canoes to compete would be perhaps better, and that the club thanks the N. Y. C. C. for the courtesy shown. Mr. Tredwen also writes much more in detail about the conditions and again assures the club that he will be present next summer to sail. Mr. Baden-Powell also, with a most friendly letter to the club, reiterates his intention of coming over. The cup committee of the N. Y. C. C. held a meeting after the receipt of these letters and modified the conditions to read as follows:

1. The canoes competing must come within the limits defined by the N. Y. C. C. rules.

2. The cup is to be held as a perpetual challenge trophy.

3. The competition is open to not more than three authorized representatives of any canoe club sailing under foreign colors, as many canoes representing the N. Y. C. C. as come from the foreign club.

4. Two victories to be necessary to either

win or hold the cup, the same canoes competing in each.

5. The races to be sailed on the waters of the club holding the cup.

6. Races sailed in the United States to be contested on New York Bay under the auspices of the N. Y. C. C.

7. The distance sailed over in each race must not be less than eight nor more than ten miles, and within a time limit of three hours.

8. The races must be sailed at a time mutually agreed upon between the first club challenging and the holders of the cup; but one series of races to be sailed in any one year and between two clubs.

9. The N. Y. C. C. rules to govern the races; these are practically identical with all canoeing and yachting rules.

10. The cup must in all cases be held by the club and not by its representative. Should the club holding the cup dissolve its organization, the cup will then revert to the N. Y. C. C.

Of the designs submitted by Jacques & Marcus for approval one has been selected.

WEST BRANCH CRUISING (Concluded).

I was awakened by an oat-straw run into my ear by a sudden turn I had made. A breakfast of plain bread and milk, and in a pouring rain I again took to tracking the river, pulling the canoe, with Friday comfortably sitting in the cockpit, after me. Oh, how often I wished it was next week Friday, instead of this one!

The end came at last; for after scraping that canoe's bottom until eleven o'clock, I hove in sight of some houses, which proved to be the village of Carpenter Eddie. Here we paused and were well cared for by a kind-hearted gentleman, Mr. Asa Grant by name. We sojourned 'neath his roof for a day and a half, from whence he took canoe and crew by wagon to Hancock, where we again launched her in a freshet, and then bowled along at a rapid rate toward the sea. In a day and a half we were at Port Jarvis, where I found letters of appeal to come home, as I was wanted badly; so acquiescing to the pleadings, we placed the Willow in the freight house and by train made home by midnight, much to the pleasure of many anxious ones. Now, dear CANOEIST, in spite of all this, you'll find I'm going again next summer, but not on the Coquago, or west branch of the Delaware.

ORINOCO.

* This article was intended to be printed in full last month. Printer cut off a slice and went to press without orders.—Ed.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

WAKULLA, A STORY OF ADVENTURE IN FLORIDA By Kirk Munroe. Illustrated. Harper and Brothers, New York.

THIS little 16mo. of 250 pages, though written for the young people, is interesting to older heads as well. The style is simple, clear and direct. The story tells what befel a New England bank cashier and his family on their way to Florida and in their new home there. The father of the family was obliged to leave the country town, where he had always lived, on account of ill health, the doctors advising removal to a warm climate as the only hope of saving his life.

The family sail from Bangor, Me., in a three-masted schooner for St. Marks. The chapter of "a wreck on the Florida Reefs" is most fascinating. The wreck is not the schooner the Elmers sailed in, and what they saw of it was in calm weather. The adventures described all through are of a very natural character and, though often thrilling, are far from the blood and thunder type. The Elmers do not go to a home all prepared for them, but settle on a spot long neglected and in a house that had been empty for years. Their life for a time savored strongly of the camp; and no canoeist can fail to get points from the story that will help him to make his own camp life in future more agreeable.

A reader of CANOEIST, who has done considerable cruising, a veteran, writes that he enjoyed reading the story more than he can tell, and thanks the author for the pleasure derived from the book.

Mr. Munroe loves Florida, its sunshine and its warmth; and, perhaps unconsciously to him, both have crept into the story. The fund of information the author gives incidentally, when summed up is considerable, and its accuracy is unquestioned. Canoeists intending a visit to Florida—there are many of them, and the number increases each year—should not fail to read the book, if for its information only.

Everybody reads what Mark Twain has to say. Is there a canoeist anywhere who has missed his last contribution to literature, his war article in the *December Century*? If such a one does exist he has a pleasure before him. Camp life during the first month of the war, as told by the one of many who went into the war to do something, but didn't do it, cannot fail to appeal strongly to the canoeist, be he one who has returned from a single cruise or many.

"The private's history of a campaign that failed" contains a large slice of truth—and solemn fact, too—so beautifully intermingled with the choicest touches of wit that you read it seriously with a broad smile. Kemble's war maps and character sketches are in strict harmony with the author's spirit throughout. "I could have become a soldier myself if I had waited. I had got part of it learned; I knew more about retreating than the man that invented retreating." Many canoeists have got thus far in the science of war. This is the reason a canoeist rarely gets into a row—there is always a way to retreat.

The canoeist who is not an observer of nature, loses half the joy a canoe can give. Thoreau would have been a devoted canoeist had he lived longer. Winthrop, who wrote John Brent, canoed it with Church, the artist, in the Maine wilderness and wrote delightfully about it. Many landscape painters have discovered the possibilities of the canoe, and use her as a means to reach the heart of nature. Why has that master investigator of the most minute details in nature, John Burroughs, so long neglected this means at his very elbows, to reach nooks yet hidden from his eye, trained as it is to close observation? From a canoe, as the point of view, the limit of vision is usually the horizon. This means a large picture, broad effects, and naturally implies the blotting out or smoothing over of detail. Yet there are times when the outlook is not attractive, or when some particular point draws the eye to it and tempts the observer on to closer inspection. How much that is lovely escapes the voyager in a canoe merely from the fact that he has not the training, the comprehension to take it in. Then read Burrough now, this cold weather when the canoe is housed and neglected, and create an appetite for that in nature previously unknown and unsuspected. Begin with "Bird Enemies" (*December Century*) and learn something of the habits of those constant companions on every cruise, from the songster that cheered you in the morning while cooking breakfast, giving promise of a fair day, to the owl that scared you out of your seven senses the first night in camp.

"I have dealt so in dreams that the dreams appear true,
And have fashioned the face that my echo should wear.
For its eyes I have borrowed the flash of the dew,
For its cheeks the pale pink of the wild rose's hue,
And the sunshine in threads for its hair.

"There are so many fancies a word may destroy
That I want it to live while it charms me and cheers.
Yet I freely confess 'twould be more of a joy
If I knew that my echo, (since I am a boy)
Were a girl of about my own years!"—*St. Nicholas*, Dec

? I WANT TO KNOW. ?

MODELS, ETC.

I am going to have a local builder make me a canoe this winter, but I cannot decide on a model. My preference is for the Shadow. I like the tumble home of the top streak, but understand it lessens the stability when keeled over under sail. My idea is to have a Shadow with a straight sternpost above the waterline, $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch camber to deck, old form of cockpit (not pointed), flat keel and Radix board. I propose to use a 50 ft. Mohican mainsail with a 20 ft. dandy. This is my idea of a good all-around canoe. 1. Would it make a good model? 2. Where should a centerboard go to get best results? 3. Where should the mast tubes go? 4. Which is best, Mohican or balance lug? 5. Is there any other model that is better? How can the injury of a tumble home (if there is any) be remedied?—D. T. G.

[Straight stem and stern are good points for sailing on open waters. Tumble home does lessen stability. $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch camber is good. Rounded cockpit?—well, yes, if you use the Farnham apron—not otherwise. Rig is good, 50 and 20 Mohican. The canoe will not be a Shadow, or like any Shadow ever built. Whether it proves to be a good model depends upon the builder and one thousand and one other points you do not even touch upon. 2. There is not a racing man in the A. C. A. but would give ducats in plenty to know this. If you put the aft end of the board under the center of the canoe you cannot be far wrong. 3. Main-mast tube should go as near stem as possible, within 12 inches of it. Dandy 3 ft. 6 in. to 4 ft. from stern to suit convenience of inside arrangements. 4. Authorities differ. 5. Better for what—sailing races, cruising, river work, camping, comfort, or ease in paddling? Yes, there are better models for any one of these points. For them all, to get the best average, you may hit it if your builder is a genius. Don't expect too much. Be satisfied with the possible.—ED.]

Can you send me the names of any reliable builders of Barnegat sneakboxes and cruisers? I suppose any of them would be good builders of small sail boats.—W. S. G.

[W. P. Stephens, West New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y. N. H. Bishop, Tom's River, Ocean county, N. J., has just ordered of a local builder fifty single-hand cruis-

ers, he can tell you the builder's name and address. Thomas Clapham, Roslyn, Long Island, N. Y.—ED.]

I do not belong to any particular club. Four cruisers of which I was one navigated the Susquehanna a year ago last summer' and we called ourselves the Sans Souci Cruising Canoozers. We went down the Mohawk Valley on a canal boat, by Seneca Lake to Watkins, by cars from there to Elmira. Paddling down Chemung River to Athens; then from Athens down to Havre de Grace; from there in a canal boat to Baltimore and thence to New York in a three-masted schooner. Last summer I sailed my canoe the Camille from Boston to Gloucester, Cape Ann, through the cut so called to Annisquam, by the river of that name, then round to Pigeon Cove, Rockport. From there crossed Ipswich Bay, up Plum Island River to Newburyport, from there to Haverhill, Lawrence via canal, thence to Lowell and back the same route to Pigeon Cove. What I wish to know is what benefit will it be to me to become a member of the American Canoe Association.—F. J. B.

[If the knowledge that you are a member—after sending in your \$3.00 to Doctor Neidé and getting his notice of your election—is not sufficient gratification for the amount expended, you can refer to the A. C. A. Book and find a number of inducements enumerated. But visit a meet of the A. C. A. at Grindstone and you will never again ask the question. If you have the files of CANOEIST you certainly cannot but know all that the Association can do for you. Look them over, and get in good company as soon as possible by sending in your initiation fee and dues, and then join us in August on Eel Bay.—ED.]

As I have not seen an Everson canoe, will you kindly explain in what way the Daniel Webster model is different or better than any ordinary Sunbeam.—G. B.

[The differences can be enumerated, but as it would take 2000 words to do it thoroughly at a cost to you of \$20.00, we fear you cannot afford the luxury. The Sunbeam's lines have been published. The Daniel Webster's will probably be later. If you can tell all about a canoe from the lines on paper you have only to wait to get the knowledge. When you ask if one is better than the other, what do you mean? Its points of speed, comfort, convenience in handling or what? As it stands 1000 words would be necessary to do justice to this subject, and an additional cost to you.—ED.]

I know very little about a canoe but like the outing one would give me. I want to sail. If I order from any builder other than Rushton I cannot get sails with the canoe, as he alone supplies the sails. If I ordered from Everson can I get you, Mr. Editor, to rig her up for me, everything complete, all to suit yourself? My only excuse for troubling you is my want of experience in these matters, and I want a fast canoe.—M. Q. C.

[We are pained to decline the honor of rigging your canoe, Mr. M. Q. C. The simplest and best way out of your dilemma is to purchase one of the many first-class canoes all rigged now offered for sale by members of the A. C. A. You can thus get a good boat, a year or two old, but none the worse for that, well rigged and equipped, and at a cost, all told, of about what you would pay for a new hull alone.—Ed.]

The price of CANOEIST seems pretty low, and there is something in every number we trust that is worth keeping as a suggestion to rig, model, handling or fittings, sufficient to justify the subscriber in filing the paper for reference. A new subscriber writes us that the *club copy* takes so long to go the rounds that he is determined to be independent by subscribing personally. We are pleased to hear this, as it shows there is a desire to look us over each month, and pained, too, at the thought of numerous other *club copies* that still supply fully the wants of many members from whom we do not hear personally.

It seems that the Brooklyn Canoe Club call the dinner alluded to in our December issue only a lunch or light supper. Their real true dinner is to come up hot on January 12th, 1886. At the annual meeting December 9th officers for 1886 were elected: J. F. Newman, commodore; Wm. Whitlock, vice-commodore; M. V. Brokaw, secretary, and C. V. R. Schuyler, A. C. A. measurer. The offices of president and vice-president were abolished. The duties pertaining to these offices have been added to those of the previously existing office of commodore, with help from the vice.

B. W. Richard writes: "I have decided to build my new canoe 16 x 30, from Stephens's lines—not yet published I believe. In the mean time I am getting out the lines of a new pair of snow shoes as more appropriate for the weather we have at present."



A COMPLIMENT FROM THE FATHER OF MODERN CANOEING.

PUBLISHERS CANOEIST: Please send me THE AMERICAN CANOEIST, the August, September, October and November numbers, as I wish to obtain information to be added to the seventh edition of "The Rob Roy on the Jordan," now in the press—and any other information on the subject. Yours faithfully, JOHN MAC GREGOR (Rob Roy, Captain of the Royal C. C.)

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION
OF NAVIGATION, TRAVELING, COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURE, LIVERPOOL, 1886.

3 Prince's Park Terrace,
Liverpool, November 14, 1885. }

EDITOR CANOEIST: By book-post I send you a copy of the prospectus of this exhibition, and shall be glad if you will kindly bring the matter to the notice of your readers, as a prominent place will be given to canoeing and camp life. I shall be glad to take charge of exhibits and to give any assistance I can. Any exhibits will be welcome, from canoes and tents to burgeses and photographs. Believe me, yours truly,

W. S. HOLDEN,

Mall Mersey Canoe Club and Member of Navigation Committee of above Exhibition.

[The prospectus was received with the letter. It is a twenty-page document of legal cap size, printed in a very handsome manner in brown ink, containing names of the various committeemen and patrons, several hundred in all; a statement of dates, prizes, etc.; rules for exhibitors; classification of subjects, under which Division I., Navigation, contains in Section IV. mercantile marine, from 1830 to 1886; Class III., pleasure boats, stowing boats and canoes. The Exhibition is to open in May, 1886. The following letter from Mr. N. H. Bishop is interesting in this connection.—EDITOR.]

TOMS RIVER, Ocean Co., N. J.,
December, 1885. }

EDITOR CANOEIST: Mr. W. H. Holden, of the Mersey Canoe Club, Liverpool, England, advises me that he is a member of the Committee on Navigation of the "International Exhibition of Navigation, Traveling, Commerce and Manufacture," which is to be held in Liverpool during the

year 1886, under the patronage of her Majesty the Queen and the Presidency of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Holden was in America two years ago, and has taken a lively interest in the development of canoeing in Canada and the United States. He offers to forward and protect the interests in his official capacity of exhibitors on this side of the Atlantic. He desires that America should have a full exhibit of all improvements made in canoes, boats, fixtures, &c., since canoeing and cruising received its great impetus with the organization of the American Canoe Association. There is now offered a fine opportunity for American canoes and cruising boats to appear side by side with all that Great Britain will exhibit in the same line. This, if generously carried out, will offer most excellent material for study and comparison. I hope that our Canadian as well as United States builders will be well represented at this great exhibition of "Navigation, &c." It will be well for those interested in this opportunity to communicate at once with Mr. W. H. Holden, 3 Prince's Park Terrace, Liverpool, England, who will cheerfully give all advice and assistance necessary.

Please note Rule 4 of Regulations for exhibition: "No goods will be received previous to the first of March, 1886, without special permission, and no goods will be received after the 15th April, 1886." Fraternalty yours, NATHANIEL H. BISHOP.

BARNEGAT CRUISER.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM ONE OF N. H. BISHOP'S LETTERS.

I have spent more than two years by the shores of Barnegat Bay. I have employed the two best sneakbox builders in America to assist in improving the model of the "Centennial Republic" of 1875.

We now have the best, safest, stiffest, driest, and most comfortable little 13 and 14 foot single-handers in existence; and at less price by 20 per cent. than a canoe of same length. While the Barnegat Cruiser—the name I have given the new cruiser—gives you twice the room and five times the stability of a canoe of same length.

It has long been my belief that the paddle and canoe "to each other belongs," and that a canoe is no longer a canoe in its true sense when it is too large and heavy to be easily paddled. You know that I tried to get the constitutional committee at Lake George to have a distinct class of a craft, sharp at each end, and of canoe model, es-

tablished, to be called "Sailing Canoes," or "Canoe Yachts." All canoes that exceeded the power of the paddle limit should have been put in this class—and thus could have been prevented the demoralization of the true canoe. But our Ritualists were so afraid of the "iniquitous" oar which would have been used in these heavy craft instead of the paddle, that they tried to swallow everything sharp, pointed and of canoe model and digest it as "canoe." This fatal course has driven many canoeists outside of the A. C. A. to look for a comfortable cruising boat, and at the request of many A. C. A. men, I have contributed more than one year's time and several hundred dollars, to perfecting the "Barnegat Cruiser," which will be the first boat introduced by the "American Single Hand Cruising Club," the headquarters of which will be in Ocean county, New Jersey.

All fixtures for the "Barnegat Cruiser" have been made especially for these boats—safety first; comfort second; speed third—is our rule.

Some of the "boys" are urging me to build one sneakbox for speed only. Naughty boys! They can't keep racing out of their heads, and the single-hand cruising club is a purely cruising club fraternity—no racing under the flag allowed. I have thought that the "boys" might do something worse than racing boats, so I have a special man at work on a fast sneakbox, boom and gaff sail with jib. You drop your peak when it squalls, while you sit by your tiller. Let me hear from you soon. Fraternalty,

N. H. BISHOP.

ALL WOOL—AND A YARD WIDE.

I have been a reader of CANOEIST for some time, and have all the bound volumes since its appearance, and have only one serious objection to it, and that is there is not half enough of it.

While by no means as experienced a cruiser as Neidé, Farnham and others, yet I have taken several interesting cruises and am enthusiastically devoted to the sport and all that pertains to it. Have built two canoes and very good ones they proved to be. Much to my regret there are no cruising waters within miles of Staunton, consequently all the satisfaction I get out of my canoe between cruises is to go and look at it and to "monkey" with it. After my cruise I see how it can be improved in this or that respect, and then go to work. My last cruise demonstrated to me that my new "apron" or shell cover was about as near

perfection as possible. It is made nearly on the plan of Mr. Tredwen's hatches described in *CANOEIST* for May, 1883—where I obtained the idea—the principal differences being, the framework of the hatches is covered with stout muslin, oiled and painted, instead of cedar. The forward section of hatch is fastened to front coaming with soft leather straps instead of iron hinges, the straps buttoning over knobs, and a loose, oiled muslin apron, large enough to come well up under the arms and tuck around sides and into back of well is attached to aft section of hatch. I also found that the 8 ft. cockpit of the Belle (easily reducible to 4 ft. by hatches at each end) was much more convenient for my kind of cruising—inland river with plenty of rapid running on not too large a scale—on general principles than the 4 ft. well of the Frankie (my first canoe), affording better sleeping accommodations and increased storage room as well as increased facilities in stowing articles; so the first “monkeying” I do this fall will be to give Frankie an 8 ft. cockpit.

My brother and I intend to cruise in the Shenandoah and Potomac next season. I have your “Canoe Handling” and have read it with considerable interest and profit.

F. R. WEBB.

Several of the New York papers had accounts of an upset from a canoe on November 27th off Yonkers, N. Y., on the Hudson, and the heroic rescue of the crew by the steamer Sylvan Dell. The account was most thrilling. A careful investigation by our reporters has thus far failed to place the parties to whom the accident occurred. It was a tandem crew, so the story goes.

A prize will be put up in the spring by a few Mohicans, to be raced for by members of their own club who have never yet won a sailing race. This plan to encourage the newer members is an excellent one, as was illustrated at the meet last summer, when Mr. J. H. Hull generously offered the finest prize of the regatta for the juniors only, so to speak.

The Lassie is to have a Laddie. O. K. Chobee is about to order from Everson a mate to the first Daniel Webster. The hull is to be the same except as to internal arrangements. Mr. Munroe proposes to continue in the new canoe his old form—sitting inside—as he sailed Psyche most successfully in this position.

This is our fourth birthday;
Can you wish us “many happy returns”?



Four years ago the canoeist publisher of this little magazine planted his capital just as the sower plants his seed. The first number was issued and scattered far and wide on the broad plowed field of canoeism. But the broad field had not been plowed as thoroughly as the modern engines can do it; the harvest that resulted was a meagre one and could be gathered in with a simple sickle. The grain has been threshed, stored and measured, acres have been added to the farm, and in consequence all the fruits of four years must needs be used as seed for the coming year's plant. Cheerfully it is given, with the hope that next autumn the most improved mowing machine followed by the reaper of largest capacity will have to be employed to get the crop into our barn.



When will we be able to provide twice as many pages to you each month? It is but for you to say, gentle reader.



WILLIAM L. ALDEN.

FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY, JUNE 27TH, 1885, BY KIND PERMISSION OF MESSRS. HARPER & BROS.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. V.

FEBRUARY, 1886.

No. 2.

WILLIAM L. ALDEN.

U. S. Consul-General to Italy, First Commodore of the American Canoe Association, Founder and First Commodore of the New York Canoe Club.

[From Harper's Weekly, June 27, 1885.]

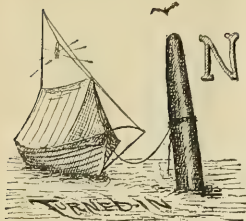
“WILLIAM L. ALDEN, the newly appointed Consul-General at Rome, is a son of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Alden, formerly a professor in Williams College and at Lafayette College, Pennsylvania—where his son was educated—and more recently President of the State Normal College at Albany. Mr. Alden studied law in the office of Mr. William M. Evarts, and for three or four years he practiced his profession in this city, but afterward adopted the vocation of journalism, becoming a member successively of the editorial staffs of the *World*, the *Graphic*, and the *Times*. With the latter journal he has been connected for some twelve years, contributing to it the humorous articles which are so well known and so much admired by all the readers of the *Times*. Two collections of Mr. Alden's articles have been made in book form, and he is the author of five volumes published by Harper & Brothers: ‘The Moral Pirates,’ ‘The Cruise of the Ghost,’ ‘The Cruise of the Canoe Club,’ ‘The Canoe and the Flying Proa,’ and ‘The Adventures of Jimmy Brown.’ Mr. Alden is an enthusiastic canoeist, having been one of the founders of the New York Canoe Club, and the first Commodore of the American Canoe Association. He has made five visits to Italy, and has lived there for two years in all. This residence, and the command of the Italian language which has resulted from it, constitute his special qualifications for the Italian consulate-general. The announcement of Mr. Alden's appointment has been received with very general and hearty commendation.”

Mr. Alden is still an active (though non-resident) member of the N. Y. C. C., and is the only original member now on the club's roll. He is still a canoe owner and continued his canoeing up to the date of his departure for Europe last August. The Shadow canoe, a model perhaps as widely known as any, was the joint result of his suggestions and Everson's practical boat building knowledge. He was one of the four who took the cruise recorded in “Canoeing in Kanukia;” and has many times since been over the same waters—in fact it has become a standing joke with his canoeing friends that whenever asked by them where he proposed to go the next summer his reply always was, “I have heard the Richelieu river well spoken of and I think I'll try it.”

He introduced the Nautilus canoe (a canoe carrying sail) into this country, getting drawings from Mr. Baden-Powell. He did much to popularize the sport at an early date (1871-72) by writing many charming articles on canoeing for the *Times*. An article on the modern canoe from his pen was published in *Scribner's Magazine*, (now the *Century*) in August, 1872. This number is entirely out of print. “The Canoe and Flying Proa” was reprinted in book form, made up largely from articles he had written for *Harper's Monthly*. He has been sadly missed at the Association meets for several years past. His bubbling good humor and quaint fun made him a very popular member at the early meets held at Lake George; and those who met him there have since felt at the later meets that one element of enjoyment was wanting. How long will it be before he is back among us again?

THE HELL GATE PILOT BOAT.

THEODORE LEDYARD.



WRITING this article I do it, not with the thought to suggest something in place of or to detract from the canoe in any way, but to show to canoeists and those interested

in small craft a boat well adapted to cruising in deep and open waters.

The Hell Gate pilot boat used by the Sound pilots, who bring vessels into New York, via Hell Gate, is a rowboat 14 ft. long, 4 ft. 3 in. beam, with about 21 in. depth amidships. She is built of white cedar and oak, lap-seamed and copper fastened; weight, when new, about 160 lbs.

I owned one of these boats in 1877, and used her with a small spritsail, as the pilots do.

Living on an island in Long Island Sound, I naturally gave a good deal of time and thought to sailing. One day, while on the shore, I found a sail, very much like my own. It took but little time to put the two in my boat; and using a small leg-o'-mutton sail, with head down at the outer end of the bowsprit, it gave me a 10 ft. jib; and with 9 ft. main boom, as you can see, for a 14 ft. boat I was carrying considerable sail.

If I remember rightly there was some talk at the time, among the old salts and oystermen, of boyish work, foolishness and other complimentary remarks; but they didn't annoy me to any considerable extent, or lessen my appreciation of the boat; for, since that time, I have rigged several and have found out their true worth, and made improvements, when needed, to perfect them in every way for a practical cruiser.

I have not kept the thing all to myself, but have done considerable talking, trying to get others enthusiastic, and my efforts have been rewarded during the last year by the organization of a "schooner club," with a representation of twelve gentlemen.

A description of my present boat is as follows: A regular open rowboat, length 14 ft.; beam, 4 ft. 5 in., with 23 in. depth amidship; the stern is 28 in. wide; the depth at stern 30 in. There is a fore seat, 3 ft. from the stem; a middle seat, 7 ft.

from the stem, and an after seat, with 2 ft. space between it and the stern, which serves as a place for luggage, and is covered by a back board in front and a top grating. The three seats have drawers under them, and they, together with the space fore and aft, give ample room for all the necessary traps for cruising; and any practical canoeist knows how handy those drawers are and what goes in them. The entire rig is adjustable—and for that matter all rigs are, but this is designed and constructed to be put up and taken down at will; either to be done in five minutes. The masts are of white pine, 10 ft. high, 2¼ in. thick; jib, 8½ ft. boom; lug foresail, 6 ft. boom; mainsail, 9 ft. boom.

A canoeist might be tempted to say that this gives a big clumsy boat, overburdened with sail; while the owner of larger boats might say the boat is rather small; but for any one to see her, and see her alive, she is simply captivating. The usefulness, adaptability and seaworthiness of such a craft is surprising; and as a small cruiser for the coast or in any open water she is remarkable for speed and comfort; and at all times presents a picture. Unrigged, she is a plain rowboat, while rigged she savors a good deal of the yacht, and one entitled to respect in that light.

For ordinary sailing she carries mainsail, foresail and jib. If more sail be wanted, as in very light weather, I use a 12 by 13 ft. spinnaker from the maintopmast head off the wind, and use it from the end of the bowsprit as a balloon jib when on the wind. A staysail and maintopsail also work to good advantage under certain circumstances.

When it is blowing too hard for standing sail the jib and mainsail work nicely, and if that is too much the foresail alone will do, on or off the wind, at any time; so in this way the craft can be adapted to any weather, flat, calm, or a gale.

Don't think, in reading this, that the boat is gotten up to fit this article; she is for real service, and has been tried for several years; and is far more pleasing, in actual service, than is herein stated. It is a conceded fact, in the nautical world, that the expert boatmen and sailors know the advantage and comfort of the schooner rig; whether large craft or small the principle is

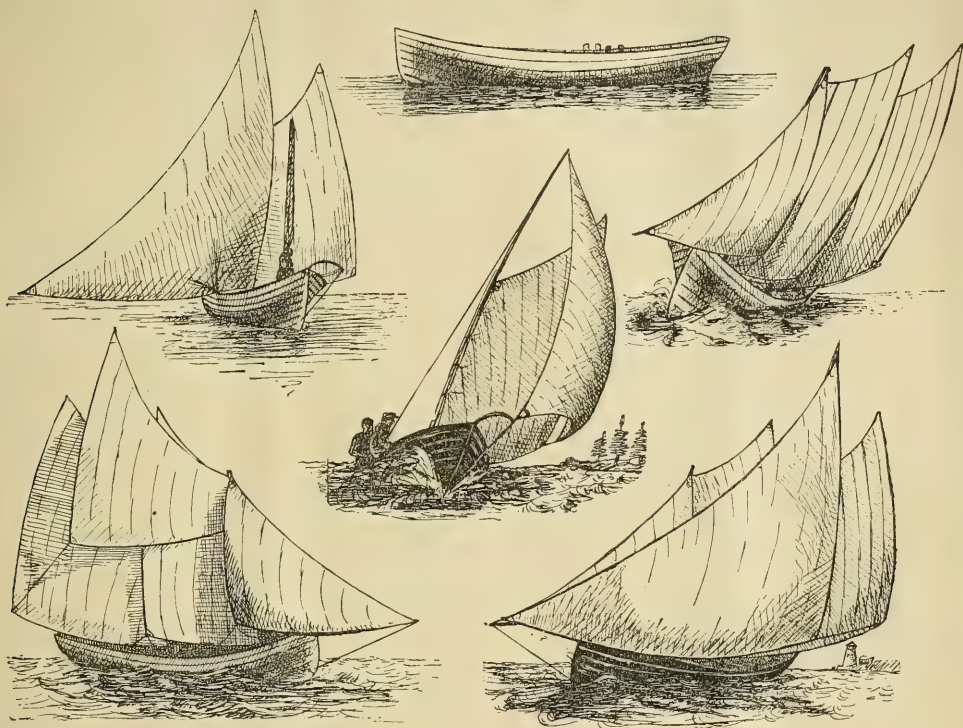
the same. Gentlemen owning yachts prefer the schooner to the sloop for those reasons, and also as a smaller crew is required. The Bermuda boys have a 14 ft. sloop rigged boat, and go five-handed in a race. I have the same sized boat and have always gone single-handed.

The Sandy Hook pilots use the schooner in preference to any other sailing craft, for her handiness, and if there is any choice you may be sure they would have it.

The schooner rigged rowboat especially

always gone alone, found everything handy, have been in several races, one of 40 miles straight stretch, and have never carried over 50 lbs. ballast; and yet more ballast and a crew of one would, on some occasions, facilitate matters very much. For cruising, two in a boat would be the right thing, both for help and company, but principally for company.

I judge, from what I hear and read of canoeing, that all canoeists are not sailors, and those who are not would scarcely find



THE HELL GATE PILOT BOAT LINDA.—THE VARIOUS CHANGES HER RIG IS CAPABLE OF.

DRAWING MADE BY THE AUTHOR.

commends itself to the New Yorker with limited time at his disposal and a desire to go cruising down East for a few days. He may tie his boat by bow and stern lines under the guards of any of the big steamers some afternoon, and by the next morning can be at Saybrook, New London, Newport, or any place according to the steamer, and in this way can calculate the time to and from any measurable distance.

Some one may remark about crew, weight, complication of rig, etc. I have

the same enjoyment in the schooner as in the canoe, for in the latter they can paddle on the rivers or in any moderately still water, and until they have learned to sail can enjoy themselves immensely.

The schooner is somewhat like the canoe, in that she is a small boat, adapted to cruising, and can be used with or without sail; but this is general, while in detail there is a great difference. One could go cruising in her without sail, but it wouldn't take over five miles to wear the fun all off.

She can be used as a "cat" until a more thorough knowledge is acquired, with a great deal of satisfaction and amusement with very little attendant risk, and in most any kind of weather, if the commander has as much as a general knowledge of the direction and velocity of the wind, its relation to the sail and the relative resistance to the craft; and unless these things are understood with any sailing craft, there is a grand chance for the skipper to go ashore with seaweed in his teeth.

Not being a practical canoeist, I don't know how the sleeping arrangements are in her. I do know that some carry a tent and have to go ashore to pitch it. Now, to me, this would present objections in cruising along the coast, with the necessity of going ashore at some secluded spot and the picking out of a nice place for the tent. With the schooner there is a tent also; but not the necessity of going ashore to pitch it. For a ridge pole, the spinnaker boom is used, which is a pole made in two 7 ft. sections, and jointed like a fishing rod; this is for convenience when not in use. This ridge pole is supported at the bow by one-half of the foresprit, which is made like the spinnaker boom. It is stepped through the foreseat, same as when using the foremast. At the stern the mainsprit is used, which is 11 ft. long, from which a lantern may be swung. In this way the three poles serve two purposes, and save the necessity of carrying extra ones and taking up valuable room. Over this frame is placed the tent, made to fit around outside of the boat; and when all adjusted there is for available space the full length and width of the boat, with 5 ft. head room.

The bed is of stout canvas, 8 ft. long, or less, if desired; and made to fit and swing between the gunwales, and is befitting to the occasion; for, while it is a bed in one sense, it is not bed a but a hammock, and so is right up in true nautical style.

The foremast is stepped through the fore-seat, and is 3 ft. from stem. Masts are 5 ft. apart.

The rudder has a yoke on top, and lines running from it to the helmsman. A tiller would be in the way. The boat has a 3 in. permanent keel, which I consider far better than a centreboard in this case.

Double jib and foresail sheets are used and run to a convenient point aft, where the helmsman can reach them readily from his seat.

A CRUISE IN THE SCHOONER LINDA.

A HELL GATE PILOT BOAT.

THORNTON H. SMITH.

THIS schooner is 13 ft. in length, and 4 ft. 4 in. beam, 20 in. amidships, is an open boat, clinker built, and rigged with jib, fore and mainsails, a staysail, balloon-jib-lug, and spinnaker, and is owned by me. She belongs to the Smith's Island Schooner Club.

With Mr. Norman L. Archer, of New York, I cruised from Smith's Island, Norwalk Harbor, to New London, Conn., in this seaworthy little craft, being fully equipped with nautical implements and attire.

Aug. 4. Eased sheets in a westerly wind for New Haven; when off Stratford Point the wind had shifted strong from the south with a high roll on; brailed the foresail, and made New Haven under this rig in good time—anchoring at White's float for the night, having made the run of thirty-one miles in six hours and ten minutes in calm and blow.

Wednesday, Aug. 5. Left float at 7:45 A. M. with light air from the north; set spinnaker to starboard, and overhauled a New Haven sharpie, her length being 25 ft., leg-o'-mutton rig. At Morgan's Point the wind shifted to south'ard, but most a calm; lowered spinnaker, and sent up staysail. The breeze was light all the way to the Thimble Islands, but the staysail sent her along nicely.

Reached Pott Island, Group of Thimbles, at 11:20 A. M., lunched, and set sail at 12:20 again, with wind a little stronger, under jib, fore and mainsails. Passed Sachem's Head at 12:59. Off Hamonasset Point the wind had died away, and a head tide was butting against the schooner. Set spinnaker, and held it with a "full" until Duck Island was apart. A shower was making things black in the west, and would probably soon reach us. Jibed sails to starboard on rounding Mannunketesuk Point for Westbrook, where we were obliged to harbor for the night, 5:30 P. M., and had just furled the sails as the rain came in torrents, with wind from the north-west. The cottages were filled with guests from Hartford and various towns in Connecticut, and seemed to take much interest in the proceedings of the crew of the Linda as they stored away charts, oil skins, etc., and crowded around the schooner so closely, as she rested on the shore, that they had to be asked to step

aside that the craft might be put in shape for the night, as was the custom of her crew always. Difficulty was had in finding a room in a cottage, but at last one was to be had, "6 by 4," and supper was soon called. Questions were asked without number as to the crew's whereabouts, as the guests eyed them in their movements as if they were heathens from an unknown land. An early retire and early rise the next morning, August 6th, with a breakfast on "more doughnuts and pies than there was meat," which is an Eastern custom, the Linda was under way at 7 o'clock. The cottagers expressed their good wishes to the crew and their trim-looking craft, and cheered them away from the shore under jib and mainsail only, in a stiff northerly. Rounded Cornfield Point at 7:35 close-hauled, and passed the Saybrook Breakwaters at 8:03 A. M., with wind blowing stronger and a choppy sea. It was a "hammer and tongs" work of it all the way to Black Point, when $12\frac{1}{4}$ miles had been left astern from Westbrook, then 10 o'clock. The wind had decreased and set foresail. When two miles off New London light house the wind had gone entirely. Were left in the hot sun with a head tide; the schooner rather controlling her rudder instead of its controlling her. After an hour's "broil" in the sun, a light air, south-east, sprung up, and the prow was headed for New London, and setting spinnaker to port soon overtook a cabin sloop yacht, of 26 ft. length, and had passed her by several lengths off Pequot House, which she duly recognized by a dip of her ensign. Rounded to at the Pequot wharf at 2 o'clock P. M. The distance between New London and Smith's Island is about 70 miles. Had very favorable weather. The schooner was anchored off Pequot in ship-shape order with colors aloft.

Aug. 7. Having spent the day around the harbor, and visiting friends in Norwich, the Linda was dismantled of her rig entire, and with it furled and placed inside of her was triced up under the City of Worcester's guards, with her crew asleep aboard this steamer, to be awakened at 3:45 A. M. by the night watch, bound for Smith's Island. Promptly awakened and on the afterdeck, the steamer was abreast of the island, having left New London at 11:45 P. M.

The night was just breaking into day when the stern line, holding the "once rigged" schooner, was cast off. Dropping the stern overboard, her skipper climbed the

steamer railings first, and led the way by slipping down her bow line into the little boat. Then his mate, "otherwise his guest," was to follow likewise, but hesitated some moments as he had never performed so treacherous a feat before; but as there was no time to be lost then, for the City of Worcester was passing the island rapidly at the rate of 14 knots per hour, he soon got in, probably not fully realizing his position, and as both were hanging on to the gunwales the word was given to cast off the bow line, and the boat was once more afloat and soon in full schooner rig, left astern of the palatial steamer under which she had been carried the seventy odd miles back again.

Headed for home, then to the eastward of it bearing N. N. E. from Easton's Neck 5 miles, a northerly breeze carried her to Smith's Island. Landing at 6:10 A. M., with colors aloft, the Linda rounded to with a "gun," and was welcomed safely home again by those who were ashore.

SHATTEMUC.

WINNAKEE.

ON the mighty tidal river
Twixt the Highlands and the sea,
Dwell the Shattemucs in glory,
Gallants of a paddle free;
Sailing o'er the rolling billows,
Dashing through the crested waves,
Paddling with a dear companion
Underneath the sunset skies.

CHORUS.

O, Shattemuc! O, Shattemuc!
Name ever dear to me.
Pride and glory of the Hudson
From the mountains to the sea.

Just below the Point Senasqua,
And the mouth of Kitchawong,
Where the mountains and the river
Are not matched beneath the sun,
There beside the noble river
Stands the "lodge" of Shattemuc,
And its burgee flaunts the challenge
"Come and prove our pride and pluck,,"

CHORUS.

From that lodge beside the river
Glide the swiftest of canoes,
Whitest sails and polished paddles
Gleam above the waters blue;
There we meet our wives and sweethearts,
When the toilsome day is done,
And the laddies woo the lassies
At the setting of the sun.

CHORUS.

When the wandering, wet canoeist
Glides beside our anchored "float,"
Shattemuc gives hearty welcome
To the boatman and his boat;
For the lodge is ever open,
And a broad extended palm
Ever greets the paddling stranger,
Of whatever tribe or name.

CHORUS.

WASHINGTON CANOE CLUB.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

AMONG the many good things for which Seneca will some day be beatified by canoeists, perhaps not the least of them is the fact that he is individually responsible for the existence of the Washington Canoe Club. It may not be known to most of you, and perhaps he won't thank me for giving him away, but it was only two summers ago that Washington had the honor of his citizenship. We couldn't keep him long. He had tasted metropolitan life, and the quiet life of our beautiful city grew irksome to him. So he gathered up his kit and grub-box and left us for a wider sphere of usefulness.

Subsequent events have shown the wisdom of his choice. The aquatic world has undoubtedly been benefited, but we mourn his loss, and will not be comforted.

He commenced his good work here through the press—his stronghold. There had been one or two canoes here for a long time, but their owners quietly enjoyed themselves without letting the rest of us know what good things we were missing. Seneca, however, let the light shine on the dark places of canoedom, and found eager recruits in a short time.

He had a sort of modified form of sneak-box, and for awhile his only companion was a little canvas-covered canoe, built by his first victim, F. N. Moore, now the prize sailor of the club, and the owner of the redoubtable Tonic.

Then that popular member of the Knickerbockers came here on biz, and brought a new North River canoe. The one or two canoes in the boat houses here were hunted up, and their owners chinned with, and in July, I think it was, 1884, a meeting was held. A careful count showed five canoes and eleven members to start with. What a time we had over name, burgee and totem. Seneca wanted a hatchet for the latter, as the most appropriate thing we could get. I think he commenced to tire of Washington immediately after the defeat of his idea. What a pity we hadn't chosen it. We might still have had the dear old boy with us. As it is, our present totem, a mere letter W, don't half fill the bill, and Seneca is not.

Then we got a constitution, some officers, by-laws, resolutions, and committees, and finally a boat house. An old warehouse, cleaned out, fitted with lockers, racks, and other conveniences, has answered our purposes up to the close of this season.

But since that first meeting what changes have been wrought, and what experiences we have had. The Lorna came over from Pittsburgh and took up her abode with us. Two local builders, and good ones, too, took up the new idea, and built a number of boats for various members, and Everson, Rushton and the Ontario Canoe Co. have each contributed to our stock, so that now we number about twenty-five active canoeists, and nearly or quite as many canoes.

As for cruises, the Potomac has been traversed from Harper's Ferry to the Chesapeake, and the old stream can show about as much excitement and adventure in running rapids and deep-water sailing in that distance as any of them. It's been too much for us, too, I'm sorry to say, for we lost one of the best-hearted fellows in our whole club in a sad accident last September, which caused the death of young Morgan, and the lady who was with him. He was a devoted canoeist, and an ardent lover of nature, but he was very new at the sport, and took chances that he should not have taken. Of course it has taught us a lesson, but at a terrible price.

We had a big regatta last summer at a point near Mt. Vernon. That is, we had a big steamer and a big crowd, and the wind going down just as the sailing race started, made of the latter a big fizzle. But nobody seemed angry at us, and as we netted a neat sum from the excursion for our exchequer, we don't complain.

But our great feature is our weekly cruises. We have a short paddling cruise, and camp every Wednesday night through the summer, at which the presence of ladies is a special feature, but Saturday nights we take longer trips, sometimes accompanied by ladies, but more extensive and adventurous than the others. The last of these was taken two weeks after Thanksgiving. Indeed, one of our members had a capsizé the day before Christmas, trying to run some falls up the river, with a birch canoe loaded with Christmas evergreens.

As for winter camp-fires, we held half a dozen last winter, and will hold as many, if not more, this. That we have a good time goes without saying, as canoeists cannot get together anywhere without enjoying themselves.

We are building a new two-story (30x50) floating boat house for use next summer, and expect to be comfortably housed in it by April. As it will possess a galley, bunk-rooms and ladies' locker-room, and can be towed anywhere, we may take a

club cruise in it before the summer's over. To conclude, we are canoeists in the strictest sense, sleeping, cooking, and living out of doors, and shunning hotels and other evidences of civilization whenever we can, and as we number among us scientific and practical boat builders, expert sailors and brawny paddlers, we are not without hopes that Seneca may yet be proud of his bantling of '84.

HATCHET.

SONG OF THE R. C. C.*

AT ANNUAL DINNER, 1885.

HEAVE to! jolly sailors, I'll spin you a yarn,
And you paddlers come listen to me
While I tell you a tale of a terrible sail
That took place in the R. C. C.
This club, as you know, is just nineteen years old,
'Tis a jolly fine sport d'ye see;
For it shows what a man single-handed can do
Says Rob Roy of the R. C. C.

Now men from east and men from west,
And men from far and wide,
Came and paddled around, and tried to get drowned,
And in primitive craft to win tried,
Till the "Pearl" and the "Nautilus" came on the scene

With cartloads of gear and much noise.
What canoes will be soon I'm blest if I know,
But they seem to me costly as toys.

Oh, shiver my side flaps! a new member said,
As he watched a race on the Welsh Harp,
I must have a cut in at this sort of thing,
It strikes me it's rather a lark.
So he ordered a first class canoe down from Turks,
A fifteen foot box full of strings,
Oh! bust my centreboard case up! said he,
If I know how to fix up these things.

At the Challenge Cup race the new member turned up
In his cobwebby craft, spick and span,
But of port tack and starboard he knew naught at all
And into the first boat he ran.
And the craft that had cost forty pounds, perhaps or more,

Went down to the bottom d'ye see.
Oh! my eyes! won't there just be a row!
Said the mates of the R. C. C.

I reckoned, the victim said, what would occur,
As soon as that chap came afloat;
It's a poor consolation he's out of the race,
For, hang him! he's sunk my boat.
In steering, he said, to avoid a smash
I luffed both ways d'ye see.
Go and tell the marines we're not used to such scenes,

Said the mates of the R. C. C.

Now messmates, I say, in a Jack-tar's plain way,
That this didn't ought for to be;
Our men are not meant, and canoes are not built
To get foul of each other or me.
So unless you are able to reef, hand, and steer,
And know garboard from starboard and lee,
Get a cruising canoe, and whatever you do,
Stick up for the old R. C. C.

* This song was written and sung by T. G. F. Winsler, the Secretary of the Royal Canoe Club, at the annual dinner.

ANNUAL MEETING AND ROARING CAMP-FIRE OF THE TURTLE TRIBE.

THE constitution of this tribe requires that they produce new eggs in the shape of officers at the meeting in January; therefore a goodly number of turtles gathered at the residence of General R. S. Oliver, ex-commodore A. C. A., and after hearing the satisfactory report of the purser, proceeded to the election of officers, which resulted in procuring R. S. Oliver as captain, H. R. Pierson, Jr., as mate, B. Fernow as secretary, W. H. Brown as purser, H. L. Thomas as member of executive committee. The roll of twenty-eight regulars and three ex-officio members was further swelled by the election of Dr. Charles A. Neid  (hitherto ex-officio Turtle) and W. J. Janes as regular, and of Messrs. W. Baden-Powell and E. B. Tredwen, of England, as honorary members, so that no matter what may happen to the Turtles anxious to compete for the International Cup, the Turtle flag is sure to be in the contest. The new captain and secretary tried to rouse enthusiasm for another spring cruise down the Susquehanna, and it is very likely that a small fleet of Indian Shoes* will be seen on the waters coming down from Glimmer Glass next spring.

A permanent summer camp, a few miles below this city, is talked of among the Mohicans, where they may go and enjoy camping any Saturday till Monday evening.

The successor of the Snake, shown only in pencil lines on paper, excited great admiration. May she be as successful as her predecessor.

After the adjournment the club was introduced to the animal kingdom, represented by a gobbler and a bellower, whose gobbling and bellowing were silenced by the extract of malt, already described as something good to take by the ancient historian Tacitus. The inner man's cravings satisfied, his ears were tickled by listening to the sympathetic voice of the President of the Ridgefield Athletic Club, whose toboggan slide had swum away in the last day's rain. Winne's Whistling Song, which created so much amusement at Newburgh in 1884, was loudly called forth, as was "Roll the Main Down," and with it ended the annual meeting of the Mohicans.

SECRETARY FERNOW.

* The Mohawks called their canoes their "pair of shoes."

HOW CANOE SAILS ARE MADE.

F. A. NICKERSON.

WHY did I go into manufacturing sails? To help those who cannot help themselves, and lay up a "fortune."

My twin and I, once upon a time, in company with our canoes, navigated the Hudson River—on a steamer, then struggled with the Fort Edward feeder or canal—on a canal boat—then made our way to Caldwell from Ft. Edward via the old dusty gridiron turnpike on a hay rack, and paddled all over Lake George one night in August 1882, apparently on a pleasure trip, but in reality mighty anxious to find Lorna Island. We wanted that island that particular night to camp on, more than anything else, and we wanted it bad, but the only thing my twin saw, or thought he saw, which resembled an island, proved to be a mountain peak situated somewhere in Canada. Let's see, it was at that very A. C. A. meeting I entered my first sailing race, came in a good second, so it was discovered some time afterward. The fact is we were happy to think we reached the home stake at all, with a 30 ft. main and 12 ft. dandy. While witnessing the management of the Dot, Nina, Windward, Wraith and other canoes, I communed with myself, and concluded then and there that my sails were too small, the smallest on the lake, unless those of our worthy ex-Com. Oliver are excepted. Do you remember how the ex-Com. came flying over from Caldwell, that fine afternoon, with all sail set and colors flying? it was a grand sight.

Yes, while on land my sails were too small, but when returning to camp after the races were finished, and a busy squall threw me into the water off Diamond Island, I changed opinions as quickly as positions, and mourned for the ex-Com.'s small sails. Before leaving Lorna Island (where I hope to camp again some day) several good points were booked, and on my return to the mighty Connecticut river I challenged the entire sailing community, won a race with the same old sails, but the man behind was so close I became frightened. Then a sudden determination to "build" a suit of sails that would astonish the natives and settle all future contests, seized me. By way of experiment, I arranged a topsail to my lateen, and my twin remarked as I set it that the motion of the sail reminded him of an elephant's southwest ear flapping round. Presume it did, yet that flapping won the race. Then war was declared, new sails were ordered from New York by

brother members, and then my new suit was commenced. Met a man who knew all about cutting sails, followed his directions, completed the suit—proudly hoisted them—behind an island opposite the club house—all by myself, moonlight too—stood off to admire my handiwork, but the pale moon blushed and hid behind a passing cloud as my voice of admiration reached her ears. The man referred to said that all sails were cut "rounded" somewhere, he didn't remember where, but on a leg-o'-mutton suit like mine it must be at the corners, in fact he knew that was the place. Whenever I ask a person to give me instructions upon any point, it's a pleasure to follow said instructions to the letter, and you can just imagine that my sails were rounded at the corners. No use writing about it any further, those sails were a total failure—as sails; yet, taken for a design in drapery, nothing could be more desirable, the thousand and one folds were both graceful and artistic. Disgusted with my venture, all things canoeable were laid aside for the winter. Then spring fever set in, also a resolve to make a suit of sails or abandon canoeing. The desirable thing appeared to me as a 57 ft. balance lug. A month spent in looking up suitable material and experimenting with it, proved a benefit in the end. In 1883 several suits were made, which did good work at Stony Lake and at home. Other canoeists were pleased with the work, and ordered sails. Early in 1884, one steamstress was kept busy, and during the corresponding season of 1885, it required three sewing machines to complete orders on time. From the small cruising suit of 45 ft. to one of 165 sq. ft. just going into the works I have paid close attention to the requirements of durability, strength and the more important features of cutting. Direct from the manufacturers I receive a close-woven cotton, very light and strong, does not break at the "seams," holds the wind, and does not become as heavy as other goods when wet. The webbing used is made expressly for me in this city.

The cotton and web are both sent to a laundry, shrunk, dried, and ironed lengthwise, cut into strips 9 inches wide, folded and given to seamstress.

Preceding an order come the usual questions: "What kind of a sail do I want—Mohican, balance lug, settæ, Joyner, standing lug, lateen, leg-o'-mutton, fore-and-aft, and how many sq. ft. can I carry, and is it best to have a spinnaker, jib, flying jibtopsail, or staysail?" etc., etc. These are

hard questions, but rest assured that my answer will advise small sails, every time. Novices are careless in the selection of sails, they often purchase a second-hand canoe, and use most anything for a sail. A friend of mine purchased a suit—which had won a race—got them home and never used them but once, they were good for the first owner but a dead loss to the second. Another friend became crazy over the “book account” of 100 ft. mainsails, ordered one, and I don’t believe there is a man living that could keep this canoe right side up when that sail is spread. Next to a perfect canoe model comes a well-balanced suit of sails, and great care should be given in deciding upon shape and size before sending any one an order.

When an order is received, a plan is first submitted, and if accepted, a second, or working plan, is carefully drawn and sent to seamstress, which she follows closely. Each strip is cut to length, the edges felled, one strip sewn to its neighbor and so on until all are together. The sail is then laid on the floor, measurements from sail plan transferred, and a line drawn to cut by. Then the stays and batten pocket are sewn on, which, with the addition of the webbing, leaves the sail ready for grommets, and then shipped to owner. There is no set rule for “roaching,” that is acquired by practice; each style of sail requires different roaching, and the very best sail ever cut may be drawn entirely out of shape when placed on spars, if care and judgment are not used. When bending on my own sails it requires time and patience to get them all right, besides that, many times during the season it is necessary to overhaul and keep them in trim. While on this subject, let me give you an idea of the way I keep a balance lug peaked up. When close-hauled they spill the wind, especially if the gaff is long. For the past season the following has stood the test very well: At *A* (Fig. I)

line *AB* should be a little shorter than *AC*, so that when sail is hoisted to place, either full or under reef, the halyard is made taut, and the peak is held firmly in position, so as not to spill the wind, as when the stay is not used. One must experiment a little to know just the length and position of line and block. The block *B* is necessary to prevent “wearing” on halyard, between *C* and *D*. Another point, I have used this last season the Mohican reefing gear in my balance lug, and can freely recommend it to others.

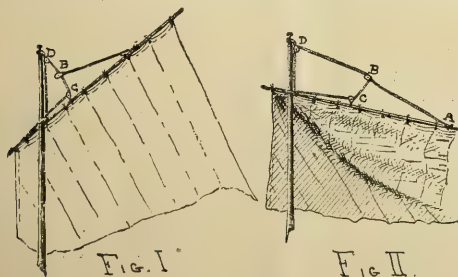
THE LAST MATCH.

AN over-worked and run-down lawyer was told by his physician that he must get out of doors, take exercise in the open air, and shut down on office work, partially at least, if he expected to live. That was all very well; easy enough for the doctor to say, and very simple to do theoretically. What was he to do—it must be something pleasant, congenial to his tastes to be of benefit. Something that he could interest himself in. Rowing he had no taste for. Horses and riding he detested, the gymnasium was indoors. Yachting involved too much preparation, expense, and could not be done alone.

While thinking over what could be done, he came across *Harper's Weekly* for October 4, 1884, and a full page cut attracted his attention. It was entitled “Cruising Canoes—The Last Match—Drawn by H. F. Farny,” and represented three canoes, a man in each, close together, drifting down a pretty river with a high mountain rising from the bank for a back ground. The man in the middle had his hat off and was evidently trying to light his pipe. His companions were holding the canoes together, paddles at rest, and looking wistfully for the successful accomplishment of the experiment.

That settled it. The lawyer must have a canoe. He inquired among some of his athletic friends and learned from them that there was a canoe club up on the Hudson somewhere near Manhattanville. He took a day off and finally found the Knickerbocker house. The canoes were examined and many questions asked the young man present.

The lawyer became a club member, bought a canoe, saw some of the fellows out sailing, had his ambition fired, set to work himself, learned to sail, and last August attended the A. C. A. meet. He entered the novice sailing race and won



attach a rope, with block at other end, *B*. Pass halyard through *B* after it leaves ring *C* on gaff; thence to deck through *D*. The

handsomely in a gale of wind, managing his canoe like a veteran. He is now building a canoe to enter the trial races for the N. Y. C. C. cup next summer, and says that he only regrets that he never heard of canoeing till last winter, because here he is getting along in life and there is so much of a past minus canoeing that never can be made up. Canoeing agrees with him, body and mind—the exercise and outdoor life tone up the body, and the skill in handling to be acquired keeps his mind active and interested. Good luck to you, Flit, in 1886; and remember the artist and his last match. This same artist is a canoeist as well. Ex-Commodore Longworth of Cincinnati is a friend of H. F. Farny, and it was no doubt on one of the cruises taken by these two that some incident suggested to the artist the idea for his capital sketch. Little did he think in all probability that it would be the means of adding a new interest in life to a tired New York lawyer.

A CANOE CRUISE.

TAKEN BY EMIL RUFF (A. C. A. 780), OF DUBUQUE, IOWA, AFTER HE LEFT GRINDSTONE ISLAND LAST AUGUST.

INCLOSED slip describes my trip over Louisville Falls, on Ohio River. It was rather exciting for a while as there was a good wind blowing up stream, making it very rough. Some of the folks thought sure I would never get through, but all it wants is a good canoe and proper care, and a canoe will go through most anything. I had some very amusing experiences; had to answer some queer questions about canoe—what it was made of and what I was making the trip for, did not see why anybody would make such a trip for pleasure. At Ripley, Ohio, folks wanted to know when I would have street parade—they took me for a traveling show. But I have nothing but pleasant recollections of the trip. I finished up by coming from St. Paul to my home, got caught in heavy snow storm and some ice. I would have continued on my way south, but owing to serious illness of my mother I gave it up and finished canoeing.

Dec 1.—Everything is now frozen up, making one wish to be down south. Boys are now making plans for next year's cruising and hope we will have a club next season.

[From the Louisville Commercial.]

"Any danger in going over the falls alone in this boat?" asked a handsome young man with a bronzed face as he paddled up

to the life-saving station yesterday afternoon in a little canoe.

"Well, I should say there was," replied Capt Devan, "Where are you bound for?" "Cairo."

The solitary paddler was Mr. Emil Ruff, of Dubuque, Iowa. He was invited aboard the station, Capt. Devan agreeing to let three members of his crew guide him over the treacherous falls. While seated in the captain's room Mr. Ruff gave an account of his trip as far as he has gone. He is a member of the American Canoe Association, and during the summer he visited the Association's camp at Thousand Islands, in the St. Lawrence river. Six weeks ago he left there in his canoe, went down the St. Lawrence river as far as the rapids, where he took a steamer to Montreal. From Rouse's Point he crossed Lake Champlain and Lake George in his canoe, and then had it shipped to Albany, N. Y. He cruised all along the Hudson river and then had his boat shipped to Pittsburgh. There he manned it again and started for the Gulf. The run from Pittsburgh to Louisville was made in eleven days. The run from Cincinnati to Louisville—150 miles—was made in two days. Mr. Ruff goes from here to Cairo, from there to St. Paul, then doubles back down the Mississippi to the Gulf.

His canoe is an Everon. It is made of cedar, with a mahogany deck. It is fifteen feet in length and thirty inches beam. It is provided with air chambers fore and aft, and cannot sink. A tight-fitting apron comes up from the deck and fastens around the canoeman's breast, making the boat and the paddler entirely waterproof, except that part of the body above the apron. Mr. Ruff uses a two-bladed paddle with which to propel his boat, but when the wind is favorable he sets sail and glides along at a rapid rate. When not in use the sail is stored away under the deck, where a quantity of other things are also stored, such as pots and frying pans, an alcohol stove, a rubber bed, a tent, gun, and in fact all sorts of traps. When darkness overtakes Mr. Ruff he pulls in at some good place, ties up his boat, gets out his rubber bed, blows it up on the bank, pitches his tent and enjoys a good, sound sleep, with nothing to disturb him. In the morning he cooks and eats his breakfast and is off again. It is a lonesome sort of a trip, Mr. Ruff admits, but still he enjoys it.

Shortly after 1 o'clock Capt. Devan announced that his crew were ready to guide the canoeman over the falls. Mr. Ruff, at-

tired in corduroy knee-breeches, white flannel shirt, red stockings and wearing a white helmet hat, took his position in his canoe, buckled the apron up around him, and announced himself as ready to make the trip.

"Good-by, I may never see you again, for there's no telling what may happen," said he, as he took up the paddle.

"Let her go, boys," commanded Capt. Devan, and the life-boat Ready, manned by Eddie Farrell, Tony Leopold and Billy Drazell, shot out across the river toward the Indiana chute. Mr. Ruff followed in the wake of the life-boat, keeping well up in case of any accident occurring. Through the chute the water flowed with terrific force and the boats went gliding along in fine style. There was nothing to fear in the chute, but below the treacherous rocks with the water surging against them in a vain endeavor to tear them loose and carry them down the stream. Only an experienced crew could make the run and avoid being dashed to pieces on the rocks. The waves rolled high and the "white caps" tossed about, threatening to swamp anything within reach. The life-boat rode the waves steadily, but the little canoe was a regular picnic for them. Up and down, over on one side, then back again, plunging and rearing, went the canoe, but with perfect coolness its bronzed occupant kept his seat and showed not the least of fear. When the waves dashed the highest he smiled the most. Here and there went the life-boat in a zig-zag course to avoid the rocks, and the canoe followed. Just below the big eddy Mr. Ruff failed to bring his boat around quick enough and he was caught in the current and carried a considerable distance below the life-boat. By hard work he pulled out, however, although the crew in the life-boat were contemplating going after him, for had he gone fifty feet further in the course he was going he would have been dashed to pieces on the rocks. The trip was made in safety.

The Gorham Manufacturing Co. have just finished a cup for a local canoe club. The motive of this design is the sea, no canoe belongings are included in it. It is unique in this particular and the result is a very happy effect. A description and illustration appears in *Frank Leslie's Weekly* for Jan. 16. Designs are being prepared by them for the A. C. A. trophy, and they have a commission from the N. Y. C. C. for the International Challenge Cup.

A TRIP WITH THE K. C. C.

SUNG AT THEIR THIRD ANNUAL DINNER.

FOR Stony Lake, in 'Eighty-three,
Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo,
We left New York with the K. C. C.,
Hi! Willy Waullicky, hoo John Dugal,
Alane corushety, roo, roo, roo.
At Juniper Isle we arrived on the twelfth,
Ten of our boys, including myself,
Of old friends remembered we met full a score.
There was Baldwin and Tyson and our bold Com-
modore,
There was Wicksteed and Symes, all toggged up so
tidy,
While from the States was Secretary Neidé,
Then there was Nickerson, Shedd and Munroe,
General Oliver, Fraser, Wackerhagen, Fernow,
But my song it would drag and I'd keep you too
late,
If all those that were there, the names I would
state,
Around the camp fire we had lots of fun,
The refrain of my song is what the Commodore
sung,
Of songs we had many, some young and some old,
And stories, some good and some bad, we had told.
The three days of races then were begun,
But they seemed rather to add to the fun.
Gibson, of Albany, ran off with most prizes,
And Whitlock's defeats made up other surprises.
For two weeks we were quartered 'way back from
the sea,
On the lakes that flow into the Otanabee.
Our adieux to each other we were loth to extend,
But our camp, like my song, came short to an end.
Good bye, Sergt. Billings, your cooking is o'er,
Good bye, Stony Lake; good bye, Commodore.

Essex Boat and Canoe Club annual dinner, January 11, at Kolb's, in Newark. Menu was a printed flag on pale blue satin. Twenty members were present and pleasant speeches followed the coffee.

Bayonne C. C. annual meeting Jan. 11. Officers for 1886 elected: Com., E. R. Smith; Vice, G. W. Heard; Sec. and Treas., R. Verren Vienot.

Knickerbocker C. C. annual meeting, Jan. 14. Officers for 1886: Com., Edwin Fowler; Vice, Robert P. Martin; Sec., E. W. Brown; Treas., M. G. Foster; Measurer, J. L. Greenleaf.

Rondout C. C. annual meeting, Jan. 18. Officers for 1886: Com., C. V. A. Decker; Vice, C. H. De La Vergne; Sec., F. B. Hibbard; Treas., Guilford Hasbrouck. A german was given for the entertainment of the club members at the house of the prime founder of the club on the 26th.

Hartford C. C. annual meeting Jan. 19. Officers elected for 1886 were: Pres., Dr. G. L. Parmele; Treas., W. B. Davidson; Sec. J. D. Parker; Com., L. Q. Jones; Ex. com. memb., W. G. Abbot. Camp fires once a month in winter.

PROSPECTUS—POLICY.

THE CANOEIST begins with this issue a series of articles on small boats other than canoes. This step is taken on account of the interest manifested in such craft by many members of the A. C. A. and others. It is the purpose to furnish what is of interest to canoeists, cruisers, and all who seek an aquatic outing now and then on a scale up to, but not including, yachting, and in an amateur way. Shell rowing and racing is beyond its limits. Though in future it will not be strictly confined to the canoe, it will strongly urge the Canoe Association to include only that craft on its rolls, believing that it is to the best interest of the majority of the members to keep within the canoe limits, as now defined in the rules. Arrangements have been made for articles from authorities, illustrated when necessary, on the sneak-box, the canoe yawl, St. Lawrence skiff, and other boats, to follow that on the Hell Gate pilot boat published in this issue. Accompanying the special articles will be papers on the same boats describing cruises, handling, and many points of interest in connection with the craft, somewhat technically treated at times.

It is also the aim of this paper to interest the young fellows, perhaps yet at school, who in a year or two will become canoeists and cruisers. For this reason articles and notes simply written and treating of the preliminaries should not be too severely criticised by the older heads among its readers who know all about it.

There is an army of small boat sailors continually knocking at the gates of the A. C. A. rules to be let in. They claim that they are single-hand cruisers; that cruising is stated in the A. C. A. constitution to be one of the principal features of the Association, and therefore—though their boats are not sharp at both ends, and do exceed the limits as set down for a canoe—that they should be admitted. Nor is the enemy entirely outside of the gates either (our friends, the enemy, perhaps is a better wording than *enemy* pure and simple, and

is nearer our meaning.) Some of the A. C. A. members would have the rules changed so they can build, sail and *race* larger craft under the rules.

Mr. N. H. Bishop, in his letter published in the January number, states that he has urged on the executive committee, in years past, the advisability of admitting larger boats. Mind you, the rules do not prevent any one building larger canoes or other boats; nor do they prevent these boats being brought to the meets, nor are members in any way prevented from using them or owning them while yet members. The rules simply state that they shall not enter races.

The rules cover a wide range now; from the 10½ lb. Bucktail to the heavy ballast, heavy board, 140 ft. sail Pearl. It is simply wonderful that with such a wide range the Association has held together and become such a power. When a canoe gets to be so large that it cannot be paddled easily and comfortably, is it not time to draw a line? Go beyond this and what limit is there? The tail would soon wag the dog, and the Canoe Association, as such, would die a natural death. Single-handed cruising is not necessarily canoeing.

Mr. Bishop has done a great service to canoeists and many others, and he has formed the Single-hand Cruising Club. Why not go ahead and make this an association, there is room for it and members in plenty to be had, and a great field to work in, entirely distinct from that occupied by the Canoe Association.

Use oars if you wish in the canoe, but keep it down to paddling limits, that is all the Association asks. Go beyond these limits for Association boats and it becomes an American Association, if you like—but not the American *Canoe* Association.

The A. C. A. has great difficulties to contend with now in order to keep it compact and manageable on account of the extent of the territory covered. Enlarge its scope and will it not become unwieldy? It has proved itself a success within its narrow limits, if you insist on the word. Extend it to take in other boats and would it not go to pieces of "its own too-much-ness?"

FEBRUARY, 1886.



EDITOR CANOEIST: I have worked more than one year on the development of the safe little Barnegat Cruiser. My object is to obtain not only a safe, comfortable, stiff, dry little boat, that will stand any amount of abuse, but also to keep the canoe "true and simple" from being, by evolution, forced into a yacht of large dimensions, and thus injure true canoeing. The more one extends the length and beam of our light canoe, the heavier and more uncanoeable it becomes; and it is also an expensive job to build a large, light, strong canoe, discouraging many who undertake the solving of the problem. I have always held that the limit of the modern canoe is the limit of paddle power. When a canoe is so large, or heavy, that a pair of outriggers and oars are used from necessity, then it is time to draw a line somewhere—that somewhere is at the limit of paddle power. Not the limit of the muscular force of a professional—but the average limit of the strength of the amateur—the man for whom canoeing seems to be best adapted.

I tried this paddle power under every circumstance in my 2000 miles' stretch, from Troy to the Gulf of Mexico, when I used one of the best built Nautilus No. 3 canoes, constructed on lines sent over to Waters from the designer of the craft. Being built of paper her lines were smooth and unyielding. Yet, as a cruising boat, I was forced to use oars on one-half of the distance traversed. With my own weight, and ninety pounds of material (fifteen pounds of which were charts), crossing forty inlets of the ocean, and two to four mile stretches of rough water, I should have been swept out to sea if I had not made use of a fulcrum, and at such times have used the light oar. As I cruised frequently through the shallow, tidal waters of marsh creeks, I was forced to use the shallowest of boats. Then, entering sounds and rough waters, I needed a very stiff craft. The long cruise of 1874-5 proved how much could be got out of a 14 ft. by 28 in. canoe, using both oars and paddle. The sail was not used, as the canoe was so heavily loaded that I would not take any sailing risks. During the year following, the 2500 miles' cruise, from Quebec to the Gulf of Mexico, related

in the "Voyage of the Paper Canoe," I again cruised from the north to the Gulf of Mexico, and used a sneakbox, only 12 ft. in length by 4 ft. beam—I rowed the whole distance of 2600 miles. There was no nervous strain experienced in using this stiff, handy, homely, but serviceable little craft. She proved to me to be the boat to take the place of the abnormal canoe—the canoe built in excess of the paddle limit. I commenced, on my return from the sneakbox cruise, a series of experiments with this model, but ceased further efforts at the time I was called upon to give two years' attention to the organizing of the American Canoe Association. Few cruisers will paddle if they can sail. The love of true seamanship grows with the true cruiser; hence he must sail. He enlarges his light canoe until she is no longer a true canoe; for, if the paddle is not the essence of canoeing, what is to be the distinguishing feature between the rowboat type and the canoe? We must draw the line somewhere. Your ritualist in canoeing matters must not rail at the use of the oar on large cruising canoes if he consents to the building of a craft so large and heavy that they cannot be paddled. We must be consistent. We must have a point of departure, and a limit of paddle power, as well as a limit of sail area, or we shall keep on drifting and developing principles antagonistic to the promotion of canoeing.

Excess of sail area, excess in weight of spars, excess in any sound principle of seamanship, is not seamanship. The small canoe has been much improved, thanks to our Rushtons and Stephens, and the patient endeavors of the canoeists themselves, since 1880; yet some of these beautiful creations, seemingly romantic realities, are so complicated in rig as to repel the cautious cruiser, and drive him to the adoption of the very simple, effective and roomy type known as the Peterboro canoe, with its single-blade paddle.

The cruising canoeist seems, just now, to be reaching out for something he much needs, but is uncertain where to obtain it. Something for use on broad and rough waters, the bays and sounds of the Atlantic coast, and the Great Lakes of our northern borders. Simplicity of rig must ever be the great object of the cruiser after he has selected the staunchest of craft with the least possible draught of water. Thirty years of cruising experience causes me to advocate the lightest and most portable form of the canoe, in its pure and simple

type (a craft that is a pleasure to propel with the double-blade), to be used in waters best adapted to its many excellent qualities; but when I cruise on rough waters, where shoals abound, I use the Barnegat Cruiser.

N. H. BISHOP.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Referring to your editorial comments following an extract from one of my letters to Mr. Tyson (published in December number), with reference to the use of deck tillers, will you allow me to say that although the canoe in which I hope to compete at the next A. C. A. meet will be fitted with a deck tiller, she will in every other respect be a thoroughly representative "Pearl."

In visiting your waters I am not coming to teach, but probably to learn a great deal, and ready to adopt any good wrinkle, and in preparing to adopt your mode of sailing, if proved superior to ours, I trust you will recognize my freedom from prejudice and genuine desire to give every suggestion a fair trial. Holding the views which have already been published in your valuable journal, I shall sail my canoe in my usual style until the other style beats me, and then under the pressure of circumstances try the other tack.

It is, however, a mode of sailing which, even if it gives a better pace in racing, I should not adopt for cruising, and this fact, with the absence here of a competition sufficient to drive me to adopt it as a temporary racing expedient, has kept me in the old groove.

When I come to race with your men, if they find me soon after the start sitting outside the weather gunwale, they may take it that "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery."

Will you allow me to take this opportunity of acknowledging the great kindness of so many American canoeists in writing me during the past month, offering every assistance in their power to render the coming visit of English canoeists a pleasant one. I am, dear sir, yours truly,

E. B. TREDWEN.

NOTES FROM LETTERS RECEIVED.

*** Editor's notes to Mr. Tredwen's letter (December CANOEIST) are to the point, and indicate that sitting on deck is not responsible for upsets which occur in races. We have here about as puffy and uncertain winds as can exist anywhere, and I have been twice upset (never in a race); both times by a jibe when sitting inside, and I don't think anything now could give

me courage to get down on the bottom of a canoe under sail—at least in these waters, where the wind is liable to shift its direction from 45 to 90 degrees at any moment.—PITTSBURGH.

*** A friend of mine—after sailing with me a few times, and reading my copies of CANOEIST (bound)—caught the fever, built a canoe himself, made a three weeks' cruise in her, and now wants the paper (subscription inclosed). Is it not time for our pet to add a few more leaves monthly? [If there were more of your kind, Bloomfield, THE CANOEIST would show you what it could do in the way of leaves early in the spring—but as it is the sap does not run up the trunk fast enough to supply more than sixteen per month yet. There is no knowing what the warm weather of the early summer of '86 may do though.—EDITOR.]

NEW YORK C. C. CHALLENGE CUP.

EDITOR CANOEIST: At a committee meeting of the N. Y. C. C. the rules governing the races for the N. Y. C. C. challenge cup were finally adopted. These rules as amended include those covering the international races, and the races by which the American contestants are to be chosen. There has been considerable misunderstanding among the members of other clubs as to the meaning given to "representatives of the N. Y. C. C." as it appeared in former published conditions. This was not intended to be read as meaning members of the N. Y. C. C., as many have supposed, but chosen members of any club representing the N. Y. C. C. in these races with the Englishmen.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE RACES FOR THE N. Y. C. C. CHALLENGE CUP.

1. The canoes competing must come within the limits defined by the N. Y. C. C. rules.
2. The cup is to be held as a perpetual challenge trophy.
3. The competition is open to not more than three authorized representatives of any canoe club sailing under foreign colors, as many canoes representing the club holding the cup as the challenging club.
4. Two victories to be necessary to either win or hold the cup, the same canoes competing in each.
5. The races to be sailed on the waters of the club holding the cup.
6. Races sailed in the United States to be contested on waters in the vicinity of New York city under the auspices of the N. Y. C. C.
7. The distance sailed over in each race must not be less than eight nor more than ten miles, and within a time limit of three hours. The course to be mutually agreed upon.
8. The races must be sailed at a time mutually agreeable to the challengers and the holders of the cup; but one series of races to be sailed in any one year.
9. The N. Y. C. C. rules to govern the races.
10. The club holding the cup to be responsible to the N. Y. C. C. for its safe keeping. Should it dissolve its organization, the cup will then revert to the N. Y. C. C.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING AMERICAN CONTESTANTS.

11. The representatives of the holders of the cup must be selected after a series of trial races open to all members of canoe clubs in the United States. The regatta committee of the club holding the cup shall have the right to select the competitors for the international races irrespective of the result of the trial races.
12. Should the cup be won by the American contestants in the international race: First, an active member of the club holding the cup must score one victory to entitle that club to retain it. Second, if a member (or members) of any other club wins two races, his club will hold the cup. Third, should the two races be won by members of two clubs, neither being the holder of the cup, the tie will be sailed off subsequently to determine which club shall take the cup.

C. J. STEVENS, Sec. N. Y. C. C.



W. K. Sweesy writes from Omaha that canoeing there has received a new impetus, and a canoe club will be started very early next spring, with ten or twelve active members. The club house is to be situated on Crescent Lake, a body of water five miles long, where the regattas will be held, and on which the members will sail, paddle and disport themselves. The rivers and lakes of Nebraska and Iowa furnish splendid cruising waters for the club members near home. Mr. S. is very complimentary to *CANOEIST* also in his letter, but our modesty prevents such remarks being published.

The Indian names of Boston, according to Prof. Horsford, are: Accomonticus, meaning "Beyond - the - hill - little - cove;" Messatoose (Massachusetts), "Great-kill-mouth;" Moshanwomuk, "Canoe place," and Shawmut, "Near the neck." Canoe Place is a station on the Long Island Railroad. Whether there are any canoes in the place our reporters have not yet been able to ascertain.

Mr. Andrews, of the Petrel, in Florida, is shortly to start on a cruise down Indian River with Mr. Hubbard, of Boston. They propose to go as far as the very south end of Florida.

Dr. Parmele sent a transparency, interior view of the H. C. C. house, to Thornton H. Smith, of New York, as a Christmas remembrance. It is a photo on glass, 8x4 panel, framed in a silver casing. It shows up the canoes, paddles, racks and lockers. Mr. Smith has been in a banking house for three years, but has now branched out independently in boat building. He has a great love for boats, and has always been among them and owned them. As he understands boats practically, from his experience in using them, he brings to the work of building a valuable quality not often possessed by the mere mechanical builder. Many well-known builders in fact know nothing about the handling, and have had little or no experience in their use.

Ianthe C. C.—Officers: F. A. Phipps, Jr., commodore; W. D. Bird, vice-commodore; C. V. Schuyler, secretary; R. Hobart, treasurer. Seventeen active members, mostly canoe owners.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Outing is henceforward to be published in New York, under the editorial control of Poultney Bigelow (graduate of Yale). With him are associated in the control, Theodore Roosevelt (Harvard), and Cleveland H. Dodge (Princeton), of Phelps, Dodge & Co. These three gentlemen wish it to be distinctly understood by the readers that this magazine does not intend to be influenced by any special interests; that it will not encourage the gambling element in sports; but that it will promote all that is true and manly in outdoor life, whether in the military camp, the yacht, the backwoods, the tennis field, or other sphere. We understand that under the new management of *Outing*, the records of the various outdoor interests are to be edited with even greater care than formerly. We have heard some of the departments placed as follows: Yachting—Captain Roland F. Coffin, author of "An Old Sailor's Yarn" and the "America's Cup." Cricket—George Ashbridge, of Philadelphia, who went to England with our last team. Lacrosse—J. A. Hodge, secretary of the United States Intercollegiate Association, and captain of the Princeton team of 1883. Rowing—Captain R. J. Cook, the father of American college rowing, and for many years coach of the Yale crew. Kennel—James Watson, of Philadelphia, the leading authority on all that pertains to dogs. Tobogganing and Snowshoe—Newell B. Woodworth, of the Saratoga Tobogganing Club. Ice Yachting—Col. C. L. Norton. Fishing—Robert B. Roosevelt, author of the most valuable works on angling published in this country. Canoeing—C. Bowyer Vaux.

The "Recollections of a Private" (VI. is in January *Century*) by W. L. Goss give some tough experiences in outdoor life during the war time. The private, like the canoeist, at times is forced to be distant from his base of supplies, and has to get used to a wetting. General John Pope's "Second Battle of Bull Run" in the same number is extremely interesting, and it touches on the Porter case, which has been before the public for some time. The whole campaign was a poling up rapids sort of work, mighty wearing and of little profit comparatively.

The initial article in *Harper's Monthly* for February is a wonderfully well illustrated one on the British Navy, by Sir Edward Reed, and it probably will prove

interesting to many a canoeist, though he, as such, is a man of peace. If he passes over the navy he will tarry when he reaches page 418 and reads the head line to an illustrated Florida article, Mr. Wegg's party on the Kissimme. Perhaps later on he will stray into Mr. Howell's study, and he is likely to stay in spite of the coaxing easy chair just in front of the door.

Is there a canoeist who has not tasted the joy of taking some little fellow in the boat with him for a short paddle? A small boy is pretty sure to be fascinated by the canoe. To be in one and actually paddle it is something he will most fully appreciate and he will express his satisfaction freely. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop's little story in *St. Nicholas* (January) tells of Nick Woolson and his afternoon with a young college fellow on the ice; and touches very gently the fellow feeling between them and their comradeship. Palmer Cox's verses and sketches of the Brownies tobogganing are irresistibly funny and wonderfully well conceived.

"I wonder if most of us are not naturally fond of the water, semi-amphibious; whether, ever since we were big enough to sail shingles in a watering trough, or tumble into the brook where we had set up our water wheels, we have not had times of longing to be either in or on the water." Thus writes Frank S. Merrill in *Wide Awake* (January), and he follows the Seine "Through the Heart of Paris." Character sketches here, river scenes and incidents illustrated there, and finally a display of fireworks to top off with.

The Pittsburgh *East End Bulletin*, an illustrated weekly paper, has a column regularly on Sports and Pastimes. The canoe is not neglected. The paper is pink—whether the pink of propriety or perfection the reader must decide for himself.

Life says of Robert Louis Stevenson that his writings "are always pleasing exhibitions of a very original fancy in lucid and crisp language"—this in speaking of his new book, the "Strange Case of Dr. Jerkyll and Mr. Hyde." Stevenson is a canoeist—a true canoeist—and a cruiser. His book, "An Inland Cruise" (Roberts Bros.) cannot fail to interest, amuse, surprise and instruct a canoeist reader. "It rained smartly. Discomfort, where it is honestly uncomfortable and makes no nauseous pretensions to the contrary, is a vastly humorous business; and people well steeped

and stupefied in the open air are in a good vein for laughter. From this point of view, even an egg *à la papier* (an accidentally broken egg wrapped in a newspaper) offered by way of food may pass muster as a sort of accessory to the fun." His observations of the river scenery, the people met, even the children, are put in the quaintest way and never tire one. The style is undoubtedly of a much higher order than the subject, canoe cruising, has before been treated in.

The *Lippincott* begins the new year in a new dress, quaint and simple red and black.

"Hunting Trips of a Ranchman." Sketches of sport on the northern cattle plains, by Theodore Roosevelt, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. First edition limited to 500 copies, numbered and signed by publishers; contains four etchings by R. Swain Gifford, and seven Japan proof impressions (heads of large game) from wood cuts. The drawings for these were made by J. C. Beard from the animals themselves, shot by Mr. Roosevelt. The heads he still has in his possession. The book is further embellished with numerous full page cuts; designed initials, printed in a delicate brown, begin the chapters, and the letter press is clear and handsome. The paper used is rough-edged, and of a delightful texture and pure white—not a blue white. The limited edition being already about exhausted, the publishers announce that a cheaper edition will shortly follow. Justice cannot be done in a few lines to Mr. Roosevelt's work, and a review of that will appear later.

At the annual meeting of the Springfield Canoe Association, held Jan. 19, the following officers were elected for 1886: Captain, C. M. Bliss; Lieutenant, E. C. Knappe; Secretary, F. L. Safford; Purser, P. A. Knappe; at large, C. M. Shedd. Regatta Committee, C. M. Bliss, chairman, J. E. Bowles, E. C. Knappe. It was resolved to have a Connecticut River meet about May 29-30-31, at Calla Shasta, a spot about five miles below Springfield, and to have all the clubs possible represented. The sailing stretch is six miles long and five-eighths of a mile wide, and the facilities for camping are unexcelled.

Renton Brothers have removed to Nos. 70 and 72 West street, Brooklyn, E. D., New York.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. V.

MARCH, 1886.

No. 3.

SPRING has come round again, though out of doors it has hardly made itself felt even if the days are longer and the sun brighter. Though the sap in the trees has not begun its heavy work, the blood in the veins of every canoeist is doing its work and running at a quick pace. The builders especially are working under high pressure, and the birth of a new canoe is an every-day occurrence. Sewing machines are running off canoe sails by the yard, and tinkering with new rigs has begun in earnest.

The responsibility of the work now in the hands of A. C. A. Regatta Committee and the Trophy Committee is so great that those thoughtful bodies are still studying over the programme and rules and order of races, and report only "progress." We would not hurry them up in the least, for they know perfectly well how much interest is taken in their doings, on the result of which so much depends. Many men are waiting to perfect their plans till after they have read and studied the programme of the meet, and the conditions under which the trophy will be contested. They cannot get this information too soon to suit them. There are many important points to be settled, especially about the Trophy races, and the earlier canoeists in general know the regulations, the better the chance of full entries and a successful series of races.

CANOEING IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

THREE HUNDRED MILES IN A BIRCH BARK ON LAKES AND RIVERS.

THE fame of the Squatook had reached our (four) ears, and we longed to see for ourselves if the things said of it were true.

In June we (two of us) made preparations for a visit to the wilderness amid which lie the Squatook lakes. Supplied with the necessities of camp life we went from St. John, Fredericton, by rail, and thence north to Grand Falls—canoe and all. Railway connection with Edmundston was broken on account of a weak bridge. We overcame the difficulty by procuring a trolley from the obliging track-master. Next morning we loaded our "special;" the canoe was lashed, bottom up, on two poles extended from the sides and gave our conveyance an imposing appearance. Our two hired men worked faithfully, and after an exciting and novel journey we dashed into Edmundston at great speed on a down grade.

Next day we put our baggage and canoe on a large wagon and after a pleasant drive of sixteen miles up the valley of the Madawaska we came to the Portage, where we were met by the well known Tom Lynch

and his famous colt. Our canoe was tenderly laid on a rig which he called a "catamaran," the colt was hitched and we filed into the woods.

Bear tracks abounded, but the difficulties of the trail inspired more fear. We camped for the night by Mud Lake and appeased the yearnings of inner man. This man asserted himself vigorously all through the trip and was not to be satisfied with little. Through the evening our guide told us stories of former parties that had been through the lakes.

Next morning we set out upon Mud Lake, and as our brawny guide stood upon the shore he shouted "Good-bye boys—you'll have a little *smart* water before you get round, but nothing to signify." With light hearts we flew over the lake and down Beardley's Brook, the outlet.

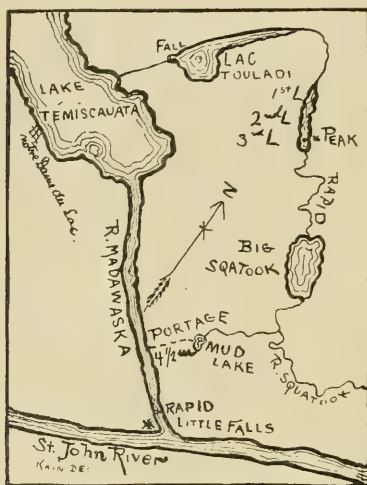
On the lower part of the brook the alders hindered us considerably, and once a wicked bough almost dragged me out of the canoe. When we dashed out on the swift flowing Squatook River we yelled with delight—for the stream was broad, the surrounding forests grand and solitude supreme. For

several miles we passed rapidly along, our minds filled with wonder at the utter wildness of the scenes that burst upon us at every turn of the river, and with pleasant anticipation of what was to come. Finally passing through a district of lovely elms, we came out on the Big Squatook—magnificent in solitude and weirdly beautiful. All was still—miles and miles away stretched the unbroken forest, and the bordering hills were reflected in the quiet lake. On the pebbly beach we pitched our handy little A tent. It held us and our baggage nicely and weighed nine pounds when folded up.

In the morning we passed up the lake to the outlet, and slipping through stakes found ourselves in the Passage d'Entre.

good the gaping rent and started on once more. The *voyageur* in these districts should always carry plenty of rosin, a pot and iron, and know how to use them.

This proved to be an exciting day—most of the time the stream seemed to be down hill and we travelled at a rate that made me nervous. This is the place for the young man who loves pure excitement and plenty of it—as for the timid, let him keep afar off. We camped by the jam and early next day struck the third lake and obtained our first view of the noble Squateykke Peak rising boldly close by the lake. About a quarter of a mile from the shore was a small island and on it we camped. That afternoon we ascended the peak, and were gloriously rewarded. Our little tent was a mere speck. Far away as the eye could reach was the unbroken forest, intersected here and there by lake and stream; the horizon on all sides was tree-clad peaks. Three hundred square miles were spread before us and we were the only inhabitants. On a clear day Katahdin, the giant of Maine, can be seen. On our return to camp we had some good sport fishing—trout and *touladi* plentiful—the latter a deservedly esteemed luxury. Sunday we rested and spent our time cooking a fine dinner, singing and looking at the blue sky. Next day we leisurely passed through the remaining Squatook Lakes and paddled down the fair Touladi preceded by a noisy chattering kingfisher. On the still shores of Lac Touladi we pitched our tent. During the day we met a lone Indian and in reply to our anxious inquiries about the Touladi Falls he said: "Ver' bad place! you carry round! Indian man go through last week—break canoe in two." My note book described them as half a mile from Lac Témiscauata and we resolved to do so when they should appear we would portage. With cheerful hearts we set out in the morning and approached the outlet. Here a roar of water was heard—in our ignorance we had blundered into the grip of the terrible Touladi Falls. Soon we were in the seething, foaming waters. Every muscle was strained, the canoe was enveloped in spray and a furious billow rolling over the bow stuck me in the chest. The canoe scraped twice, and with a dizzy bound was in the pool. In effecting a landing unfortunately the canoe was filled with water, rolled over and we jumped into the stream. We clung to the canoe, but nearly all our baggage was rolled away beneath the water or swept far down on the tearing current. With glum faces we



MAP OF THE SQUATOOK TRIP, FROM LITTLE FALLS BACK TO LITTLE FALLS—ABOUT 100 MILES.

For awhile the current was slow, then we passed through some small rapids and it became exciting. The stream ran faster, and after some time a sullen roar reached our ears. A mysterious chill crept up my back and I wished to stop and examine; but the current was irresistible and the banks wild, so on we swept. As we turned a point we saw a foaming rapid; we could not stop, so with a cheer we urged the canoe forward and flew into it. The water surged in and over us and a shudder, prophetic of ill, ran through the gallant *Nooblee-ah-pah*. When we reached the pool below the canoe was full of water and sinking. However, we effected a landing and unloading in a gloomy forest, examined our bark. A sharp rock had cut a piece of bark, 12x5 in., out of the bottom. With the aid of our rosin and a cotton handkerchief (bark we could not obtain) we made

reckoned the loss; all our money, provisions, coats, boots, pans, etc., and we realized experience to be a costly article. Somewhat depressed we passed on. The day was fine and the scenery interesting. Passing through the *premier chute* we found ourselves on Lake Témiscauata. Late in the afternoon we reached the other side of the lake and landed in the little French village of Notre Dame du Lac, half famished and without money. Our French was French of "Stratford-atte-Bowe," but we were received kindly and a good Samaritan provided us with provisions and money—long may she live. Next day we paddled along the beautiful shores of the lake and passed down the outlet—Madawaska river. As we neared Edmunston the river was very impetuous. Here a party of inexperienced Americans were dumped out last summer. We slipped safely through and landed by the Little Falls. We were now in a settled district and found that money awaited us. With fresh stores we passed on down the beautiful St. John River. Although we travelled twice as far on the main river as we did among the lakes, I will not devote much space to it: most people know the delights of paddling on a river when farm houses are always handy; but the true *voyageur* has a preference for the wilderness. We spent the best part of a day examining the Grand Falls—the most wonderful cataract in the mountain Provinces. To stand in the mighty gorge and look on towering cliffs and then upon the river St. John rushing through the narrow channel, is indeed well worth the trouble of a long journey. A few miles below the Falls was the Salmon Hatchery, and the obliging manager gave us much interesting information about the methods pursued. A little below the hatchery we came to the "Rapide de Femme," it roared about us vainly and before we reached the mouth of Aroostook we passed some pretty smart water. In the morning we visited the Aroostook Falls, but an immense log jam spoiled their beauty. The river was lovely—green fields and neat houses all along the bank, and an air of general prosperity. Sunday we spent in delicious idleness on a small island which was also honored with the presence of the "yellow lady's slipper" (*Cypripedium parviflorum*). At Andover we dined—the busy town of Woodstock charmed us for a little and we stopped to see most of the villages. So we passed on down the river, stopping at the Pokiok Falls, thinking of the old French *voyageur* as we dashed through the

Meductic rapids, and filling every hour with some new delight till we reached the fair city of Fredericton.

To any party intending to take this trip I would recommend guides. They are well acquainted with the country, know the best fishing places, and are willing to work. For myself, I look on the camp work as part of the fun, and prefer to act as my own guide, for in so doing I feel the subtle joys of the discoverer. SAMUEL W. KAIN.

NOTE.—In the Touladi Falls I lost my note-book and therefore I am not prepared to give an accurate account of the "thoroughfare" between Big Squatook and the third lake. Ordinarily it is not difficult to make the trip, but a freshet made the streams very high when Mr. W. F. Ganong and I went through in our birch.

S. W. K.

CANOE CLUB SONG.

AIR—"Columbia, the gem of the ocean."

I.

OCANOERS come list to my ditty,
While I sing of my bark and my Kitty,
The prettiest canoe on the water,
And the maiden is somebody's daughter.
These charmers make rivals all tremble,
When each one is shining in view,
Their beauties no others resemble,
And they each wear the red, white and blue.

Chorus.

And they each wear the red, white and blue,
And they each wear the red, white and blue,
Their beauties no others resemble,
And they each wear the red, white and blue.

II.

When the maiden first caught me in fancy,
And captured my heart as her prize,
I thought sure there's nothing so jaunty,
So trim, true and fine of her size.
But my boat in its beauty was like her.
And her face to the flag gave a clue,
So her cheek, brow and eye were its colors,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

Chorus.

Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
So her cheek, brow and eye were its color,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

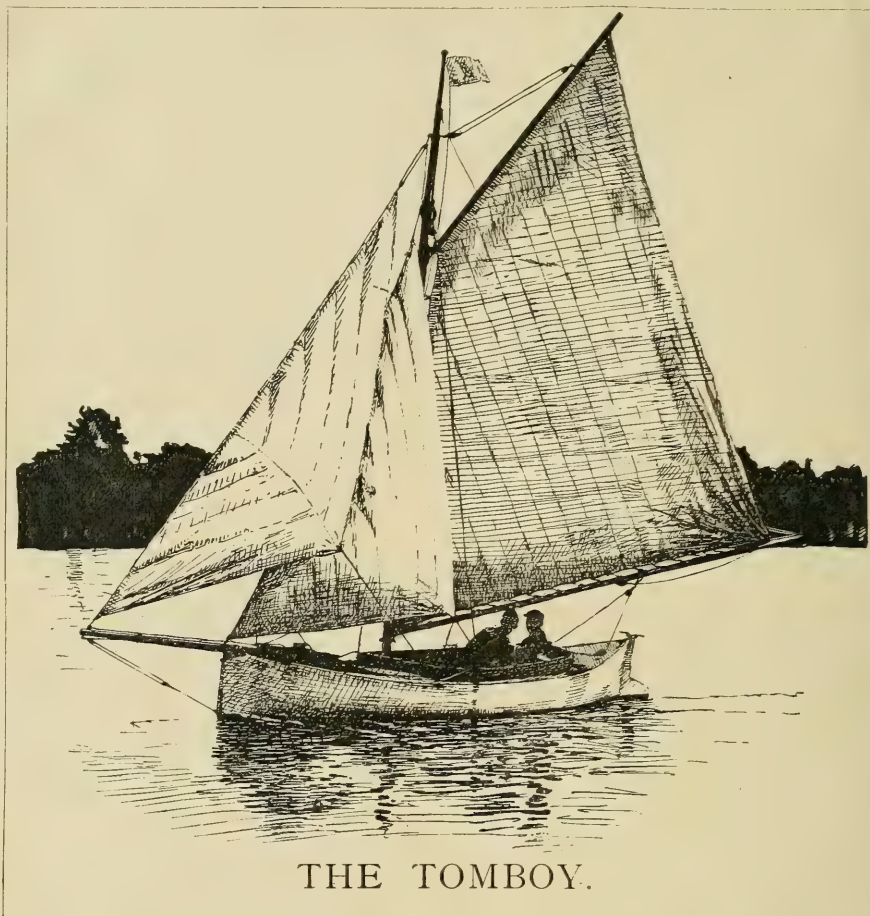
III.

The red is the token of courage,
And blue is the symbol of truth,
Let us join both together in marriage,
Pure white is a tie none will ruth—
May the truth never leave us, no never,
And our courage prove ever true,
Our boat and our sweetheart forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

Chorus.

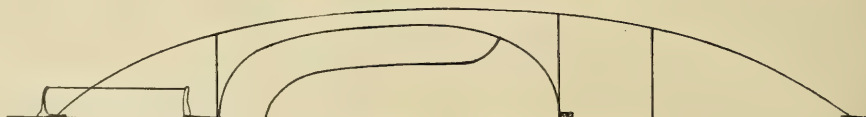
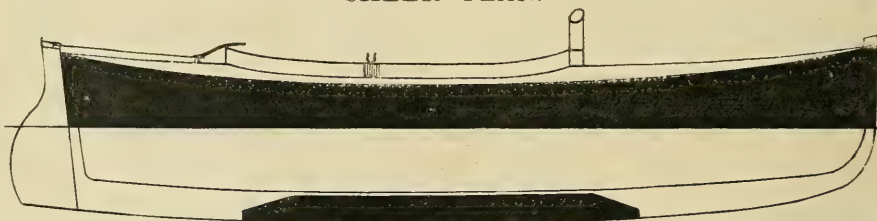
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
Our boat and our sweetheart forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

CUTTER—CANOE—YAWL.



THE TOMBOY.

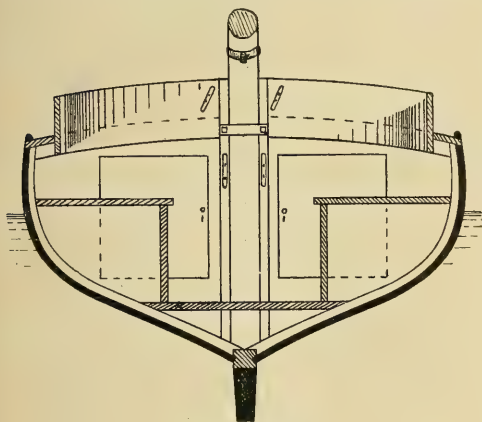
SHEER PLAN.



HALF DECK PLAN.

THE term canoe yawl, applied to a cutter rigged boat with a lead keel, is apt to confuse any one not familiar with the origin of the term. The first canoe yawls were simply enlargements of the canoes used on the Mersey, their length being 17 ft. and beam about 4 ft. 6 in., and all having the rig then used on canoes, two standing lugs, a main and mizzen, loose on the foot.

These boats have become quite popular in England for coast cruising and work beyond the scope of the ordinary canoe, and while still retaining the name, canoe yawl, they have lost some of their distinctive features. As now built, they range from 16 ft. by 4 to 20 ft. by 6, with a draft of 16 in. to 3½ ft., and heavy outside keels of lead. They are still of canoe model,



MIDSHIP SECTION.

sharp at both ends, rather flat floor, hard bilge, decked fore and aft, with a cockpit. The rig is either cutter or yawl, the latter being more common. Some are still rigged with the two lugs as of old, but the better form of yawl has a bowsprit and jib, sometimes a staysail, a boom and gaff mainsail, and a lug mizzen. This is the best rig for rough work, where the boat must be often handled alone. The mainsail may be reefed or furled very easily without leaving the well or being far from the tiller, and with sail reduced in this fashion the boat will still handle well and keep up a fair rate of speed under jib and mizzen.

Being rigged for afternoon sailing rather than for cruising and rough weather, the Tomboy has a rather large cockpit and cutter instead of yawl rig. Her sail plan, however, is small, and for racing could well be increased. The two headsails will appear complicated to those unused to them, but they are easily managed in practice,

and for sailing alone are of great advantage, as the jib can be set or taken in and a smaller one set in its place, without leaving the cockpit. In tacking, the extra sheets are of little consequence, as either sail can be hauled in with one hand. The chief advantage lies in the reduced sail area afforded by the staysail and the reefed mainsail, which is enough for rough weather, and under which she will work well to windward. A boat the size of the Tomboy, 18 ft. 4 in. long, 5 ft. beam, 2 ft. 2 in. draft, with cockpit 7½ by 4 ft., will accommodate five or six in the cockpit in sailing, but three is a better number, and as many as can be carried in cruising. The cuddy under the deck forward of the mast gives room for bedding, clothing, stores, etc. Lockers on each side make the seats, with room under one for canned goods and under the other for lamps, oil, stove and gear, while between them aft is room for an ice box. To the front of each locker a board may be hinged which will fold up at night, making a platform across the boat at the height of the lockers, on which a bed for two, or even three, may be made. A canoe tent is hung from the boom, which is topped up, making a snug shelter below. Thus it will be seen that the little cruiser offers all needed accommodation for one, two or three; room for dry storage by day, room for sleeping, for stores and for cooking. Not the least curious feature is the tender, a diminutive canvas dinghey, 7 ft. by 3 ft., built specially for her. This little boat can be folded up and stored in the cockpit without being in the way. The canoe yawl is as yet almost unknown here, the Tomboy being the only one in New York waters; but as soon as their many good qualities are better known they will become popular, as they possess many advantages as cruisers over the boats commonly used for that purpose. The Tomboy was built for Mr. Burgess by George Lawley & Son, builders of the Puritan, in 1884. The cost of this class of boat, well built and rigged complete, with iron ballast, would be about \$250 for a 16 ft. boat, and \$300 for an 18 ft. The Tomboy is now owned by Mr. W. P. Stephens, Vice-Commodore of the New York Canoe Club, in which fleet she is enrolled.

The Tomboy, illustrated on page 36, was in active use all last fall on New York Bay. Her last sail of the season was taken on Christmas Day, after which she was put in her winter berth behind Marmalade

Lodge, at West Brighton, Staten Island. The morning of December 25th. 1885, was cold and blustery, but bright and clear. The anchor was pulled out of the mud a little before noon, and the foresail set. Tide was running out of the Kills a strong ebb, and the wind—almost a gale—was blowing up stream. The foresail proved to be enough of a spread to give the boat good headway, but not enough to worry the skipper, as he would have been had a double-reefed mainsail been set also. A slight shift of some of the inside ballast forward made it possible to work the cutter to windward well and bring her about easily. Only once did she miss stays, in fact, and then a big sea slapped her in the face just at the dead point.

While sailing down the Kills the crew unbent the mainsail from its spars, stowed it, took gaff and boom from the mast, housed bowsprit, and in fact cleared the boat of all her rig except mast and foresail.

On the run home before the wind the foresail was boomed out with a sweep, and the yawl bowled along against the tide at a fair pace. Arriving at the home float, the foresail was unbent and the standing rigging cast off the hooks by loosening the turnbuckles. The mast, spars, sails and running rigging were taken ashore to the house in a few minutes and the yawl run into a safe harbor alongside the Lodge to await a high tide that would lift her where she could be chocked up out of harm's way till spring.

The present rig of the boat is small for the light airs of summer, but very convenient and handy for single-handling. For cold weather sailing and stormy times the yawl rig would be an improvement.

New York C. C. international cup trial races are set for July 3d and 5th, on New York Bay. Entries must be sent in to the club Secretary, Mr. C. J. Stevens, 7 Bowling Green, N. Y. City, before June 1st. Holding the trial races on a legal holiday will give business men a chance to sail and not lose valuable time from their offices. Letters lately received from England assure the cup committee that three Englishmen will sail for the cup; therefore three men will have to be selected to defend it, and the trial races should bring out a large field to choose from. It is hoped that the match will bring out the very best material that the U. S. can produce, animate and inanimate.

THE FLAGSHIP OF 1885.

GENERAL OLIVER'S canoe Marion B. was described in the May CANOEIST, 1885. The colored supplement represents her as she appeared sailing on Eel Bay in August at the meet. The canoe was beautifully finished and rigged, and always made a pretty picture when under sail with her handsome skipper on deck to windward. The decorated sail, perfectly proportioned when set, always caught the eye. The indotint print was made directly from Mr. Stoddard's* negative (taken at the meet) and reprinted for the CANOEIST by the American Photo-Lithograph Company of New York. The canoe was built by Rushton. Stoddard's photograph of the Marion B. is by far the prettiest canoe picture yet produced. The photograph was taken by the instantaneous method while the canoe was sailing. It falls short of perfection only in leaving out the figure of the noble fellow at the stick.

* Full list of Stoddard's photographs taken at the A. C. A. meet, Grindstone Island, 1885:
 1277. Members A. C. A., 1885.
 1278. Headquarters A. C. A., 1885.
 1279. A. C. A. Camp, 1885.
 1280. Fotophiends A. C. A., 1885.
 1281. A. C. A. Camp from Headquarters, 1885.
 1282. A. C. A. West Side Camp.
 1283. Brooklyn and Newburg Camps, A. C. A., 1885.
 1284. "Delaney's," Grindstone Island 1885.
 1285. West from Beacon Hill, Grindstone Island.
 1286. Steamer Magic at A. C. A. Camp, 1885.
 1287. Off A. C. A. Camp, Grindstone Island, 1882.
 1288. Maneuvering under Sail, A. C. A., 1885.
 1289. Sailing Race, A. C. A., 1885.
 1290. Tandem Paddling Race, 1885; Viva, Bijou, Maggie.
 1291. A. C. A. Review, 1885. 1st Division, sailing.
 1292. A. C. A. Review, 1885. 2d Division, sailing.
 1293. A. C. A. Review, 1885. 3d Division, paddling.
 1294. A. C. A. Review, 1885. Passing Commodore's station.
 1295. A. C. A. Review, 1885. Returning under sail.
 1296. Canoe Marion B., Com. R. S. Oliver, Master.
 1297. Canoe Aurora, Secretary C. A. Neidé, Master.
 1298. Canoe Sea Bee, C. B. Vaux, Master.
 1299. Canoe Gu nn, C. V. R. Schuyler, Master.
 1300. Canoe Isabel, Robert Tyson, Master.
 1276. Canoe Atlantis with New Atlantis Sail, 1885.

Views made by Mr. Seavey, in Mr. Stoddard's possession:

- A.—A. C. A. Group.
- B.—A. C. A. Review.
- C.—A. C. A. Prize Flags.
- D.—A. C. A. Upset Race.
- E.—A. C. A. Gymnastics.
- F.—A. C. A. Trumpeters.
- G.—A. C. A. Trumpeters.
- H.—Canoe Isabel, with sail set.

Dr. Theodore Ledyard and Mr. Thornton H. Smith, both of New York city, with several others, have organized the Smith's Island Schooner Club. The officers for the year are: Dr. A. H. Scofield, commodore; Dr. Frank Wardwell, vice-commodore; Mr. Norman L. Archer, secretary; Dr. Theodore Ledyard, treasurer. The only boats represented in this club are row-boats, and they must be equipped with an adjustable schooner rig. It is the purpose and intention of the originators to establish an interest in this type of boat, and introduce it as a small cruiser.

A FEW PARAGRAPHS

FROM R. L. STEVENSON'S "AN INLAND VOYAGE."

WHAT would happen when the wind first caught my little canvass? I suppose it was almost as trying a venture into the regions of the unknown as to publish a book or to marry.

It is a commonplace that we cannot answer for ourselves before we have been tried. But it is not so common a reflection, and surely more consoling, that we usually find ourselves a great deal braver and better than we thought.

I do not know how long it was before I scrambled up the tree to which I was left clinging, but it was longer than I cared about. My thoughts were of a grave and sombre character, but I still clung to my paddle. The stream ran away with my heels as fast as I could pull up my shoulders, and I seemed, by the weight, to have all the water of the *Oise* in my trousers pockets. You can never know, till you try it, what a dead pull a river makes against a man. Death himself had me by the heels, for this was his last ambuscade, and he must now join personally in the fray. And I still held to my paddle. At last I dragged myself on to my stomach on the trunk, and lay there a breathless sop, with a mingled sense of humor and injustice. A poor figure I must have presented to *Burns* upon the hill-top with his team. But there was the paddle in my hand. On my tomb, if ever I have one, I mean to get these words inscribed: "He clung to his paddle."

Nature's good humor was only skin deep after all.

Never were the canoes more flattered, or flattered more adroitly. "It is like a violin," cried one of the girls in ecstasy. "I thank you for the word, mademoiselle," said I, "All the more since there are people who call out to me that is like a coffin." "Oh! but it is really like a violin. It is finished like a violin," she went on. "And polished like a violin. One has only to stretch the cords, and then tum-tumty-tum."

We never know where we are to end if once we begin following words or doctors. There is an upright stock in a man's own heart that is trustier than any syllogism; and the eyes and the sympathies, and appetites know a thing or two that have never yet been stated in controversy. Reasons are as plentiful as blackberries; and, like fisticuffs, they serve impartially with all sides. Doctrines do no stand or fall by their proofs, and are only logical in so far as they are cleverly put. An able contro-

versialist no more than an able general demonstrates the justice of his cause.

After a good woman, and a good book, and tobacco, there is nothing so agreeable on earth as a river.

What a number of things a river does by simply following Gravity in the innocence of its heart!

I find I never weary of great churches. It is my favorite kind of mountain scenery. Mankind was never so happily inspired as when it made a cathedral: a thing as single and specious as a statue to the first glance, and yet, on examination, as lively and interesting as a forest in detail.

There is no discharge in the war of life, I am well aware; but shall there not be so much as a week's furlough?

About one thing we were mightily taken up, and that was eating.

PITTSBURGH CANOE CLUB.

A SKETCH OF ITS CAREER.

THERE can be no question about who is to blame for the formation of the Pittsburgh Canoe Club. I don't know when the idea first struck Dad, but he began to hint to me that a canoe would be a good thing to have, in the summer of '82, and when I got sick in the following January he brought me "Canoeing in Kanukia" and "Canoe and Flying Proa" (for what are not those two books responsible!) and followed them up with a specimen copy of *CANOEIST* and two builders' catalogues. That settled it, and by the time I was out again the only question was which build to order. After much discussion and correspondence, we compromised by dropping both catalogues; and *Everson*—who prides himself on not publishing any books—got an order for four *Shadows*.

Dad was by no means content with this, but went on with his missionary work, and by the time the new craft had arrived was ready to call a meeting to organize The Club, having discovered two canoe owners in the city, one of whom had actually made a cruise of considerable length.

The 5th of May, 1883, was the day made memorable by the launching of the new organization, and it started off with a membership of thirteen and nine canoes in possession or on the stocks. Of course Dad was elected Commodore, but shortly afterward we read in *CANOEIST* that some one had discovered the propriety of calling the club commander Captain, so we at once called a meeting to take action in the mat-

ter, and Captain it has been ever since. What times we had that spring! And what stories could be told of how the Captain and the clerk were baptized in company; and how another pair started on a two days' cruise and were caught in a miniature edition of the Deluge; were taken for tramps when they sought shelter from the downpour about 11 P. M., and only softened the heart of the farmer's wife by the pathetic statement of one that he had a mother! How they proceeded next morning with the creek so high that they were obliged to lie down in order to get under the railroad bridges, and finally came to total grief in the "old fall hole." But we must get on and record the first club cruise, when nine of us shipped our canoes to Salamanca and cruised home in company down the Allegheny, spending two weeks of such varied experiences and solid enjoyment as will long live in the memory of each. When we got home once more June was ended, and the canoeing fraternity were turning their thoughts to Stony Lake; but Canada seemed so far away that none of us attempted the trip, and the club's first season was brought to a close by a camp of a few days upon an island a short distance up the Allegheny.

About this time a prominent member became involved in the toils of Hymen, but to demonstrate that he was still with us, and of us, he was hardly settled at house-keeping ere he invited the whole club to a dinner, which was the first of a series of camp-fires which carried us through our first winter and brought us out in the spring of '84 more enthusiastic than ever and with an increase of about fifty per cent. in our membership.

Up to this time no thought of racing had intruded, but now club spirit and the necessity of keeping up with the fashion demanded a new departure in this direction, and accordingly our first spring regatta was held with a fleet absolutely guiltless of such a thing as a deck tiller, and the rigs for most part consisting of builders' lateens. This was followed by a cruise of six canoes from Mayville down Lake Chautauqua, Conewago Creek and the Allegheny River, and then once more it was time to think of the A. C. A. meet. It was resolved that we could not afford to live another year in our state of primitive ignorance, so a party of five started for Grindstone Island. Ah! the delights of a first week! Those who have already enjoyed it need no description of what that one was to us, and to those

who have not, no words can convey anything like a realizing idea. How I envy these latter who are to make their first visit in this year of grace 1886!

Some results of our visit made themselves apparent in the club races during September and October. Then we went into winter quarters, but more results were working themselves out, and when another spring came around the fleet seemed to have undergone a metamorphosis during its winter dormancy, and new canoes and improved rigs were to be seen on all sides. The spring was wet and cold, and Regatta Day found our new craft almost untried. The same bad weather continued and discouraged the cruisers, so the regular annual trip failed for the first time. Perhaps this was partly owing to the charms of Grindstone Island, which were being so ably sung by the five who had been there the year before. At any rate, when July came each of those five, and four additional, were to be found in the Pittsburgh camp upon Delaney's Point. And now came another period of enjoyment. If we had not the freshness and novelty of a first meet, we now had pleasures we knew not the previous year in renewing pleasant associations and greeting many a well-remembered face. Now, too, we could spread our canvas to the breeze in happy security from such slurs as were cast upon us in '84, when one old hand averred he could identify a Pittsburgh canoe in the dark by the "mustard plasters" she carried for sails. And when the race days came our cup of happiness was full, for did not one of our number immortalize himself by winning three first and two special prizes in three races? And had not one august member of the Executive Committee been moved to say of our camp that it "quite takes the palm for the general good behavior of its occupants?"

Then came the ever-dreaded break up and homeward journey; but some of our party soon solaced themselves with a short sojourn at lovely Conemaugh Lake, while another band traveled to the northwest and the keels of the P. C. C. plowed the waters of the Lake Superior wilderness, where seldom a pale face had penetrated before.

So our third season drew to a close. And now in this period of enforced inactivity we look back upon many a happy hour spent afloat, drifting lazily along the shady shore, dashing aside the foam of a rushing rapid, or perched upon the weather gunwale as we ride the swells with a bounding

motion that fills the spirit with an exultation beyond expression. In all the retrospect there is nothing unpleasant, nothing to regret. In our short life as a club there has been no discord or contention, and that the future may be as the past is all we can desire.

PENSVL.

A SLIDING GUNTER RIG.

WHILE the attention of the canoeist is taken up with new rigs to be used in the coming contest, I thought it would be well to exhibit the plan of a sail that I have used the past summer and found to work well. The advantages

front part to allow a T-shaped strip, called a jack, to be screwed on it.

Fig. 2 shows the gunter *a a*, which is made of brass, with four wheels on the inside, two running in each groove, with four jaws on the upper part, the heel of the topmast being pivoted on a bolt between the lower jaws, the upper jaws being used to receive the topmast when in an upright position. Fig. 2 shows the topmast partly lowered.

Fig. 3 gives a sectional view of the gunter, showing wheels in grooves *c*.

Fig. 4 shows traveler that slides in jack, *b*, on topmast, when lowering or hoisting

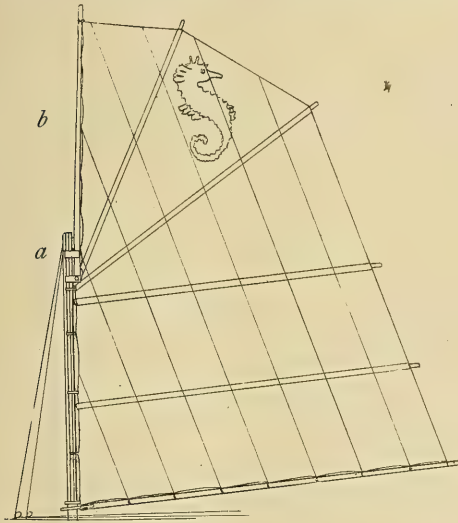


FIG. 1.
Section at C

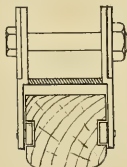


FIG. 3.

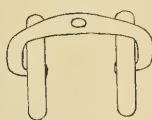


FIG. 4.

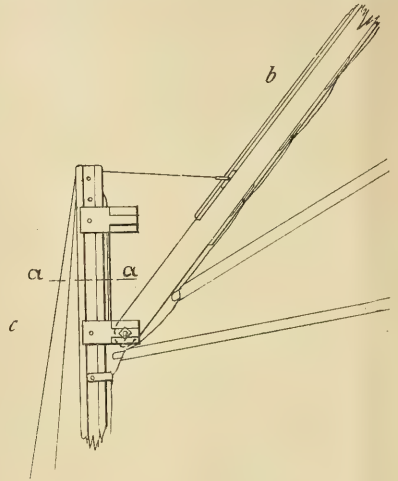


FIG. 2.

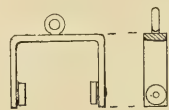


FIG. 5.

claimed for this sail are that there is no part of the sail in front of the mast; that you can have a large sail area with a short boom, and when you find it necessary to reef, with each reef that you take in you shorten your mast proportionately.

Fig. 1 shows the sail hoisted, which is an ordinary fan sail, on a mast made in two sections. The lower part is flat on three sides and oval on the fourth or front part, with a groove cut in each side to allow the wheels of the gunter to run in. The topmast is round, with a place cut into the

mast, or when hoisting or lowering sail.

Fig. 5 shows bands or friction rollers, with wheels on the inside to run in the grooves the same as the gunter; there are five of these, which the sail is fastened to in place of hoops. They are all oval on the inside, and will not jam or catch.

The gunter runs so easily that it is not necessary to have a downhaul. Two halliards used are, one to hoist the sail and the other to lower topmast, which is only used when sail is to be dropped on deck, leaving only a short mast standing.

an ordinary cruising sail, say of 100 ft., it would not be necessary to topmast, as the sail area would be so after taking in two reefs that it would do any harm unless it was blowing a gale. Under such circumstances you could haul the entire mast out, or have the gunter made with a cup in place of the jaws, for the topmast to set in.

These fittings were made for me by Renton Bros., who have since supplied others.

EDITH ADELE.

THE FROGS—ROCHESTER C. C.—HUFF!

IN the summer of 1882 there were five or six canoes on the Lower Genesee. Their owners were strangers to each other. The incidental meeting of crafts and acquaintances thus formed by the crews resulted in an agreement to unite for mutual benefit, and on the 29th of September the R. C. C. was organized.

Adopting regulations similar to those in force in a well-known club, the Rochester association elected Geo. H. Harris, President; M. B. Turpin, Vice-President; J. M. Angle, Sec.-Treas.; A. E. Dumble, Captain, and Fred. W. Storms, First Officer.

It was the intention of the originators of the club to combine research in various fields of natural science with the pleasures of boating; and in October following a party of four shipped canoes to Perry, cruised on Silver Lake, visited the historical points and romantic retreats about the Genesee at Portage, launched their crafts below the Falls, and descended the river to Rochester. The log of the cruise was published in a local paper, and at once drew attention to canoeing and its possibilities on home waters.

Experience afforded the association an opportunity to discover certain defects in its system of work, and the following spring revised regulations were adopted, official designations changed and the list of officers reduced. Mr. Harris became Commodore, Mr. Storms Vice-Commodore and H. L. Ward Sec.-Treas. Mr. Ward's immediate absence on a tour to the Pacific coast vacated his station, to which J. Matt Angle succeeded under the title of Purser.

During the summer of '83 individual members attended the A. C. A. meet at Stony Lake; cruised the Canadian water-courses from Stony Lake to the St. Lawrence; from Lewiston on Niagara River via the south shore of Lake Ontario to the Thousand Islands; from Rochester around

the lower end of Lake Ontario to Port Hope, besides some lesser journeys.

In the spring of '84 the club occupied a convenient house—built by mine host W. H. Sours of the Newport House—on the west bank of Irondequoit Bay, six miles from the center of Rochester.

Under a third change in official titles F. F. Andrews was elected Captain, E. M. Gilmore Mate and J. M. Angle Purser; while the general management of club affairs was more especially intrusted to the executive committee of four. The membership was increased by a union with the Remus Club, the latter organization surrendering its house and property to the R. C. C.

The selection of Mr. Frank F. Andrews for Rear-Commodore of the A. C. A. in August was an honor thoroughly appreciated by the Rochesters, who individually bear their distinguished representative in high esteem.

This season the annual election—heretofore held in April—was changed to December, and Captain J. M. Angle, Mate H. M. Stewart and Purser Harris came into office. During the winter camp-fires were kindled, an order, known as Knights of the Paddle, instituted, while special literary and musical exercises added their charm to the fund of entertainment.

At the last annual meeting the club adopted a revised constitution and by-laws, formulated from practical experience, and made C. H. Moody, Captain; H. L. Ward, Mate; Geo. H. Harris, Purser, and Sam. C. Eaton, Measurer. The association has a membership of twenty-five; pleasant quarters in the city; two houses on Irondequoit Bay, furnished with various styles of canoes and kits, and an outlook for the season of 1886 in which every fond anticipation indulged in by canoemen appears very near realization.

GEO. H. HARRIS.

Subscriptions to THE CANOEIST are payable in advance. The April number will be sent only to those who have paid their subscriptions for 1886. Hereafter no bill or receipt will be sent for subscriptions. The month and year in which the subscription expires will be printed on every wrapper sent out, so no mistakes or misunderstandings can occur. The paper is a receipt for the money.



PERSONAL, IMPERSONAL AND MATERIAL.

General Oliver and R. W. Gibson are having new canoes built by Rushton. Grant Edgar has a new canoe under way, designed by W. P. Stephens and being built by McWhirter in Stephens's shop. Everson has a number of canoes in his shop, from new lines, for members of the three New York clubs.

The Quaker City Canoe Club was organized at Philadelphia on January 21st. Officers elected for 1886: Commodore, J. A. Barten; Vice-Com., James K. Osborne; Sec. and Treas., Thos. W. Bluett, 138 W. Sixth street, Philadelphia. The club starts with nine members, six canoes, and has a club house at Cooper's Point.

Commodore Rathbun has decided to have a new "Star" flagship for the '86 meet. Captain Ruggles, of Charlotte, is building the canoe—15 ft. 8 in. length, beam 30 in., two centerboards. The new lines are called Rochester No. 3. No. 2 lines are illustrated by a new canoe just shipped by Capt. Ruggles to Mr. Bailey, of Pittsburgh, 15 ft. length, 30½ in. beam, two centerboards. F. F. Andrews's Sofronia was built on Rochester No. 1 lines. The captain has lately built several canoes for members of the Rochester C. C., and good work is expected of them at the meet next August.

The Arlington (N. J.) Canoe Club was organized Jan. 26th; ten members to start with and seven canoes. The club intends building a house on the Passaic in the spring. Officers elected: Com., C. V. Schuyler; Vice-Com., R. G. Molloy; Sec., S. Rodgers; Treas., I. V. Dorland.

Vice-Com. Wardwell, Capt. Ledyard of the Smith Island Schooner Club, and Rear-Com. Parmele, A. C. A., were among the guests of the N. Y. Odontological Society at Hotel Brunswick annual dinner, Feb. 11th.

By an oversight the illustration of the Hell Gate Pilot Boat in February CANOEIST was entitled the LINDA. The drawing was made by Mr. Ledyard from his own boat, and not from the Linda belonging to Mr. Smith.

The Yonkers (N. Y.) Canoe Club was organized on Feb. 17th, and officers elected are: Com., J. G. Reeves; Vice-Com., E. A. Quick, Sr.; Sec.-Treas., Lawson Sanford.

Buffalo C. C. annual meeting Jan. 25, residence of Mr. E. L. French, Purser. A large number of members present, and considering the ice-bound condition of the canoeist's native element, considerable enthusiasm was manifested on all sides. The question of classifying larger canoes in the A. C. A. was discussed pretty thoroughly, the members being about evenly divided in their opinions, with a doubtful balance against the proposed new class. The action taken by the A. C. A. increasing its annual dues was criticised very unfavorably, and in view of advices received from other clubs, it is feared that it will not have a tendency to increase the membership of that body. The Purser reported the club's financial affairs in a flourishing condition, and several new craft will be added to the fleet in the spring. A new club signal was proposed and adopted, disposing of a subject which the members have been wrestling with all the previous summer. The following officers were elected for the year 1886: Captain, Williams Lansing; Mate, Edwin L. French; Purser, Henry L. Campbell. The club then adjourned to meet at the home of Mr. Lansing the last Wednesday in February.—H. L. C.

Shattemuc (Sing Sing) annual election, December 26th: Commodore, Rev. N. R. Everts; Capt., W. M. Carpenter; Purser, J. H. Carpenter.

Hardly a day passes that does not bring by mail some good word for CANOEIST from its subscribers. A number have expressed interest in the new series of articles on single-handers.

The annual Hudson River spring meet will be held at Coddington's Dock, a private landing four miles north of Rondout, on the west shore of the Hudson, under the auspices of the Rondout Canoe Club, on May 29th, 30th, 31st, 1886. Sufficient seclusion, a fine beach and excellent camping grounds render this point particularly adapted for the purpose. It is easily reached by steamer Mary Lowell from Vestry street pier, or night boats from pier 34, N. R., to Rondout; or by N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. to Rhinebeck or Barrytown; or by H. & C. W. R. R. to Rhinebeck; or by steamers Tremper and Martin direct to landing. Additional information furnished to clubs or individual canoeists by F. B. Hibbard, Sec'y.



J. J. C. B.

EDITOR CANOEIST: In the December number you say editorially, "Truly the future for the advocates of heavy canoes seems bleak indeed. These canoes are certainly unpopular on this side of the Atlantic. New York and Toronto are the only ports where they can be found, and in numbers few even there." This implies that the ballasted canoe with heavy centerboard is unpopular even in Toronto. The fact, however, is the reverse. Our fleet of seventeen canoes is composed as follows: Five paddling canoes which never sail; two canoes used chiefly for paddling, but occasionally sailed; two Peterboro canoes, paddled and sailed about equally, and seven which may be termed sailing canoes. Of these seven, five carry heavy iron centerboards, varying in weight from forty to sixty pounds, and the other two use ballast freely. Nearly all our canoes use ballast when sailing. The heavy centerboard is growing in favor with us. Last season one of our experienced sailors had a heavy iron board fitted to his canoe in place of the Atwood board she formerly carried. He is greatly pleased with the

A favorite misstatement on the part of canoe writers who own light canoes is that the unfortunates who use heavy boards and ballast are sacrificing all their cruising comfort to a misguided and vain attempt to get speed in racing. Most amusing is to see the persistent way in which this libel is first taken for granted and then rubbed in. On behalf of the five or seven "heavies" of the Toronto Club I give this a most emphatic denial. One of us is not a racer.

never races now, and built his canoe with a heavy board expressly for cruising, knowing its great advantage in our open waters here. The heavy board and ballasted canoe is not unpopular in Toronto. Its unpopularity elsewhere has been partly owing to the steady stream of detraction indulged in by the canoeing press, making a man afraid to put a heavy board in his canoe for fear of being called a crank.

In your comments on Mr. Tredwen's letter to me you assume that he is going to use the American method of sailing—sitting on the gunwale—when at Grindstone Island next August. He does not say that he will adopt that method instead of his former one. He says he will practice it a little "so as to be prepared to sail to best advantage under any conditions," meaning evidently that he will use whichever method he finds best suited to the conditions he happens to be sailing under.

ROBERT TYSON.

Mr. Tyson tells us there are five "heavy canoes" in Toronto in a club house containing seventeen canoes. There are two "heavy canoes" in New York waters. The owner of one—Guenn—has already given his order to a builder for two other canoes much lighter than the Guenn. There are over one hundred canoeists in and about New York, and nearly a thousand in the A. C. A.; yet the heavy canoes can be numbered on one's fingers the first round. This showing does not warrant calling the heavy canoe popular—even in Toronto. Canoeists and the canoe press should be tolerant. A canoe is not bad because it is not popular. The CANOEIST takes the ground that the heavy canoes—carrying boards of 40 and 60 lbs. and several hundred pounds of ballast—are not well adapted to what is generally understood as canoe cruising, and that the extra weight has not yet been proved to be an advantage in sailing races. Therefore why have it?

That Mr. Tyson prefers this canoe is his own affair. The canoe is built to come within the rules, and therefore is entitled to respect. Mr. Tyson writes of the cruising advantages of heavy canoes on such open waters as the great lakes. Many readers of the CANOEIST would be much interested in the record of such a cruise, as one has not yet been published. Will some member of the T. C. C. who has taken a cruise in his heavy send in a report of the trip and thus do something to advance the interest in these canoes? In spite of the fact that these canoes have done good sail-

ing in England, and the records of the English races and cruises have been before the American canoe public for years, they are now far from being popular. It is not because they have been abused by the press, but simply that they are not adapted to the popular want.

The heavy canoes certainly are not adapted to cruising where the paddle plays the principal part. The paddle generally does play the star part in canoe cruising. Now the point is just this: The heavy canoe is limited as to its use to cruises where the sail must be used. Take the entire weight of canoe ballast and board, and is it arranged to make the best boat possible for the conditions? Would not a sneakbox, a St. Lawrence skiff, a Hell Gate pilot-boat or a sharpie of the same tonnage be a faster, dryer, more commodious and generally more convenient boat for the work? Is not this very boat—the heavy canoe—that cannot be paddled easily and must be sailed, the cause of all the fire that has been leveled at the canoe these past few months by the single-hand cruisers just outside the canoe gates? The canoe cannot hold its own with wider small boats on sailing points alone. When it tries, failure is generally the result.—[EDITOR.]

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED.

St. John, New Brunswick.—The *cruising canoe* that figures so largely in the CANOEIST is almost unknown here. The birch canoe is used altogether, and he is only called a canoeist who can paddle well and pole up a rapid. On the Upper St. John the dugout is quite common, and the French of Madawaska have a great fondness for the pirogue. Some time I will send you a brief sketch of the field that New Brunswick offers to the canoeist (the paddler and poler). As for myself, I only get into a canoe two weeks in the year, and I endeavor to make the most of it. At this season of the year canoes are all stowed away, carefully oiled, awaiting the return of spring and the disappearance of the solid ice from the lakes and rivers.

S. W. K.

Knoxville, Tenn.—I enjoy your paper very much; wish it was a weekly. Although I am almost alone in canoeing in this section, I have some glorious outings. Would be glad to give any information in my power to any one contemplating a canoe cruise on any of the rivers of East Tennessee the coming summer.—S. B. N.

? I WANT TO KNOW. ?

Only questions of general interest sent in are answered in this column. All questions concisely stated and that can be answered briefly will receive consideration, and be answered by letter *if the sender encloses stamp for reply*, and not otherwise.

I began canoeing last summer with a decked Peterboro (Atwood centerboard), and after three months' trial I added 30 feet to my lateen and made a Mohican out of it. Then I histed a mizzen of about 10 ft. and invested in a drop rudder, and with this rig I made most of the heavy centerboard men hump for their places in the scrub races which we had after that. At the end of the season I read Dixon Kemp, "Canoe Building" and "Canoe Handling," and I came to the conclusion that I must have a new canoe. I have decided on 15x31, and will have a large drop rudder and Atwood board. Then came the question, where to put the mast tubes and centerboard to obtain the best results when sailing. The sails will be Mohican, 75 and 30 sq. ft.—W. G. M. (Toronto).

[The mizzen is too large in proportion to mainsail for several reasons; 80 and 25 would be better if the total is to be 105. It is impossible from the facts given to answer and guarantee a good balance. Your last year's experience must supplement the advice here given. Mainmast as near the stem as possible, say 10 to 16 in. aft of it. Mizzen 3 ft. 6 in. to 4 ft. 6 in. from stern, according to position of bulkheads, hatches and length of main boom decided on. Aft end of board should be from 1 ft. to 18 in. forward of the center of the canoe. The above arrangement cannot be far out. If in your experience the drop rudder acts as an aft centerboard the Atwood might be a little further forward. It should be any way if you decide to use a smaller mizzen. Should have slight weather helm.—ED.]

I have a Juniper canoe, and I am anxious to get a tent for it before the spring. I have only the one mast well forward, and I can't sleep nights thinking about it. Will some of your correspondents take pity on me and give me advice? I don't want to bore any more holes in my ship.—DULCIE.

[See CANOEIST, vol. II., p. 56; vol. III., p. 102, 132, 139, 161 and vol. IV., p. 49, for points on canoe tents.—ED.]

Does any firm keep a stock or manufacture rubber air mattresses for canoes or camping?—C. L. C. [Yes. The Goodyear Rubber Company of New York.—ED.]

ASSOCIATION MATTERS.

REGATTA COMMITTEE CIRCULAR TO MEMBEES REQUESTING FLAGS FOR PRIZES.

In arranging for the prize flags for the regatta of 1886, the committee venture to hope that it may not be necessary to present any factory-made articles. They believe that many members and friends of the A. C. A. will gladly send flags which will be doubly prized as being at the same time association trophies and personal favors. The committee, therefore, ask you to fill and return the accompanying blank, promising for yourself or for a friend a contribution to the list. The flags should be of silk, painted or embroidered, of any size from A. C. A. regulation upward. Contributors may of course designate a race for which the flag is offered, and the committee will arrange as far as possible upon such suggestions. The name or initials of the maker or designer will add to the value of a flag. Flags not particularly designated will be marked for appropriate races by the committee.

The high appreciation of the prizes heretofore given by friends (by ladies especially), lead the committee to expect a ready response to this appeal. The prizes should be sent to any of the committee mentioned below, before the 1st of July. The promise should be given as soon as possible.

J. B. McMURRICH, Oswego, N. Y.,

LT.-COL. S. G. FAIRTLOUGH, Kingston, Ont.,

READE W. BAILEY, 134 Water St., Pittsburgh, Pa.,
Regatta Committee, 1886.

FORM OF THE BLANK ACCOMPANYING THE CIRCULAR

To the Regatta Committee A. C. A.:

The undersigned will send before July 1st, for the A. C. A. Regatta of 1886,.....prize flag which offered by.....

Member A. C. A.

.....(Address.)

N. B.—If any particular race is preferred please refer to programme and quote.

Event No.... Class ... Sailing or paddling ...

This method of collecting the prizes was so successful and satisfactory last year that it can hardly fail this.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I would beg to call your attention and that of the members of the A. C. A. to a resolution passed at the last meeting of the A. C. A. Executive Committee at Oswego, N. Y., regarding the trophy to be raced for at the August meet, and which was adopted in view of the arrival in our country of the British gentlemen who are to compete with us. I

don't know if any discussion was had over this matter before the committee met, but from observations then made I judge there was not.

The trophy decided upon by the committee was to be a presentation cup or a prize to be raced for once. I think that if the trophy is made to be a challenge prize it will better meet the desires of the visiting canoeists and also of A. C. A. men. I have talked with many of our members in New York and vicinity, and form the above opinion from the views expressed by them, as well as from several letters from other parts of the country.

With the object of getting the matter in proper shape before the executive committee, so that the resolutions might be corrected in accordance with the views of what appeared to me to be the majority, I sent to the commodore a few days since a resolution to amend the above by striking out the words "to become the property of the winner."

This will leave the question whether the cup shall be challenge or presentation with the "cup committee," whose members can safely be left to decide it in accordance with the best interests of the Association, as they, with the commodore, represent four of the more prominent racing centers.

The full vote on my resolution has not as yet been polled, however, and I would suggest that the subject might be discussed in your columns with advantage.

ROBERT J. WILKIN,

February 19, 1886.

Vice-Commodore.

Rule V. of the A. C. A. sailing regulations begins: "Flags shall be given as prizes, as follows: * * * prizes donated for special competitions may be accepted at the discretion of the regatta committee." The trophy is not an A. C. A. prize. It is a donation to the A. C. A. from a number of individual members. According to the above rule, does it not therefore come in the hands of the regatta committee? It is entirely proper that the subscribers to the fund should be given an opportunity to express their opinion as to whether the prize should be kept as a perpetual challenge trophy, or become the property of the winner of the first race. Would it not be well for the donors to send in their opinions at once to the cup committee?

BUTTER.—It is not wise to open the butter jar too often. Butter should be kept in an earthenware jar, tightly closed. Do

not keep the jar in the camp kit, but among the stores. Save your "Liebig extract of beef" jars; fill two or three of them with butter, and place these jars in the kit, first carefully covering them so as to exclude the air as much as possible. When these small jars become empty, fill them from the large jar. In this way sufficient butter is always found in the kit without the necessity of opening the large jar at every meal. The butter at the top of the large jar is often spoiled while the portion lower down remains good.—L.

TOAST.—Cannot be too highly recommended to the canoeist. Bread will get stale, and stale bread makes the best toast. Toast over a hot fire of coals, and for this purpose use a "clamp toasting fork," as it will also serve the purpose of a gridiron for steaks and chops. If the handle is too long, cut it off and splice the fork to a stick when wanted for use.—L.

EGGS.—Should not be boiled if the best flavor is desired. Place boiling water in a covered vessel; put in the eggs (without shelling them); allow them to remain six minutes; remove them; open and serve on toast or in a cup. These will be soft boiled eggs.—L.

DRIED CORN.—Boil green corn on the cob until it is more than half cooked; cut it off the cob; dry it in pans in an oven; place it in thin muslin bags until it is wanted for use. This corn, so dried, may be kept for an indefinite time. To prepare the dried corn for use, first soak the corn in cold water two or three hours, then stew in milk, adding salt and pepper. The advantages over canned corn are that it takes less room among the stores and is pleasanter to the taste.—L.

Mr. Francis Endicott has taken the editorship of the fish department in *Outing*. The February number was published in New York under the new management, but the contents had largely been made up before the change took place. The March number, due on the first of the month, will really be the initial number under the new regime. The February issue contained an article by Hyslop—"The Lesson of the America's Cup Races"—and a sketch of the start in Puritan-Genesta races that will interest yachtsmen generally. Col. C. L. Norton, known to nearly every canoeist at least by name, contributed a paper on ice yachts and ice yachting.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Cape Breton Folks is the title of another article from Farnham's pen on quaint Canadian life. He does a little canoeing, but the most of the article is devoted to relating experiences and observations noted on a walking tour he took with his friend Mr. White about the Island of Cape Breton. Farnham always writes interestingly. The illustrations by Frost add much to the pleasure derived from reading the text.—*Harper's Monthly for February.*

A very novel method of spearing fish through the ice is described by J. O. Roorbach in the February *St. Nicholas*. He first saw it done by the Indians on Green Bay, Wisconsin; and later introduced the method into New Jersey, where it proved very successful—some of his pupils in the sport getting more fish in that way in an afternoon than a rival party did with hooks and lines.

There are two pretty little stories of youthful pluck in February *Wide Awake*. One is of a boy, captured by Indians in colonial times, who escaped from them on skates. The other is about a Newfoundland lad who got to the top of a cliff and could not descend. He finally saved himself by a rope which reached him by means of a kite.

Henry Eckford wrote the article on Camp Grindstone in the August *Century* for 1885. The first article in the February number on Antoine Louis Barye is by him. It is illustrated by beautifully engraved cuts from drawings by Kenyon Cox and W. H. Drake. "The Dance in Place Congo" by G. W. Cable and two war articles by Longstreet are in the same number.

Dr. Geo. L. Parmele has a good article on outdoor exercise for professional men in the *Independent Practitioner* entitled "The Perils of Practice," referring especially to physicians and dentists.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will issue in March the popular edition of Mr. Roosevelt's charming book, "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman." They also have in press a new and low-priced edition of "Canoeing in Kanukia," that charming story by Haberton and Norton of a canoe cruise. It is to be a revised edition, and will have a supplementary chapter by C. L. Norton, to bring the technical points down to date and

modern usage. We venture to predict a ready sale for this edition—among canoeists at least.

"Here and There" is the title of an interesting book published by J. B. Lippincott & Company. It is a collection of sketches of travel and descriptions of places in our own country by popular authors, largely reprinted from the Lippincott monthly. The work contains 127 illustrations. Two canoe articles are included by A. H. Siegfried, trips on the Upper Mississippi made in 1879. Lucien Wulsin and a friend accompanied the author to Lake Itasca. They were the first white canoeists who ever visited the lake in canoes, and a hard time they had of it getting there.

"Two in a Tub" is the title of a little pamphlet describing a canoe journey down the rivers Danube, Moldau and Elbe, taken by Messrs. C. G. R. Lee and A. R. Ricards, of London. The canoe was an open Peterboro, 18 ft. x 42 in.

Rushton has just issued his new catalogue for 1886. It is more complete and comprehensive than any former issue.

A LONG TRIP IN A CANOE.

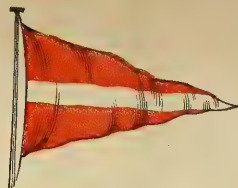
Two brothers from Pittsfield, Mass., named W. E. and H. F. Hermance, aged respectively 23 and 18 years, arrived in New Orleans Feb. 22d from Livingston, Montana, having traveled the distance of 4,500 miles in an open light canoe since July 4, 1885. The trip was made purely for love of adventure. The elder was lately Assistant Warden of the asylum at Pittsfield and the other was mailing clerk of the Post Office. Two canoes were used until they reached Natchez, Miss., where one was destroyed by running on a snag, and it was abandoned, both of them taking passage on the *Eda*, which is the name of their staunch little craft. The brothers left this morning for the Gulf, and will only count their trip complete when they have passed through the jetties. The hardships of the trip have a romantic color, but beyond a little spell of sickness they have made the long voyage in safety, although they had unwelcome adventures with Indians and blizzards. The *Eda* is 15 ft. long, 34 in. beam, is made of yellow pine, and is provided with dry storage compartments. They are provided with a gun and cooking utensils and camped out every night.—*N. Y. Times, Feb. 24.*

CANOE FLAGS.

Supplement American Canoeist, April, 1886.



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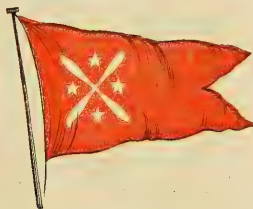
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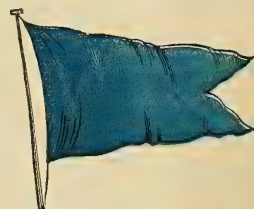
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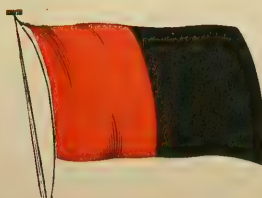
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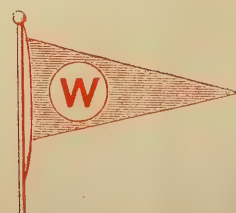
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1. American Canoe Association's Flag.

(Letters should be **A. C. A.**, *not* **A. C. C.**)

2. New York Canoe Club Flag.
3. Commodore's Flag, A. C. A.
4. Vice-Commodore's Flag, A. C. A.
5. Rear-Commodore's Flag, A. C. A.
6. Knickerbocker, C. C., Sailing Signal.
7. Secretary's Flag, A. C. A.
8. Hartford C. C. Sailing Signal.
9. New York C. C. Commodore's Flag.
10. " " " Vice-Commodore's Flag.
11. " " " Acting Commodore's Flag.
12. Knickerbocker C. C. Flag.
13. Rondout C. C. Flag.
14. Hartford C. C. Flag.
15. Potomac C. C. Flag.
16. Sample Private Signal.
17. Washington.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. V.

APRIL, 1886.

No. 4.



THE racing members of the American Canoe Association have overestimated the interest taken in the races by the members in general. The races at the next meet promise to be of unusual interest. Three Englishmen, experts on their home waters, are coming here to compete for prizes. The experts here have left no stone unturned to get the best canoes and the best rigs, and are already making plans to get afloat and at work to become familiar with new boats and rigs so as to use both to the very best advantage. A suitable prize was decided on last November and subscriptions for the same asked for from members, each gift being limited to one dollar in order that every member who wished to could subscribe. What is the result? In five months ninety dollars have been subscribed by ninety members, not including the \$25 presented as a starter. Ten per cent. of the members have subscribed. One-tenth of the whole Association take an interest in the most important regatta the A. C. A. has ever undertaken. Let this not be overlooked, gentlemen! The money for the Trophy—some three hundred dollars was the estimate—can easily be raised by withdrawing the one dollar limit. Be it remembered, however, that nine-tenths of the members belong to the Association for other purposes than competing in races or seeing them; and, gentlemen and officers, do not neglect to consider the interests of this large majority. The racing element must not predominate. Article II. of the constitution describes what the objects of the Association are. Racing is put last. Flags and flags only are provided by the Association as prizes, simply to make it not worth the while of any canoeist to sacrifice other objects in the construction of his canoe for racing. Donations are allowed to be made to the Regatta Committee, subject to their approval, for special races. If a valuable prize is permitted to come under this head and be offered to the winner of one race, the doors are open. If prizes of value are to be got by clever sailors in good boats, clever sailors and good canoes *for racing only* will present themselves, and a racing class will be at once formed. Instead of one-tenth of the Association, as now, the class will dwindle to one-twentieth and beyond. How has it worked in England, where this system has been in force for years? Five or six racers in a club of several hundred members. If it is distinctly understood that this Trophy is to be the only valuable prize that will ever be offered to the winner of one race, then there is no harm done.

Why did this trophy get the A. C. A. stamp when it is a present to the Association by some ninety of its members? Why was it *resolved* that the trophy should become the property of the first winner? Why was a committee appointed to attend to "all arrangements connected with the competition?" Why was this matter not put in the hands of the Regatta Committee, whose business it is to attend to it, see By-laws, Art. IX., and Sailing Regulations, Rule VI.? A trophy committee to collect subscriptions and make the purchase was in order. Should its duties not have ended there?

THE CANOEIST wants to see the next meet a great success, and it is tempted now to be a little severe, perhaps, to secure such success. Let the Trophy be purchased; raise the limit if necessary; put the arranging of all conditions in the hands of the Regatta Committee, where it belongs under the rules, and relieve the Trophy Committee from responsibilities that should not be theirs, and which each member of the committee would no doubt be glad to have lifted from his shoulders. What have the ninety subscribers to say—yes, and what are the opinions of the others, nine-tenths of the Association—do they agree with us?

BUCKINGHAM S., London, W. C., March 8th, 1886.

SIR: The Royal Canoe Club beg to enter for the Challenge Cup of the New York Canoe Club, in accordance with the conditions in your letter of January 19th, the date of the race to be fixed at a time most convenient to the N. Y. C. C. after the A. C. A. meet. I remain, Sir, yours truly,

T. G. F. WINSER, Secretary R. C. C.

Charles J. Stevens, Esq., Secretary New York Canoe Club.

A FOURTH OF JULY CRUISE OF SOME MOHICANS, 1885.

A CRUISE from Schuylerville down the Hudson had been talked of for two seasons, and an outline of the trip was on record in the boat house, but for some reason the cruise had not been made.

It was proposed for a Fourth-of-July spin. Adopted. All the necessary arrangements having been made, five canoes were loaded on the upper deck of the canal packet on the 2d of July, 1885, to be transported to Schuylerville, where their crews would meet them.

On the afternoon of the 3d, Snake, Annie O., Henrietta, Nan and Thetis boarded the cars in all the glory of knickerbockers, white shirts, gay-colored sashes and toques, in pursuit of a good time.

unknown waters, sprinkled with dams and rapids?

At Schuylerville we were met by the Rev. Mr. Neidé, who insisted we should proceed to his house for supper; and after telling us that his family were eager to see "The Turtles," we accepted his kind invitation. At the house we met with a warm welcome, and after making ourselves more presentable, amid much skylarking, we did ample justice to the good things provided. Then, after a quiet smoke and discussion of the proposed trip, our kind host proceeded to show us the best place for launching in the morning; after which, with many warm wishes for a jolly time, we bade good-by to our hospitable entertainers and started for



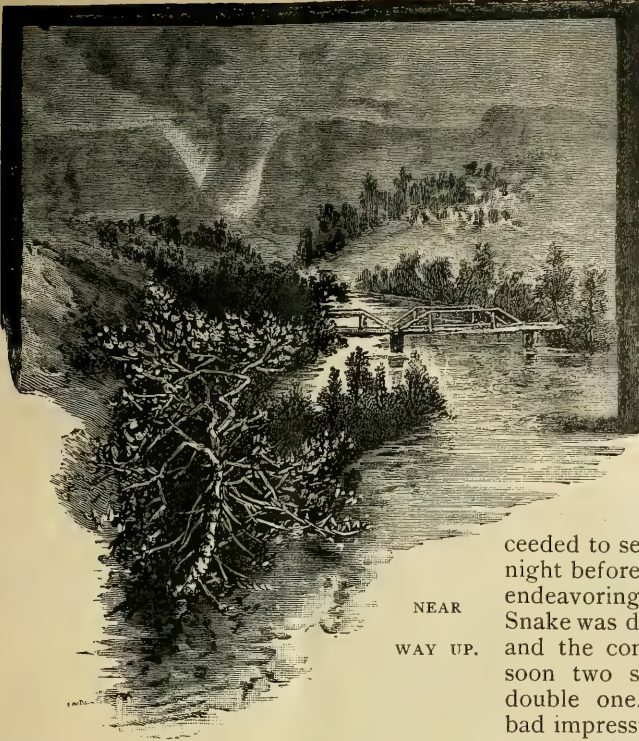
FROM WAY BACK.

One might have been excused for thinking that none of the five had ever been away from home before, from the way they acted, jumping off at nearly every station, just catching the last car, curious to see everything and everybody, and behaving precisely like a lot of raw country youths off on their first trip to town.

The is had provided himself with a book, and settled down at the start for a quiet and dignified ride; but a knocking of his hat over his eyes by Annie O. and a tossing of his book over into the next seat by Snake, induced him to give up that occupation and join in the general hilarity.

And so on we went like a lot of school-boys let loose, causing plenty of amusement for some, and, I fear, some disgust in others, at our boisterous behavior. But what else could you expect of a jolly crowd of canoeists escaping from the noise of a Fourth in town for a two days' cruise down

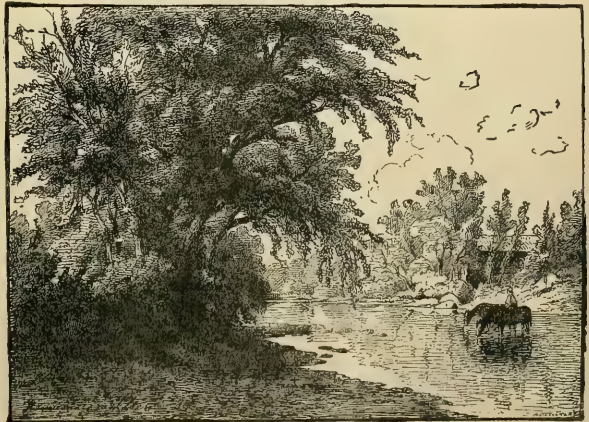
the hotel. After securing rooms, we went to do the village, looked up places where we could procure supplies in the morning, and then returned and proceeded to make ourselves comfortable for the night. But the landlord, thinking to make it pleasant for all, had given us a suite of rooms opening into each other, as being "more sociable like, you know." It was a good deal "more sociable like" than a good night's rest warranted; for we had scarcely taken possession and commenced to disrobe before Snake started the ball by snaking Annie O.'s pillows and heaving them at Henrietta and Thetis, while Annie O. and Nan retaliated by lugging off all Snake's bedding and trying to lock their doors; but he outflanked this move by running along the piazza and appearing in at one of the windows. Then lights went out, and pillows, shoes, clothes, everything movable, went flying from one room to another

NEAR
WAY UP.

in the direction of the least noise. Finally ammunition was exhausted and there was a lull for a time and deep silence reigned. But soon stealthy footsteps could be heard as some one groped around for more missiles; then wang, bang went something—it did not much matter what—in that direction. Finally a truce was patched up, and then all solemnly vowed to go to sleep as soon as they could procure enough bed clothes. Lights were struck and belongings gathered up. No sooner was order obtained than a tempting shot was too much for those two irrepressibles, Annie O. and Snake, and the circus began again. And so it was kept up till nearly midnight. We finally got quieted down and just in a doze when a most unearthly serenade aroused us, and we sprang from our beds to find the village band and a crowd of small boys with fire-crackers under our windows. We then added our war whoops and revolvers to the noise, and for a while there was “music in the air.” After the band had left, followed by the small boys, we turned back to

find Annie O. behind a barricade of tables and chairs, with all the clothes, shoes and pillows. With a “regular Rebel yell” we charged in a body, carried his position after a short struggle, and then each following the Irishman’s plan, hit “wherever he saw a head.” After the ammunition was exhausted we again signed a treaty of peace, and gathering things up, proceeded to bed and to sleep.

It is needless to say we did not wake as early as we had intended; but a canoeist never kicks at anything except hurrying, so we took a leisurely breakfast and proceeded to settle our bill. In the fracas the night before, it so happened that Nan was endeavoring to keep a sheet over him while Snake was doing his utmost to prevent him, and the consequence was that there were soon two single sheets instead of one double one. We didn’t want to leave a bad impression behind for future canoeists to suffer from, so we casually mentioned to “mine host” that one of his sheets had mysteriously parted in the middle during the night, and we wanted to make it good. He smiled knowingly, and replied, “Oh, that’s all right; have a cigar,” which we did, and after drinking his health in bottled soda (?), departed to find the canoes and embark. We found them safely stored in a freight house, and soon had them launched in the “raging canal,” where we packed them amid the admiring gaze and

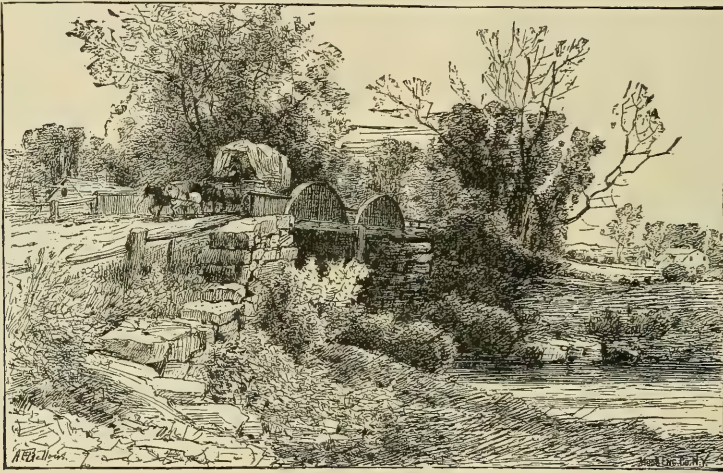


STUDY—WAY OFF.

wondering comments of a crowd of urchins who seemed to have sprung from the ground, so quickly did they collect. As we were all old cruisers the packing did not take long, and with a merry good-by to all we paddled leisurely away. We had to proceed some distance down the canal before making the carry over into the river, which was about a hundred feet away. By putting two masts under each canoe and four of us taking the ends, we managed this quickly and easily. While thus engaged we were entertained by a small boy and little yellow dog, which reminded us of the late lamented Sob.

The morning was delightfully clear and bright, with just enough head breeze to

blushing youth; and again disappearing, soon "bobbed up serenely" with a fresh lemon pie, which we immediately proceeded to divide in four large parts, leaving one small slice to be taken down to the lazy Snake. While eating the pie the old lady brought us some more milk and some butter, which we had forgotten to procure at Schuylerville. She asked us if we were bicyclers, but we scornfully replied "No" in a loud and hearty chorus, and informed her we were canoeists taking a trip down the river. At this she looked a little puzzled, but we paid for our entertainment with a polite request to her to keep the change, and she smiled us a sweet good-by as we gayly went back to the



WAY BRIDGE.

make it pleasant, though not strong enough for sailing. We paddled slowly along, content with ourselves and all the world, pitying less fortunate fellows who did not own canoes and go cruising.

About eleven o'clock we began to get a little tired and thirsty. A halt was called near a substantial-looking farm house, and all but Snake proceeded up to it for a glass of milk. A pleasant-faced old lady responded to our knock, and learning our wants, retired and soon reappeared with a large pitcher of ice-cold milk, which we soon made way with. Emboldened by the kind regard of the aforementioned p. f. o. l., that pie fiend, Annie O., modestly murmured:

"You haven't got any pie to spare, have you?"

"Well, I don't know. I'll see," replied she, with an indulgent smile toward the

canoes, where we found Snake reclining gracefully on the bank indulging in a smoke. After he had finished eating the pie and grumbling at its size and the lack of milk to wash it down with, we all started on again, singing, shouting and astonishing the natives.

Every now and then we came to large booms built out to catch the staves and pieces of lumber which had drifted down in great quantities from the saw mills above, and the shores were lined with the finest kind of kindling for cooking, so we concluded we should have no trouble on that score when dinner time came.

A bend in the river brought the breeze, which was now a trifle stronger, in a more favorable quarter for sailing, allowing us to make a good long leg. We concluded to vary the programme, and all hands hoisted the small sails we had brought

with us. After working along in this lazy fashion for a mile or so, it was the unanimous sentiment that dinner should be near at hand. Collecting the scattered fleet, we landed where there was plenty of wood and the roof of a farm house showing over the bank not far distant. Thetis was dispatched for milk and water, while the others got dinner under way. He soon returned with plenty of water, and reported meeting a crabbed old farmer's wife, who wouldn't sell milk and almost refused water, and also that the farmer and two men were at work near the barn, although it was "the glorious Fourth," "the anniversary of the day we licked Britishers," as Annie O. was constantly reminding

Nan yanked a roll of bills from his pocket with a demand to know how much value he put on his wood, and requested him to "take it out of that," presenting an X. But the old man shook his head, said he had heard such bluff before, and still insisted on our immediate departure.

By this time we were mad, and Snake opened up with a blast, giving his opinion of such an unreasonable and disobliging old duffer with true British frankness. The others followed suit, and when one had exhausted his vocabulary another opened with his contribution. The poor old codger was told where he might go; that we should stay as long as we pleased and burn as much wood as we liked, that it was no



WHILE-AWAY.

SNAKE, who is "English, quite English, you know."

The coffee was boiling merrily and the steak and potatoes sizzling and sputtering in a most appetizing manner, when appeared on the scene the proprietor of all that beach with peremptory order to "clear out and quit burning up his wood."

Nan met this demand with a polite invitation to "come and have a drink." But the old farmer didn't want a drink, and reiterated his command to "clear out."

Now dinner was nearly ready; Henrietta had built a nice table, and we didn't want to clear out. So we kindly and humbly explained that we were using very little wood and that we were willing to pay for; that it would be very inconvenient to move now, and begged leave to remain until we had finished dinner. But the unreasonable old brute wouldn't listen to this; said he didn't believe we had enough to pay for the wood any way, and that we must "git."

more his than ours, any way; and before the last man had finished that farmer was supplied with a better insight into his own character than he had ever had before. And Nan finished his tirade with another invitation to "drink to his speedy departure for a warmer clime."

Dinner was then served, and with an invitation to "Mr. Hayseed" to join us, we demolished it with boisterous hilarity, the old farmer watching us with ever increasing wonder as to what species of the *genus homo* we belonged. While taking our post prandial smoke and loaf he slowly sneaked away amid the lazy assurance, "We'll come again and see you next Fourth, old Hayseed."

After our smoke we cleared up and started on for the Stillwater dam, which we hoped to be able to jump, but on reaching it found the water too low, so we went ashore to inspect. The dam (which is about three feet high) we easily lifted over,

and then tried to coast down the eddies below, but found the water too shallow, and we had to get out and wade, dragging our canoes behind. Thetis had fortunately an old pair of pumps along and found wading not so bad, but the others for a time tried to walk along on the sharp slate rocks in their bare feet rather than spoil their shoes. Soon the alternative of cut feet or wet shoes induced all to prefer the latter.

Thetis, being ahead, went on the theory that "still water runs deepest," and sought the quietest places, but could not find any deep enough to float both himself and canoe. The others spread out either side of him, seeking a deeper channel without better success. Snake, the only one of the party who had had any experience in rapids, pointed straight for where he saw the worst looking and roughest waters. When the others were about half way down they heard a great shout, and saw him flying down a terribly rough-looking channel and watched to see him strike the big boulders which seemed to be just under the water. But he went through safely and hauled out on a sand bank below to sponge out. When Henrietta and Annie O. saw this they looked at each other a moment, and then, without a word, proceeded to haul their canoes across the shallows to that wild-looking channel. Henrietta got stuck, and having a borrowed canoe, gave it up. But Annie O. had come for rapids, and rapids he would have; so, gritting his teeth, he slung the painter over his shoulders, and regardless of his canoe, hauled her along over everything. In the meantime Thetis had got down and joined Snake, while Nan and Henrietta were slowly working along as best they could, occasionally casting an eye over to see the progress of the determined Annie O. Finally he reached the channel, but after getting his canoe in he could not himself get in her, owing to the current, which was running like a mill race. At last he started the canoe, made a wild leap for the deck, and caught on just back of the cockpit. He didn't have time to do more than just try to keep her straight, and this he did not succeed in doing, for the rushing water caught her heavily-loaded stern, and despite frantic paddling on one side and backing on the other, he gradually swung around and started through the very worst part stern foremost. We were frightened, for at the foot was a deep pool, and Annie O. is not noted for his natatorial skill. But

as luck would have it, he came sailing down those rapids like a turtle on a log, never striking a thing, and, as we afterward told him, in much better style than he could have done it under his own pilotage.

After making all snug for the next rapid, which was just below, we started, Annie O. boldly taking the lead. Just at the foot was a big wave through which each canoe had to plunge. It was exciting when we struck that spot, but there was no way to avoid it, and the water was running too swiftly to allow of stopping to think about it. All got through safely, though Henrietta and Nan struck the rock which made the wave so heavily that those below could hear the thud.

After sponging out the spray we had shipped, we started again with a swift current and an occasional small rapid till near the Mechanicsville dam, where we reached quiet water again. At the dam we had to land and look up means of transportation around it. Thetis finally met an accommodating gentleman who volunteered to harness a team and see what he could do for us. It being the Fourth, there were no men about, and as neither the aforesaid gentleman nor Thetis knew much about double harness, this was an operation of time.

Henrietta took advantage of the delay to change his clothes for a more civilized garb, as he had to leave us here and take train for home. While in the midst of this operation a small girl, espying the canoes, called to some companions to "come and see the pretty little ships." Nan, hearing her, hung up a sail on a paddle for a screen for Henrietta, now *en dishabille*. Just as the youthful maidens gained a favorable place for observation a puff of wind blew the extemporized screen over Henrietta's head as he was struggling into a "biled" shirt. Nan rushed up the bank, calling out, "Go back, little girls, go back; don't come down yet;" while Henrietta was kicking about, trying to extricate himself from the entangling sails and spars, and Snake and Annie O. were roaring with unseemly glee.

Thetis now appeared with the team. The carry was accomplished with some trouble, but the canoes were all around by six o'clock.

We encamped just below the dam, where we were joined by another Mohican who had come up to take the Henrietta the rest of the way home. After supper we bade good-by to the departing one, who started

for the train with great regret, and recounted to the newcomer our day's adventures, promising him lots of sport in the rapids on the morrow. That evening our camp-fire was enlivened by the presence of the gentleman who had so kindly furnished the team for the carry and of the proprietor of the land we were encamped on. They were very obliging—quite a contrast to our guest at dinner—and even invited us up to the house to sleep. But this we of course declined with thanks, showing them our own comfortable beds in our canoes, with the pretty little tents hung over them.

Tired with the day's exertion and the excitement, we slept so soundly that it was about half-past nine before we were ready to start next morning.

The sun was shining fiercely and there was not the suspicion of a breeze when we started, so that Snake, who wore only a light gauze undershirt, and Nan, who, without stockings, neglected to pull his hatch back over his bare legs, were badly sunburned.

We were accompanied to the first rapid by a man in a skiff, who wanted to see us capsize. Fortunately we went through this splendidly, leaving him much disappointed at the top. We paddled along now in swift water till we reached the next rapid, where Annie O. took the lead, Snake calling out that he would beat him through. As luck would have it, Annie struck a rock just at the entrance and stuck fast, while Snake flew past on his left with a triumphant shout, closely followed by Thetis. Just below a deep drop the channel took a sharp turn to the right, and as each one went down the fall and then turned off, it looked to those behind as if he had capsized at that particular spot and disappeared somewhere below. Each man as he reached this place expected to see overturned canoes and a dubious outlook for himself. Snake, Thetis, Annie O. and Nan got through with only an occasional bump, but Henrietta, who was fresh at it, attempted to take a short cut near the bottom and struck just at the top of a series of small falls. His canoe swung around broadside, and he gave us below an exhibition of balancing which would have put to shame a tight-rope dancer, causing us to roar with laughter, though it was no fun for him. First he would take a drop sideways of about two feet and stick, the water almost overturning him; then he would jump to the other side, tipping the canoe that way till she would nearly fill with the falling water;

then back and forth till he would take another drop, go through the same performances again, till we, on a sand bank just below, were too weak to stand and had to sit down and hold our aching sides.

"Maybe you think it's funny. Suppose you try it yourself," panted he, as he finally floated clear and swung his canoe alongside of ours. At this there was a fresh outburst, and between our gasps for breath we all poured out much sound advice to him on rapid running.

For the rest of the way down to the last rapid, just above Waterford, it was a quiet but enjoyable paddle, with nothing more exciting than the chase and capture of a young musk rat, which Snake killed with his paddle while it was swimming for the shore.

We were anticipating a good run through this last rapid, for it was a long and steep one, as some of us knew who had tried unsuccessfully the year before to paddle up it. It was finally reached, and Snake started in, followed by Annie O., each trying to see who would get through most successfully. But we all found the water, though swift, quite deep and the boulders well defined, so had no trouble, except poor Nan. Now the Nan had all along shown the greatest affection for rocks, and was bound to stick if she got the least show; and this time was no exception, for she firmly landed herself at the very beginning, and no pushing with paddles would get her off. On looking back we could see her owner up to his knees in water, way above us, looking lonely and forlorn; but the next chance we got to look back showed him coming straight down, paddling rapidly to catch up, and seemingly paying no attention to rocks, shallows and such minor matters.

Snake had now got aground just at the head of the last fall; Annie O. had tried to pass him on the right, and was endeavoring to lift off with disjointed paddles, while Henrietta, taking the left, barely managed to escape theough; and Thetis, seeing his success, followed, with Nan just behind, leaving the leaders to bring up the rear.

After a sponge out and slight rest we started for an old camp ground about a mile below for dinner, Henrietta striking off to a farm house after milk. Reaching the place, we started the fire and got the dinner going, when Henrietta joined us with a large pail of milk, from which we each took a good swig and put the rest aside for future use. Soon Henrietta got

out his kit and asked for a drink of the milk, when Annie O., with a side wink, called out, "I say, Thetis, what did you throw that milk away for? Henrietta wants some."

"Why I supposed he had his share at the farm house," replied Thetis; "and as we all had enough, I chucked it away so I could use the pail for water."

"Well, I'll be darned! Did you throw that milk away?" shouted Henrietta disgustedly; "why, I didn't have a drop. I got them to put in a piece of ice, and thought I'd wait till I got here, when it would be cold;" and he sat down dejectedly on the bow of his canoe and looked around for sympathy.

"It was bully and cold," said Nan with a cheerful smile.

"What's the matter, Henrietta?" called out Snake from his comfortable seat under a tree.

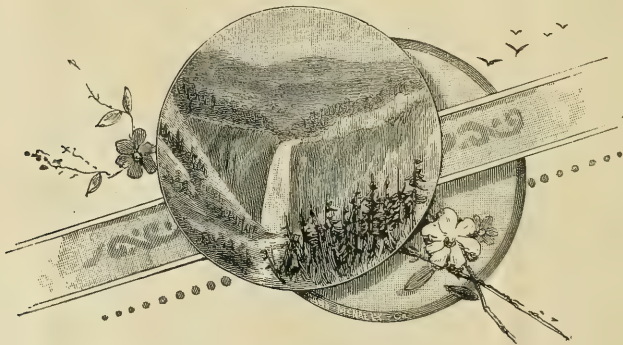
"Oh, these blamed fools have thrown away all the milk, and I haven't had a drop. What did you want to waste it for?" turning angrily toward Thetis, who stood with a sorrowful and apologetic look on his phiz; "you might have known some one would want some more." But this was too much, and we all went off in shouts of laughter at his provoked, woe-begone expression. He "tumbled" then, and bound not to miss that drink he had been anticipating for the last half mile, made a rush up the bank for the pail and drank enough to last all the afternoon.

Dinner over, we loafed and smoked for a time, regretting the long paddle ahead, with neither rapids nor wind to help us along. We had about a four-mile pull down to the State dam, and a hot one it

proved to be. Before we got there Nan, who having a heavy boat, was so hot and sunburned that his face looked about the color of a boiled lobster, causing some small boys on the dock to call out, "Look at the moon, look at the moon a-paddlin' a canoe!"

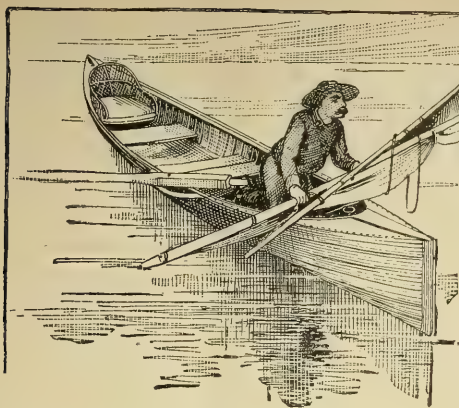
After locking through at Troy we got about half a mile of swift water again, and then fortunately caught a tow bound for Albany. Just after getting nicely settled aboard the canal boat, with canoes made fast; one of the large steamers came along, and fearing the swell might jam the canoes against the canal boat, we all, except Annie O., cast off to wait till she had passed; but just as she reached the tow she stopped her wheels and floated slowly by, making no swells and leaving us to pull our insides out catching up, while that miserable Annie O. stood calmly on the barge smiling encouragement. But we finally caught up and made fast again, and just in time, for there came up a sudden and terrible squall, with some rain, which would have been anything but pleasant to have had to paddle six miles against. We, however, made ourselves comfortable in oil skins, taking shelter from the wind behind the cabin of the canal boat, where we had a pleasant chat with the captain, whom we made a friend to all canoeists by the presentation of a box of non-blow-out-in-a-wind matches, which he greatly admired. On arriving at Albany we cast off, and collecting the fleet in the darkness, paddled down to the boat house, where, while changing our clothes, we one and all voted the trip a most delightful one and well worth repeating another year.

A. WACKING TURTLE.



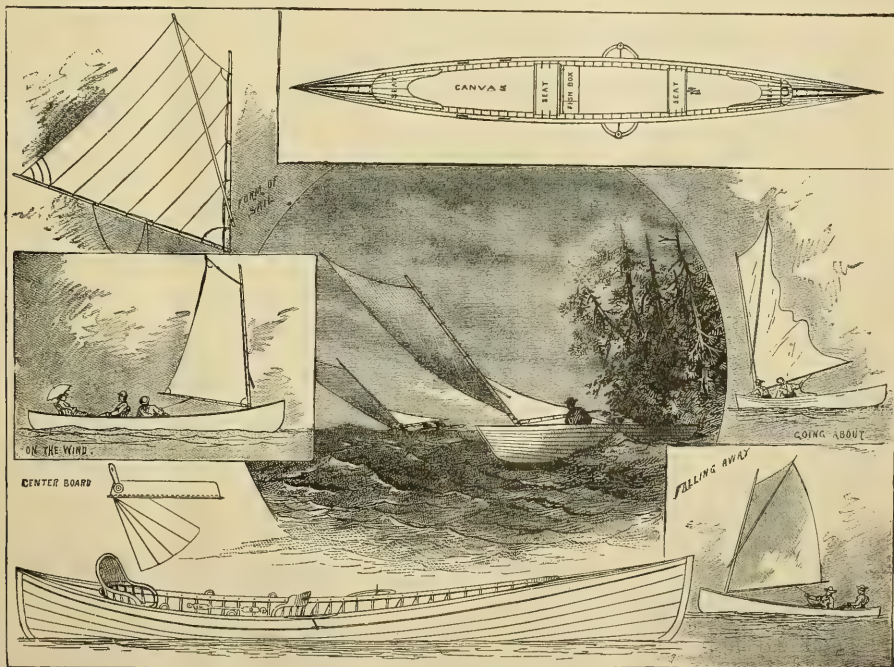
FALL-A-WAY.

THE ST. LAWRENCE SKIFF.



EVERY visitor to the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, knowing anything about boats, is at once struck with the beauty and usefulness of the Clayton skiff. This boat is eminently fitted to its purpose—comfortable, fast, safe and easily handled. The cuts here given illustrate it fully. It is a row boat carrying one pair of oars forward, with room aft for two or more persons. Instead of the usual uncomfortable and hard seats, easy chairs are fitted as shown in the drawing. The bow is quite high, to stand a pretty heavy sea often met with in the reaches between the islands. The folding

Atwood board is placed well forward, and a single spritsail is carried when there is any wind. The boat has no rudder, but is steered entirely by the sail, board and trim, and a nice adjustment of all three makes this a very easy and delightful piece of work. The boat is used for pleasure, rowing, sailing and fishing; and in no way can a day be more delightfully spent than cruising among the islands in one, including the most delightful meal a man can sit down to—a Clayton boatman's "shore dinner." When not in use, the sail is furled to the mast, and mast, sprit and sail laid along the seats at one side. The oars are pivoted on pins let into sockets, and can be dropped at any moment without fear of their being lost. They cannot be feathered, of course. Sailing on the wind, the board is dropped down, sail brought in flat, and the boat trimmed a



little by the head. By placing the live ballast well forward she shoots up into the wind and is easily brought about. Running free, the board is up, ballast clear aft and sheet eased off. The sail is small in proportion to size of the boat compared with a canoe sail, and for this reason the skiff has often been beaten. Being a much larger boat, it is sure to beat the canoe when well handled, with a fair amount of sail. The Brockville St. Lawrence skiff and how she is raced will be in May CANOEIST.

CANOES VERSUS SKIFFS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 25, 1886.

DEAR CANOEIST: In view of the general expectation that the annual meet of the A. C. A. in '87 will occur elsewhere than among the Thousand Islands, I want to urge upon the gentlemen in charge of racing matters the desire which many of us, who are islanders, have to see a contest between representative sailing canoes and St. Lawrence skiffs. I have looked vainly for such a race during the past two seasons, and whether regular or irregular, I can see no good reason why it should not be arranged and the results placed on record. If this cannot be done, let us have a "scrub" in which the professional boatmen may participate. Now let it be set down that it is a part of my creed that the canoe is yet to be built which will outsail a Clayton skiff when the wind is anything more than a zephyr. Ask your worthy commodore what he thinks about it.

As a canoeist, I am proud of my Peterboro; but I am bound to say that when it comes to sport on a breezy day, I greatly prefer the skiff. It is, in fact, a craft of due proportions to the work it has to do. It will stand the often turbulent waters in the broad reaches between the islands. Its lines are conformed to the principles of the least resistance and the greatest buoyancy. Its single sail, which should not exceed ten yards and is more often under eight, is controllable by the simplest gearing, and it is steered on any point of the wind with the centerboard and sheet alone. When this model of water craft, which is in point of fact a miniature whale-boat, is adopted upon our myriad inland lakes and ponds in the stead of the clumsy, cranky and exasperating things called skiffs, now found at resorts everywhere, then will the record of summer drownings be reduced to a minimum. George and Maud, out in a boat for the first time in their precious lives, will hardly upset when changing seats in a craft which will support the weight of a full-grown man, standing upon the thwart, without shipping a drop of water. The A. C. A. can well afford to place its stamp of approbation upon a craft which by its beauty, safety and general utility, both for sailing and rowing, will certainly largely increase the love of aquatic among the people at large.

Everybody cannot become canoeists, but nearly everybody can own and use a good boat, and conscientious makers like Dr. A.

Bain, of Clayton, ought to be regarded as missionaries in a great and good cause.

In a gentle breeze the light and airy canoe, with its abnormal sail, can leave the St. Lawrence skiff behind as though at anchor; but in an "average day" upon our noble St. Lawrence the situation will be reversed, and the absurdity of a certain illustration which appeared in the *Century* last August, wherein a canoe loomed out of raging waters far in advance of an alleged skiff, will be made manifest. Yours till July,

FRANK H. TAYLOR.

[The speed of a boat depends greatly on her length over all. The skiff is several feet longer than the canoe and has more beam, and therefore must sail faster when provided with sail enough. The lines of the skiff are certainly as conducive to speed as those of the canoe. The absence of a rudder on the skiff gives the canoe a great advantage where quick turning is necessary. It was for the above reasons that in 1884 the canoe came out well ahead in the only canoe-skiff race sailed.—ED.]

A CAPITAL AUTUMN FLIGHT.

ON THE BOSOM OF THE POTOMAC, BLESS YOU.

THE Skipper objected; the Doctor objected, but the Deckhand insisted! What if it was considered the duty of a higher officer to keep the "log?" It was not beneath the dignity of a deckhand to do it, and so he did, and thereby established a precedent. Furthermore, this "Log" may ultimately reach the eye of a fair friend of the Deckhand, and he would like to see any member of the fleet, be he ever so "tarry," dare to indite a line in that direction! The Skipper and the Doctor objected to the Deckhand's rolling the log because of his abundant imagination, which might lead him beyond the facts. The accusation was tabled as absurd finally.

Burr-r-r-r went the little alarm clock as it beat with fiendish rattle on the sleeping Deckhand's ear at the first gleam of day, and brought him to a sense of things mundane and the importance of the occasion. Arrayed in his water toggery, with gun and other traps slung about him, the Deckhand shortly ventured forth into the crimson light of early morn. He found another early bird (the Doctor) perched on his front wall, waiting. The two then began their flight from care in search of the worm pleasure.

A cup of coffee and a few crumbs were taken on the wing. The two soon alighted

by the side of the third member of their flock, the Skipper. He was found to be busily stowing in the canoes, provisions, blankets and many other things necessary and unnecessary to the comfort of the cruisers.

Skipper and Doctor embarked in the Great Auk. The Deckhand manned the little Lapwing. A short paddle (*paddle*, the verb, *to paddle*, is here used, not the noun, *paddle*, the instrument that brands the canoeist a *canoeist* always) on the rippling waters of the old Potomac brought the fleet to the Long Bridge just as a train rattled over. The Skipper and Doctor swung their old slouch hats, and insisted to the Deckhand that they had made an instantaneous "crush" through one of the car windows. Disgusted, the Deckhand immediately hauled up sail, took advantage of the rising nor'wester, and parted company. Old Boreas grew stronger and stronger, and almost cracked his cheeks from very force of puffing. The little Lapwing seemed to laugh as she saw over her *left* shoulder her larger sister under two sails, a quarter of a mile behind, making a stern chase of it. Away flew the flock along the river's surface, past the Arsenal, the powder magazines and sleepy Alexandria. The waves were growing larger and larger all the time. Oyster pungies and fish sloops went flying down river with reefs turned in, yet the small craft kept bowling along cheerily. Jones's Point light was passed, and Fort Foote, one of the guardians of the capital during the late misunderstanding. Turning the canoes into Broad Creek, a landing was made and preparations begun for an early dinner. It was here that the Deckhand, in speaking of his solitary sail, chanced to quote from Gilbert:

"* * * * and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig,"

as aptly representing his many capacities in his own boat. Thereupon the Skipper fined him one-half a ration for this his first offense.

The duties ashore were divided equally. The Skipper became the chief cook; the Doctor made a good general utility man; Deckhand was made fireman, and his duties were assigned—to look after the firearms, the firewood and the firewater, likewise dishwashing, which latter assignment kept him pretty constantly in hot water.

Our noble Skipper appeared then in all

his glory—gray flannel suit, ladle in hand, his face reflecting the fire's glow and the credit he took to himself for performing his whole duties. The Doctor sat on a log and compounded some anti-malarious prescription, and thus became, in the eye of his flock, an ornament to his profession. Was there ever such a soup before, and will there ever be again? Our Skipper took great pains with it,

"As he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth,"

until it boiled over and nearly put out the fire. The coffee gurgled and sent forth its tropical fragrance, while the bacon sputtered and fussed in the pan in such a business-like manner that it seemed almost to slap its very hands together in excess of swinish enterprise.

The dinner passed with but little incident. True, the Skipper (who was always upsetting something) jumped up and knocked down the tent that was hung on some bushes to keep off the cold wind. It fell on the Deckhand's head and knocked his slice of bacon from his bread into the coffee. All three laughed and choked until they were purple. Then Skipper straightened his face and fined the Deckhand one whole ration for the disturbance, and threatened to lash him to the mainmast and have the Doctor lash him into better discipline.

Afloat once more, with the north wind whistling through the trees, and the water roaring on the shore, the canoes, with double reefs in their sails, sped on from wave to wave, often running their noses under, or pranced like rearing horses. It was then that the Deckhand had little time to notice anything but the movement of the waves and his own boat and sail. With set brow, he attended to nothing but the subject in hand. Yet he did hear, in passing a schooner at anchor, a man shout down a companionway to another: "Hi, Bill, come on deck and see these blamed fools!" Another man inquired from a lighthouse boat tied at Fort Washington wharf: "Do you fellers want to get *drowned*?" The "fellers" didn't exactly want that, but they did want to make 'Scataway Creek that afternoon at almost any hazard.

At two o'clock (four bells!) the fleet rounded to and stood up the creek for a mile or so, until a good camping spot was found. The boats were then hauled high and dry, and the Skipper and Doctor built a fire behind a bluff and got ready to put

up the tent, while the Deckhand went on a foraging expedition. He found a farm house, which was conspicuous principally for a lack of most everything, yet for a consideration he obtained a large bundle of straw. When he returned to camp he found everything roaring and ready, and then all sat down in the firelight to a meal that was a square, round, complete meal, sure.

It was pleasant around the cheerful camp-fire that night, for jokes were cracked and stories told. The Doctor was a bright fellow, with his queer, dry humor; and the Skipper's voice!—the Skipper had a voice like "a March gale in a fog horn," as the Doctor put it. But the Skipper rejoined that the Doctor had a much better mouth for soup than ear for music.

The Doctor, like a true disciple of Esculapius, tried to concoct plans by which he might visit neighboring farm yards and surreptitiously relieve the feathered inhabitants thereof of a head or two, by way of practice.

At bedtime a difficulty arose. The bed was to be made between the canoes, with the tent stretched over, and the Skipper had placed the Doctor and Deckhand side by side and measured their combined width by which to gauge the couch, but had forgotten that he was to be a bedfellow, and so left his own dimensions out of the calculation. Therefore, when it was made to fit two, and three came to get in, it was a pretty tight squeeze. Once the Deckhand in the middle got wedged between the others in an attempt to turn, and nearly kicked the tent down in his endeavors to free himself. He was suspicious then, and has been ever since, that the others purposely caused the trouble, else why did they laugh so to themselves?

Next morning the party was up just as the sun was peeping over the eastern hills, casting long red streaks on the water and turning the thin mist on the bay golden. The dry leaves rustled on the branches, and a boat could be heard out in the mist. The whole scene was so suggestive of Whittier's beautiful lines—

"Low stir of leaves and dip of oars,
And lapping waves on quiet shores"

—that the Deckhand repeated them, and nearly received a ducking for his trouble.

While at breakfast the fleet was visited by a man from the house on the bluff, who proved to be a gentleman of culture—agriculture. He inquired tenderly after the

flock's comfort through the night, and pressed them to stay the day with him and shoot squirrels. But no, they must be on their way back. After the meal, when everything was stowed, pipes were lighted, and they re-embarked.

The fog was settling thicker and thicker, and in a short time they were unable to see a dozen rods away. How quiet everything as they went along, shut in from all by a wall of fog, the high shores and old fort an indistinct something on the right. Only a little distance down river was Mount Vernon, but it was impossible to see a stone's throw in the direction of that shrine of American patriotism.

At Fort Foote a southerly wind sprang up and blew the fog away. The little sails were hoisted, and an uneventful trip in still water was made homeward, with but a stop for dinner. The Deckhand was out-winged part of the upward flight, because the Auk, with her two sails, caught all the breeze; but as the latter was constantly breaking something and had to lie-to for the Lapwing to come alongside and help repair, both canoes sighted the Capitol dome and the tall white Monument at the same time, and ran an even race into port.

THE DECKHAND.

CANOE EXHIBITION.

THE following circular was sent out early in February to all canoe clubs in the vicinity of New York from the headquarters of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club, 729 Sixth avenue:

MY DEAR SIR :

Your presence is cordially invited at a preliminary camp-fire at Harvard Rooms, 729 Sixth avenue (cor. 42d street), at 8 P. M., Thursday, Feb 25th. The object of the meeting is to make arrangements for a public canoe exposition, to be held in the near future. A number of prominent canoeists belonging to different clubs are expected to exhibit models, rigs, camp outfits, cooking kits, tents, flags, badges, trophies, photographic cameras and views, etc., and a supply of canoe literature, fittings and material, are anticipated from different manufacturers and business houses.

It is confidently believed that this exposition will be a source of much pleasure and instruction, not only to canoeists and their friends, but also to the general public. In conjunction with the international challenge cup races, it will exercise a powerful influence in popularizing the sport and directing to it the attention of many desirable future brethren who at present have very vague or totally mistaken ideas as to its nature.

This project will need the concerted action of *all interested in canoeing*, and the subdivision of different departments and details of preparation among a large number of individuals. We confidently rely upon your encouragement and help in making it a

success, and trust you will be present to give us the benefit of your personal support and assistance.

We remain sincerely and fraternally yours,

EDWIN FOWLER, Com.,
HENRY STANTON,
LAFAYETTE W. SEAVEY,
Committee.

About fifty canoeists were present at the Harvard rooms on Feb. 25, pursuant to the above call. Com. Fowler was chosen chairman, and the meeting was called to order with Mr. Brown as the secretary and Mr. Stanton treasurer. It was decided to hold an exhibition of canoes and all pertaining to canoeing at 729 Sixth avenue, on April 24th next, the expenses to be paid by contributions from canoeists, and any deficit resulting was to be borne by members of the K. C. C. and N. Y. C. C. The scope of the proposed exhibition is shown by the following list of departments and committees. Articles may be sent direct to the gentlemen in charge of the section for which they are intended:

TREASURER, Henry Stanton, 34 Nassau street (to whom subscriptions should be sent and bills rendered for settlement).

SUB-COMMITTEES APPOINTED.

1. **SAILING CANOE**, fully rigged, one or more models—C. Bowyer Vaux, 34 Cortlandt street.

2. **PADDLING AND RACING CANOES**, fully equipped; Ontario, Peterboro, Nessmuk, birch, etc., with specimens of different paddles—M. G. Foster, 84 Fulton street; Mr. Cox, Newark.

3. **CRUISING CANOE**, with full outfit—E. W. Brown, 17 West Thirtieth street.

4. **CANOE ARRANGED FOR SLEEPING**, with tent, bedding, night and riding lamps, etc., also shore tent suitably fitted up—J. F. Newman, 19 John street.

5. **THE BOY'S FIRST CANOE**—J. L. Greenleaf, 66 Park avenue.

6. **CANOE AND CAMP COOKERY**: Camp kit and utensils, food in bulk and packed as for sailing. Illustration of cooking on board by alcohol lamp. Various modes of preparing camp-fires, with stones, crotched sticks, Nessmuk logs, etc.—Captain Nate Smith, Newburgh; W. Dormitzer, 27 East Seventy-fourth street; C. V. Schuyler, 860 Broadway.

7. **CANOE COSTUME**: A fully dressed canoeist, with belt or scarf, knife, bug'e, set of oi skins, boat cape, etc.; also the various badges worn by club members and officers—S. V. Hoffman, 426 West Twenty-third street.

8. **CANOE INVENTIONS, APPLIANCES AND FITTINGS**: *E. g.*, centerboards, blocks, drop rudders, c.eats, sliding gunter, etc., labeled with name of inventor and date of invention—R. P. Martin, 437 West Twenty-second street; F. A. Renton, Williamsburgh.

9. **REGATTA AND CLUB TROPHIES**: Challenge cups and models, prizes, club tokens, flags, signals, ornamental paddles, badges, etc., properly labeled—R. B. Burchard, 24 West Fortieth street.

10. **MANUFACTURERS' AND BUILDERS' EXHIBITS**: Various models and styles of building, "watertights," sails, appliances, catalogues, business cards, etc.

11. **CANOE PHOTOGRAPHY**: Cameras and outfits, photographic views and groups, based on A. C. A., local and club meets, cruises, typical models, etc.

Stereopticon views of same with illustrative remarks—L. W. Seavey, 81 Washington place.

12. **CANOE LITERATURE**: Lines and models of boats, books on cruising, building, etc., canoeing articles and illustrations, volumes of *Forest and Stream*, *Canoeist*, etc., club note paper, menus, arms, etc.—W. P. Stephens, 39 Park Row.

13. **PLACARDS AND LABELS**—William Whitlock, 39 West Twenty-second street (upon whom requisition may be made by exhibitors, stating size and wording of placards required).

14. **ALLOTMENT OF SPACE AND FLOOR COMMITTEE**, with power to appoint ushers, receive applications for and assign space to exhibitors—J. L. Greenleaf, 66 Park avenue.

15. **HALL DECORATIONS**: B. H. Nadal, 358 Lexington avenue; E. C. Delavan, 33 Nassau street.

16. **MUSIC AND SINGING**: Canoeing songs and choruses—R. J. Wilkin, 148 Henry street, Brooklyn.

17. **INVITATIONS**: Preparing and printing cards of invitation and programme and sending them to all canoeists within reasonable distance of New York, supplying same to all desiring them for their private friends or to any gentleman interested in boating or canoeing, attending to journalistic notices and articles before and after the exposition, supplying all necessary information to representatives of the press—Col. Norton, A. Brentano, 5 Union square.

RECEPTION OF EXHIBITS AT THE HALL—Edwin Fowler, 729 Sixth avenue.

Clubs or individuals who have anything of interest to exhibit are earnestly requested to communicate with the gentlemen in charge of the special department to which it would belong, or if not included under any of them, write the chairman of the Managing Committee. Such exhibits should be fully labeled with the address of the sender and any information of interest. Every care will be taken of them, and they will be duly returned after being exhibited. Applications for tickets and programmes should be sent to the Invitation Committee. Each sub-committee is requested to send in its exhibits, if bulky, on Thursday, April 22d (after 3 P. M.) or on Friday, 23d; if small they may be sent at any time. They are also requested to have their departments in good order for the public exposition on the afternoon of Saturday, April 24th, and to remove them not later than Monday, April 26th.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Western C. A. was held early in March in Cincinnati, when the arrangements were perfected for the meet at Ballast Island, Lake Erie, beginning July 1st and continuing to July 26th. The W. C. A. has now on its membership list nearly one hundred names, which will no doubt receive large additions as July approaches. A pamphlet containing the programme of the meet, lists of classes, races, amusements for each day, etc., with full information respecting accommodations and the best means of reaching the Island will be published shortly.



PERSONAL, IMPERSONAL AND MATERIAL.

FROM CANOE CLUBS.

On Washington's Birthday a committee of six from the Springfield and Hartford clubs visited Calla Shasta Grove, near Springfield, to spy out the land for the proposed three days' meeting of New England canoeists, to commence May 29th. Each club has a committee hard at work arranging details, which will soon be announced; and there is every indication that the meet will be a red-letter day in the annals of New England canoeing.

The coming Connecticut River canoe meet at Calla Shasta, to be held by the Springfield C. C. May 29th-31st and June 1st, is likely to be one of no little importance to canoeing circles, as most of the prominent canoeists of this country will be present; and the winners of the races that will be held will probably be among those few chosen as contestants for the A. C. A. trophy at the Thousand Islands in the race which will be made one of the great events in canoeing. Several committees of other clubs chosen for the Calla Shasta meet have already viewed the camp site, and, even in winter, were so well pleased with it that they assured the local canoeists that large delegations would surely attend from their clubs. A steamer has been chartered for the day of the races and for the grand illumination which follows, and is to be a special feature of the meet. Tents will be provided for those who do not wish to sleep in their canoes, though that will be the orthodox way, and a caterer will be close at hand, and also a store of the necessities of camp life. The canoe club intend to make the meet thoroughly enjoyable, and hope that all canoeists and those interested in canoeing will make a visit to the new rival of Grindstone Island. The situation of Calla Shasta is desirable to canoeists, and commends itself to every one who visits it. Circulars descriptive of the projected meet will be sent to all interested in canoeing. A camp-fire will be held every evening of the meet, and the following order of camp has been adopted: Saturday, May 29th, selecting camps and election of officers; Sun-

day, 30th, exercises at 11 A. M.; Monday, 31st, races and illumination; Tuesday, June 1st, breaking up of camp. The committee having charge of the meet are: C. W. Bliss, E. C. Knappe, J. E. Bowles, C. M. Shedd, F. A. Nickerson and F. D. Foot; and the Hartford Canoe Club have promised to take active part in pushing on the work to success.—*Springfield Republican, Feb. 28.*

Newburgh Canoe and Boating Association, annual meeting Wednesday, March 3d, residence of Commodore Bartlett. Officers re-elected: Com., William E. Bartlett; Vice-Com., Jas. T. Van Dalfsen; Captain, Nate S. Smith; Purser, Henry A. Harrison. Seven active, three honorary and four lady honorary members were admitted. Arrangements were made for a series of races during the coming season—sailing, rowing and paddling—for appropriate prizes; also for a series of "outings"—short runs to some convenient camp site, of which there are a number in the vicinity, with a hot supper *à la camp* and return by moonlight. In these last we hope to be joined by some of our non-member friends. Measures were also taken toward having a summer cruise and camp, *en masse*. Owing to the various models and sizes of the craft composing our fleet, it was felt impossible to bring them together for racing purposes in the ordinary manner without doing gross injustice to a number. The matter was given to a special committee for consideration, and at this meeting the association adopted their recommendations. Our sailing races during the coming season will be governed by a system of time allowance based on cubic contents and sail area, and we hope that it will do away with all "classes," and still give every canoe and boat owner a fair chance. We considered that time was a very valuable article, and that cutting our small fleet into pieces and racing as "classes" would be wasting the aforesaid commodity in a too lavish manner, if we could do otherwise, hence our action. We have now 31 active members, and commence the season with 10 canoes, 10 row-sailing boats, 1 steam launch, and 1 cabin sloop yacht, with several new canoes and boats in view.—PURSER.

TORONTO C. C.

Toronto C. C. annual meeting, sixteen members present, Feb. 22. Commodore Tyson presided. Secretary-Treasurer Nicholson's annual report showed a balance on hand in the treasury after paying all expenses. Five new applications for mem-

bership were handed in. A sailing regatta for the first week in August, and a paddling regatta for the first week in September, were arranged, and special committees appointed to look after them. The absorbing topic of the evening was the building of a new club house. Their possession during 1885 of a small rented house at Clindinning's has only whetted the club's appetite for more. They are negotiating to lease a water lot and build a house of their own, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 50 ft., with full accommodation, and commanding an uninterrupted view of the Bay. Cash subscriptions amounting to nearly a thousand dollars were promised last night, and the new executive were instructed to push the matter vigorously, and raise the few hundred additional dollars required so as to commence operations before the ice goes. The club is to have a navy blue uniform this year, with straw hats. They will retain the knickerbockers, stockings and low shoes, but change the color from gray to blue. A large delegation of the T. C. C. is expected to visit Grindstone Island next August to meet Messrs. Tredwen and Baden-Powell, the English canoeists, who are to attend the 1886 meeting of the A. C. A. Mr. Baden-Powell was elected an honorary member of the club. Mr. Tredwen is already a member. A resolution was passed disapproving of the increase of the A. C. A. membership fee to two dollars, and suggesting that detailed accounts of receipts and expenditure should be published. Officers for 1886 were elected as follows: Commodore, Hugh Neilson; Vice-Commodore, Fred W. Mason; Secretary-Treasurer, W. G. McKendrick; members of the Executive Committee, Messrs. J. L. Kerr and W. B. Jacques. The meeting was a jolly and harmonious one. Remarks were made on the way the old-stagers of the club stick to it and unfailingly turn up at the meetings year after year. Mr. Arthur Mason was requested to organize the vocalists of the club into a chorus for the practice of glees and part songs. The proceedings were closed with a cordial vote of thanks to the retiring commodore and officers, emphasized by musical honors.

The Crescent C. C. of Mauch Chunk, Pa., has changed its name to The Swallows. Com., A. H. Luckenback; Vice-Com., V. S. G. Tobias. The annual regatta is to be held on Lake Carey, Wyoming county. The club has now an active membership of eleven; more "in sight."

The secretary of the N. Y. C. C. has received the following letter in regard to the coming races: 72 MARK LANE, E. C., Feb. 17, 1886. DEAR SIR: Your letter of Jan. 19, containing modified conditions of the proposed international canoe race, has been duly laid before my committee and approved. It is most probable that three of our members will attend to compete for your cup in the latter part of August, but I shall not be authorized to send you a formal challenge until after the spring meeting of this club on the 23d inst.—T. G. F. WISNER, Secretary R. C. C.

Royal C. C. spring meeting, Feb. 23d. * * * It was also decided that a challenge should be at once sent to the New York C. C. to race for the handsome international cup offered by that club, and the meeting then closed.—*London Field*, Feb. 27.

The letter will be found on page 49.

Harrisburg C. C. celebrated the first anniversary of its organization on March 1st, at the residence of one of the members. The programme included the election of officers, the reading of a history of the club by Mr. W. G. Spicer, a song by the club, and in conclusion, the club prophecy, by Mr. Geo. G. McFarland. Fourteen members.

A canoe club of ten members has been organized in Circleville, Ohio.

C. H. Farnham will return to Canada (from Boston, where he has spent the winter) about May 1st. He expects to go into camp at once and remain till October, somewhere in the neighborhood of Quebec, but on a pretty lake or stream.

We have a fine bay in Milwaukee, giving long ranges for sailing; it is, however, most too exposed and rough for rowing or canoeing. I am having built a boat of the Mackinaw type, 18 ft. long, 42 in. beam, with copper air-tight compartments large enough to float crew, etc., if boat was swamped. I hope this summer to have lots of fun. I am not going to take very long cruises, although I have all the outfit necessary; but an all-day voyage or a two-day trip is all I care for. One thing bothers me much—that is, how to get something hot for dinner or lunch when there is any wind. Everything I have tried blows out when there's any wind, so last season we took our'n cold. Can any of your readers help me with suggestions?—JAMES BARKER (Box 309, Milwaukee).

The Potomac C. C. was organized in February, and starts off well with a membership of thirteen, Washington, D. C. Pres., Thomas M. Gale; Com., D. McC. Russell; Sec.-Treas., Pickering Dodge. Club burgee is simply a plain red field without any device of any kind on it. The new club house is to be finished by April 1st.

OUTINGS AND AQUATICS IN THE MAGAZINES.

CENTURY, *March*. Italy from a tricycle, illust. Mountaineering in Persia, illust. Shiloh reviewed, illust.; war article, D. C. Buell.

HARPER'S, *April*. Going down to the sea in ships, illust. Springhaven (story), illust.; R. D. Blackmore. Cattle raising on the plains.

LIPPINCOTT'S, *March*. The one pioneer of Sierra del Fuego. Perchance a dream, a clever story, including an ocean voyage, by Brander Mathews.

OUTING, *March*. Ranch life and game shooting in the West, illust. Roosevelt. How we ran the Blockade, Capt. Coffin. Moose hunting, S. E. Lambert, illust. Moose in Alaska, Schwatka, illust. After Geronimo, illust.; Lieut. John Bigelow, Jr. Salmon fishing in Canada, illust. Bermuda yachts and dinghies, illust.; C. E. Clay; a most interesting and well written article on a boat little known here. Around the world on a bicycle (illust. by Rogers). Thomas Stevens' continued story of his trip; the start t rough Asia. Lacrosse, Italian notes, romance of a cave, the Outing Club, Editor's Open Window, and the monthly record of all sports. By far the best number yet issued.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *March 23d*. His first cruise, illust.; new serial sea story begun; Frank H. Converse. Opening chapter takes the hero from the States in a sailing vessel to Kingstown, St. Vincent, and starts him off from there in the schooner Donna, destination unknown, with a very questionable character for a captain.

WIDE-AWAKE, *March*. The light of Key Biscayne, a story of the Seminole War, illust. A midshipman at large, chapter VII. and VIII. (continued, illust.), C. R. Talbot. An unintentional chase for a polar bear, illust.; Schwatka. Stoned by a mountain, a Swiss story, illust. *April*. Taz á Taz, a frontier story with a point. A ballad of the hemlock tree, Lucy Larom, illust. IX. and X., a midshipman at large. The boy soldier of Cherry Valley a hundred years ago. The number is attractively arranged, interesting to old heads as well as young. The illustrations are delicate, clean cut, and in good taste all through.

ST. NICHOLAS, *March*. The great snowball fight, illust.; Chas. Barnard. Savage and cowardly (wolves and the roebuck). Personally conducted, by Stockton, in Florence and Venice, illust. Dog stories. Queen Esther's ride. About George Washington. The Brownies circus, Palmer Cox, verses and illustrations; amusing and clever. *April*. An imprisoned whale (up north), illust. Personally conducted. A mount ain top and how to get there. Rigi (its railroad), Frank R. Stockton. About George Washington. Casper!, a fairy story, H. C. Bunner.

? I WANT TO KNOW. ?

Only questions of general interest sent in are answered in this column. All questions concisely stated and that can be answered briefly will receive consideration, and be answered by letter if the sender encloses stamp for reply, and not otherwise.

I have received a copy of the flag circular from the Regatta Committee of the A. C. A. I want to subscribe a flag, but do not know where I can get it made, the design being original and workmanship good.—M. P.

J. & R. Lamb, 59 Carmine street, New York, do this work well, and they are responsible dealers.—Ed.]

ANSWERS.

C. M. ANXIOUSTON.—Anonymous letters sent to CANOEIST or its editor will receive no attention. All articles or letters sent to CANOEIST must be signed by the full and correct name of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

TENTS.—My attention was arrested by "Dulcie's" question in last CANOEIST in regard to canoe tent. My canvas canoe is built quite like his Juniper canoe, *i. e.*, with long cockpit and only one mast, well forward. Two years ago I used tent as per Vol. IV., p. 49; last year I used a Mohican tent as per Vol. III., pp. 102, 132, etc., but instead of lashing it to masts, as therein described, I erected it on standards (see Vol. IV., p. 49) notched at top and opening like a pair of compasses, feet resting on gunwales either side of canoe, outside of tent, and it worked admirably; shall use the same tent and fixtures this year. For convenience I have light ropes rove into cross pieces as described in ends of top of tent, with metal snaps (similar to those used in ordinary buggy hitch straps) on ends. To raise tent: Lay it in position over cockpit (first preparing bed for the night); snap the snaps in rings in bow and stern of canoe (this saves time and trouble of tying and adjusting proper length of rope each time, as the adjustment is made once for all when tying in snaps); spread and raise standard with ropes in notches; button bottom of tent to round-headed brass screws on under side of gunwale, and there you are. This plan, in the absence of masts, is an excellent one, and I should prefer it to using masts even if I had them, as the strain on the masts would certainly spring the deck of as light a canoe as mine.

F. R. WEBB (Staunton, Va.).

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No. 5.

TREDWEN—A SKETCH.

TREDWEN is a man with about as much head as heart. That is to say, he is a most evenly balanced man; and which is most active in him, a love of activity and work in connection with canoeing, or a love of promoting it and making paddlers happy all round, I do not know. This, however, I am glad to know, that "I know Tredwen, you know," as an ardent paddler said the other day.

Tredwen would make a good Yankee, because (though a good autocrat in most things) we on this slower and more deliberate side of the "big wet" look to him as the

DEMOCRAT OF CANOEING.

His democracy, too, is peculiar and most unconstitutional, like his canoeing. He is a man of many ideas and is equally ardent in them all. He develops them, these ideas, quickly, too, and then sticks to them like glue, until he either converts or by ocular demonstration conquers you. He was the first to venture, actually to venture, after the great Mac, in a new kind of canoe, and above and beyond all, to invent a new rig and to completely revolutionize canoeing and make the clean, dancing, dainty, dry, docile craft do altogether other work than her British originator intended—to make sailing first and paddling subordinate. Little he dreamed, I dare say—when he was stretching cords on his father's landing, loading oil in his paternal copen, and generally turning, as he is reputed to have turned, his parental roof into a boat builder's loft, and his sisters into assistant riggers—that he was going to revolutionize all that was, and start things we never dreamed of. He did, Tredwen did it; and almost as much has since been done by his equally able co-worker, B. P., of whom we have a little to say next month.

Tredwen is a marvelous illustration of disappointment in man, to those who picture individuals from their writings and then see the reality. To read Tredwen is to tremble, because you feel you'd like to oppose him, but either can't or daren't.

Now the reality is all the other way. You feel when you speak to him that he is an all man's chum, and of the whole race of mortals most charming and mild. You feel you can tread on his corns, and are certain all the while he won't yelp at you. One thing I admire in him vastly; it is that, beautifully as he can rig a canoe, ingenious as he is in designs, and perfect as he can make a sail "set," and clever as he is in the canoe, he can build as well as rig; he is a self-taught man, nautically, I mean, and unlike the regular man of that ilk, he never brags and seems lost to conceit.

He does not know it, but he is *the* Demosthenes of the R. C. C. and ahead and away over the best speakers in point of actual matter and quantity. Powell may make more of a point, and (being a barrister) will in the cloth suit ideal with deductions on reason; but for taking in and letting out all reefs, Tredwen is the orator. He speaks fluently, rapidly, quietly, persistently, and with force, pronouncing the while the word "canoe" in a peculiar way one rather likes when accustomed to it. It becomes *kan-you*. When in the heat of debate he expresses in a rushy Saxon his convictions. Ah, that word convictions must not be overlooked in Tredwen's case. You feel that all he says is conviction, not carping on sentiment.

He is rather "hit" on the canoe, and you see and feel it from the moment you step over his door post. Canoeing pictures, models, photographs, books and files of huge scrap books surround you, and canoethology rolls at you over the table and floats through the fragrant curis of smoke during the long after chat.

As one of the "stays" of the R. C. C. he will be missed while he casts himself on your hospitality during the projected mission in which he is to beat you this year; and unless I have wrongly estimated my man, you too will miss him when he returns to receive our congratulations over the trophies he and his companions shall bring to our autumnal dinner. SEVERN, R. C. C.



THE BROCKVILLE (ST. LAWRENCE) RACING SKIFF.

THERE is probably no place in the world with better natural facilities for pleasure boating, and no place where these facilities are better appreciated and taken advantage of by the lovers of aquatic sports, than at Brockville, a town of some 10,000 inhabitants, situated on the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence River, at the very foot of the famed Thousand Islands.

With a river never varying more than twenty-four inches altogether in height, and never varying more than twelve inches in height in one season; a river of water as clear as crystal, kept always fresh and moderately cool by a current not too swift for boating; a river affording to the smallest craft ample shelter among the intricacies of the Brock group of islands, which ends immediately above the town, and at the same time affording magnificent facilities for the handling of larger and deeper craft

in a reach twelve miles long and a mile wide; clear of shoals and other obstructions, it is no wonder the inhabitants have developed in o boatmen and sailors and have evolved for themselves a style of boat suitable for their surroundings and for their general needs—a style of boat somewhat similar to that described in the March number of CANOEIST under the heading of "The St. Lawrence Skiff," and yet differing from it in many important particulars.

While what is known as the St. Lawrence skiff in the United States is the regular Alexandria Bay boat already described, our Canadian neighbors across the border apply that term to the class of boats built and used at Brockville, of which large numbers are shipped from that point all over the Dominion of Canada.

It is not an uncommon sight to see in the calm afternoons of summer, or in the

long twilights, five hundred or more of these skiffs dotting the surface of the river opposite and above Brockville and gliding through the narrow channels among the islands, many of the craft being "manned" by ladies only, as all the gentler sex of the town are adepts in the art of rowing and quite as capable of managing a skiff as any member of the sterner sex. And while on this very subject we would say that partly is attributable to this healthy exercise and the fresh air of the St. Lawrence River the acknowledged beauty of the Brockville girls; but much as we would like to enlarge on this agreeable side topic, and much as we know such a digression would be appreciated by canoeists generally, our space compels us to refrain and confine our remarks to the subject before us.

The boat building of Brockville was commenced in a small way twenty years ago by the removal there from Kingston of Louis Lachapelle, a French Canadian boat builder. He built skiffs of pine which, although nothing like the light, graceful, and yet staunch crafts his and other shops now turn out, and although full, bluff and heavy in comparison with the modern boat, were yet a very great improvement on the punts, dugouts and other craft heretofore known in that vicinity. Since then the models, styles and materials have undergone great changes and improvements, and there are no less than five establishments at Brockville especially devoting themselves to the manufacture of the light varnished cedar skiffs that Brockville is noted for. The workmen employed in these shops are all boat builders and boat builders only. None of them are carpenters or other mechanics, turning their hand to this in the absence of other work, but all have been apprenticed and have served their time at this trade alone.

The demand for these boats in the town alone has been very great, but there has been in addition a steadily increasing business done with the rest of Canada, and no inconsiderable number are shipped every year to the United States.

Probably the best known of the boat building establishments of Brockville is that of Sauve Bros., which turns out a large number of skiffs every season, and from the well-known quality of its work is kept full of orders and busy winter and summer. Our first illustration shows a skiff taken from this shop as she was being got ready for crating, to be shipped to Halifax, N. S., and is a fair sample of all their boats. To

their facilities for skiff building have lately been added those for the building of sailing canoes.

A visit to Sauve Bros.' shop a short time since showed a number of skiffs and a couple of canoes in the various stages of manufacture, with the keel just laid, half planked, ready to be sandpapered, and undergoing the final processes of filling with oil and varnishing. Skiffs were being built right side up without moulds, while others were being put together bottom up on carefully prepared sets of eight moulds each, one of the proprietors stating that some of his customers preferred their crafts one way, some the other. An examination of the models showed long, easy, yet full lines, no hollows, plenty of floor, but sufficient deadrise for sailing if desired.

The materials used and the manner of construction were: The planking was of clear white cedar, the board, one inch thick, being first cut to a pattern of the required curve so that it would need no particular strain to "set" to its proper place, was then split and each half of it dressed down to three-eighths thickness and used in the corresponding places on each side of the boat, thus insuring equal strength and strain on both sides. Copper clout nails were used for fastening. Where the ordinary lapstreak was being built they were put the usual distance apart; but where a smooth lap, with the edges beveled on to each other, was building, smaller copper nails, set only an inch apart, were used, thus preventing the possibility of the thin edges turning up when exposed to the sun. An advantage was claimed for this smooth lap, as it gave a smooth skin inside as well as out, and the ribs had a bearing on the full width of each plank instead of only on the lap joint. Greater speed and ease in propulsion were also claimed for it. Nearly all Sauve's latest boats have been built in this way. The overhanging stem and sternposts and the ribs were of oak of a tough variety. One of the ribs was tied in a knot for us while we were watching the process of putting them in. They are $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick and $\frac{3}{4}$ wide, and are set 4 inches apart. These light ribs close to each other have been found better and stronger than the old-fashioned heavier ones set 12 inches apart. The keel was of white or sometimes red pine, 1 inch thick, 4 inches wide in the center and narrowing toward the ends. Outside of this was an oak keel 1 inch deep, with a light metal shoe for stiffening the boat and to enable her to stand the

constant wear of running in and out of the boat house, landing on islands "stem on," etc. Black walnut decks of about 20 inches set off the bow and stern.

All the Brockville skiffs are now fitted with rudders and two pairs of spoon sculls, the pin rowlock having been abandoned some years ago. These boats, sharp at both ends, will stand more sea than the old style of square stern models, and will out-sail them, and it is very rare indeed now to see any boat built at Brockville with a transom.

The advantages of a Brockville skiff are that she is a good all-round, general purpose boat, easily handled by one person, rows or sails equally well, very steady, large carrying capacity on a light draft, holding from three to eight persons, according to size, weight only 70 to 100 pounds, a capital single-handed cruiser, or a family boat, easy to land from, and will stand almost any sea that rolls on the St. Lawrence River. She differs from the boats in use at Clayton and Alexandria Bay in being shorter and consequently having less sheer on the keel. She is built altogether for family use and pleasure and to be rowed without the professional oarsman or fisherman, and has no fish box, etc., but has more seats. The rowlocks are set on the gunwale and no outriggers used. All the oars "feather."

The average dimensions are about: Length, 19 ft.; beam, 41 in.; depth at gunwale, 13½ in., at bow and stern, 22 in. These dimensions are, of course, varied to suit purchasers, but the above are the average.

In the summer of 1885 the Brockville Canoe Club, which has a large number of skiff owners on its list of members, held fortnightly sailing races for skiffs as well as canoes, and the results of it were very apparent at the end of the season in the improved models and rigs of the new boats, while those built this winter are very fine specimens of the builders' and designers' arts. Though no prizes are given to the winners beyond the right to carry the champion flag for the two weeks until the next race, as much interest is taken by the contestants for this as there would be for an international trophy to be the property of the winner. Nine-tenths of the competing skiffs are fitted with folding Atwood boards, and the balance with the old rolling centerboard. The favorite sail is the lateen, but a number of the newest boats have a couple of Mohicans and as many

appliances for sailing as a modern sailing canoe.

The regatta rules allow two members of the club for the crew of each skiff, and the races must start if there is any wind, no matter how much. The last illustration is of the skiff *Genesta*, owned by Mr. J. E. Chrysler and built by H. Matheu. She was one of the most successful boats in the 1885 races.

CANOE FLAGS.

THE rapid increase in the number of canoe clubs, and the constant violation of all tradition as to signals adopted by many of them, leads us to think that perhaps a few words about flags, what they mean, and how they are used, may not come amiss at this time. Unless there is some recognized rule as to their shape, size, position and use, they certainly fail to mean anything. If one club adopts a square flag and another a pointed one as a club signal, unless a set of colored plates giving all the canoe flags is generally distributed, there is no telling what a flag means. The New York Canoe Club adopted in 1871 a pointed burgee (width two-thirds the length) as its club signal, to conform to the general custom among the yacht clubs. The Association followed this precedent, and many clubs fell into line. The Association rule reads that the burgee shall be 12x18 inches for canoes.



CLUB AND ASSOCIATION BURGEE.

No two clubs should adopt the same design and colors. The shape should always be the same. The proper place to fly the club signal is at the mainmast head. The Association flag should be at the peak of the mainsail. This position was settled on to make a universal rule—since the lateen sail has practically no mast. Officers' or private signals should be at the peak, just below the A. C. A. signal, if it is displayed. An officer should not fly his private signal and flag of office at the same time. The Association rule (for the meets) reads: National and club signals (placed) at discretion. Ordinarily but two flags should be displayed, the club signal at the masthead and

the private signal at the peak of the mainsail.

Originally the New York Canoe Club adopted a blue swallow-tailed flag for the



CLUB OFFICER'S FLAG.

commodore, the design being two crossed paddles with four stars in the angles in white.

The vice-commodore carried the same flag in red, and the acting officer simply a blue field of same shape with no design on it. These same flags were adopted by the second club formed, the Knickerbocker, and it was generally understood then that all clubs would adopt the same design. If they had done so it would be an easy thing to spot a club officer at any regatta or meet—the club signal at the masthead and his flag of office at the peak. There is no reason why the commodores of every club should not fly the same signals of office, and every reason why they should. Why cannot the matter be taken up now by clubs not conforming to the precedent, and thus establish a rule? It is a detail, of course, but let us be exact even in small things.



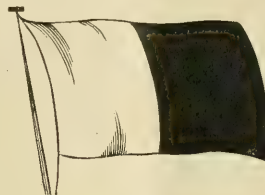
A. C. A. OFFICER'S FLAG.

The A. C. A. officers' flags are similar: Commodore's, A. C. A. star instead of four stars; white on a blue field. Vice-commodore, same; red. Rear-Commodore, white field, red design, and secretary, white field with quill run through the letters A. C. A. in blue.

The private signals universally are rectangular, 12 x 18 inches, of any color or colors and design. If a man is an officer of a club he uses no private signal during his term of office. If he is an officer of the A. C. A. as well as a club officer, at the A. C. A. meet he flies the A. C. A. officer's flag, and at all other times whichever he chooses.

To sum up, then: The A. C. A. signal is triangular, 12x18 inches, placed at the peak of the mainsail. The club signals should all be of the same shape as the A. C. A., but of different designs and placed in general at the masthead. The officers of the A. C. A. have swallow-tailed signals of special designs, placed below the A. C. A. signal at the peak. The club officers' signals should be swallow-tailed, three (or four if necessary) kinds, one for each office, and all clubs should adopt the same. Private signals should be rectangular and of any design, so that no two are alike.

After several years of A. C. A. meets it was found practically impossible in the races to identify canoes by their private



PRIVATE FLAG—SAMPLE.

or club flags. It was therefore decided to have each member place on his sail, in bold figures, his A. C. A. number. The club flags were also found to be too small to identify canoes as to their clubs, so that nearly every club adopted a totem which was placed near the peak of the mainsail—Mohican, the turtle; Knickerbocker, the sea horse; Hartford, the crescent and star, and so on. At the meets, therefore, the club flag should be omitted, and the A. C. A. signal and private signal or officer's flag only should be used.

The fewer flags on a canoe the better and more ship shape she appears. When any flags are used they should be correctly made, placed properly, and mean something.

Every canoe club house during the season should fly from its staff the club signal, of course very much enlarged from the canoe size above given. Every club camp at the meet should have the club signal at the head of a staff in front of the tents. The flag should be broken out of stops at eight o'clock A. M. and dropped at the sunset bugle call.

If the supplement in the April CANOEIST is glanced at in connection with this article, all vague points will be made clear.

The prize flags that have been presented at the A. C. A. meets to the winners of the

rices are almost infinite in variety, colors, shape, size, design and mounting. The prize flags are not intended to fly, and, therefore, can be made of heavy material. The designs can be worked on in colored threads or painted in oil or water color. Flags intended for use are usually made of bunting. The prize flags generally are silk. The size should not exceed 12x18 inches. They should be finished on both sides.

BURGEE.

"ROB ROY" MACGREGOR, THE CANOEIST.

THE destruction of the Kent was an important event in his own life, and marked by the possession of a very curious letter. This missive, now hanging up in Mr. MacGregor's drawing-room, is merely a half sheet of note paper, on which are still legible the words written in pencil by his father, General Sir Duncan MacGregor, on board the Kent on the 1st of March, 1825, shortly after the ill-fated Indiaman caught fire. The note was inclosed in a bottle, and on the rescue of the greater part of the Thirty-first regiment, passengers, and ship's crew, was left in the cabin to be cast into the sea by the explosion, which, long delayed by the skill of her officers, finally destroyed the Kent. Nineteen months afterward the bottle, incrustured with shells and seaweed, was picked up at Bathsheba, a bathing place on the west of Barbadoes, by a person bathing there, who opened the bottle and read the account of the loss of the Kent. Not the least extraordinary circumstance is that the writer himself arrived shortly afterward at Barbadoes as lieutenant-colonel of the Ninety-third Highlanders, to find his letter, written, while death was staring him in the face, on a ship on fire, with five hundred barrels of gunpowder on board, safe and legible, three thousand miles west of the Bay of Biscay.

The first person saved from the burning Kent was the future canoeist, lecturer, preacher, rifleman, and organizer of successful societies, Mr. John MacGregor, whose voyages in the Rob Roy have spread his name over the civilized world. Being only a few weeks old, he was held to have the first claim to a place in the first boat, and was saved together with his mother, his father following many hours later, after a difficult journey along the spanker boom, the descent of a rope, and a perilous drop into a boat, a feat in attempting which many persons were lost and injured. The

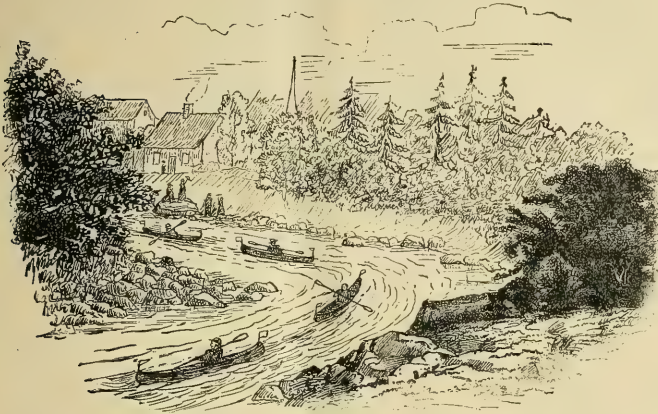
baby came home to England in the brig Cambria, and grew up to go to Cambridge, and proved one of the best oars in the Trinity boat; to study law under Chitty and other eminent instructors, only to finally hang up his wig in his parlor; to win prizes with his rifle, and to see the world as it appears from a canoe. Yet his friends say he only wanted the spur of poverty to supplement a successful university career by a lucrative practice at the Bar. Be this as it may, his independence of his profession as a means of livelihood decided him to relinquish it, not from any indolence—for few have worked and do work harder—but from a conviction that his work in the world is not to be done in wig and gown. Almost every pursuit he has taken up he has conducted successfully. Despite all inconveniences, however, Mr. MacGregor stands firm on the canoe question, declaring that the seated attitude, with the rest for the back to lean against, is *le dernier mot* of independent boating. Canoeing is immeasurably to be preferred to rowing. As the reformed convict told his master, who quoted the proverb about honesty being the best policy, I have tried both, and infinitely prefer the canoe. It is the spine on which fatigue tells, the one bone which supports the whole fabric, and it is precisely the spine which cannot be rested in rowing. What is the restful attitude of an oarsman? Cowering over his oar—about as comfortless a kind of repose as you can imagine. In the canoe, on the contrary, one is perfectly at ease all the while, and the low position in the boat gives immense comfort and power. Rowing, I grant, is swifter for a day or two, but it cannot be practiced on strange waters alone, and the sense of freedom depends on this independence of aid from a coxswain.

The speaker—than whom no man living is better qualified to give an opinion on the comparative merits of oar and paddle—is a tall man, with iron-gray hair and moustache, and a hard wear-and-tear look about him, as of bone and muscle unencumbered by superfluous weight. His tongue has just turned that slight tinge of bonnie Scotland which, like a glimpse of purple heather, recalls the memory of the land of the mountain and the flood. To judge, not by past deeds, but by present aspect, a strong sinewy man, ready at any moment, despite his fifty-four years, either to breast a hillside or to guide the Rob Roy through the seething rapids of an unknown stream.

Happily married within a few years to a lady who, like the Duchess of Sutherland, is an energetic canoeist, John MacGregor is an extraordinary instance of a late conversion to the married theory of existence. —*London World*.

The Rev. N. R. Everts gave a lecture before the Shattemuc Canoe Club in Sing

Sing on March 23d, at the residence of Mr. Azariah Carpenter, on canoeing in general; historical, practical and theoretical. A fully rigged Shadow canoe was on exhibition, with full racing, cruising and camping outfit. We are indebted to Mr. Everts for the above clipping from the *New York Tribune* on "Rob Roy" MacGregor.



OUR FIRST LOVE.

TRULY, canoeing is becoming actually popular. Eight years ago the Putnam's published a little book, "Canoeing in Kanukia,"* giving an account of a charming cruise taken by four New Yorkers in Northern New York and Canada. Canoeists were few at that time, and the edition sold slowly at first, but was exhausted a year or more ago. At the Canoe Exhibition here in New York last week a copy of the first edition was on the literary table, and as the canoeists caught sight of it one after another the universal exclamation was: "Hello, 'Canoeing in Kanukia,' my old friend, which first let me into the secret of the sport and from which I got my first canoeing ideas." The article on the Springfield Club on another page mentions the book as being a powerful agent in starting canoeing on the Connecticut.

Col. C. L. Norton has carefully revised the old edition, and added a chapter to it to bring the facts of evolution in the canoe and its rig down to date.

The new edition just issued is 16mo. in form, and having paper covers, is cheaper in price and well adapted to become popular. The charm of the book is independent of the advance in detailed improvement in the canoe and it cannot get out of date. The cruising canoe is yet a simple affair, and must remain so.

Since the book was first written many clubs have been formed and canoe racing has become

more or less popular. Many of the modifications and improvements introduced of late in sails and rig are nothing but racing contrivances.

Col. Norton is still an active and enthusiastic canoeist, and after fourteen years of it, enjoys a paddle quite as much as formerly. A number of little conveniences for camping and cruising have originated with him—notably the canoe tent. His canvas seat—illustrated in the new edition—is the most simple and perfect canoe seat yet produced. He tells us in his last chapter that the four heroes of "Canoeing in Kanukia" are still alive and paddling their own canoes—and let us hope that they will keep at it till the next edition comes to us to peruse.



* "Canoeing in Kanuckia," 16mo., paper, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 West Twenty-third street, N. Y. 50 cents.

EARLY CRUISING IN CANADA.

THE popular impression among canoeists is that those of the fraternity who have the misfortune to reside in the Province of Quebec are always the last to put their canoes in the water.

This spring, however, the members of the Lake St. Louis Canoe Club have already had three weeks' canoeing; but the short cruise of which I am about to relate took place on Saturday, April 10th, when the Coquette, Unknown and Marion L. left the club house, Lachine, to go to the village of Chateaugay. The river St. Lawrence was found clear of ice, but the Chateaugay River ice had not gone down, so we decided to portage the two miles to the Basin, and run our chance of finding open water from there to the scene of the accident at the village caused by the water rising and carrying away the bridge. We had no idea the ice was so thin until one of the crew of the Coquette quite disappeared from view. After getting him out we perceived our danger and made tracks across the river for the north shore, but before reaching *terra firma* four of us had regaled in our first river bath for 1886. It would have doubtless been interesting had we had any spectators to witness our efforts to reach the shore. However, we arrived at the Basin in time for dinner, and went to bed while our clothes were drying; then finding the river as yet full of ice, we decided to walk to the village; and what with mud up to one's ankles and huge cakes of ice to cross, we had quite a time of it, and were not sorry when we returned to mine host Albert's at the Basin. Here we hired a wagon to team our canoes to the mouth of the river, and paddled home in the teeth of a cold north wind, arriving at 8 o'clock wet to the skin, but satisfied that we were good sports and that a "sporting life is a hard life."

MARION L.

The canoe exhibition held in New York on April 23d and 25th was a very great success. It interested many besides canoeists, and was extremely useful in demonstrating to the lay public what manner of sport canoeing is. A detailed report of the affair will be found in *Forest and Stream* for April 29th, and some notes too late for this issue will appear in the June CANOEIST. Great credit is due the Knickerbocker C. C. for suggesting the idea, and to the various committees for carrying it out thoroughly.

THE SPRINGFIELD CLUB.

WAY back in '79 (that sounds large to us "up river" boys) C. M. Shedd—you all know him, plain, every day Shedd—struck a new idea, or possibly a new idea luffed up to windward of him and he caught on. For some time he was the object of pity of our early settlers, as he paddled up and down the Connecticut River, a lonely solitaire. Now and then, when favored with a comfortable breeze from southwest, he boldly hoisted a 19 ft. mainsail of strange device both as to shape and rigging, sat in the bottom of his canoe, lighted pipe, enjoyed scenery, etc., in fact, was having more solid comfort to the square inch than any other person in town. And you know that same Shedd knows just what solid comfort is. But "We, Us & Co.," who looked on from the river bank, or broke our necks and backs tugging away at the oar attached to a four-hundred-pound row boat, knew so little of the grand picnic our demented (?) friend was having, that whenever he approached us concerning that subject, of which so little has been said and written (do I err?), viz., canoeing, we permitted a chill to carom from one shoulder blade to the other, while hot flashes passed in quick succession from head to foot. Yea, verily, he was a man to be shunned. Our friend made several extended cruises that year between Holyoke and Hartford, and in the fall carefully packed away his "terror." During 1880 converts were missing—the solitaire was destined to another season of go-it-alone-iveness. It is not a matter of fact or history, only supposition, that he tried to tempt Providence—or Block Island. He started down river and failed to return at night fall. None were bold enough to follow or make inquiries. Time passed, and in two weeks the canoe rested in her old quarters. The skipper guarded his wanderings, held his secret so as to spring it upon some unsuspecting victim later on. "Later on" we learned that the bows of the Mollychunkamunk had danced with the waves of Long Island Sound, and becoming bold, made the attempt to cross the Sound, but when half way over encountered a slight agitation of wind and water that you do not meet with "up river." That solitaire came right back to New London. He knew when he had a good thing. One night—a dark, stormy, cold, New England winter night—brother Shedd (we were getting more familiar now) invited Mr. Geo. Kemater to his bachelor apartments (K.

was a bachelor then), and with aforethought and malice crammed that man's head full and overflowing with canoe chin. The victim never recovered from the attack, but during the usual season of matrimonial preparation he slighted us. Yet his first lesson never forsook him; he's at it again. In 1881 the pair were on the river nearly every day, made a second trip to Long Island Sound, appeared healthy, and did not seem to drown or have accidents, etc. In fact, the community were having more confidence in the sport. During the fall of 1881 Mr. Shedd passed a tennis court every evening, watched the game and players. He selected a short man, who was jumping about in vain attempts to hit the ball and impress outsiders he was having a good time. The old salt invited the tennis short stop to visit a boat house, see the rowing association shells, etc., after having ascertained in a quiet way that this tennis man loved aquatic pastime. Well! well!!! well!!! if you could have heard that man talk "down" rowing and "up" canoeing, it would have done your heart good. Result: Copy of "Canoeing in Kanukia" thrust into the tennis man's pocket; catalogues, paper scraps, etc., received by mail daily; visited every evening at tennis court; captured at the river one day and forced into a canoe; paddled four miles, thought it only one; actually convinced that tennis was beastly and canoeing next to eternal happiness. Result 2: A season of doubt, followed by usual symptoms in acute form and final utter prostration, which even matrimonial preparation failed to cure. The old salt sold his canoe to another victim in the early part of 1882, and, with the tennis man, ordered two canoes, a St. Paul and Shadow. At same time a systematic attack was made upon eight or ten friends, who were soon persuaded to order outfits, assist in forming the Springfield Canoe Club, and join the army of good fellows known as A. C. A. men. The Shadow was sold, a Stella Maris purchased, and in May, 1882, the old salt and ex-tennis player made a short cruise down the Connecticut River to the Sound. They reached Hartford safely, were housed by members of the old Hartford Canoe Club, and found they were in good company. During the rest of that cruise the subject of Connecticut River meets was fully discussed and programme laid out. Upon returning to the S. C. C. house the St. Paul was exchanged for another Stella Maris, and great preparations made for attending the A. C. A. encamp-

ment on Lorna Island, Lake George. On August 2d, 1882, the "twins" were joined by Rev. C. M. Crssey, Mr. Hitchcock and Capt. Kendall, and the first long cruise of the S. C. C. commenced—down the Connecticut, up the Hudson, through the canal to Lake George. After the meet the twins went through Lake George and finished at Fort Ti. This cruise started new life in the club. New men joined, and by fall canoeing looked bright, evidently had come to stay. The many friends and acquaintances made on Lorna Island put a new phase to the sport. All winter a lively correspondence with them added greatly to our interest, bringing the quiet men to the front.

Early in January, 1883, a quiet meeting was held at the house of the tennis man, the important feature being the careful consideration of plans and specifications for a floating canoe house, 55 ft. long by 23 ft. wide, estimated cost \$1,200. In a short time the entire amount was subscribed by a syndicate, who proceeded at once to contract for float and house. The result was that on May 10th the house was moored at foot of Howard street, and its racks immediately filled with a first-class set of modern wooden canoes, well fitted for sailing and cruising purposes. Both new and old members showed due appreciation of their new quarters by paying daily visits, bringing friends, devising new and useful equipments to make them more comfortable in their canoes. New sails and models were soon considered the proper thing, and on all sides one could hear lively discussion concerning full and hollow lines, wide and narrow canoes, balance lug *vs.* Mohican, various schemes regarding reefing gears, drop rudders, centerboards, etc., fully talked over, and everybody supremely happy.

The annual cruise to the Sound came in May, 1883, on Decoration Day, and was greatly enjoyed. On July 21st and 22d the first annual meet between the Hartford and Springfield canoe clubs occurred on the Seantic River, eight miles north of Hartford. Races and the usual camp life exercises made us all happy, at the same time scored another point for canoeing. In August the twins joined the Mohican C. C. at Albany, and made one of the most delightful cruises with them to Stony Lake, where the Combination Canoe Club was formed, known then as the C. C. C., the only organization that sailed from Lakeville to camp, returning in same manner.

The Springfield C. C. was again given new life in having the Commodore of the A. C. A. for '83-'84 selected from its ranks, and in the early fall its members were fully organized in booming the canoe interest in New England. During each week we held open races, which became so interesting that the sport continued until the river was frozen over. During the winter, as usual, camp-fires were held. Annual club supper and election of officers kept members together. On May 30th, 31st and June 1st, 1884, the Springfield club entertained the Hartford men at Calla Shasta Grove, four miles south of this city. This was the banner day for both clubs. The large attendance, the grand good feeling which existed on all sides, games, races, camp-fires, etc., etc., made the meeting a very successful affair and brought new members to each club. The result of this meet was clearly shown when time came to embark for Grindstone Island in August, 1884. The New England delegation was largely in excess of former years. The year 1885 was not what can be called successful in the S. C. C. Racing fell off, only a few attempted to win club prizes, and not until fall did the members seem at all interested, and it's impossible to account for it. October 10th was the date of our fall regatta, at which time the Hartford men joined us. Then came a reaction, every man commenced to get into racing trim, and once more the club house was activity itself, so the "off year" went out with a boom. At our annual supper this winter (1886) the proposition to combine with the Hartford club and prepare for a New England canoe meet met with general favor. Since that time, various camp-fires were held in Hartford and Springfield, at which committees were formed, plans laid out and details arranged to secure a large attendance. The place selected is Calla Shasta Grove, south of this city, which is truly a delightful place to locate. The river is wide, and forms a basin, giving us a race course over the old river where in years past the college races were held.

The committees having this meet in hand have prepared circulars that will be mailed to all canoeists whose address they have; and the committees desire to hear from unattached canoeists, so as to forward circulars to them. Letters addressed to either Rear Com. Dr. G. L. Parmele, of Hartford, or Capt. C. W. Bliss, Springfield, will secure prompt attention. A large attendance is already insured. It is more

than probable that races between canoes and the famous Norwalk schooners will be seen at this meeting. From all accounts, these little schooners are not rated as slow craft, hence a lively and exciting set of races will be witnessed on this occasion.

GERÉ.

WHAT SHEDD SAYS ABOUT IT.

I SAW a young fellow at Nantucket in 1879 who had a canoe. I think his name was Channing, and he was at Harvard. That was the first sailing canoe I ever saw, and I was gone on it in no time. I owned a 20 ft. sloop here on our river and that fall sold her. I got a Racine Rob Roy in 1880 and paddled all alone, for I was the only canoeist around here. In 1881 a friend of mine, Mr. Geo. Kemater, purchased an open Rushton canoe, and in May, that year, we cruised down to Long Island Sound, making one of the fastest cruises on record from here. We left Springfield one afternoon in May, at about 4 o'clock, intending to stop over night at Windsor. But Windsor is not on the Connecticut River like Windsor Locks. We paddled right on until it became dark and Windsor did not show up. The first thing we saw was a big steamboat and then more boats, and behold we were in the city of Hartford, distance from Springfield twenty-nine miles; time on the way, five hours, including time in passing around the Enfield Rapids. We stayed in Hartford that night and the next day left at 10 A. M., and at 5 P. M. were at Goodspeeds. Left there next morning at 8 A. M., and 10 o'clock were at Saybrook Point.

Well, that summer I met Nick, and he was gone on tennis. I played once, and that was all I wanted of lawn tennis. I got him down to the river one day and showed him my canoe, and that settled it for him. I had him, and then we started a club.

Say, Mr. Editor, I can't write worth a dash. I will get hold of Nick and we will give you a good yarn. I can talk, but when it comes to write anything for a paper I'm left astern.

The Hartford and Springfield clubs wish to announce that all canoeists will be welcome at the Calla Shasta meet, and request that canoeists who do not belong to any club will communicate, if they intend to come, with the committee in charge.

BRITISH CANOEING IN 1886.

"**A** RMA virumque cano" (e), quoted the well-known "Rob Roy" when describing "the man, his canoe, and her fittings," after the pioneer canoe voyage in Germany and France, some seventeen or eighteen years ago. But the School Board was unknown in those dark ages, and therefore, probably, some freedom of translation was permitted—especially to navigators. However, in considering the subject of "Canoeing in '86," perhaps the Virgilian students of the day may be more exacting, and therefore it will be well to stick more closely to the true translation, and to take for our text "The *club*, the man, and the canoe."

Clubs sprang up like mushrooms in the early days of canoeing, and then, owing probably to want of good management, died down again after the manner of bubbles; ardent canoeing spirits were roused and thrown together, and in the warmth of the new movement felt themselves as one, with the motto of "fraternity and equality;" but the common human frailty—rivalry—soon set in, and then it became evident that there exist as many branches to "canoeing" as there are legs to an octopus. Club meetings, which in their infancy were pleasant *conversaciones*, wherein each other's latest exploits on ditch, pond or sea were kindly listened to and warmly applauded, degenerated into keenly, if not hotly, contested arguments, introducing one stringent rule after another—rules at first directed toward the development of canoeing, the good management of canoe clubs, and the guarding of the "march" between canoeing and boating, but afterwards gradually but surely pinching canoe designs and fittings into narrow, artificial grooves, suggested rather by the homely requirements of the race course than the experienced tuition gained in foreign cruising.

The Clyde, Meuse, Humber, Forth, Isis, Cam, and a host of other clubs sprang up after the Canoe Club, and that many of these are thoroughbred there can be no doubt, on looking at them at the present time, whereas some one or two have dwindled away to mere shadows—the form of reality without substance. Even those now flourishing live rather in the nature of "undeveloped negatives," and require developing, every one of them; and the reason undoubtedly of this state of backwardness is the lamentable want of inter-club communication and competition.

The British clubs have not far to look

for healthy precedents. British yachting, a few years back, was deep in the mire of mixed rules, both building and sailing rules. There were some forty-five clubs, each differing—if not in the main, certainly in many important details—in their rules of tonnage and yacht racing. But a *quasi* inter-club association was formed, with the object of codifying the sailing rules, and settling the class and tonnage rules, with the successful result that now the whole of the clubs, from the Royal Yacht Squadron down to the model yacht clubs, have adopted the Association tonnage and sailing rules. Then let us cast our eyes across the Atlantic. Those go-ahead American and Canadian canoe clubs, which came into existence long after ours, have already seen the value of an inter-club association, and are now enjoying the vigorous health which the "Association" stimulates.

A feeble attempt was made at one time by the Royal Canoe Club toward this direction in the formation of "branches" of the club, with the R. C. C. as parent, and the branch clubs, as it were, her colonies. Failure, as might be expected, was swift where the principles of inter-club equality were neglected, and canoeists again "coiled down" in their home quarters.

So canoeing in England has toddled on from year to year, always a strong head-quarter party existing in London; but in other quarters, except one or two, very lukewarm attempts have been made in the direction of canoeing cohesion; and even in the excepted quarters, though the infant clubs are healthy enough in their way, they do not grow.

One of the best nourishments of a sport or pastime is to be found in regularly served, practical, technical literature, devoted to the particular sport or pastime. The *Canoeist* used to appear periodically in England, and undoubtedly did good service; but even with almost any reasonably expectable number of subscribers, such a periodical could not be a "paying expenses concern."

The *Field* next opened its arms and embraced canoeing, and produced what of all matters technical must always be the most important, namely, scale drawings of designs and fittings. Then again came "Yacht and Boat Sailing," a book treating exhaustively of design and construction of canoes.

But over and above these technical writings, there can be little doubt that the sport hankers after a "society paper" of its

own, wherein cruises may be recounted, races chronicled, and, better still, discussed; where improvements in boats or fittings may be brought to light, and sayings and doings be recorded, and far-apart members of clubs be brought, as it were, into conversation.

This is actually the state of things at this moment in America and Canada. THE AMERICAN CANOEIST, which appears monthly, is just nothing less than *the thing*. Why should not all British subjects subscribe and create it the "International Canoeist?" It is as easy to receive it monthly, mailed from New York, as from London. British matter does now, and would still more, find its place therein, and the periodical would obtain a still more healthy tone and vigorous life from the increased support.

The result of an inflow of American or *International Canoeist* periodicals monthly to all parts of Great Britain, coupled with a weekly dose of *Field* canoeing, and occasional, if not regular, pick-me-ups of *Forest and Stream*, would create a revival which would cement the foundation of popularity to canoeing, the most manly and scientific sport known to modern men.

The title "the most manly and scientific sport" is by no means haphazard. Paddling a hack canoe on an ordinary inland stream is no more the all of canoeing than riding a donkey on the village green is the all of riding. From a quiet canter in the park to a steeplechase, a forty minutes' run in Leicestershire, or pig-sticking in India, is riding; and even it may be carried further to the back of a camel in the Soudan, or an elephant in the jungles of Burmah. It is that very requirement of scientific mind, combined with a manly, athletic body, that keeps the ranks of canoeing thinly populated; it is, *par excellence*, the sport in which a lubber or a duffer cannot succeed, even to his own satisfaction. If the owner, who, be it remembered, is at the same time his own skipper, cook, and crew, has any of the genus "lubber" in him, his craft will sooner or later mutiny and "chuck him." Even a fairly well-trained sailor would make a poor show in command of a sailing canoe in a match, when trying it for the first time.

Canoe sailing in matches, and handling generally in cruises, demands a higher attainment of skill and a finer judgment than, short of warfare, does the handling of any other craft, and the part has to be played single-handed and without any prompting. But the science of canoe handling may safely look out for itself for a time, while

we consider what the present wants of the pastime are. Inter-man and inter-club communication is undoubtedly the need of the hour, and these have at last been fairly grappled by the Royal Canoe Club.

Taking the broad or leading events of the coming season before going into details, we find that, in addition to an unprecedented programme of races, the R. C. C. this season inaugurates two camp meets—one on its home water, the Thames, from the Friday preceding to the Monday following the regatta; the other an autumn camping cruise on the Norfolk broads. Both are open to such clubs or unattached canoeists as may for the time being be willing to place themselves under the camp authority of the Royal Canoe Club.

At the regatta camp a special prize will be given to the exhibitor of the best camp fit out, including canoe; and as this will be open to all, it is to be hoped that keen competition will result, and haply some hitherto unknown canoeist will wipe the eyes of all the old hands.

Nearly all the races are open to "all canoers," so long as their canoes come within club definitions, and thus inter-club competition may, it is hoped, revive.

Apart from the actual races, there is no special rule dictating what is and what is not a canoe. The general hope is that all of every breed will come together and show off their special qualities, and the universal feeling among the old hands is strong in the belief that the genuine cruising canoe will maintain by its all-round qualification its reputation, and gain in favor.

If the invitation of the old parent club, the Royal Canoe Club, is happily responded to, the object, for the present, of an association in England may well lie dormant until the experience of 1886 has spoken.

The camping and racing programme for 1886 may next be considered.

—*London Field*.

OLD HAND.

[THE CANOEIST's editorial young hand is extended to meet the "old hand" of honest John Bull. For the very graceful compliment in the above letter we give our sincerest thanks to the writer, and trust that we can shake him by the hand in August, when he comes here after the Cup and Trophy that await him. Canoeists of Great Britain, the AMERICAN CANOEIST will meet you half way; yes, all the way. We will call on you once a month. Send in the little pasteboard so we know where to find you, and that when we call we can be sure you will be "in" to us.—EDITOR.]



PERSONAL, IMPERSONAL AND MATERIAL.

The Rondout C. C. held an important meeting on April 7th. Six new members were admitted, making a total active membership of thirty. This club is in an exceedingly prosperous condition. A \$1500 boat house is rapidly nearing completion, which, among its many other conveniences, will be supplied with city gas and water. The club is also fortunate in possessing the cordial good will of the leading citizens of Rondout and Kingston, with whom it is very popular. Considerable interest is already manifested in the Hudson River spring meet, which, from present indications, bids fair to be very successful.

Copy of circular issued by the S. C. C. and H. C. C. about their spring meet: "Canoe meet, Calla Shasta Grove, May 29th, 30th, 31st, and June 1st. The Hartford and Springfield Canoe Clubs intend to give a joint meet May 29th, 30th, 31st, and June 1st, 1886, at Calla Shasta, a grove situated on the west bank of the Connecticut River, about four miles below the city of Springfield. The situation is desirable in every respect to canoeists, and recommends itself to all who visit it. A camp-fire will be held each evening of the meet, and the following order of camp has been adopted: Saturday, May 29th, selecting of camps and election of officers. Sunday, May 30th, religious exercises at 11 A. M. Monday, May 31st, races, to include both paddling and sailing; illumination in the evening. Tuesday, June 1st, breaking up of camp. Shelter will be furnished to a limited number who find it impossible to come provided with tents. A caterer will also be on hand to furnish at a small cost meals to those who wish them. Such supplies as milk, eggs, etc., can be procured at a store in the vicinity. It is the desire of these clubs that this meet be a success in every respect, and that the canoeists of New England and adjoining States may be brought together for mutual instruction and pleasure. Hoping that this will meet with your approval, and that you will join with us in making this a success, we are

fraternally yours, Dr. George L. Parmele, Pres.; John D. Parker, Sec'y; William B. Davidson, Treas., Committee Hartford Canoe Club. C. W. Bliss, Captain; E. C. Knappe, Lieut.; G. M. Barney, C. M. Shedd. F. A. Nickerson, F. D. Foot, Committee Springfield Canoe Club.

LINDSAY (CANADA) CANOE CLUB FIRST ANNUAL SUPPER.

We couldn't think of letting the event go unrecorded in the CANOEIST. We sat down (about forty of us) at the Royal Hotel, on Thursday night, March 4th. The supper was good, substantial roast and boiled, such as a canoeist should live on. A lot of our fellows made themselves active late in the afternoon, and we had the large dining-room fixed up as tastefully as if a political meeting was on the tapis. Birch bark canoe in the middle; stacks of paddles; lines of lanterns; rods, guns, sails and other truck hung around.

We passed the starting buoy at 8 P. M. and tackled the bill of fare. Capital time was made all through, and we came home to the winning post pretty well together. All except Walters. He's collier rigged and of heavy tonnage, and luffed about a good deal and took in a tremendous lot of freight. Walters fetched up ten minutes late.

After supper we braced the list of "toasts," as the arrangement is called in this part of canoeedom. I inclose a copy. President Porteous took the chair, Captain Edwards the vice-chair, and Treasurer McLachen sat above the salt. Other people, all more or less important, sat around and smoked the cheerful cigar or more democratic pipe. Then songs were called for, and I may say, CANOEIST, that we've got in the club a capital lot of singers. Good, stout, strong-lunged fellows, and they gave us song and chorus and solo and duet in rapid order. It was just splendid; a regular concert. Lots of speeches were made, all about canoeing and the club and the A. C. A. and the CANOEIST and other suitable topics. More songs from Matchett, Edwards, McLachen, Walters, Dunsfurd and others, and the time passed quickly, and when we left off it was well after 12 o'clock.

Our club, old CANOEIST, is in capital shape. We've a splendid boat house holding sixty canoes, and it is nearly filled; fine gymnasium above and a good bath room. We've had to enlarge our quarters, and President Porteous and others have purchased a second boat house capable of

holding forty more canoes. We have about 112 members, and can turn out seventy-four canoes on a high day or holiday.

Success to the CANOEIST. We intend to go in a strong party to the A. C. A. this year, and our club will come under the A. C. A. regulations long before.

Yours exultantly,

FRANK DOBBIN, Sec'y L. C. C.

MARCH 8th, 1886.

M E N U.

"The Start."
Oyster Soup.

MEATS.

Hot Roast Beef. Cold Corned Beef.
Cold Mutton. Ham. Tongue.
"Round the Buoy."

VEGETABLES.

Baked Potatoes. Mashed Potatoes. Tomatoes.
Green Peas. Mashed Turnips.
"Shake out a reef, here."

PASTRY

Plum Pudding. Mince Pie. Apple Pie.
Lemon Pie. Fruit. Nuts.
Tea and Coffee. Cheese and Celery.

TOASTS.

THE QUEEN "God Save the Queen."
THE LINDSAY CANOE CLUB (With flying topsails.)
VISITING CANOEISTS "Here's a good landing."
RIVER AND LAKE.. } "Where Scugog rolls its turbid tide,"
 } And bullfrogs bellow on its marshy side."
SAIL AND PADDLE.. } "She walks the waters like a thing of life,"
THE CAMP-FIRE "Tamarac, \$2.00 a cord."
THE COOK "That tocsin of the soul, the dinner bell."
THE LADIES "The Centerboard that straightens the course
 of Life."
THE MOSQUITO. "Partner of our joys and sorrows."

LAKE ST. LOUIS C. C., LACHINE.

Annual meeting, held March 26th in the Windsor Hotel, Commodore. W. H. Rintoul in the chair. It was proposed to amend the by-laws and regulations so as to read as follows: Article 3, first clause: The officers of the club shall consist of commodore, vice-commodore, rear-commodore and secretary and treasurer. Election of officers: Com., W. H. Rintoul; Vice-Com., Alex. W. Morris; Rear Com., Charles Lamothe; Sec., Geo. Auldjo; Treas., J. H. Stewart. Committee—C. E. Howard, W. Markland Molson, C. S. Shaw and A. W. Shearwood. The club will have its first cruise this year on May 22d, extending to the 24th, from Lachine to Huntingdon, by rail, returning by the Chateauguay River, which will make the cruise itself about eighty miles. This river is one of the most picturesque in the province, interspread by rapids, islands and green country folks, many probably having never seen a varnished canoe. A deputation will also be sent to the regatta at St. Johns on the Queen's birthday, and probably a fast crew for the cadet regatta in Kingston on the same date. The club now numbers seventy-three members.

Hartford C. C. winter camp-fire was held on Saturday evening, March 27th, at resi-

dence of Dr. Geo. C. Parmele. Messrs. Nickerson, Shedd, Knappe, Bowles and Bliss were present from Springfield, and Vaux from New York. Mr. Abbott, of the H. C. C., presided. Arrangements for the Calla Shasta (Springfield) Decoration Day meet were talked over, and the expenses were agreed to be borne equally by H. C. C. and S. C. C., to be raised by subscription. Mr. Nickerson was the lecturer of the evening; canoe sails his subject. A very choice little supper was served after the lecture, and then canoe talk was indulged in till it was time for the Springfield men to go for their train at 1:30 A. M.

Vesper B. C. (Lowell, Mass.) held a meeting on March 11th. The secretary in his report called special attention to the increasing importance of canoeing in the club. A new 15 ft. canoe has been added to the club fleet, making two canoes for club use, besides a large fleet owned by individual members. The officers elected are: President, Paul Butler; First Vice-President, A. G. Swapp; Second Vice-President, Gerard Beman; Secretary, R. F. Hemenway; Treasurer, R. F. Brazier; Directors, C. P. Nichols, F. W. Howe, J. P. Battles; Auditing Committee, C. F. Coburn, C. H. Hooke. Mr. Frank H. Pullen, of this club, attended the '82 A. C. A. meet, and wrote a charming report of it for the Lowell papers. Since then he has lived in Chicago, but is now again at his post in Lowell, evidently doing good canoe missionary work.

Cambridge C. C., organized June 9, 1885, held its fourth quarterly meeting on March 4th. Officers for 1886: Com., John B. Jacobs; Vice-Com., Clarence F. Glover; Sec. and Treas., Rupert M. Gay. The club signal is a pointed burgee, with blue field, white center and red letter C. Headquarters at the Riverside boat house. Think of building a canoe house. They have all had some experience with heavy canoes on the numerous dams in their vicinity, and agree with the South Boston club in wanting lighter ones. They would like to meet representatives of other clubs in the vicinity to arrange for cruises and holiday trips. All communications should be addressed to R. M. Gay, 107 Washington street, Boston, Secretary C. C. C.

Hamilton (Ontario, Canada). A canoe club was lately organized there with a start off membership of twenty-five.

The South Boston C. C. was organized in January. The founders of the club, six in number, have all been canoeists for some time, and have taken several cruises. J. A. Frizzell, Com.; W. J. Martin, Vice-Com.; James Craddock, Sec.

Sandusky C. C. now numbers 22 members. Officers: F. S. Latham, Capt.; J. E. Melville, Mate; Benj. Marshall, Purser, and Miles Johnson, Sec. The club is building a new house on Sandusky Bay, have joined the Western C. A. as a body, and will attend the meet at Ballast Island.

Paterson (N. J.) A club was organized here on March 27th, under the name of the Paterson Canoe Club. Officers elected: A. S. Pennington, Com., and Charles K. Berdan, Sec.

Dayton (O.). O. A. Woodruff reports four resident canoeists there and a fair prospect of a new club being formed before summer.

NEW FITTINGS.—Rushton has lately made some very small nickel plated brass blocks, single and double, that just meet the bill for reefing gears. A flag rod screwing into the masthead pin is also a very pretty gear and cleverly conceived. They can be seen in New York at Squires's.

The success of the Radix board in canoes has led to a demand for a larger size, suitable for sailing boats. To meet this demand the Radix Manufacturing Company have lately placed on the market a larger board, 36 in. long and dropping 18 in., the area being $2\frac{1}{4}$ sq. ft. This board is admirably suited for rowing and sailing boats, especially for yachts' yawls, as it takes up space in the boat, and is very effective in operation. There is still a good demand for the small or canoe size, which promises to retain its place as a cruising adjunct, owing to the many advantages in the way of increased space which it possesses.

The authorship of "The Old Canoe," printed on page 126 of Volume II of THE CANOEIST, which has so often been attributed to General Pike, is now ascribed to a young man from Pittsburgh named Shepherd, who some years ago drifted to New York and became an occasional contributor to the press of that city. He is said to have given high promise as a poet, but died early, leaving only a few fugitive pieces as his legacy, and these not easy to identify.

Mr. J. F. Keene, Minneapolis, Minn., writes: We have in Lake Minnetonka, Lake Calhoun, Cedar Lake, Minnehaha Stream (outlet of Lake Minnetonka and itself emptying into the Mississippi River, a few miles below St. Anthony's Falls), and in the thousands of lakes and streams tributary to the Mississippi and St. Croix rivers and to Lake Superior, the finest cruising grounds in the West, and so far very little improved; in fact, so far as cruising in the modern decked canoe is concerned, never yet explored, though all the lakes and rivers I have mentioned are within easy railroad communication from this city at points practically at their headwaters, except the Mississippi; and this may be struck by railroad from either Duluth or Minneapolis at a point 104 miles due north from the latter city and about 65 miles westerly from Duluth, giving a cruise down stream of at least 175 miles, as the stream runs to this city, the upper end of the course down Sandy Lake into and down the Mississippi as far as Brainerd being through the great pine forests of this State, untouched by civilization save where the axe of the lumberman has opened limited areas along the banks of the river and tributaries, the rest of the way being through one of the most fertile wheat producing regions of the Northwest. Of course I do not need to inform you that Minnesota is one of the fine grain producing States of the West, and that wherever you find in this State a conjunction of forest and water you will find game. I will add that the game laws are enforced here with considerable strictness, so that there is a fair prospect that our game supply will not be ruthlessly and prematurely exhausted. Minnetonka, Calhoun, Lake Harnet and Minnehaha Stream are all to be reached from this city by trains running hourly or half hourly, and Minnetonka Lake, the furthest away of any of these, is less than ten miles from the city limits.

Irrawadi C. C., (Davenport, Iowa). The third annual meeting was held April 6th. The following officers were elected for 1886: Com., Marcius C. Smith; Vice-Com., Lee G. Kratz; Sec., Edward S. Hammatt; Executive Committee, the commodore, L. G. Kratz, Stanley B. Lafferty. The log book for 1885 shows a record of fifteen club races, and one race for a championship gold medal at Moline, Ill. Of the club races the Lotus, Captain Hammatt, won seven; the Solitaire, Capt. Wilkinson, five;

the Daphne three, the Lotus winning the club medal for the season. The single paddling race at Moline was won by the Lotus, manned by T. W. Wilkinson. Part of the races were on the Mississippi and the rest at Black Hawk's Watchtower on Rock River, where a small canoe house was built for the club by the Rock Island & Milan Railroad. The members of the club anticipate taking several cruises this season. The Lotus has applied for membership to the A. C. A., and may possibly be present at the next meet. There are nine canoe owners in the club. Most of the canoes are being overhauled for the season's work, and a jolly time is expected.

TURTLE EGGS.

At their last meeting the Mohicans added two new members, Messrs. A. L. Judson and Lawrence J. Prince, to the club list. Mr. Judson intends to become the owner of the Uncas, which is to be replaced by the Marion B. becoming the craft of our young giant, Pierson. Mr. Prince "is building," as the "Whacking Turtle" says, "and has almost finished a good canoe."

During the season of 1886, to be opened by a paddling parade on April 17th, the M. C. C. intends to have races every Thursday afternoon on the upper course, so often described in canoeing literature.

On motion of the captain, the club resolved to recommend that the A. C. A. cup, now in preparation for the meet of 1886, be made a perpetual challenge cup, and that the committee authorized to procure it turn it over for that purpose to the Regatta Committee A. C. A. Commodore Rathbun has been informed hereof.

Several non-members were present and listened to the reminiscences of former cruises, especially of the Susquehanna trip, a repetition of which is contemplated by a large number of Turtles. These non-canoeists intend to join the cruising party, and the club expects to gather from the cruise a good crop of fresh and substantial Turtles. Not all the Mohicans, however, have at this season of the year the time to go away for a week, and such of them as are not going down the "Sasakahanna" (Susquanna Canadice) will appear most likely at Rondout. FIOR DA LICE.

The following regatta fixtures have come to hand. We would urge secretaries of clubs to send us at an early date club fixture for open races.

FIXTURES.

AMERICAN.

May 22.—Knickerbocker Spring Regatta
May 29.—Connecticut River Meet. Calla Shasta.
May 29.—Hudson River Meet. Rondout.
July 2 and 5.—Trial Races N. Y. Bay. N. Y. C. C. Cnp.
Aug 15th to 29th.—A. C. A. Meet. Grindstone Island.
Sept 1, 1st week.—N. Y. C. C. International Challenge Cup Races.

ENGLISH.

- May 1. Hendon, 2:45 P. M. Sailing Challenge Cup (open to gentlemen amateurs), value Fifty Guineas, with £5 Presentation Prize, and a Presentation Prize, value £25 (the gift of J. W. Clayton), to the first Colonial or Foreign Canoeist winning the Cup.
May 19.—Kingston, 6:30 P. M. Half-mile Paddling Race. Second-class Rob Roys. Prize, value £2.
May 26. Kingston, 6:30 P. M. Mile Paddling Race. Second class Rob Roys. Prize, value £2.
June 5. Kingston, 4:00 P. M. Two Miles Paddling Race. Second class Rob Roys. Prize, value £2.
June 12.—Teddington, 4:00 P. M. Sailing Race open to any Canoes, under time allowance for size, measurement— $\left(\frac{\text{girth}}{4}\right)^2 \times \frac{\text{length}}{2}$. First Prize, value £3, presented by J. Macgregor. Second prize, value £2, presented by G. Herbert. Open.
June 19.—Teddington, 4 P. M. Sailing Race for First class Canoes. Junior Prize, value £3 3s., presented by E. B. Tredwen. Open.
June 19.—Kingston, 3:30 P. M. Second-class Rob Roys. Long Paddling Race from Kingston to Hampton Court Bridge, and back to "One Tree." Prize, value £3.
June 25.—Camp in vicinity of Teddington from evening of 25th to 28th. Prize, value £5 for the best set of Cruising Appliances with Canoe, exhibited on this occasion.
June 26.—Annual Regatta. Teddington Reach.
1.—11 A. M. Sailing Race, second class. Twice round the buoyed course. Prize, value £2.
2.—11:30 A. M. Half-mile Paddling Race for Novices in third class Rob Roys. Prize, value £1.
3.—11:45 A. M. Half-mile Paddling Race, any Canoes (open to gentlemen amateurs). Prize, value £2.
4.—12 noon. Paddling and Sailing Race, first and second class. Paddle first round and sail next. Prize, value £2. Open.
5.—12:46 P. M. Mile Paddling Race. Second-class Rob Roys. Prize, value £2.
6.—1:15 P. M. Canadian Canoe Race. Two men in each Canoe. Entrance Fee 5s. each Canoe. Prize, value £2.
7.—1:30 P. M. Sailing Race, first class, four times round the buoyed course. First Prize, value £2 10s.; Second Prize, value £2, presented by G. Herbert.
8.—2:00 P. M. Challenge Cup Paddling Race, any Canoes. (Open to gentlemen amateurs approved by Committee.) Paddling Challenge Cup, value Fifty Guineas, with £5 Presentation Prize, and a Presentation Prize, value £25 (the gift of J. W. Clayton), to the first Colonial or Foreign Canoeist winning the Cup.
9.—3:45 P. M. Sailing Race (running only). 5s. Sweepstake. One Prize. Open.
10.—4:15 P. M. Four Paddle Race R. C. C. vs. Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers. Prizes presented by W. Baden-Powell and W. E. Graham.
11.—4:45 P. M. Chase. Captain's Challenge Colors.
12.—5:10 P. M. Scratch Fours
July 10.—Teddington, 4:00 P. M. Sailing Race open to every description of Canoe. Under time allowance for size, measurement = $\left(\frac{\text{girth}}{4}\right)^2 \times \frac{\text{length}}{2}$
Two Prizes presented by Major Roberts. Value £3 and £2 Open.

Entrance Fee for each Race, except where otherwise stated in the Programme, 2s. 6d. Entries for Nos. 6, 11 and 12 at the Regatta will be taken on the spot, but for all other races they must be made to the Secretary one clear week before each race.

Any Member who has won Three First Prizes in Club Races of the same denomination, viz., "Sailing," or "Paddling and Sailing," shall be considered a "Senior," and shall thereby become ineligible to take any Prize given by the Club in 1886 (except in Challenge Cup Races), in a Race of the same denomination as that in which he is a "Senior," the Prize given by the Club going to the Juniors.

In any Race, however, in which a Senior competes and wins, he shall receive a recognized Club Flag, the "Senior

Flag," consisting of a Blue Silk Flag with Club device, and date of year of his Race thereon; and also any Presentation Prize which may be attached to such Race.

In the case of a Challenge Cup Race, the winner shall be presented with a distinctive Club Flag of Silk, bearing a suitable device, with date of Race thereon. The Senior qualification is to include the Races of 1885.

Royal Canoe Club, Office 11 Buckingham street, Strand, W. C. Club Rooms and Boat House, Kingston-on-Thames. List of officers: Commodore, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales; Captain, J. Macgregor, Esq., M. A. (Rob Roy); Mates, G. Herbert, Esq., and W. Baden-Powell, Esq.; Purser, C. J. Wright, Esq.; Cook, F. F. Tuckett, Esq.; Secretary, T. G. F. Winsor, Esq. Committee The Officers, and Rt Hon. the Earl of Caithness, W. E. Graham, Esq., A. B. Ingram, Esq., Dixon Kemp, Esq., Hon. A. F. Kinnaird, Major Roberts, Claud Scott, Esq., E. A. Leach, Esq., E. B. Tredwen, Esq.

A number of letters have been received inquiring where canoe rubber goods can be got. The Goodyear Rubber Glove Company (warerooms 503 and 505 Broadway and 205 Broadway, near Fulton street, New York), keep in stock canoe air beds, air cushions, etc.; and a full line of rubber goods. Their factory is at Naugatuck, Conn. Mr. R. J. Scofield is at the factory and will attend to the manufacture of any canoe rubber contrivances, if suitable directions are forwarded to him by canoeists desiring special things.—[ED.]

The members of the Royal Military C. C. will camp at Knapp's Point Light, 5 miles below Kingston, Ont., Canada, on May 2d, 23d and 24th. They will be joined by members of the Deseronto and Brockville C. C. They trust that your club will also be represented by as many of its members as possible. A very convenient camp ground has been selected and arrangements made to supply meals at a neighboring house for \$1 a day. A few bell tents could be supplied if necessary without charge. Informal races will be held on Monday, 24th, both sailing and paddling, for decked and open canoes, excluding Class I and all classified canoes. Commodore Rathbun, A. C. A., will be in command. In order to make proper arrangements for cooking, etc., it is desirable to know as soon as possible how many members may be expected.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Will you please give notice that the following named gentlemen are applicants for admission to membership in the American Canoe Association:

H. V. Kent, Artillery Park, Halifax, N. S.
John A. Seely, Ogdensburg, N. Y.
George Burn, Bank of Ottawa, Ottawa, Can.
Herman D. Denny, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Albert Erkenbrecher, Cincinnati.
Edward A. Moseley, Boston, Mass.
Charles K. Cobb, Boston, Mass.
Charles K. Berdan, Paterson, N. J.
Rev. N. R. Everts, Sing Sing, N. Y.
T. B. Hibbard, Rondout, N. Y.
Walter H. Barry, Montreal.

GEO. L. NEIDÉ.



EDITOR CANOEIST: At our annual meeting, held on the 24th—on which occasion R. W. Bailey was elected Captain; T. W. Bakewell, Mate, and Wm. W. Lawrence, Purser,—it was decided to have the purser pay the subscriptions hereafter to the CANOEIST for each member, and also his A. C. A. dues. I give you below the names of our members, and wish you would advise me the date on which the subscription of each one expires, or will expire (that is, the date up to which you have been paid). I will then fix one date for all and send you a check up to that date, and hereafter we will renew for all at once. I think this scheme * * * might be adopted by other clubs, and thus increase the dollars in the treasury of both the A. C. A. and CANOEIST.

Very truly yours, W. W. LAWRENCE,

PITTSBURGH, March 27th, 1886.

Purser.

[The names of all the members of the Pittsburgh C. C. then followed. CANOEIST thanks the P. C. C. for its help and kindly interest, and would state that if a few more clubs will follow its noble example the CANOEIST will double its size.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I intended replying to your comments on my letter in time for the April CANOEIST, but unfortunately mislaid the March issue. There is not much beauty in a controversy with an editor; he just sticks a tail piece on a correspondent's letter, putting his view of the case before the other fellow has any time to impress his readers. The editor always gets the last word. I will content myself with merely stating the fact that since writing my last letter two more of the present sailing canoeists of the Toronto C. C. have adopted heavy centerboards, making altogether seven canoes with heavy boards in the T. C. C.; and at least one more wants a heavy board.

ROBERT TYSON.

[The CANOEIST will retire from the heavy vs. light controversy. It wishes to take no advantage of those who differ in opinion from it. The question of expediency in choosing a heavy or light canoe can now stand on its merits. Heretofore the weight of the opinions of able writers such as Tredwen and Tyson, in the opinion of CANOEIST, was such that many new men coming in to the ranks would be led to

adopt a style of canoe totally unfit for their use, and likely to discourage them at the outset. The other side has had its say, and is ready to rest till a popular verdict is secured. The light canoe needs no further help from CANOEIST to hold its own, and it will get none. The question is not "which is the best canoe." Both are good. Every canoeist must decide for himself which he will own; and in this connection it may not be out of place to reprint a letter lately received from a canoeist hailing from the source and happy hunting grounds of the heavy canoe.—EDITOR.]

HULL, England, March 16th, 1886.

EDITOR CANOEIST: This morning the March number of the AMERICAN CANOEIST (and it's something like a number, too) came to hand. I am very much pleased with the paper, and especially glad to see that you are devoting some space to the larger class of "single-handers." I hope that we may have a canoe meet in this country this year, and trust to be there with the Cassy.

It may perhaps somewhat surprise you, but I agree with your editorial note to Mr. Tyson's letter *re* "heavy canoes." Unless a canoe is fairly light, paddling becomes a heavy grind, and when on a cruise—even on navigable waters only—it is not always possible to sail.

When a canoe is too large and heavy for easy paddling, it is better to put on a pair of light outriggers and turn the half paddles into sculls by adding movable handles, then in case of calm or head winds good progress can be made without undue labor.

I once cruised in company with a heavy canoe, and can only say that in calms we took turns to paddle the thing or both got into my canoe yawl and towed it. Yours truly,

GEORGE F. HOLMES

PETERBOROUGH, April 16th, 1886.

EDITOR CANOEIST: You and many of your readers may imagine that Canada is still all frozen up. But if you could see me this evening sitting at my open window, with my coat off, and listen as I do to the spring-like sounds coming faintly to my ear, from the shrill chirping of the young frogs to the more pretentious chirping of a company of serenaders who are keeping the young ladies of the house on the next street from their "beauty sleep," you would imagine that a ter all there is a chance of summer for your northern neighbors. And if you had been with me at the harmonious and promising meeting of our club, from which I have just returned, you would

say that, after all their long silence, our Canadian friends have got some life in them yet in matters aquatic. Adhering to our old titles, we elected R. E. Wood, President; E. J. Toker, Vice-President; Arthur Stevenson, Secretary, and J. D. Collins, Treasurer. K. G. Leech was appointed Captain of the rowing section, and E. B. Edwards Captain of the canoeing section. The club is still composite in its character, but I think the canoeists will this year take a more active part than in any former year. *Nous verrons.*

More: Bobcaygeon, the "Hub" of the backwoods, has organized a canoe and boating club with over fifty members, almost all of whom are canoeists and canoe owners. Mr. Boyd was elected Captain; W. J. Read, Mate, and F. Minns, Sec.-Treas., and a good spirited committee to back them. The captain made his inaugural speech by presenting the club with a boat house conveniently situated. It is 20 by 40 feet, and two stories high. The upper story is being fitted up as a club room, while the canoe racks occupy the lower flat. A balcony looks out upon the river. They are asking how they may join the A. C. A. Send them a copy of CANOEIST, and perhaps they will send you back a copy of the *Bobcaygeon Independent*, edited by the wonderful Mr. Adolph Smiff. The club flag is a pointed burgee with an upper strip of red, middle of yellow, and lower strip of black. Bobcaygeon is wonderfully situated for canoeing, between two fine lakes, and with an almost endless chain of canoeable waters within reach on either side of them.

More still: Lindsay Canoe Club is very active. A new boat house has already been secured by a couple of the members for the use of the club in addition to the large boat house built a year or two ago. A joint meet of the Lindsay, Bobcaygeon and Peterboro' clubs is proposed for the Queen's Birthday, to be held probably at Sturgeon Point. A large number of new canoes have been purchased this spring, while a general mania for new and larger sails has taken possession of the members. The Lindsay and Bobcaygeon clubs (unfortunately, perhaps) have such fine waters for canoeing and camping flowing past their very doors that it is hard to get them to give up their backwoods camping out for the more civilized article on the St. Lawrence. Still I hope to see an active contingent from both clubs at the next A. C. A. meet. Yours very truly,

E. B. EDWARDS.

37 WEST TWENTY-SECOND STREET, N. Y., }
April 7th, 1886. }

A. C. A. OFFICIAL BUSINESS.

To the Members of the A. C. A.:

EDITOR CANOEIST: In your April issue an editorial appears on the subject of the A. C. A. International Challenge Cup, which seems to imply that this committee is without cause for its being, and states as a reason that their action, as instructed by the two resolutions passed by the A. C. A. Executive Committee, must necessarily be *unconstitutional* because the Association *cannot* give prizes of intrinsic value.

Such is not the case.

Rule 5 of the Sailing Regulations announces that "Flags shall be given as prizes." This rule, in common with all the sailing rules, is promulgated by the Regatta Committee, and can be changed by that committee, its successors, or the Executive Committee, at will. It is, therefore, in no way a constitutional matter.

This committee, acting under lately received instructions from the Executive, the non-receipt of which has delayed vigorous action before, has recently sent out the circular letter inclosed, is now selecting from several designs, and expects soon to complete its labors.

As there is a very general misapprehension of what those labors are, we take this occasion to state our own understanding of the scope of our instructions, merely adding that the Regatta Committee and officers are in full harmony with us up to this writing.

We are to raise money for a suitable cup; to select design; to purchase such cup, and to turn it over to the Regatta Committee.

We further draft conditions, such as length of course, kind of race, limit of entries, competitive trials, and plan such details as may not be clearly provided for in the existing sailing rules, which here, as in all A. C. A. sailing races, govern.

This latter portion of our work is forwarded in the shape of a report to the Regatta Committee for its approval, and can be thrown out by its members if deemed objectionable.

The race, and all its details, *is*, therefore, *in the hands of the Regatta Committee, not in ours.*

Regretting that any misunderstanding should have arisen, we have the honor to subscribe ourselves, Very truly yours,

GEO. L. PARMELE, Rear Com. A. C. A.,
W. B. WACKERHAGEN,

WILLIAM WHITLOCK, Chairman, Com.
on A. C. A. International Challenge Trophy.

GENTLEMEN—The Regatta Committee beg to advise the following programme for the 1886 meet at Grindstone Island. As will be seen, there is not much change from last year. The number of events has been cut down, thus making the programme shorter, which will give more time for canoeing, special races, etc.

There was some thought of combining the paddling classes II. and III. or III. and IV., but it was considered best to let them remain as they are for this year, when the matter could be decided.

Rules for the tournament will be advised as soon as possible.

Definite information in relation to the special trophy will be published in *CANOEIST* and *Forest and Stream* at an early date.

We trust our efforts will meet the approval of the members of the A. C. A.:

PROGRAMME.

First Day, Monday, August 23d.

- No. 1. 9:30 A. M.—Paddling Class II., 1 mile.
- No. 2. 9:45 A. M.—Paddling Class IV., 1 mile.
- No. 3. 10:00 A. M.—Sailing Novices Classes A and B, no limits to rig or ballast, open only to members who never sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1, 1885, 1½ miles.
- No. 4. 11:00 A. M.—Paddling Class I. (This race exempt from "1 man 1 canoe rule") 1 mile.
- No. 5. 11:30 A. M.—Paddling Class III., 1 mile.
- No. 6. 2:00 P. M.—Paddling tandem, Classes III. and IV., open canoes, 1 mile.
- No. 7. 2:30 P. M.—Sailing Class B, sail limited to 75 ft., any ballast, 3 miles.
- No. 8. 3:00 P. M.—Sailing Class A, sail limited to 50 ft., any ballast, 3 miles.
- No. 9. 4:00 P. M.—Upset race, any Class II. or larger canoe (no special appliance allowed, at signal every canoe must be turned completely over), 200 feet.

Second Day, Tuesday, August 24th.

- No. 10. 9:30 A. M.—Paddling Class IV. (canoe and load to weigh at least 200 pounds), 1 mile.
- No. 11. 9:45 A. M.—Paddling Class III. (canoe and load to weigh at least 160 pounds), 1 mile.
- No. 12. 10:00 A. M.—Paddling and Sailing combined, Classes A and B (paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile, paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile, paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile), 3 miles.
- No. 13. 11:00 A. M.—Paddling Class II. (canoe and load to weigh at least 120 pounds), 1 mile.
- No. 14. 11:30 A. M.—Paddling tandem, Classes III. and IV., decked, 1 mile. (Canoes for this race must be decked on half their length.)
- No. 15. 2:00 P. M.—Sailing Class B, no limits in rig or ballast, 3 miles.
- No. 16. 2:30 P. M.—Sailing Class A, no limits in rig or ballast, 3 miles.
- No. 17. 3:00 P. M.—Sailing unclassified canoes, no limits in ballast or rig, 3 miles.
- No. 18. 3:30 P. M.—Hurry-scurry race, 100 yards run, 20 yards swim, 200 yards paddle.

No. 19. 4:00 P. M.—Tournament and Gymnastics.

The races on which the "all round record" will be based are Nos. 1, 2, 5, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16; these will give 6 paddling 4 sailing, 1 combined, every classified canoe (except Class I.) being eligible for 2 paddling races, 2 sailing and 1 combined race.

For No. 4 members may bring and use another canoe besides the one allowed under Rule II. for other events.

J. B. McMURRICH, Chairman,
S. T. FAIRTLOUGH,
READE W. BAILEY,
Regatta Committee.

11 BUCKINGHAM STREET,
London, March 8th, 1886. }

C. A. Neidl, Esq., Secretary A. C. A.:

SIR—The Royal Canoe Club begs to enter for the Challenge Cup of the American Canoe Association, to be sailed for during the autumn meet of 1886. I remain, sir, yours truly,
F. G. F. WINSER,
Secretary R. C. C.

Copy of circular sent out by the Trophy Committee to the members of the A. C. A.:

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP.

DEAR SIR—Acting on the resolution of the Executive Committee, passed at the meeting on Nov. 12th, 1885, and subsequently amended, you are respectfully asked to contribute to a prize fund to procure a piece of plate, to be first raced for at the approaching A. C. A. meet, on the occasion of the visit of the accredited representatives of the Royal Canoe Club of London, England.

Subscriptions were originally limited to \$1.00 each, and that amount is now solicited from you.

In the view of the importance and exceptional nature of the occasion, and urged by the small result achieved during the six months last past in which the matter has been before A. C. A. members, the committee feel justified in announcing that they will receive such increased amounts as members may be prompted to contribute.

All receipts will be duly acknowledged in the CANOEIST, *Forest and Stream*, or to club secretaries, and may be sent to any of the committee.

It is proposed to invest the sum collected in a handsome

INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP

to be raced for each year at the annual meet under A. C. A. rules and under the supervision of the regular A. C. A. regatta committee of that year. The proposed course is $7\frac{1}{2}$ mile over the Association triangular course (5 times around), the winner to be given a champion flag and to be inscribed as such on the cup or pedestal, he to hold the cup for that year under such proper guarantees as may satisfy the Regatta Committee.

This plan conforms to the settled custom of our Association, which does not sanction the element of value in the prize ever being a consideration to the competitors, and at the time aims to procure a worthy championship emblem in this cup, and to excite a noble emulation and enthusiasm for a supreme effort once each year.

Your co-operation is respectfully solicited; an addressed envelope is enclosed. To do this work will

require considerable time and every thing must be provided *beforehand*. Your early action therefore will greatly aid this committee.

GEO. L. PARMELE, M. D.,

Rear Com. A. C. A.

17 Haynes St., Hartford, Ct.,

W. B. WACKERHAGEN,

756 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

WM WHITLOCK, Chairman,

37 West 22d Street, N. Y.

N. B. — Postal notes are recommended for remittances

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS

TO THE

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION CHALLENGE CUP,

NOVEMBER 12, 1885, TO APRIL 14, 1886.

Andrews, F. F.	Knappe, E. C.
Andrews, G. E.	Lawrence, J. J., Jr.
Bailey, H. O.	Lawrence, W. W.
Bailey, R. W.	Leys, W. A.
Baker, G. C.	Loewenthal, A.
Bakewell, A. C.	Lowe, W. (\$2).
Bakewell, B. C.	Martin, R. P.
Bakewell, J. K.	Masten, Dr. W.
Bakewell, T. W.	McMurrich, J. B.
Barney, E. H.	Mix, F. L.
Barney, G. M.	Morrow, H. A.
Bishop, N. H.	Mott, J. T.
Bowles, J.	Neide, C. A.
Brentano, A.	Neilson, H.
Brokaw, M. V.	Nickerson, F. A.
Brooklyn C. C. (\$20).	Nimick, A. K.
Brown, E. W.	Nimick, W. H.
Browne, W. H.	Oliver, R. S.
Buchanan, C. S. H.	Parmelee, G. L.
Burchard, R. B.	Pierson, H. R., Jr.
Carter, W. M.	Quiggle, E. G.
Childs, T. H.	Rathbun, F. S.
Cushman, H. C.	Rea, H. R.
Davidson, W. B.	Rea, W. H.
Dodge, C. F.	Renton, F. A., Jr.
Edgar, G.	Richards, B. W.
Edwards, E. B.	Roger, G. M.
Fairtlough, S. G.	Roger, J. Z.
Fenn, J. H.	Rushton, J. H.
Fernow, B.	Seavey, L. W.
Forrest, C. E.	Shedd, C. M.
Fowler, E.	Shiras, G., 3d.
Gardner, A. J.	Shiras, J. O.
Gardner, G. W.	Singer, G. H.
Gibson, R. W.	Smith, M.
Goodwin, Rev. F.	Smith, N. S.
Green, J. L.	Stanton, Hy.
Greenleaf, J. L.	Stephens, W. P.
Groesbeck, Dr. H. T.	Tyson, R.
"Guenn" race (\$25).	Van Deusen, G.
Gunn, J. A.	Van Dalsen, J. T.
Harrison, H. A.	Van Dalsen, W. G.
Highway, Dr. A. E., Jr.	Vaux, C. B.
Higgins, J. W.	Wackerhagen, P. M.
Hiller, W. H.	Wackerhagen, W. B.
Hindhaugh, W.	Whitlock, W.
Holdship, C. F.	Wilkin, G. W.
Howe, G. A.	Wilkin, R. J.
Jennison, E. D.	Wilson, J. C.
Johnson, J. (\$3).	Woodwell, W. C.
Jones, L. Q.	Wright, J. S.
Keyser, H. T.	

The total is \$149.

The Executive Committee has passed a resolution making the Trophy a perpetual challenge cup instead of a prize for a single race.

A. C. A. year book, 1885 Class III. paddling, length is given as 17 feet. This is an error, and it should read 16 feet. Those who propose to paddle in this class should not overlook the error, for though they would be allowed in the '86 races with a 17 ft. canoe—as the book gives this limit—such a canoe will not again be admitted, as the extra foot allowed was overlooked in proof reading and will no doubt be corrected in the new book shortly to go to press.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. V.

JUNE, 1886.

No. 6.

THE NEW YORK C. C. INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP.



THE illustration is one-half the full size. The cup is of silver, oxidized in places and partially polished to give a greater variety in color. The motive of the design is Indian all through, even to the deerskin case in which it is kept, and it is held in securely by rough leather thongs. The cup is the work of the Gorham Manufacturing Company. The conditions under which it will be raced for have been published and the challenge letter from the Royal Canoe Club of England.

The trial races, to select three Americans to defend the Cup will be sailed on July

3d and 5th, on New York Bay. The international races will be held probably during the first week of September, after the A. C. A. meet. In the final races the winners of two out of three to be the holders. If the winner of the races is an American and does not belong to the New York Canoe Club, the Cup will go to the club of which he is a member. The trial races are already looked forward to with considerable interest. The cup is a perpetual challenge prize, and can never become the individual property of a club or a club member.



KIRK MUNROE.

AFTER the annual dinner of the New York Canoe Club in December, 1879, a number of the gentlemen present betook themselves to a bicycle hall in Twenty-third street and hired machines for a trial. C. K. Munroe was among the number. The scene that followed was amusing in the extreme, for all the men were in full dress and but two of them had ever ridden bicycles before, and therefore headers were plenty. Out of this after-dinner ride came the New York Bicycle Club, with Munroe as captain; and almost the first thing the captain did after getting the club well organized was to suggest and carry through the idea of a national league of wheelmen. The League of American Wheelmen was the result, and the first general meet at Newport in 1880. It is a curious fact that the American Canoe Association was organized at Lake George in August of the same year, with very much the same objects in view for the canoeists that the League had for the wheelmen. Both are now most flourishing. Mr. Munroe rather neglected the canoe for the wheel during 1880 and the early part of 1881. In the fall of 1881 he went South, and brought up in Florida, where Psyche followed him. During the winter of 1881-2 he cruised on Florida waters, and in the spring managed to work his way in to Lake

Okeechobee. The Psyche was the first white man's canoe on the lake. Mr. Munroe nearly lost his life there, being unable to get out on account of the saw grass. His record of the experience will be found in Vol. I., No. 4, of CANOEIST.

Mr. Munroe attended the A. C. A. meet at Lake George in 1882, returning to Florida for the winter. In 1883, when he came North again, the N. Y. C. C. squadron was ordered out by the commodore to welcome the returning member. Psyche was shipped to Stony Lake, Canada, and her captain followed her there for the '83 A. C. A. meet. At this meet Mr. Munroe was elected a Vice-Commodore of the A. C. A. In August, 1884, the Psyche and her captain appeared again at the A. C. A. meet (Grindstone Island), in command of the N. Y. C. C. members. Psyche distinguished herself as usual in an original way; this time she was the only canoe at the meet carrying a sprit-topsail. In the spring of 1885 Mr. Munroe was elected Commodore of the New York C. C., the office he now holds. He is a true canoeist, a good fellow, and a splendid commander, original, fertile in new ideas for the advancement of club and canoeing interests, and the originator of the international cup idea.

The Psyche is still in commission and sound in every part, in spite of the traveling she has done by land and water. She was built by Jarvis at Ithaca in 1876, and therefore is ten years old, Nautilus model, 14x28 in., and she never sailed better nor won more races than she did in 1885.

This year the commodore has treated himself to a new Daniel Webster canoe.



(We are indebted to the Liberty Printing Company for this cut of Psyche. The paddle was not drawn from nature.)



BERMUDA DINGHIES—HOW TO RIG AND SAIL THEM.

By CHARLES E. CLAY, Author of "Bermuda Yachts and Dinghies," etc.

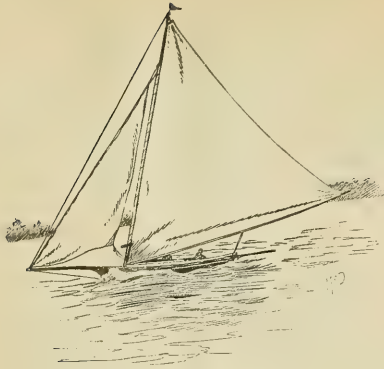
AMONG the varied types of small craft that give a source of endless amusement and enjoyment to the hardy race of aspiring young amateur sailors whose numbers seem to increase so rapidly year by year, there is none that I know that affords a keener zest in sailing, and calls into play more of the real art and science of boat handling, than a heavily sparred and canvassed open boat generally known as a Bermuda racing dinghy. Of course for general utility for cruising purposes or as a pleasant means of transportation on the water, there are a number of much more available and serviceable types for extended cruises, covering periods of time embraced by days or weeks, there is nothing more convenient nor better to be recommended than a well-appointed canoe, not to speak of the more roomy accommodations and larger facilities to be obtained on board any of the numberless fleet of excellent centerboard single-handed catboats and sloops with which New York and its adjacent waters abound. But in this article I am going to confine myself to the discussion of open sailboats, and therefore shall say nothing by way of comparison with any craft either partially or wholly decked. The ordinary type of yacht's cutters, yawls, and gigs, may have attractions for some, but they cannot commend themselves so readily to yachtsmen because the usual mode of sailing them with two masts and leg-o'-mutton or gaff sails and jib, makes more gear and hamper to set up and attend to while sailing, than can be enjoyed with the handy workmanlike rig of the Bermuda boat. The lug or spritsail single stick rig does not give nearly as good sailing results, and in regard to beating to windward or in reefing or shortening sail, does not compare favorably with the leg-o' mutton rig.

The model of the Bermuda dinghy does

not differ materially from the build and model of the ordinary yacht dinghies, carried almost universally by the larger craft here, but it is the peculiarity of their mast stepping and sails that give them a marked superiority over American boats, and makes them so much more serviceable and handy, not to say anything of the superior qualities of seamanship and dexterity they call forth when putting them to their best paces.

The Bermuda boat, built for racing purposes, does not contain any but the mast thwart, which is strengthened and supported by a gunwale thwart of extra heavy pine board, strongly and firmly screwed on in order to assist and support the immense strain placed upon it and the boat thwart, by the heavy raking mast the boat has to carry. There are also no sternsheets. The beautiful native cedar which grows luxuriantly in the islands, and than which there is no more suitable wood for small boats in the world, is entirely used for every part of their construction, keel, timbers, planking, everything. The wood itself, however, is very brittle, and is by no means readily bent, even if Bermudian carpenters had the advantages of a steam box for bending purposes, which as yet has never come within their primitive modes of operation; and so every timber and rib, as well as the sternpiece and sternpost, are selected for their natural curve and are therefore wonderfully strong and trustworthy.

The 'Mudian boat builder does not set up a frame, as is usually the way everywhere else, but after laying down the keel and fixing in the sternpost and stempiece, he proceeds to set up the timbers, on to which he fits the planking. This, as one can readily suppose, often produces a boat of slightly different lines on either side, so that most all Bermuda built dinghies sail a great deal better on one tack than the



other. To the main keel, which is two or three inches deep, is attached, in all sailing boats, a thin false keel very much rockered, and to the center of this again is screwed a semicircular plate of sheet iron weighing about forty to fifty pounds. This peculiar arrangement, besides adding materially to the stability of the boats, makes them wonderfully quick in stays; and it is not saying any too much to affirm that the mainsail fills away on one tack before it has time to lose the wind from the last tack, and there is consequently no perceptible loss in the boat's headway. Of course, over a course in which beating to windward is always two-thirds of the total distance to be sailed, and where boats coming toward each other on opposite tacks and not being able, either of them, to go clear across the bows of her antagonist, must each go about when called upon to do so, this property of being exceptionally quick in stays is of paramount importance.

As I have incidentally remarked before, the boats carry only two working sails, with the addition of a spinnaker for running; and I know of no rig that admits of being put into position and ready for use with so much ease, comfort and rapidity as the Bermudian. The mast, with its jib, main and spinnaker halliards rove, is run into the hole in the mast step, and a couple of fids wedges it up taut and staunch in a couple of minutes. The wedges, by the way, are only necessary in the racing craft, where the holes have to accommodate three different sizes of mast, according as the strength of the wind makes the first, second or third suit of sails desirable to carry; for cruising purposes the hole just carries the ordinary mast and needs no fidding. Backstays or leaders of any kind are utterly discarded, nor are they requisite, the triangular sail tapering away almost to nothing aloft, places very little pressure on

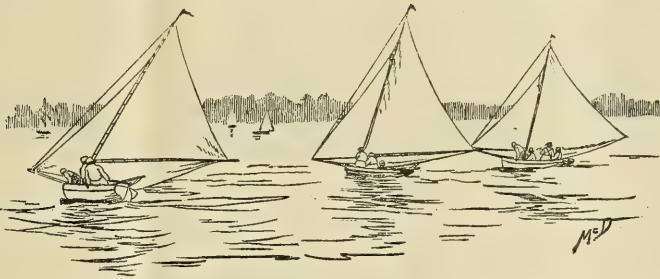
the upper portion of the stick, all the greatest strain coming on the mast step and up the lower third of the mast, where it is of sufficient stoutness to withstand any tendency to buckle. The bowsprit is then run out through the gammoning, and its heel is driven home in a hole in a cleat lashed on the mast. A very strong lashing to a pin bolt in the stempiece holds it firmly in its proper place, and the usual wire bobstay prevents its "peaking" or buckling. The jib does not hoist on a runner, but the clew has a grummet attached which is slipped over the end of the bowsprit, which is notched to hold it. It is then hoisted taut enough to cause the mast to bend slightly forward, which curve is counteracted by the strain of the mainsail, weight of main-boom and strain of the main sheets. The clew of the mainsail is first firmly lashed to the mast step through holes bored for the purpose, and then the sail is set up as taut as the halliards can get it, and is then laced tight to the mast, so that once up and the boat under way the sail cannot be lowered without cutting away the lacing; and, consequently, neither can it be reefed. But for cruising the sail goes with wire or little wooden hoops, and can be dropped in a moment by letting go the halliards, and does not even need a downhaul, although, to "make assurance doubly sure," one is generally attached. The most clever, unique and thoroughly ingenious method prevails in Bermuda of working the main-boom so as to get the sail to set perfectly flat, and it is a plan so eminently adapted for canoes and small craft of all kinds that it is worthy of careful consideration and a detailed account of its *modus operandi*: The boom is first slipped into the grummet



in the after end of the sail, no outhaul being of course requisite, and then a small, handy little tackle is fastened to the mast and to the forward end of boom, which projects a couple of feet the foreside of the mast, and the boom is boused out aft till the sail is stretched as flat as a board, and then the ties are fastened along the boom. I ought to point out that the tackle strap ought to be made fast to that part of the mast which will bring the boom about at right angles with it when stretched completely out. In setting the spinnaker to run, the plan is also very simple. After hoisting up the sail "two blocks," the boom is swung out by hand, and the end inboard is caught under the opposite gunwale and a small belly lashing secures the spar to a rising on the windward side.

The measurement of boats adopted for

and these races which, W. P., are a weekly occurrence during the months of July, August and September, are eagerly looked forward to and keenly enjoyed by the community. The boats, to the eye of an American yachtsman accustomed to a sprit or gaffsail rig, seem to be immensely oversparred and canvassed; and so in fact they are, but as the crews are allowed to shift ballast to any weight, and as they are by every day practice the most expert and competent set of "salts" I've ever fallen in with, there are fewer casualties than one would at first suppose would be the result of such sail areas. But nevertheless cap-sizes are very common, and to prove that they are expected and prepared for, most of the dinghies carry a long fishing line tied to the mast and neatly coiled away with a buoy attached, so that in case she



giving the time allowance is modeled from that in use for big yachts, and is arrived at by taking the length over all added to length of keel divided by 2, multiplied by the mean of five breadths, multiplied by the mean of five depths taken where the breadths were measured, and this product is divided by an arbitrary number which, if I have remembered correctly, is 121; this gives an approximate cubical contents, and besides giving the time allowance, also divides the boats into two classes, the boats of over 100 cubic feet being first class, those under being second.

The invariable race course for dinghies is half a mile twice to windward with the run between. The boats start one after the other, according to size, the smallest leading; this gives the weaker boats rather an undue advantage, because they can get clear away without having to go about continually on meeting competitors, while the bigger boats have no sooner got well under way on one tack when they find themselves haled to go about for some other boat coming from the opposite tack. But this tends to make the scene intensely exciting, both to the participants and spectators,

sinks the whereabouts may be easily discovered, otherwise many a dinghy would find a last abiding place in some rocky cavern with which many parts of Hamilton harbor abound.

In handling the boats in order to get the most out of them, everything depends on how the jib and mainsheets are worked. These are never held stationary, and as each flaw strikes the boat the jib sheet is eased off carefully, while the helm is gently put down and at the same time the main sheets flattened. In this way the boats are beautifully worked to windward, and as most of the boats are about the same equality in size, lines and model, the contest resolves itself into one of skill, knowledge, perseverance and smartness generally, giving rise to a noble and generous emulation, which is the backbone and vitality of the whole sport, and which, if brought forward and encouraged in all amateur clubs and races, both in boat and canoe sailing, will do more to improve and keep alive one of the healthiest pastimes we have, than all the cups, flags and decorations that can be offered.

This sketch, written amid a press of

other work, must of necessity be more or less imperfect, but if it aids the canoe or boat sailor to a new idea or suggests an improvement in the rig or equipment of his favorite, it will have answered the purpose for which it is written.

There is every probability that there will be grand opportunities offered during the coming season for proving the capabilities of the different rigs of canoes, and I venture to predict that with *ceteris paribus* the canoe rigged Bermuda fashion won't be the last of the flyers.

*** The cuts used in this article are kindly lent us by *Outing*.

STONY LAKE REVISITED.

"VERENA."

ON our return from Grindstone Island last summer we went almost directly to Stony Lake, only waiting a day or two for the car with our canoes and traps to come up from Gananoque. In the mean time Mr. Roger and three or four others went forward as an advance guard, and on the arrival of the main party we found that he had everything in good shape. He had secured from Com. Rathbun the large cooking crib which the Deserontos used in '83, and had it towed up with a large cooking stove and all our supplies on board. As our party, including a number of ladies, appeared at the foot of Juniper Island, a hearty cheer from the pioneers greeted us. We were soon in full possession of the Ladies' Bay, and settled down for three or four weeks of thorough enjoyment. What though one of the old-fashioned storms appeared, just to give us a welcome, almost as soon as we got our tents up—we cared not, for the call to dinner brought us to the friendly shelter of the crib, where a piping hot meal made us forget everything outside, and by the time dinner was over we found the storm had passed, and the prospect of a glorious sunset was enticing us to take to our canoes. Up along the shore we glided, recognizing in turn each well-remembered spot, until we arrived at the "main camp." Here we landed, to pay our respects to its departed glories. We could only wish that all the tents might spring up again, and all the well-remembered faces gather round the camp-fire. Here as we climbed the rocks was Dr. Neidé's tent, and a little further up was the Commodore's headquarters. To the right was Col. Rogers' bell-tent. Under the shade of the trees was the large dining marquee, while not far off were the tents

of the whole-souled, hearty Knickerbockers, as ready for their meals as for every other good work. Torontos and Rochesters filled up the gap, and down the slope past the camp-fire might be seen in the morning the gay canoe tents of the Mohicans. In the morning—for at almost any other hour of the twenty-four the gallant Mohicans might be found—if you only could find them—initiating some fair Canadian in the mysteries of the double paddle.

Coming back from our dream of the past we again entered our canoes and went on to the point. No hearty Deserontos were there to give us welcome. The ice-house had been burned down, a heap of sawdust alone marking its site. A large party of campers had possession of this end of the island, while Grassy Island was white with the tents of Port Hope and Lakefield canoeists. As we turned back to our own camp, we found that a large camp-fire had already been lighted, and we were soon gathered round it. In our party of between twenty-five and thirty there were singers enough to furnish some good songs and to lead the choruses. On several evenings all the campers on the lake assembled at one or other of the camps, and when nearly a hundred of them gathered round a blazing fire, it was easy to go back in memory to the scenes of a couple of years before. The same, and not the same, for there were none of our gallant American friends to join us and help us "to roll a man down."

Occasionally more or less extended trips were made by the party, as, for instance, to Burleigh and to upper Stony Lake. On one occasion Verena, with a crew of two, made an excursion up through Lovesick Lake, Deer Bay, Buckhorn Lake, Pigeon Lake, past the classic village of Bobcaygeon, to Sturgeon Point, where the first regatta of the Lindsay Canoe Club was being held. She arrived just in time for the five miles sailing race, which she managed to win, her large sail in the light wind giving her a great advantage over the more moderate sails of her opponents. The Lindsay men have the right spirit, however, for this year no less than six of them have got new outfits of Mohican sails, drop rudders, etc., and will make it hot for all comers.

The return to camp was exciting enough, what with a heavy wind and a big sea on Pigeon Lake, and later in the day a jump over some foaming water and dangerous rocks at Burleigh Falls, where the trustworthy Verena, having struck a hidden rock in the plunge, went clean under water

without spilling her crew or load, including blankets, gun, sail, etc., but landed them all on a pier just above the broken dam and the dangerous chute that would have gobbled up the whole party. On two other occasions she carried her owner down to Peterboro', including the lively run down the rapids from Lakefield, and then, after spending the day in town and being shipped back by rail to Lakefield, carried him back to camp the same night. The steamer visited us every day, bringing ample supplies for even our hungry party, and we fared sumptuously for campers, thanks to the able management of our steward, Mr. Roger.

When in the first week of September we bade farewell to Juniper Island, it was with real regret, but with the satisfactory feeling that our summer holiday had been one of the pleasantest possible.

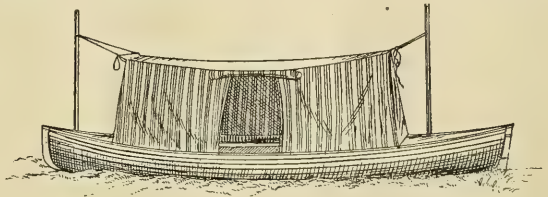
How different was it all when on last New Year's Day two of us drove to Young's Point and we put on our skates for a long skate up Clear Lake! Before us for miles it stretched out, looking smooth and dark as on a calm day in summer. We could hardly believe that we could not launch a

canoe and paddle away. But it was all clear, glare ice, whose thickness of six or eight inches looked like one or two inches, so transparent was it. Away we went, flying over its surface, hardly stopping to take breath until we reached Stony Lake, where, after wandering about among the islands, we drew up at the "main camp" on Juniper Island for lunch, built a fire and made ourselves comfortable. The tracks of numbers of wild animals on the snow as we stood on the rounding rock of the old camp site made the contrast seem all the greater and made the solitude seem more solitary. After getting some red cedar for walking sticks as mementoes of our visit, and having "circumnavigated" the island, we set out on our return trip, flying past island after island and then down Clear Lake to Young's Point, where we found our horse ready to take us home again. We could not complain of feeling very tired, but I will venture to say that we slept better that night and had a pleasanter memory of how our day had been spent than most of the men who had gone through the routine duty of making calls.

VESPER MODEL.

THE lines for this canoe were drawn by R. W. Gibson, of Albany, and are the result of several years' careful study and a considerable number of experiments.

The lines and sail plan have been published in *Forest and Stream*, photographed direct from the designer's drawings. The canoe is longer than the average, has a very flat floor, and has but one centerboard—a fold-



ing Atwood nickel plated. The illustrations here given are taken direct from photographs sent us by Rush-ton, the builder. The photographs are of a Vesper, the eighth one thus far built, and show Radix board, drop rudder, Rushton's regular Mohican sails and the Mohican canoe tent as it appears when in position. The canoe seems to have been very successful thus far in point of speed, having proved faster than any canoe in the Mohican club, Thetis included. It is expected to do good work when the international races come off.

O, WOE IS ME !

SORRY was the day I was born ! Why do we live and suffer such agony ? Is life worth living ? I answer, No ! Bad luck to the Vesta and all her tribe. But listen to my tale of woe. Three weeks I put in, ay, three weeks of good solid work, nearly every night dressing the dear Thesis in new spring outfit. I took off the keel and the gunwales, and the stem piece and the stern piece, and the old cloth on her; and then I scraped the bottom till it was as smooth as a piano. And then did I treat her to eleven coats of shellac, and every few coats I sandpapered her till it was a pleasure to rub your hand over her for the smoothness of her. And then I stretched on her a new piece of muslin, and that I ironed in tight and smooth without a wrinkle till it fitted smoother than any girl's waist; and then more shellac and more sandpaper till she had a body that would do your heart good to look at. And then I varnished her and nearly killed myself polishing her with pumice stone; and then another coat of finishing varnish and pumice stone and oil on that till a mirror was no comparison. And then I treated her to an elegant keel of oak and gunwales new of the black walnut tree. And her deck was scraped and varnished and rubbed down; but I did not waste time on her deck, for I thought she wouldn't sail much on that, after I'd treated her so kindly. And her centerboard was polished and oiled. And when she was finished and done, I viewed my work and said, "Well done !" And while I worked and sweated and labored, I bethought me of how I might reef my dandy quickly and easily, and of the dimensions of a new sail, and made various plans for enjoying the campaign and cleaning out the boys. But alas and alack, vengeance was preparing for me, and the Vesta came. Ay, and with her came her sister to encourage and uphold her, the saucy Marmion Bee. And they two did sail and practice and keep quiet and lay to for the poor little Thesis. But they got impatient for the waiting, and finally I was asked to take Reptile and try them, with the worst results. But I pinned my faith on the dear old girl and hurried her up, and one day I got her out in a spanking reefing breeze. And she bore me nobly, struggling and straining and tugging, but, alas, to no purpose. She made the Vesta walk, but she couldn't catch her, neither to windward, nor reaching or running free. But I said, "Wait till a gentle

zephyr comes, and then we'll see." And I got it, and the Vesta revels in gentle zephyrs and kicks her heels and shins. And I've tried every way, and nearly carried the poor old girl out of the water with hanging on, and she can't quite come up to it, for the shameless Vesta just walks and walks away, and, worst of all, she lies to and waits for me. And then she falls behind, and then puts on steam and flies past.

Alas ! why do I live ? I will hie me to the river and wrap my sail around me and paddle out to the deepest channel, and then will I tear a great hole in the mirror-like bottom of the poor, disappointed, heart-broken Thesis and gently sink into oblivion. Or else, my kingdom for something to beat the Vesta ! And, to crown all, that miserable sister did the same thing in yesterday's race. We started with reefed sails. Marmion Bee drew ahead. Thesis showed more skirts and crawled up. Marmion hoisted her dress higher and kept along; and finally Thesis hoisted everything, but couldn't get there by two feet. What shall we do, oh, what shall we do ? Anio is in same fix as Thesis, and in yesterday's race a little more so; so I know the Thesis did her best. It's Tom's best hold, beam wind and squally, and I beat him; so I feel sure it's not due to degeneration of the canoe.

Yours, all broken up,

WACKING TURTLE.

PACIFIC COAST CANOEING.

HAVING read with great interest the accounts of the lively preparations for the summer, in canoeing circles East, I venture to send you a few lines about our little band out here in the far West.

There have always been some detached canoeists on the Bay, but no attempt at organization was made until about a year and a half ago, when a few enterprising spirits started the Oakland Canoe Club. This languished on in a very weak state till in January of this year we had a grand reorganization and started in under the same name with twelve charter members and a debt of \$450 for our club house. But when a dozen fellows have the canoe fever bad and mean business little matters like this vanish in thin air, and we proceeded to elect officers and adopt a constitution and by-laws as if there was no such word as debt in our vocabulary. In demonstration of the progress made in five months of existence, our roll now shows a membership of over twenty; a club house perfectly adapted to our wants, fifteen first-rate

canoes therein, and three more expected this month; no outstanding debts except that on the club house, on which a good commencement has been made, and a sinking fund ordered to finish it off. This, by the way, is our only connection with anything "sinking." May 11th being a holiday in this State, we had a "Ladies' Day," and all canoes capable of holding two with safety bore precious freight. It was observed that thus laden, even the most reckless were snugly reefed, as we do not want to make a bad start with the ladies by any one of them getting a ducking their first cruise. After an hour's spin, a capital lunch was served in the club room, and a cruise to Brooklyn ended a most enjoyable day.

On Decoration Day we have our regatta, comprising sailing, paddling, swimming and upset races, and I'm sure our arguments and debates on time by measurement, sail area, etc., etc., have been as hotly discussed as in any new canoe club ever started. All sleep in the club house that night, and the next day start for a three weeks' camping cruise on Clear Lake, and anticipate unspeakable joys; the worst part being the getting up there, which entails besides a day's railroading, 34 miles teaming over a mountain. Now, Mr. Editor, I can scarcely hope to be allowed so much of your valuable space, but my excuse is that we want you Eastern canoe men to know we are all alive out here, and that if we go on as we have begun, may some day send a delegation to attend the meet at Grindstone Island, and try to bring back one or two of those prize flags.

FLIRT.

A LETTER SENT TO CUP COMMITTEE.

Messrs. Geo. L. Parmele, M. D., W. B. Wackerhagen and Wm. Whitlock. Committee:

Your circular, calling for subscription to the International Challenge Cup was received Saturday, the 8th inst. I reply at the earliest opportunity.

It has often been said of canoeing, and in its favor, that this one sport could not degenerate into mere professionalism and gambling, where other American sports have so largely gone, as the canoe could never be made a racing craft like a shell or yacht. With this impression, gentlemen of all professions have become canoeists, joined canoe clubs and the A. C. A. only for the manly exercise and recreation furnished and the society of gentlemen of

kindred tastes. And has it come to this, as early in the history of canoeing in this country, that the great event of the annual meets of the A. C. A. is to be a famous international race for a piece of plate?

If members of the R. C. C. or any other European club or association desire to visit us, we will receive them with that cordiality and hospitality for which canoeists are noted. Let them bring their canoes with them if they wish, and compete with us in our sports, and bear back with them, if won, the simple flags offered to all competitors, possessing no intrinsic value, but mere testimonials of superiority in manly contest. To this no one would object, and why should gentlemen desire more?

Bear this also in mind: The rules and conduct of the A. C. A. affect every club in the country. If the A. C. A. offer a trophy possessing intrinsic value for competition, then may local clubs do the same, and soon these associations of gentlemen for pastime on the water will become mere racing clubs, from which the best elements comprising them will be compelled to withdraw out of self-respect. When the better element leaves then the worse will enter and rule.

For these reasons, gentlemen, I cannot contribute to the prize fund for the challenge cup. Judging by the list of 103 subscribers which you send me, nine-tenths of the Association are not in sympathy with the movement, and, in my judgment, the sooner it is abandoned the better for the future of canoeing in this country. Yours truly,

N. A. EVERTS.

SING SING, N. Y., May 10th, 1886.

[The A. C. A. Trophy is a perpetual challenge prize, and can never become the property of a winner. The New York C. C. International Challenge Cup is also a perpetual challenge prize, and cannot become the property of any winner. How the gambling element can enter into these contests, therefore, does not appear. If a valuable prize should be offered to become the property of the first winner, it would be against the principles of the A. C. A. and its traditions, and CANOEIST would most vigorously oppose the innovation. Canoeing cannot even border on professionalism until prizes are offered which will tempt men to enter the races for the sake of gain. This has not been done and is not likely to be done. We cannot agree with Mr. Everts in the view he takes of the Trophy.—EDITOR.]

The following letter from the London *Field* (April 17th) is reprinted for the benefit of those of our readers who are interested in what is going on in the English canoe world, and who do not see regularly the *Field* or *Forest and Stream*, in which the letter is also reprinted:

BRITISH CANOEING IN 1886.

In the *Field* of March 13 I cruised over the history of canoeing in the past and its general condition at this season, looking at the subject chiefly from a cruising point. It is now my intention to consider the sport and pastime of canoeing as foreshadowed for 1886 in its racing aspect.

The governing idea in the programme set out to canoeists for 1886 is undoubtedly the attempt to so balance the patronage of the sport, that all kinds of canoes and all conditions of the men have a fair chance of enjoyment in camps, cruises, or meets, and in prize winning.

In regard to prize winning it would appear that everything has been done to bring forward "new blood;" one of the oldest and most successful prize winners having brought in and carried a rule that "any member who has won three first prizes in club races of the same denomination (viz., 'sailing' or 'paddling and sailing') shall be considered a 'senior,' and thereby shall become ineligible to take any prize given by a club in 1886, except in challenge cup races, in a race of the same denomination as that in which he is a 'senior,' the prize given by the club going to the 'juniors.' The senior winning the race, however, takes a silk flag in *memoriam*." Thus the "new blood" has a certainty of cup-winning, and it is only a question of number of races among them as to wiping off the "junior" into a "senior."

Whether this act of self-denial on the part of the leading sailing racing men will produce the hoped-for large entries remains to be seen. It only affects the sailing races; why, one cannot say, but the paddlers would have none of it. However that may be, there is this peculiarity about canoe sailing—that I know of in no other aquatic sport—for the past sixteen years the same two men, "Nautilus" and "Pearl," have been first and second and second and first whenever they raced, with but one or two exceptions; and neither Scotland, Ireland, or any part of England, has ever sent a successful competitor to the Royal Canoe Club matches.

It is somewhat peculiar that in the club itself some crushing genius should not ere now have sprung up to lower the "red and yellow cross" and the "blue and white diamond;" but it is still more curious that with a £50 challenge cup, and numerous other prizes of value, open to canoe clubs, no competitor of merit should have been found in the length and breadth of the, at present, United Kingdom.

This season, however, the programme has been expanded, with the hope of inducing canoeists from all other parts, in any kind of canoe, to compete in the R. C. C. races. Girth measurement and time allowance is to be tried in some races, in hope of obtaining a competition between small, medium, and large canoes, even Mersey sailing canoes and Humber canoe yawls.

If any skipper, with a belief in himself and his canoe, wants "a fair field and no favor," he can't do better than hoist his fighting flag on Hendon Lake. There will be racing there April 17 (to-day), April 24, and challenge cup May 1. The canoes will

probably remain there till Whitsuntide, with sweepstake and other races if entries turn up. The lake has no current or difficulties of navigation, so the visitor is as fairly dealt with in that respect as can be; the Midland Railway station is within 500 yards of the lake, and the R. C. C. raft is of ample size.

Hendon races being over, the canoes are carted to the Thames for a few shillings, and then races and camp take place at Teddington on June 12, June 19, June 25 (camp and "camp fittings competition"), and June 26, regatta; and, finally, July 10, sailing race for "every description of canoe." A further feature of "attraction" is, that in hope of seeing competitors from the colonies or abroad, two special prizes of £25 each are offered for their competition.

The club further holds an autumn cruise and camp meet on the Norfolk Broads in August. No doubt this should and will be popular, especially with the cruisers—i. e., those who are cruisers only—for there is no greater fallacy in canoeing than the oft-repeated allegation that "racing men" and "cruisers" are a separate class, whereas in truth the racing men are, almost to a man, the most expert cruisers we have.

In America and Canada canoeing has grown in a marvelous manner, and its burning life flame is chiefly fanned by camp meets with races. In the autumn of this year two "International Match Races," for valuable trophies, are to be sailed in America, besides a host of club challenge cup races, and four, if not more, of the best English canoe sailors are going over to compete; and it is much to be hoped that, by the time the party starts in August, there will be added to it the best hands from the Clyde, the Mersey, the Humber, and the Forth.

Meantime, there is open competition enough for the veriest glutton at racing, and the boat and yacht sailors generally may fight shy of attempting a competition in which the whole work, both head and hand, devolves upon the one man, making him and his craft alone responsible for failure or success. There are men who sail canoes in various parts of our country who are competent to race in the first flight, and who, by modesty alone, have hitherto been deprived of the pleasure of winning and the glory of carrying home to their club the challenge cup of the Royal Canoe Club.

A noticeable feature in the canoes of the South for this year is the general reduction in the size of sails, both on the Thames and at Hendon Lake. The tendency is evidently in the direction of less sail and ballast; and, indeed, in one new canoe—the Nautilus—the size of hull has also been considerably reduced.

Of novelties thus far disclosed—that is, as to alterations or novelties in fittings—the deck yoke and hand tiller on the Pearl is an ingenious contrivance. Mersey canoes, no doubt, had a hand in bringing to the front this mode of "tiller and yoke" steering, and it has lately become almost universal in America. The Nautilus has generally had a "deck yoke," but forward of the well; in the new craft this does not appear to exist, but some arrangement of "hand tiller" (as yet dark) acting as a supplement to the foot steering gear, is said to be in process of creation.

Some seven canoes are on the club raft at Hendon, and several were out for a trial spin last week, among them the Diamond, a rather large canoe with a very heavy plate, did some remarkably good sailing in company with the crack canoes of the day; apparently, also, she had considerably less sail set than any of the others. The mizzen on the Pearl,

the mast of which is stepped upon her rudder, reminds one at a distance as if a toy yacht had got foul of the Pearl's rudder, it being but some three or four square feet in size.

As regards workmanship in boat building, the two new canoes built by Turk, of Kingston, the Pearl and Nautilus, are perfect gems of the art; and looking at them, one wonders if the Thames Conservancy "blue burgee and register number in 2 in. figures" will ever be allowed to hide and disfigure their pretty faces. "Pearl," in block letters on her bows, can be read half a mile off; and "Nautilus" is clearly set out on each bow, in addition to the R. C. C. monogram of a crown and crossed C. C. What more can any authorities want? The match on Hendon Lake to-day is limited as to sail area—i. e., to 75 ft. total—so the second class canoe Sabrina should have a fair chance if the wind is not fresh. The sailing among the others will be mainly a question of handling and model, as motive power is practically fixed by the limiting of sail area. With the improvements in Diamond, Kitten, and last year's Pearl, a new hand at Pearl 6, and the presence of three new—or at least as yet unraced—canoes, Nina, Sabrina and Nautilus, and with probably Gladys and Violet as late arrivals, some exciting and interesting racing may be anticipated. OLD HAND.

Harper's Weekly of May 8th contained a column article on the canoe exhibition in New York on April 24th, by C. L. Norton. At the head of the column a small rough sketch of the N. Y. C. C. International Challenge Cup appeared, and on another page there was a large wood cut of the room as it appeared during the exhibition. The exhibition was well attended, over one thousand people visiting it altogether. The arrangement of the prize flags at one end of the room, and the large glass show case containing the various medals, cups, badges and prizes, reflected great credit on Mr. Burchard. Mr. Seavey's display of photographs and his half-hour lecture each evening, with magic lantern accompaniment, was perhaps the chief popular attraction. A new Vesper canoe, fully rigged, first attracted the attention on entering. Squires's case of canoe jewelry—for so the beautifully-nickeled fittings of all kinds must be called—interested many a canoeist, and called to mind to some of the older heads the time, not so long ago, either, when nothing of the kind could be got from any dealer. Stanton's boomerang appealed to every canoeist who saw it and had previously had any experience with a bothersome tack or a boom with a jaw. If a canoe can't be rigged without a jaw, what is the use of having a canoe anyway? Prof. Fowler, the presiding elder, lubricated the wheels, and everything ran smoothly. One great feature of the exhibition—and it should go on record—was that not a visitor asked any canoeist "How's canoeing?"



EDITOR CANOEIST: The Mohicans have adopted a modified plan of seniors and juniors in sailing, a senior being defined as one who has won a prize in a sailing race—club or otherwise—the seniors to distinguish them carry a small red pennant 6 x 12 with S. in yellow embroidered thereon. To encourage the juniors—those who have never won a prize—a special race has been assigned to them for the first Thursday in each month. All members may enter this race, but the juniors only are eligible for the prize—an A. C. A. badge—and have the right of way, the seniors who may take part doing so to encourage and coach the others. The winner of this race becomes a senior and entitled to fly the pennant at the expiration of the monthly series of races, which are: Second Thursday, race for Gibson silver medal, 75 ft sail limit; third Thursday, race for Gibson gold medal and champion pennant, unlimited; fourth Thursday, race for Oliver cup, 60 ft. sail limit. To encourage juniors to enter the other races a special blue pennant is awarded to the one having the highest number of points in the race record, provided two juniors enter. This pennant can be competed for by the winner in the remaining races on the month's programme only. Thus the juniors have a special race for themselves with a prize that becomes their own property and the honor to the winner of becoming a senior and flying the red pennant. Also in the other races with the seniors they have the possibility of winning the prize or of at least carrying the junior prize pennant. Strange as it may seem and good as the reputation of the Mohican Club is in racing matters, there are but five seniors out of twenty members who use their canoes constantly, the entire membership being now thirty-two. Whether the proposed plan will prove the necessary stimulus remains to be seen. We all seem to love cruising better than racing after all, and there is never any lack of that sort of material. Seven will go down the Susquehanna during the first week in June. Several will go to Calla Shasta, and a good deputation will take in the Rondout meet. We are all now much interested in our sum-

mer club house, which is being built down the river, about seven miles from the city. A little steamer will touch there on her regular trips, and we expect many jolly evenings *à la* "Marmalade Lodge."

THE CAPTAIN.

DEAR CANOEIST: Have just finished W. M. Cooke's sketch in January number. Well! I like it. It hits the spot, and you would hardly believe it, "Cold, but in high glee," just fits us this morning—all but the high glee.

Most every one regards Florida as the land of flowers. So it is, only this morning they are frosted flowers. Why, last night I had to pull a stocking over my long nose to keep it from freezing, and this morning found my water pitcher frozen over. Got out doors and found the ground frozen; looked at the glass—18 deg. Whew! fourteen degrees of frost in this land of flowers.

I started a fire, then walked over to Oak and Pine Camp to interview "Nessmuk." Found him trying to get up a little coffee; altogether too busy to say anything. Turned away to the camp of an A. C. A. man just arrived from Toronto. His first remark was, "And this is the sunny South. I could have got all this without leaving Canada."

Perhaps you think by all this that it is cold here. Even so. Not so cold as New York! Granted; but we are not prepared, and it catches us. It is rather cold paddling, but we are out every day.

Oh, yes! we are living every day, and the cruising ground is unlimited. Come and see us.

The cold weather has about ruined our fishing. The shores and flats are covered with the fish that have been killed by the cold, skip jack, sea trout, redfish, catfish, etc., etc., and the buzzards are holding high carnival.

As I write comes news from three large groves; every orange frozen solid; pine-apples killed, mangoes, alligator pears, cocoanut trees, guavas, bananas, etc., etc.; snow in many places, ice everywhere.

This is my third winter in Florida, and if this sort of thing holds on it will be my last, and the next move I make will be south.

S. D. KENDALL.

A correspondent writes that screw-top tin cans can be got of William Hart, 32 Catherine street, New York, $3\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2} \times 4$ in. with 3 in. screw top, 27 cents. William Vogel & Bros., 47 South Ninth street, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y., have 1 lb. tins,

\$1.25 per doz.; 2 lb. tins, \$1.75 per doz.; 3 lb. tins, \$2.00 per doz.; extra cost of brass screws will be 36 cents per doz. French coffee pots 75 cents, nicked \$1.25, can be got of A. F. Brombacher & Co., 31 Fulton street, New York.

DAYTON, Ohio.

EDITOR CANOEIST: We have an attack of canoe fever in Dayton, and with ten charter members have built and fitted up a boat house and have seven boats in it, three more anxiously expected, and have made three cruises (short ten and fifteen hour ones). Will you kindly put us on the list for a copy of the CANOEIST.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Referring to my little discussion with you about heavy centerboards and their popularity in Toronto, I have pleasure in informing you that another canoe with heavy centerboard has been added to our fleet, making a total of eight T. C. C. canoes with heavy boards, besides two more who want them.—ROBT. TYSON. Please insert the above.—R. T.

F. S. C., of Clyde, N. Y., sends us a letter giving some points on canoe tents. The notes we are unable to publish, as they are not full enough, and F. S. C. has refrained from signing his letter with his full name, so communication with him is impossible. Every letter sent to CANOEIST must be signed by the full name of the writer or it at once goes into the waste basket.

DESERONTO, May 8, 1886.

It shall be the special duty of club officers to see that canoeists proposing to join the Association should forward their names to the secretary as early as practicable. In order that their names may appear in the A. C. A. Book for 1886. That they may have the benefit of the record of canoes, camp rules and programmes about to be distributed to the members of the Association. That an Association number may be assigned to them, as such numbers must appear on the sail of every canoe contesting in races at the annual meeting. Such action will simplify the work and greatly assist the officers of the Association.

F. S. RATHBUN, Com. A. C. A.

The subscriptions to the A.C.A. Trophy now amount to \$204. The limit of one dollar has been raised to five, and a number of subscribers have sent in their other four. Three hundred and fifty dollars is the sum wanted.

? I WANT TO KNOW. ?

Only questions of general interest sent in are answered in this column. All questions concisely stated and that can be answered briefly will receive consideration, and be answered by letter *if the sender encloses stamp for reply*, and not otherwise.

Will you please tell me if a cutter rig could not be arranged for a canoe yawl, rather undersized, so as to be almost as handy as the yawl rig, and at the same time faster? It is always a prettier rig.—K. B.

[The cutter rig is not as handy for single-hand work in big winds as the yawl rig. Whether it is faster or not depends principally on the relative spread of canvas. A cutter rig can of course be used, and with good results.—ED.]

EDITOR CANOEIST: Can you or any of your readers suggest a good cruise that will not take over two weeks. BROOKLYN.

[If the author of the above will inform the average canoeist where he can get two weeks, we don't think it would take the said average canoeist long to decide where he would go in this land of waters.—ED.]

EDITOR CANOEIST: Is it possible to reach the Fulton Chain by water? I can go by train to Boonville and have my canoe carted across country from there to the lakes, but there are many objections to this plan. I have thought of going by the canal to the Black River and thence by the Moose River to the lakes, and should like to know whether this can be done without having to make an unreasonable number of portages. I see my way clearly as far as the Black River, but I have not been able to find out whether it is possible to go up the Moose River. Is there any guide book that gives a minute description of the lakes and rivers of the Adirondack region? I want a book that will describe the different routes that can be taken, the portages that must be made.

F. M. C.

[S. R. Stoddard, Glens Falls, probably can enlighten you.—ED.]

EDITOR CANOEIST: Will you please inform me how I can get a list of the different canoe club flags? I am interested in the formation of a club and do not want to copy from other clubs.

S. O. H.

[The A. C. A. secretary may have a set but he could not part with it. Make your design and send it to him. He will reply whether it is taken or not. CANOEIST has tried many times to complete its set, but for some reason many club secretaries have failed to send us their flags.—ED.]

A. C. A. NOTES.

OSWEGO, N. Y., May 10, 1886.

EDITOR CANOEIST: The regatta committee desire through your paper to call the attention of all canoe clubs to the fact that very few of them have sent in the names of their official measurers. As it is desirable to save time and trouble at our meet in August by having canoes measured beforehand I have to request measurers who have blanks to send me the measurements of all A. C. A. canoes in their clubs. Those not having blanks will be furnished them upon application to me. I desire also to call the attention of canoeists and those interested in canoeing to the fact that we have not had as liberal a response to our request for flags to be given as prizes as was expected.

J. B. McMURRICH,
Chairman Reg. Com., 1886.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 19th, 1886.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION

To R. W. GIBSON,

For Disbursements by Regatta Committee in connection with the Regatta 1885.

1885.

March	—	Paid to clerk for stamps for measurer's certificates, etc.....	\$4 72
March	—	Paid to clerk for stamped envelopes for flags circulars.....	6 70
March	—	Paid to clerk for envelopes.....	2 40
March	—	Paid to clerk for express charges, soc., 25c.....	75
March	13.	Paid Van Benthuyzen printing 600 circulars (flags).....	4 75
April	8.	Paid Van Benthuyzen printing 50 measurer's certificate books and binding.....	7 75
April	16.	Paid Van Benthuyzen printing 150 circulars (flags).....	3 25
July	2.	Paid Van Benthuyzen printing and padding 400 slips (entry blanks)	1 25
July	2.	Paid Michael for stencils.....	5 50
July	2.	Paid Myers for flags (padding and second prize.....	12 00
July	2.	Paid Lawrence for painting flags..	14 00
July	2.	Paid Mitchel for sticks for flags (padding colors).....	1 00
July	2.	Paid at Clayton for books and paper for records.....	1 85

\$65 92

Canoe clubs willing to offer the hospitality of their boat houses to cruising canoeists, are requested to communicate the names of their commodores and pursers or corresponding officers, together with locality of boat house to the secretary of the A. C. A. for publication in the forthcoming Association book.—CHAS. A. NEIDÉ, Secretary A. C. A.



PERSONAL, IMPERSONAL AND MATERIAL.

Canoe meet, Calla Shasta Grove. Saturday, May 29th, selecting camps and election of officers. Sunday, May 30th, religious exercises at 11 A. M. Monday, May 31st, races, to include both paddling and sailing, illumination in the evening. Tuesday, June 1st, breaking up of camp. Shelter will be furnished to a limited number who find it impossible to come provided with tents. A caterer will also be on hand to furnish meals at \$1.20 per day, or 50 cents a single meal, to those who wish them. Such supplies as milk, eggs, etc., can be procured at a store in the vicinity. Programme of races, Monday, May 31st: I. 9:30 A. M.—Paddling, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile and turn. II. 10:15.—Tandem paddling, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile and turn. III. 11:00.—Hand paddling, 200 yards. IV. 11:30.—Novice sailing. V. 1:00 P. M.—Sailing (no limit or ballast). VI. 2:00.—Sailing (no ballast). VII. 3:00.—Sailing (limited to 75 sq. ft.). VIII. 3:30.—Standing paddling, 400 yards. IX. 4:00.—Open sailing, any boat of any recognized club, without regard to A. C. A. limits. X. 5:00.—Consolation sailing and paddling races. The prizes for all races will be flags. It is the wish of the committee that as many men as possible bring their canoes, as race day is to be a prominent feature of the meet.

"About twenty young men are building canvas canoes here. I fear they will come to grief, for the average dimensions of their canoes are ten feet in length by twenty-five inches beam, but of course this is only a beginning and will lead to something better." Thus writes one of our correspondents. Will it lead to something better? It is more likely to result fatally to some one member with the natural following result of all giving up canoeing as dangerous. A canvas canoe, 10 x 25, built by an amateur—and probably his first experiment in boat building—is about as near to a sure death trap as anything can be. Two fatal accidents have happened near New York within two years from just such canoes. If a man must build his own boat—and it must be of canvas—the least he can do to take any sort of precaution to avoid drown-

ing is to make the canoe large enough to float his weight. The canoe should not be smaller than 14 x 28 or 30 and at least 10 in. deep, and it should be provided with metal air chambers large enough (by actual experiment) to float crew and cargo. A canvas canoe when full of water is as likely to sink as float. It is unlike all cedar canoes in this. The wood in an ordinary canoe will float some weight. It is no child's play to venture in rough water in any canoe—and rough water is plenty enough—and no one should ever get into a canoe that will not keep him afloat if full of water. There are enough drowning accidents reported every year caused by ignorant people trying to manage catboats. Do not add to the list at the expense of the canoe.

The Brockville C. C. held its annual meeting May 3d, 1886, the retiring commodore, T. McLean, in the chair. Officers for ensuing year elected: Commodore, B. W. Richards; Vice-Commodore, James Moore; Secretary and Treasurer, J. H. Bagg; Committee, J. E. Chrysler, G. M. Cole. General meeting on May 12th. The revised constitution, by-laws and sailing regulations were adopted as recommended by the executive committee. The measurements and regulations referring to canoes were left the same as in A. C. A. book. The limits set for skiffs were, not over 22 ft. long, 46 in. beam, or 16 in. deep from gunwale to garboard streak. A regatta committee of the vice-commodore, W. A. Gilmour and G. M. Cole was appointed, and G. G. Lafayette appointed official measurer. The fortnightly races, which were so successful last year, and so useful in training new men, were voted to be continued this year, the first to come off on the 19th inst. and others to follow every alternate Wednesday. Eight new members were elected, bringing up the total membership to sixty-one. A uniform of navy blue with white canvas hats was adopted. The club will be largely represented at Grindstone Island in August.

Accidents will happen in the best regulated printing offices; and the printer, compositor or proof reader who cannot make a mistake is too good for this world. It is hardly to be expected that a printer should always be able to put a knot in a line—he may not know how. It was probably for this reason that the *not* was left out of a line in our notice of the new Radix board in May number. The line reads as

though it was advantageous to have a centerboard take up room in a boat; whereas it should read that the board does *not* occupy any space in the boat. We have so little fault to find with our printer, and so much to praise in his very carefully read proofs, that this error would not have been here noted were it not that an injustice has been done to the Radix Manufacturing Company.

At the annual meeting of the Quinsigamond Boat Club, of Worcester, Mass., the following officers were elected: Waldo Lincoln, President; Geo. B. Witter, Vice-President; John M. Barker, Secretary; Frederick A. Kimball, Treasurer; E. B. Hamilton, Captain; F. A. Gaskill, Senior Director; W. E. Cutter, Junior Director and Steward. Executive Committee—Waldo Lincoln, George B. Witter, E. B. Hamilton, F. A. Gaskill and W. E. Cutter. House Committee—E. B. Hamilton, Charles F. Aldrich and Richard Ward Greene.

There is a boom in canoeing in Northampton, Mass. A canoe club has been formed with about twenty members as a starter. Howard M. French, Commodore, and C. B. Swift, Secretary-Treasurer, are the officers.

The World's Pastime Exposition will open in Chicago on July 3d and close on Oct. 10th. Canoes will have a place there.

The Western American Canoe Association annual meet at Ballast Island, Lake Erie, July 8th to July 24th. The Association has now seventy-seven names on its active list. The pamphlet for the year has been issued, constitution, by-laws, sailing rules, list of members, etc. The programme of the meet was republished in *Forest and Stream*, May 6th. The article "A Bid for an Accident," in the same issue, is carefully written and very much to the point. Recklessness in canoeing should be sat down upon early, often and hard.

The boat house of the Eclipse Boat Club of Canton, O., was burned to the water's edge on the night of May 5, together with its fine outfit of boats and canoes. Loss, \$2,500, with insurance for \$1,500.

A typographical error in Rushton's "ad" on first page of cover of both April and May CANOEIST has caused considerable misunderstanding in a very important point—the size of canoe Vesper. Length 15 ft. 6¾ in. is the correct figure, not 16 ft. 6¾ in. as printed—that would be over the A. C. A. limit for Class B with the beam 30½.

A correspondent suggests that amendments to the club constitutions are the first flowers that bloom in the spring, and the first bud he proposed in his club was the one suggested by the article on flags in May CANOEIST, that all clubs adopt one form of officers' flags.

The Dayton (O.) C. C. starts off well with ten members. It has but lately been organized. Capt., T. P. Gladdis; Mate, O. A. Woodruff; Purser, Frank Fox.

A canoeist was asked by a landlubber what meat he liked best on a cruise. He replied that beef was good enough to start out on, but he liked to wind up his trip with canoe meet.

First annual regatta Essex Boat and Canoe Club will be held off the club house, Passaic River, north of Erie Bridge, Saturday, June 10th, 1886, at 2 P. M. Races as follows: Paddling Classes 3 and 4, sailing Classes A and B, tandem paddling Classes 3 and 4, upset race, tub race. Suitable prizes for each race. Regatta Committee, Geo. O. Totten, Wm. H. Hillier and A. W. Evenden.

A SUGGESTION TO THE REGATTA COMMITTEE.

In looking over the regatta programme for A. C. A. meet, as published in the May CANOEIST, I notice that the Class III. paddling race is put down for 9:45 A. M. (Aug. 24th), and that the combined sailing race is to start 15 minutes later. Now as both these races count on the record, might it not be suggested that there be more time allowed between them, as it would be utterly impossible for a boat competing in the former race to enter in the latter? Even granting that the paddling race might be finished before 10 o'clock, how is one in the balance of the 15 minutes to set his sails, load in his ballast, screw in his centetboards, and to straighten out the forty-seven kinks and hitches that always attend the hasty preparation for a sailing race?

Will you kindly call the attention of the Regatta Committee to this point, which, though seemingly trivial, appears to rule out the Class III. paddlers from one of the record races. Yours fraternally, BUCK,

N. Y. C. C.

["Buck's" remarks are to the point. The greatest inducement to get a Class A, III., canoe is the likelihood of doing well on the record; and if one race is practically shut off from them—and from no other class—where is simple justice gone in the A. C. A.?—ED.]



THAT ARE TO BE.

AMERICAN.

May 29.—Connecticut River Meet. Calla Shasta.
 May 29.—Hudson River Meet. Rondout.
 May 31.—Pittsburgh Regatta.
 June 12.—New York C. C. Spring Regatta.
 June 19.—Essex (Newark) Spring Regatta.
 July 3 and 5.—N. Y. C. C. I. C. Cup. Trial Races.
 July 8 to July 24.—W. A. C. A. Meet. Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
 Aug. 15 to 29.—A. C. A. Meet. Grindstone Island.
 Sept. 1st week.—N. Y. C. C. International Challenge Cup Races.

ENGLISH.

June 5.—Kingston. Two Miles Paddling.
 June 12.—Teddington. Sailing: any canoes; girth measurement.
 June 19.—Teddington. First Class Sailing.
 June 19.—Teddington. Long Paddling Race.
 June 26.—Teddington. Annual Regatta.
 July 10.—Teddington. Sailing Race; under T. V. S. C. measurement and time allowance.

THAT HAVE BEEN.

Pearl opened the season on Hendon Lake April 17th, with a victory over four competitors. Nautilus did not sail. Sail was limited to 75 ft. April 24th, Hendon Lake, Nautilus sailed her maiden race against '85 Pearl and four other canoes. First round (two miles) Pearl gained 1 min. down the wind, but Nautilus gained 2 min. 20 sec. on the windward work. In the second round Pearl again gained down the wind, and Nautilus made it up and more too on the windward leg. On the final round Nautilus finished 4 min. ahead of Pearl. The wind was satisfactory and made a very pretty race possible. Nautilus won the senior flag and the sweepstakes. Nautilus has a single board, Pearl has two. Nautilus used 30 sq. ft. less sail than Pearl.

May 1st, Nautilus again defeated Pearl. This was the championship race R. C. C. for 1886—Challenge Cup—at Hendon Lake. Course was five times round a two-mile triangle, 10 miles in all—one side beam wind, one a dead run down wind, and third side all windward work. Diamond, Minnie and Sabrina also competed. The entries were:

Pearl	14	6	32	1/2	E. B. Tredwen	2	plates.
Nautilus	14	6	32		W. Baden-Powell	2	plates.
Diamond	14	33			H. Church	1	plate.
Minnie (Pearl No. 6)	14	33			A. Tredwen	2	plates
Nina	14	33			F. Miles	1	plate.
Kitten	14	33			A. Leach	2	plates.
Sabrina	14	31			R. Turner	1	plate.

"The wind during the first three rounds was neither steady in strength nor in direction. The start was almost in a calm, and this was followed by a savage puff after the first buoy had been rounded. Pearl

and Minnie rolled along in the puff, Nautilus reefed main and lowered mizzen before the strength of the breeze caught her, these three being close together and dead before the wind. Minnie, after a couple of violent lurches from side to side, capsized, and put an end to her chances of racing by quickly filling; but boats arrived in time to save her from sinking. Pearl, under whole sail, ran away from the reefed Nautilus and kept ahead in the beat back. Nautilus kept her reefs in till more than half the beating was done, and then under whole sail appeared to pick up somewhat of the distance Pearl had gained. Diamond also was sailing well to windward, her heavy plate lifting her out well. She was close up to Nautilus, but the wind lightened up to almost a calm and took hold of the competing craft by turns from different quarters, giving one and then another a lift along. Thus went the second round.

"The third round Nautilus got to windward of Pearl, but Pearl ran her in the run of the fourth round and took the west mark ahead of her; but the wind was now piping up, and the two leaders should have reefed for the beat to windward, but neither would do so while the other didn't, and so they cracked on, making a splendid match of it. Nautilus on the third board got to windward of Pearl, and there she stuck, tack after tack, and rounded the east mark ahead of Pearl.

"On the final run down wind Nautilus held her distance from Pearl and took the lee mark ahead. In the beat back with a clipping and steady breeze, Nautilus again waited on Pearl's weather, and so sailed tack and tack the whole journey to windward.

"Nautilus crossed the line and won the cups and flag. The Pearl followed a minute and a half later. Diamond and Sabrina not timed.

"Mr. Tredwen sailed Pearl to windward sitting up in her side deck flap, whereas Mr. Baden-Powell sailed Nautilus all through lying down nearly at full length, whether before the wind or beating.

"This makes the second race and second win for the new Nautilus of 1886. She is modeled with a very flat floor and a short full bow; her run is apparently full, but she only draws some 2 1/2 in. aft, so there is but little body to drag through the water.

"As yet the deck sitting position does not appear to have been used in R. C. C. races, though both Pearl and Minnie had fittings for deck tillers.

"The tendency in England is evidently toward less ballast and smaller sails, though possibly A. C. A. men who hear of 120 lbs. in a centerplate or 150 lbs. in shot bags, may consider the craft somewhat heavily ballasted, yet comparatively ballast is on the decline, as a couple of seasons ago 300 or 350 lbs. was a not uncommon amount."

The Minnie is the Pearl of 1883 under a new name, and it is worthy of note that she proved a very rare exception to the R. C. C. races rule by upsetting and nearly sinking. These English races are particularly interesting to us Americans, as these very contestants are to give us a brush in August, and all the points reported will doubtless be greedily read by all those proposing to enter the A. C. A. races at Grindstone and the N. Y. C. C. trial races.

MOHICAN RACES.

Thursday, May 6th.—The Junior race for this date was omitted.

Thursday, May 13th.—Race, 75 ft. limit, for silver badge. 3 entries: Vesper and Thetis completed the course within the time, the former winning by a good lead in about an hour and a quarter.

Thursday, May 20th.—Race, unlimited, champion badge and pennant. 4 entries: Marion B. kept fair lead until about 100 feet from finish, when Thetis crept up, closing the gap. Marion B. took a fresh spurt and crossed the line winner in 34 minutes (3 miles), only half a length ahead of the Thetis. Marion B. is of Vesper model, with two very light brass boards. Her captain had never before beaten the Thetis, and was correspondingly jubilant.

On Thursday, the 28th, the 60 limit race will be sailed, and it is hoped that there will be quite a number of junior entries on this occasion. Six canoes leave for Binghams on Friday, the 28th, to spend a week on the Susquehanna, and a fair number will spend several days with the Rondout men at the Hudson River meet.

ROBERT SHAW OLIVER.

The Fates are certainly smiling on the Knickerbocker Club. They are prosperous and happy. The club house has been newly painted a dark green with very dark red shutters. The newly gilded sign warns passers by that the house is the home of the canoeist and his craft. All nature smiled on Saturday, May 22d, to cheer the visitors who came to see the races, for this was the day of the sixth annual spring regatta of the K. C. C. The girls (and there were many of them) left the attractive tennis on the hill and the seductive raquet, and

trouped to the 152d street pier to see the races—leaving the gallant male tennis friends to their own devices—and they were amply repaid for the climb up the hill they had to take later on. It was a warm day, but the strong south wind tempered the heat to those on the pier. The ebb tide (running against the wind) made a finish in every sailing race sure—a thing not always possible in these waters. The government survey schooner Eger (formerly Garner's yacht Mohawk) was anchored just above the pier, and a number of ladies were invited aboard by Nessmuk's nephew, who is an officer, to witness the races. After the first race the Eger seemed to have an irresistible attraction for the crew of the Stag, for he came alongside and stayed there. An open sailing race was the first called, three miles, twice around a triangular course. Stag (E. W. Brown) and Guenn (M. V. Brokaw) fouled just before reaching the line, but cleared in time to get a good start, losing the lead, however, to Fox (C. B. Vaux). Evangeline, Yvonne and Lorelei crossed the line soon after. Lorelei (Griffin) dropped out on the first round. Stag got the lead at the first turn while Fox was shaking out a reef, and held it all through, Fox keeping second place. Yvonne (Wm. Whitlock) secured third place for the finish, with Guenn and Evangeline (Schuyler) close behind. Yvonne—or the ship, as she has been dubbed on account of her proportions—sailed her maiden race, and seemed to have much too small sails to do anything like her best. Stag is a deep canoe with considerable dead rise, and won some races last year under another name. She has a big single-plate board. Fox is a new canoe (Ideal, Everson calls her), and has one big plate board, but could not seem to get back her lost lead even with a much larger spread of sail than Stag carried, although she had no trouble in holding up well under it. In the second sailing race between Yvonne, Guenn and Evangeline once round, Yvonne's dandy had to be furled on account of something carrying away, thus giving the race to Evangeline, with Guenn a very close second. Foster beat Gould in a paddling race in light Peterboro' canoes, and the Foster brothers in Lasata won the mile and a half tandem against three competitors, Evangeline (Brokaw and Schuyler) second. The Class IV. paddling was won by Foster in Lasata, four canoes entered. Then the girls returned to tennis.

Books, Magazines, Papers.

"The Boat Sailor's Manual," by Edward F. Qualtrough (U. S. Navy) has just been published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. It is 16mo. in size and contains 255 pages, with many cuts and diagrams illustrating the text. Each subject is concisely treated under its proper head, and all the ground seems to have been gone over. "Since the publication of 'The Sailor's Handy Book,' I have arrived at the opinion that a more elementary work, and one which should chiefly treat of the handling and rigging of small craft, would prove very acceptable to a large class of persons, who, while not aspiring to the designation of yachtsmen, take considerable pleasure in the possession and management of sailing boats. The material used in the compilation of this little manual has been gleaned from the very highest sources, and every effort has been made to 'winnow the chaff from the grain' [with perfect success] and to arrange the valuable matter selected in such form as to set forth clearly and concisely. 'The Art of Boat Sailing.'—*Extract from Author's Preface.*

"Everything went smoothly until the question came up, 'Who is to write the Log?' It was astonishing to hear the number of reasons why everybody wanted to be excused, and why the other fellow would be just the man for it; and it resulted in the parson being chosen—not because he had the least notion of how a Log should be written, or the faintest understanding of nautical terms, but simply because he had the meekest spirit and did not have backbone enough to hold out against the overwhelming majority." Thus begins "The Log of the Ariel."*

The book is a lithographic reproduction (with a beautifully designed colored cover) of an ideal log of a cruise along the coast of Maine, written by an observer (not a seaman) and illustrated by an artist. The text is reproduced just as it was written, with the sketches of scenes, pretty initial letters and head and tail pieces adding beauty and attractiveness to every page. The frontispiece is an indotint of the yacht from a photograph. Every canoeist who has cruised will appreciate the following extract—and it has probably occurred to many a canoeist to have a set of answers

* The Log of the Ariel in the Gulf of Maine, illustrated by L. S. Ipsen. Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston. From the press of the Photo-gravure Co., New York.

printed in neat circular form to distribute along the route to save breath:

"How long is she? How much does she draw? How fast can you drive her? Where does she belong? How much....? What is.....? When.....? etc., etc. Then follows a little description of the yacht. Length, 45 ft. Beam, 5 ft. on waterline and 8 ft. on deck. Draft, 2 ft. at rest; 3 ft. when in motion. Crew: Captain, commissary, purser, sailing master, deck hand.

April *Outing* contained American Steam Yachting, Jaffrey. What Steam Yachting Costs in England, Dixon Kemp. Crossing the Atlantic on a Blockade Runner, Coffin. Work and Sport on the Congo, Stanley. The feature of the May number is a fully illustrated article on British yachting, McAlister; drawing by Fred. S. Cozzens. Several other nautical articles also appear in the same issue, and the Record Department is assuming gigantic proportions. E. B. Tredwen is to contribute shortly several articles on canoeing in England. The June number contains Captain Coffin's first chapter on American yachts of the olden time, also articles on fishing and other outdoor sports of interest to the canoeist.

Afloat and Ashore is a new magazine just started in Boston, the same size as CANOEIST, but issued fortnightly. It treats of all outdoor sports and indoor games. The issue of May 6 (No. 3) contains a cut that we have seen before—yes—in *Outing*, Vol. III. No. 3, page 163, and the May 20 issue also has a cut from an old number of *Outing*, and used again as a tail piece in the June number. Is it not customary to give credit for that which is borrowed—in Boston?

The May *Century* contains three war articles of very general interest. "From the Peninsula to Antietam," by McClellan, the very last thing he wrote, has a special and timely interest on this account. "Recollections of a Private" (VII.), by Goss, is about McClellan at the head of the Grand Army. Gen. Hill's paper is on "The Battle of South Mountain."

McDougal, the artist and writer, is a canoeist also, and supports the *World* with a canoeing column now and then, ornamented perhaps with a pretty cap and base designed with the help of his pencil to begin and finish the work of his pen. He is doing some illustrating work for *Outing*. Mr. Clay's article on Bermuda boats had a number of cuts in it from McD.'s pencil.

Amyous Leigh (Westward Ho!) has held many a youngster's attention for days; and most of us who love stories of adventure look back upon the reading of that charming book by Kingsley with pleasure—and regret, that we cannot read it again for the first time. Probably the one chapter in the book that has been oftenest reread is the one entitled English Mastiff and Spanish Greyhound—the story of the great sea fight on the Spanish Main between the good ship *Rose* and the ship with her two galleons of Spain. If one knows something of the water, and the craft that navigate it, what is more delightful reading than a well-told story of a sea fight? To have the story told by one of the crew actually in the fight—and cleverly told, too—is rare. How much more unique it is, therefore, to have a famous sea combat between two modern ships of war related by witnesses to it on both vessels.

The duel between the *Alabama* and *Kearsarge* is graphically described in the *Century* for April, and illustrated, too, in a most complete manner. "Life on the *Alabama*, by one of the crew" (P. D. Haywood) gives a very fair idea of the history of the *Alabama*'s voyages and her final defeat; and though fighting against the United States, he gives the *Kearsarge* credit for the work she did. "Cruise and Combat of the *Alabama*," by her executive officer, Capt. John McIntosh Kell, gives the story entirely from the *Alabama* point of view; and Dr. John M. Browne, surgeon of the *Kearsarge*, in his article, "The Duel between the *Alabama* and the *Kearsarge*," tells of what went on aboard the *Kearsarge*. It was a great fight, and the descriptions of it are absorbingly interesting.

Part II. of C. D. Warner's story (no, it is hardly a story yet) "Their Pilgrimage" is given in the *Harper* for May. Anything that Warner writes has an attraction for the canoeist, for did he not win his way straight to the canoeing heart by his stories of the Adirondack Wilderness? R. D. Blackmore's novel, *Springhaven*, continued in the same number, has enough of boats in it—and pretty girls—to commend it to a paddler or a sailor.

The Swarthmore *Phoenix* for April has an excellent article on Theodore Winthrop, who wrote "John Brent," and who was a canoeist long before the Rob Roy made its famous voyages. Winthrop's canoe was a birch, made by the Indians in Maine, and the Maine lakes were his cruising grounds.

The Brownies get across a river to put on roller skates in the *May St. Nicholas*, and Palmer Cox has no end of fun with them, which he shares with the public. He will have them in canoes next, sure pop. The following touching and appropriate canoe poem appeared in the same number:

I.

I'm a Knickerbocker boy!
See my coat and breeches!
Cuffs and collar, pocket too—
Made with many stitches!
I must have a watch and chain,
A silk umbrella and a cane,
No more kilts and skirts for me!
I'm a big boy, don't you see?

II.

Knickerbockers! Knickerbockers!
Give away my other clothes!
Give away my horse and rockers;
I want one that really goes.
Two brisk, prancing goats will do;
And I'd like a real canoe.
No more chairs hitched up for me!
I'm a big boy—don't you see?

Canoeists can hardly complain that the press of the country neglects them. In fact, the time may soon come when they will perhaps desire less publicity, as naturally they are a quiet and retiring set of fellows as a class, and not at all self-asserting. The daily papers in New York publish canoe matter from time to time. All the papers noticed the recent Canoe Exhibition—some of them containing very full reports of proceedings and exhibits. The New York *Tribune* of April 18th had a column article on canoeing in general—the development of the sport—type of craft—cost—a canoeing exhibition—and headed the contribution, "Solitary Voyagers Multiplying." The *Times* always prints any important item of canoe news that comes to hand, even though its "sixth column man" (W. L. Alden) is in Italy.

'Twas Gettysburg's last day.
The dead and wounded lay
On trampled fields and ridges battle-torn,
Among the outer posts,
Around the guarded hosts,
Rode Hancock, watchful, on the fated morn.
And lo! a little child,
With eyes and tresses wild,
Close to the lines had strayed, and met him there
And tightly to her breast
A heavy load she prest—
A musket!—all her slender strength could bear

"My brave and pretty dear,
Tell me, how came you here
Upon the field, before the fight is done?"
Then, at her lisped reply,
Tears dimmed the General's eye:
"My papa's dead, but here's my papa's gun."*
—*May Wide Awake.*

* An actual incident, related by General Hancock.

An accidental author (Joel Chandler Harris) in "Our Experience Meetings" and the coming American novelist in *Our Monthly Gossip*—April *Lippincott*—are both very interesting little essays, and quite original. The second "Experience Meeting" appears in the May number and is likely to prove a very attractive department, judging from the two samples already published.

The Sporting Life is a weekly eight page paper published in Philadelphia every Wednesday, giving full reports of general sporting events. It is now in its fifth year, and has lately been enlarged. Base Ball, the Wheel, the Turf, Kennel, Athletics, and the Trigger figure largely in each issue. A department is devoted to Aquatics, which notices yachting and rowing events. The canoe is neglected, and yet there is a prosperous club in Philadelphia and much interest generally taken in canoeing. The above remarks hold true also of *The American Sportsman*, a weekly paper (Saturdays) from Cincinnati. Our advice is, turn over a new leaf.

Silent Pete; or, the Stowaways, now running in *Harper's Young People*, illustrated by W. P. Snyder. A new serial by Kirk Munroe will shortly appear in the *Young People*. It is about Florida.

The Springfield *Republican* seems ever ready to put power into the paddlers of the Connecticut; for on April 18th it devotes over a column of its space to the prospectus of the Calla Shasta meet and the Connecticut canoeists, and always fully reports canoeing doings in its territory.

The *Herald* of April 28th contained the following editorial: "The canoeists of this country are faring better than their brethren in Great Britain, and the reason is not far to seek. The enjoyable camp-meets, with regattas, which are such favorite features of the sport over here, are almost unknown in England. American canoeists, in order to let our trans-Atlantic cousins see how we manage things, have arranged for two international match races for valuable trophies to be sailed in the fall. We see by the London *Field* that four of the best English canoe sailors have already arranged to pay us a visit in August, and others are trying hard to accompany them. Those who come are sure of a cordial greeting and a sportsmanlike contest, whether they try conclusions with the paddle or with the sail. They will find

that we do not take our pleasure sadly, and that we enter into the sport of canoeing with a zest and enthusiasm worthy of so healthful and exhilarating a pastime."

Detroit had a canoe club a few years ago, but it has not been heard of for a long time. Lately a stray letter or two has reached this office from solitary paddlers there, and it does seem at last as though some of the sensible fellows were going back to their old love and leaving the new fiend—base ball. The *Detroit Free Press* printed lately an account of a canoe cruise taken down East by James Jeffrey Roche, and thereby showed the willingness of the press to encourage canoeing at home, even if it had to go far afield to get material. The article ends with this paragraph: "We did not like the look of Hampton Beach in the early moonlight, with the remains of an easterly gale sending the breakers in unpleasantly. There was one spot, and only one, in sight for miles where the sea did not break. No doubt it was the channel, but much as we yearned to take advantage of the comparatively slight sea on, we had a spasm of caution which told us to wait for morning so that we might have a place of landing in view as well as one of embarking. As we were famishing to go nowhither in particular, after the true national custom, it required some wisdom, of which we are duly proud, to heed that caution. The commercial traveler, my old-time companion, indulged in but one professional criticism on this decision. He said if we were going to get 'there'—meaning the undefined goal of our journey—it would be an economy of time and money to walk, and send the canoe along by slow freight. One needs not go far to find the cause of the bicycle's popularity in America. With a machine that will carry one along a dozen miles an hour, and a fiendish cyclometer to register the day's run, any body in pursuit of amusement can kill himself with more ease and celerity, pointing as he does to his proud record, than by any other known engine of pleasure except whisky."

SCHUYLerville, N. Y., April 30th, 1886.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Please insert the names of Major-General Sir Fred Middleton, R. C. M. C., and Mr. W. B. Leslie, Royal Military College, Kingston, Canada, as applicants for admission to membership in the American Canoe Association. Yours truly, GEO. L. NEIDÉ.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. V.

JULY, 1886.

No. 7.

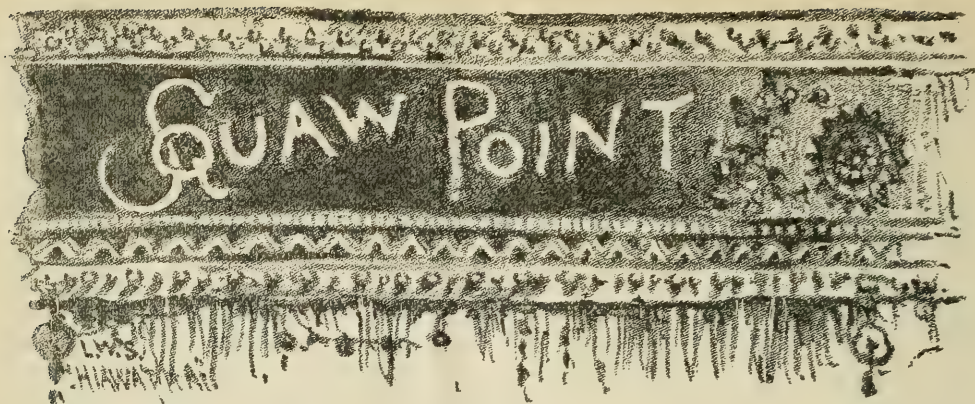
THE revised constitution of the A. C. A. providing for divisions with a vice-commodore at the head of each was finally adopted at the meeting of the executive committee at Oswego, November 7th, 1885. The A. C. A. has members in every part of the country, and it is impossible for a very large majority of them to attend the yearly meet, no matter where it is held, on account of the long distances to be traveled and the expense of such journeys. Yet the fun of attending a meet is one of the greatest inducements to join the A. C. A. The officers therefore wisely changed the constitution so as to make it possible to form divisions, all under one head, each division being expected to hold a yearly meet, to which all canoeists in its territory can go, without great expense or loss of valuable time in traveling.

In 1885 an independent canoe association was formed, called the Western American Canoe Association, with very similar aims and purposes to the A. C. A. Its first meet was held at Ballast Island, Lake Erie, and about fifty canoeists attended. The second yearly meet of the W. A. C. A. is to be held in the same place this year. A misunderstanding as to the position taken by the A. C. A. in regard to branches among a number of the Western canoe men caused the formation of this new association. As both associations have but one end in view, the advancement of canoeing interests, and as their methods are entirely similar, and now that the revised A. C. A. constitution has been published for many months and all have had a chance to digest it, does it not seem—in view of the fact that the A. C. A. numbers on its members' list nearly one thousand names and the W. A. C. A. less than a hundred—that it will be to the best interests of all, the W. A. C. A. members in particular, to look carefully into this matter and join forces? In union there is strength. The W. A. C. A. meet comes in July. The A. C. A. meet is set down for August. At the local Calla Shasta meet last month a branch of the A. C. A. was talked over for the Eastern States, and it was resolved to request the A. C. A. to admit the New

England branch as a division, when the business meeting takes place on Grindstone Island next month. Other localities will no doubt complete similar organizations and request the honor of being governed by a local vice-commodore and having division names given them. Will the members of the present W. A. C. A. do likewise? Is there any good reason why they should not? If there is, it certainly has not been published.

Canoeing is becoming so popular that in the natural course of events the division or local meets must necessarily grow in importance, and probably the time is not far distant when there will be no A. C. A. meet proper. This year is likely to be a pivotal point in the A. C. A. history. The meets for three years will have been held at Grindstone Island. It is hardly likely that the camp will be there another year. Then where will it be? A very general desire has been expressed for a salt water meet. If such a meet were held in 1887, it would very materially change the present complexion of affairs, just as the Stony Lake meet did. It would bring in and interest a new—and numerous—class of canoeists as yet little heard from, and teach the old inland hands who could attend a point or two. These things are subjects for thought.

The boating season is young, yet the papers tell us nearly every day of some cat-boat upset, rowboat run down by a steamer, or man drowned who did not know how to swim. Two fatal accidents have been recorded in which inexperienced canoeists were victims. Certain classes of small sailboats have come to be known as death traps. Such a contrivance is the ordinary home-made canvas canoe, usually about ten feet long by twenty-four inches beam. Any sane man, woman or boy who steps into a canoe or any small boat, without knowing something about swimming, does a foolhardy thing. And any one who attempts to do any navigating in a canvas canoe under 14 feet long and 28 inches beam (less than 10 inches deep) takes his life in his hands. A canoe properly built and handled is a wonderfully safe boat with great possibilities. Accept no other even as a gift.



A speech delivered before the Knickerbocker Canoe Club assembled at their annual dinner, Dec. 16, 1885, in New York, by

LAFAYETTE W. SEAVEY.

SQUAW POINT has been alluded to as a historic spot. So it is. The historian tells us that when Jaques Cartiers voyaged in bateaus up the St. Lawrence an Indian village was located on Grindstone Island, where a point of rocks and a sandy beach make out into Eel Bay. How long it had been there no one knew. The place is well suited for such a village, fronting as it does the broad waters of the bay, away from the swift waters of the channels that run to the eastward and westward of it. An enemy might pass up or down the river many times, and paddle in among the many channels between the islands, and yet not find it. And then how well protected from attack it is. To the eastward three narrow straits easily guarded connect the American channel with the bay, and to the westward, though the entrance to the bay is wide, a fringe of islands kindly shields it from view, the main channel of the river flowing even to the westward of these islands. Game on the island, ducks on the bay, and fish in plenty in the water at her very feet—the squaw was indeed well supplied with food who had taken up her abode on this perfect spot.

We may safely presume that as time went on the squaws were left, while the braves went on the war path for the pale face scalp, the alluring bead and the fire-water. Think of the time that has elapsed, and the changes in the landscape that have taken place since the last dusky Indian embarked in his birch bark canoe from its shore, never to return! The cleared land to the south and west was then a primeval forest. In the very top of a tall hemlock on the crest of the hill in time of war the lookout was perched. The noble deer came to the shore to drink and

browse on the lily-pads and grasses. The lookout from the hemlock saw woods, river and sky and nothing else. The bay and river floated the birch canoe and perhaps a rude dugout. How different it is now. And yet the heavy hand of civilization has rested lightly on Eel Bay and the neighboring islands. Its mark is there, but the scars are hardly seen, and the open wounds are healed. Thus does nature restore herself if she is but left to her own sweet will, and given time.

We witness in our country a desire on the part of denizens of cities to return to savage life. "It seems to be agreed that civilization is kept up only by a constant effort. Nature claims its own speedily when the effort is relaxed." Thus writes Warner, and the return to savage life is an attempt to be relieved of the effort of civilization.

"Perhaps the cleared spot is called Ephe-sus. There is a splendid city on the plain; there are temples and theatres on the hills; the commerce of the world seeks its port; the luxury of the Orient flows through its marble streets. You are there one day when the sea has receded; the plain is a pestilential marsh; the temples, the theatres, the lofty gates have sunken and crumbled, and the wild brier runs over them; and as you grow pensive in the most desolate place in the world, a bandit lounges out of a tomb, and offers to relieve you of *all that which creates artificial distinction in society*. The instinct of barbarism that leads people periodically to throw aside the habits of civilization and seek the freedom and discomforts of the world is explicable enough; but it is not so easy to understand why this passion should be strongest in those who

are most refined. Philistinism and shoddy do not like the woods. I am not at all sure whether this desire to camp outside of civilization is creditable to human nature, or otherwise. We hear sometimes that the Turk has been merely camping in Europe for four centuries. I suspect that many of us are, after all, merely camping temporarily in civilized conditions, and that going into the wilderness is an escape, longed for, into our natural and preferred state."

By good luck Grindstone Island was selected for the A. C. A. meet of 1884; and by still greater luck Squaw Point, which had been waiting for centuries, was singled out as the camp ground of our white women. But was it luck entirely that led the noble fellow who braved the cold, the snow and ice of a northern winter to locate the camp here? No.

"A hand was stretched to him from out the dark,
Which, grasping without question, he was led
Where there was work that he must do—for all."

And he did it, did it well and faithfully, and for three years have all said, "Well done."

Has the former life of Squaw Point been re-enacted? I believe it has, only with the variation incident to the century in which we live. As there must have been a first lodge erected on the point in old Indian days, so was the tent of Hiawatha the first to be pitched in 1884.

Imagine centuries upon centuries ago, a solitary birch canoe grazing the pebbly shores of that charming spot, and then the later picture of your modern savage standing, on a beautiful summer afternoon, among the tents of the A. C. A. and gazing at the far off bower of trees with longing eyes—warned against the mosquito by the squaw of our medicine man—he decides to make a one-night trial. He embarks in his Rice Lake canoe with his papoose, paddles qui-

etly away, lands upon Squaw Point, and then does history repeat itself. Many follow as days fly on. The maidens come with their families; and the young white braves come to tell their deeds of daring with the sail and the paddle. As the dusky maidens of old beguiled the time away with bead work, so now the white ones bring out their embroidery and their tatting. The old chiefs smoked their clay pipes and watched for passing game. Now the white sachems, the medicine men, the picture writers smoke the same weed, only from brier wood and meerschaum, while the younger braves affect the cigar and the cigar-ette.

Around the camp fire White Bear, Gray Eagle and Big Wolf told of their daring scouting trips, their war paths and the number of scalps taken. Now the Snake, Turtle, Siren, Psyche and Dot talk over their records, the flags won, the heavy seas breasted, and swift rapids run. Around the olden camp-fire danced the young braves: About the new one gather the young and old to talk sweet nothings and sing the old songs set to new music. Under the old time trees the kettle drum and gourd rattle made accompaniment to the monosyllabic songs of the people. Now the Siren, as ye gentle shepherd, introduces to modern civilization the idyllic music of the seductive kazoo.

The old chiefs, returning from the war-path, rest themselves and feed—the squaws doing the cooking—and then they bask in the sun, do mock battle with each other, swim races, or paddle the birch to show their skill to the maidens of their choice, watching from the shore. Even so it is to-day. The lads fresh from college or their first year in business, throw off the yoke of care and disport themselves; and if a smile of approval can be won from a fair one under the trees on shore, happy are they.



COMBINATION ROW AND SAIL BOATS.

THE CENTERBOARD "GIG."

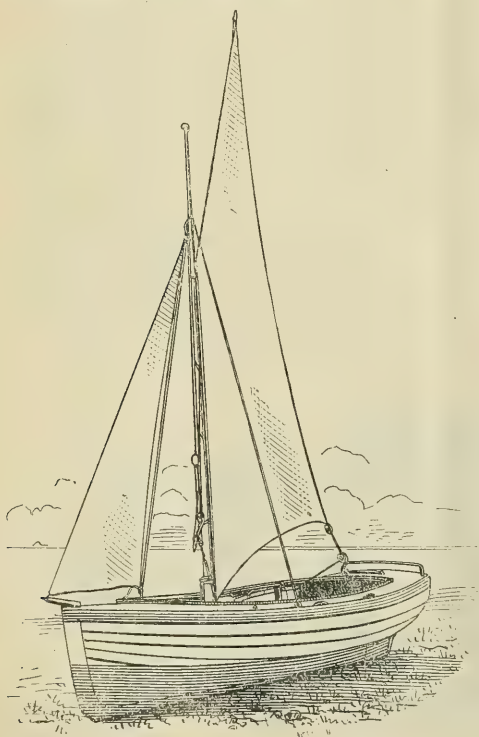
NOW that the subject of combination row and sail boats, such as the St. Lawrence skiff, the Juniper, Hell Gate pilot boat, etc., is cropping up in the pages of the CANOEIST, a few lines on the English centerboard gig may be of interest.

The centerboard gig is, or used to be, seen mainly on the Thames, in the vicinity of Kingston, Richmond, and thereabouts. The subject of our drawing (from the photograph) was built at Southampton, and is not perhaps a fair representative of the class, still she will do as a peg to hang a few remarks on. Her lines, entrance, run and stern are those of an Itchen boat; the midship section and centerboard belong to the Thames gig type. Her dimensions are: Length on waterline, about 16 ft.; over all, 16 ft. 4 in.; beam, extreme, 4 ft. 8 in.; depth, about 2 ft. amidships, 2 ft. 4 in. forward, 2 ft. 2 in. aft (the latter measurements of depth are approximations only). Her rig is a foresail, a sprit mainsail with a loose foot for heavy weather and the open sea, and a large balancelug sail for light winds, such as are usually met with on the lakes of Ontario in the summer. This class of

boats have more beam in proportion to their length than the St. Lawrence skiffs, and are probably more powerful boats on a wind and in a lumpy sea, while the others would probably beat them running or with a free wind. The Minnie, the subject of our illustration, is decked about 3 ft. forward and 2 ft. aft, and has also waterways about 6 in. wide on each side—this is not a characteristic of the type of boats, however. She is an old boat, and I look back upon many pleasant sails and cruises in her, both on salt and fresh water, chiefly on the former. She was sailed between Southampton and Portsmouth (England), and about the latter harbor; about Halifax harbor and its vicinity, in Nova Scotia; on Lake Ontario, opposite Toronto, and she now cruises on the Stony Lake Chain, between Stony Lake and Lakefield. Her most notable cruise was from Quebec along the south shore to Percé, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a distance (estimated) of about 550 miles. I hope to bring her to the A. C. A. meet in August, and would be glad to join in a race, if one could be got up for boats of this type, viz., "combination row and sail boats." She once sailed, in company with the fleet of canoes of the Toronto Canoe Club, in a match round the island opposite Toronto, in September, 1883, in a light breeze. She easily beat all these, leaving about four minutes after the last boat and coming in ten minutes ahead of the foremost one, the Boreas. In open water and lumpy seas this class of boats ought certainly to outsail canoes easily. In smooth, narrow waters, such as Hendon "Lake" (query "pond"), the reach of the Thames opposite Kingston, the sheltered bay off Grindstone Island, a canoe well sailed might occasionally snatch a race in light weather and uncertain winds.

C. M. DOUGLAS.

NEW YORK, April 1st, 1886.



The officers of the Lake St. Louis Canoe Club of Lachine are as follows: Com., R. H. Rintoul; Vice-Com., Alex. W. Morris; Rear-Com., Charles Lamothe; Hon. Sec., George Auldjo, Box 2141, Montreal; Hon. Treas., J. H. Stewart. The annual regatta takes place on Saturday, August 21st, 1886. On this date the tandem race for the silver challenge cups in best and best open canoes will be paddled for.

Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly will make his headquarters on Plum Island while canoeing up and down the Merrimac.

MR. STODDARD'S ATLANTIS.

HE ANSWERS SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT HER.

YOU are welcome to anything I can give in relation to the Atlantis. "How do I like her, advantages and disadvantages?" That depends. Of course I like her, as would any one who prefers an easy chair to a high stool. Advantages and disadvantages can be considered properly only in view of the service required. She is too heavy for inland cruising where any amount of carrying is to be done, although the increase in her carrying capacity admits of comforts beyond reach in a 16-foot canoe. In building another I should repeat her model, except that there should be even less deadrise amidships. When light, her lines are sharp and clean, and she leaves hardly a ripple even when moderately loaded. Loaded as she is in my coastwise cruise, she is stiff to an astonishing degree, so that we step anywhere about on the deck or edge of the wide cockpit without a thought of her playing any tricks with us, and in sailing, laying up to windward is more a matter of comfort or habit than—ordinarily—a necessity.

She was designed particularly for the cruise, now in part accomplished, viz., from New York to the Bay of Fundy, thence over into the Gulf and up the St. Lawrence; but, as originally planned, the trip was not to be distinctively a canoe cruise, only a trip that should cover the round mentioned in one season, taking advantage of any means of transportation that offered except regular public lines and that might be new, novel or unconventional, and admit of occasional nights at points along shore outside the beaten track. The canoe was then looked upon simply as a tender that would be useful in making side excursions and on occasion fill up the intervals between other means of getting on—not as the only means. This fact, however, was not thought worth mentioning by my first interviewer; and although I persisted in my original plan—hanging on behind an occasional canal on the long, hot reaches north of Troy while my boys made friends with the boatmen; sleeping all one night while at the tail of a Hudson River tow and spending nearly half a day on an ice barge that took us a good fifty miles of the journey—I found when I reached New York that I was in for a canoe voyage pure and simple, or lay myself open to the charge of weakening as soon as any real danger or difficulties presented themselves, so I accepted the situation, making up my mind

to go to the head of the Bay of Fundy in the Atlantis if she would carry me there. I found it impossible to make the time anticipated under the circumstances, but I have made an honest run every foot of the distance in the old craft from the Battery to St. John, and if nothing prevents I expect to run her ashore at Truro this summer. She does all that can be reasonably expected of one of her build. I have learned to my cost, however, the nonsense of hoping to grapple successfully with a gale on such water as must be encountered along the open coast, and have had much valuable experience. I am glad I went, but once over the ground is enough. A craft for this work should be much broader for the length, as she is not buoyant enough for crossing sharp waves, and one great inconvenience in running was the liability to take in water amidships, never over the bow or stern.

We made some very good runs, notably from Monomoy light to Provincetown, beating up past Race Point against an ebb tide. With a light wind we could creep up to the coasters, but in a chop were nowhere. On the whole, I was often disappointed with the distance made, but the result would have been different, I suspect, if the old master of the Guenn, the Dot or the Snake had been there.

As to the new sail, I like it best of anything tried so far, and believe it to be the best all-weather sail made for a small craft. My reasons for thinking so are, first, when reefed it is a regular "leg-o'-mutton," than which no safer sail can be devised, to my way of thinking, and second, with the reefing arrangement used it can be spread or reduced in two seconds, enabling one to carry more canvas than would be considered at all safe under ordinary circumstances, particularly as it can be operated in any wind or position. S. R. STODDARD.

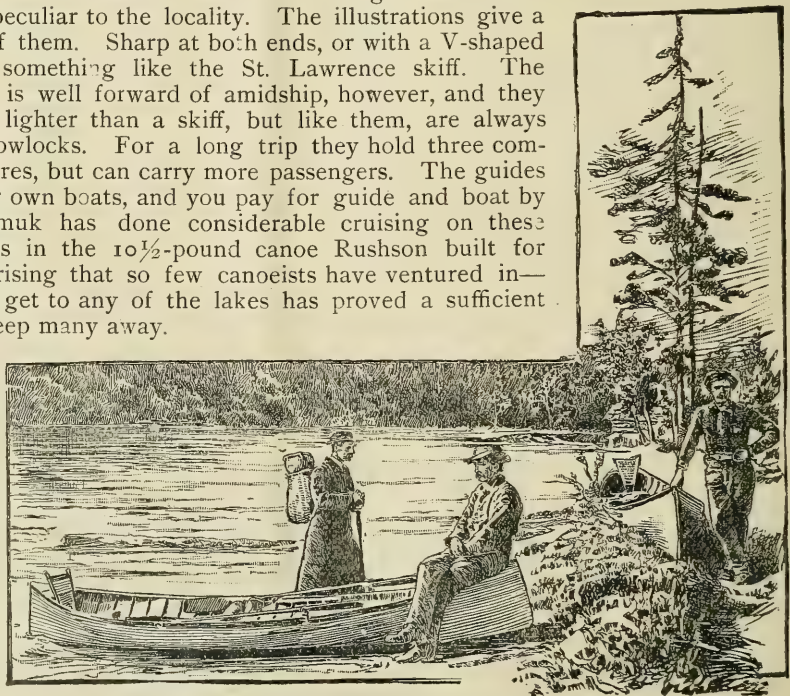
[A number of our correspondents seem to be interested in canoes and boats larger than those coming under Class B of the A. C. A. rules. The above is the first of several papers to be published about large canoes. The Atlantis is 18 ft. long and 3 ft. beam. See April, 1884, CANOEIST for fittings, etc. The new Stoddard sail plan for Atlantis will be published later. It is an excellent rig, and includes a few novelties. Large canoes are allowed on the A. C. A. list, and will be permitted to race at the meets in a class by themselves.—ED.]



A correspondent asks us about the Fulton Lakes, and how to get there. See letter in June number. Above will be found a map of these lakes drawn to a small scale, which, together with Mr. Taylor's notes on the next page, and Mr. White's letter on page 119, will probably be found to answer the questions asked.

There is a boat in the Adirondack lake region—of native build—which is peculiar to the locality. The illustrations give a pretty fair idea of them. Sharp at both ends, or with a V-shaped stern, they are something like the St. Lawrence skiff. The greatest fullness is well forward of amidship, however, and they are shorter and lighter than a skiff, but like them, are always fitted with pin rowlocks. For a long trip they hold three comfortably, with stores, but can carry more passengers. The guides usually own their own boats, and you pay for guide and boat by the day. Nessmuk has done considerable cruising on these Adirondack lakes in the 10½-pound canoe Rushson built for him. It is surprising that so few canoeists have ventured in—the long carry to get to any of the lakes has proved a sufficient bar perhaps to keep many away.

Once in the lake region and you have ideal cruising waters all about; rapids, ponds, lakes in infinite variety all connected or separated only by short carries, which add interest to the cruise.

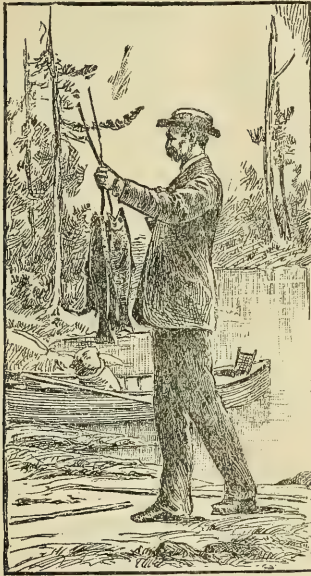


AN ADIRONDACK CRUISE.

FRANK H. TAYLOR.

A RECENT voyage of a week, made by me in company with Mr. C. E. Durkee, of Saratoga Springs, through the lake region of the Adirondacks, tempts me to write you, giving a hint which some knights of the paddle may be glad to act upon.

To this end I will point out that at the close of the camp at Grindstone Island a party may take the Eastern Division of the R. W. & O. Railroad (formerly the U. & B. R.) at Clayton, and leaving the train at Boonville, engage teams to convey canoes



and themselves to the old Forge House, twenty-five miles into the John Brown Tract. At this point water is taken upon First Lake, passing thence successively through the numerals up to Eighth Lake. These are collectively known as the Fulton Chain.

For specific information write to Mr. Theo. Butterfield, G.P.A. R. W. & O. R.R., Oswego, for a copy of his summer guide, and read therein Wallace's "Avenues to the Wilderness," or get Wallace's "Guide to the Adirondacks," Syracuse; also, by all means, buy a copy of Stoddard's excellent map of the Adirondacks, price \$1, Glens Falls.

The R. W. & O. book will also give you the names of reliable guides (a single one being suf-

cient, in capacity of pilot, for a canoeing party), who live at Boonville.

The eight lakes are connected either by beautiful winding channels or by short and practicable carries. I think the "sap yoke," such as is used in portaging all Adirondack boats, could be adopted to advantage by canoeists.

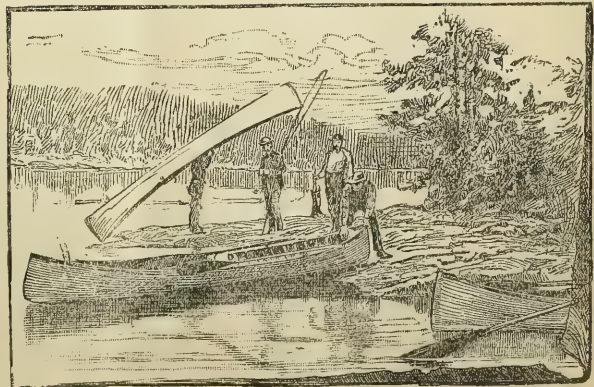
All of these lakes are picturesque and alive with trout and other fine fish. The Brown Tract Inlet leads from Eighth Lake carry to Raquette Lake, which is one of the prettiest sheets for cruising that can be imagined. It is bordered with forest-environed bays and dotted with islands.

The luxurious canoeist can find lodgement and good fare at either "Under the Hemlocks," Hathorn's, or Kenwill's.

The straight route out to the eastward is across a half-mile carry from the Marion River to Utowana Lake; thence through Eagle Lake into Blue Mountain Lake, a tourist's paradise, where three hotels are found, the "Prospect" being the largest in the mountains.

But be ore going out, I must urge the beautiful detour which I have just enjoyed. Leaving Raquette Lake we entered Forked, and thence went down Raquette River at its northern extreme, and continuing as far north as Saranac Lake, where, turning westward, we returned through Tupper, Little Tupper and a chain of ponds with rather stiff carries into Little Forked Lake, and thence through Forked back into Raquette Lake.

Write Mr. C. E. Durkee, Adirondack Railroad, Saratoga Springs, for a copy of "Birch Bark," the little book which was the outcome of our voyage and from which the illustrations herewith were taken. You will then be forewarned, and cannot accuse me of leading you astray in the wilderness. It is a superb voyage for a man



who appreciates the beautiful in nature. Hotels may be reached each night, if desired. If you have a good gun you may have a pop at a deer or so, and the deer won't mind it. At Raquette and Forked Lakes you will discover some beautiful villas in log, the summer homes of several gentlemen whose hospitality is almost baronial. These rustic hunting lodges are set upon "coigns of vantage" near the lake's edge, and are supplied with not only the necessities but many of the luxuries of existence.

From Blue Mountain Lake an excellent stage route leads out to North Creek, and wagons may be had to transport canoes to the Upper Hudson River, a distance of about twenty-five miles, where you may either take the rapid waters of the Upper Hudson, or by continuing five miles further to North Creek, find the Adirondack Railway, about sixty miles north of Saratoga.

A CANOE TRIP MADE BY GOVERNOR CASS IN 1820.

A valuable and rare accession to the early history of the Northwest has just been discovered in this city (Galena, Ill.). It consists of a complete manuscript diary of a trip made by Governor Cass and suite in 1820, by canoes, from Detroit, Mich., through the chain of lakes to the headwaters of the Mississippi; down that river to Prairie du Chien; from thence to Green Bay via the Wisconsin and Fox rivers, and along the shore of Lake Michigan to Fort Dearborn, Chicago, which point the party reached in a little less than three months from the time of embarkation. The diary, which was accidentally found in an auction store in this city, was kept by Lieutenant Makay, of the third United States Artillery, who acted as historian of the party. Gov. Cass's suite consisted of his private secretary, a surgeon, mineralogist, historian, Indian interpreters, twelve privates of the Third Artillery, ten Canadian voyagers, and a number of savages, including two Saginaw chiefs. The party made the trip in five canoes, and had many perilous and interesting adventures, which are graphically set forth in the diary. The entire book is soon to be published.—*Correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

The Sagamore Canoe Club, of Lynn, Mass., organized May 18th, 1886, with eleven members, seventeen canoes. E. Balletby, Captain; J. B. Center, Mate; F. J. Pettingill, Purser. Signal, a pointed burgee 12 x 18 in., red field, blue border, with white letter S. in the field.

To Members of the A. C. A.: The Regatta Committee have received replies to their circular, asking for prize flags for the A. C. A., from the following parties, who have promised one each: C. M. Shedd, R. W. Gibson, Dr. C. A. Neidé, J. H. Rush-ton, Grant Van Deusen; Mrs. Geo. L. Parmele, Mrs. R. S. Oliver, Mrs. F. S. Rathbun, Mrs. J. B. McMurrich, Mrs. J. L. Weller. In order that there may be no lack of flags, we would ask any one who is intending to give one or more to at once inform the committee of the fact, so that we may know what we can depend upon.

Respectfully, J. B. McMURRICH,
Chairman Regatta Committee.

The editor's desk has just been enlarged to accommodate the increasing bulk of correspondence received daily. It takes more time to read and answer the letters received than it does to edit the paper, write articles and notes, read and correct the proofs, make up the paper and run the business department. To avoid neglecting the paper itself, the editor would like to make a few suggestions to correspondents, which, if digested and followed, will relieve him of much unnecessary work, and be of benefit to writers of letters:

1. When writing for information ask definite questions to which brief replies can be made—and not general ones, which are next to impossible to answer. We are willing to help canoeists all we can, but there is a limit even to an editor's time and powers.

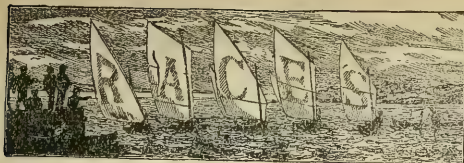
2. State the case clearly and give full information so a definite reply can be made.

3. Before writing look over the CANOEIST and the indices of any canoeing books you may have to see if your difficulty has not been solved before in print. More than half the questions asked us in letters never would have been written if the writers had taken the least trouble to post themselves on the subjects from authorities near at hand.

4. If an answer is of any value to you it is at least worth two cents, so inclose a stamp for the return postage.

5. To insure getting any answer it is necessary to sign your name clearly and in full, and give a plainly-written address.

When letters are not answered it is always because some of the above simple rules have been woefully disregarded. We are now in good humor again with you all, and are ready for the next mail.



THAT ARE TO BE.

AMERICAN.

July 3 and 5.—N. Y. C. C. I. C. Cup. Trial Races.
 July 8 to July 24.—W. A. C. A. Meet. Ballast Island, Lake
 Erie.
 Aug. 13 to 27.—A. C. A. Meet. Grindstone Island.
 Sept., 1st week.—N. Y. C. C. International Challenge Cup
 Races.

ENGLISH.

July 10.—Teddington. Sailing Race; under T. V. S. C. measurement and time allowance.

NEW ENGLAND CANOEISTS

AT

Calla Shasta
1886.



MAY 28TH TO JUNE 1ST.

ON Decoration Day, 1883, the Hartford and Springfield Canoe Clubs met in camp for the first time, in a charming grove at Bissell's Ferry, where the waters of the Seantic River unite with those of the Connecticut. On the same holiday in 1884 they gathered once more around the camp-fire at Calla Shasta Grove. May 30th, 1885, found them again united to dedicate the new club house of the Hartfords by a banquet, followed next day by cruising parties, some up others down the Connecticut River. Thinking that others would be glad to join in their fourth annual outing, committees were appointed to arrange for a meeting of New England canoeists at Calla Shasta Grove. Circulars were sent to all clubs and to every unattached canoeist whose address could be learned, inviting them to be present, which resulted in a large and enthusiastic meet—one not soon to be forgotten, and which is bound to awaken an increased interest in the sport throughout the Eastern States.

Calla Shasta Grove is four miles below Springfield, Mass., on the west shore of the Connecticut River. It is situated upon a bluff along the base of which there is a sandy beach. From the edge of the bluff, some sixteen feet above the water's level, there is an uninterrupted view of the river, here quite broad and straight, for nearly eight miles, and the scenery in all directions is as charming as any to be found in the beautiful Connecticut Valley. The grove itself, covering about ten acres, is composed of pine trees, beneath which stand cooking sheds and a dancing pavilion, which was utilized during the meet for dining-room, church and place of meeting.

Friday (May 28th), about three o'clock, a score of the Hartford men arrived with their canoes in tow behind the tug Owl, after a six hours' passage up the river, passing en route through five miles of canal, around the Enfield dam and rapids. With them came Thornton H. Smith, of the Smith's Island Schooner Club, and Restless, a schooner-rigged Hell Gate pilot boat (see February CANOEIST), in which he had cruised the day before from Norwalk to Saybrook, Long Island Sound, in almost a gale, making the run of fifty-two miles in less than ten hours.

A Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy.
(Shakespeare, Henry IV.)

Most of the Springfield men had already arrived, and the balance were on hand by "early candle light." Tents were pitched, and by supper time every one had settled down to the routine of camp life. Some thirty men assembled around the camp-fire that night, and the air resounded with the twang of banjos and guitars accompanying the voices of jolly cruisers. "And all went merry as a marriage bell" until late into the dewy night.

Saturday dawned clear and calm, but later in the morning a fine breeze came up from the southeast, and the river was soon alive with the snowy sails of canoes darting hither and thither over its broad bosom. Each one was testing his rig and trim, and scrub races were freely indulged in. During the day and far into the evening new men and canoes continued to arrive, and it was estimated that about double that number canoeists were in camp.

Among the clubs represented were the Mohican, Lowell, Springfield, Winchester, Hartford, Sagamore, of Salem; Northampton, and Union Club, of Boston.

The committees having the meet in charge were: Committee Hartford C. C.—

Dr. George L. Parmele, Pres.; L. Q. Jones, Com.; John D. Parker, Sec.; William B. Davidson, Treas.; A. W. Dodd. Committee Springfield C. C.—C. W. Bliss, Captain; E. C. Knappe, Lieut.; G. M. Barney, C. M. Shedd, F. A. Nickerson, F. D. Foot.

At a meeting held in the pavilion, Geo. L. Parmele, of Hartford, was chosen Commodore of the meet, and Rev. Walter H. Larom, of Stafford Springs, Conn., Chaplain.

The subject of a New England Association was talked over, and a committee composed of one from each club present and one to represent the unattached canoeists was appointed to consider the best form of organization. This committee reported that, in their opinion, the men assembled should form an association, elect the necessary officers, and apply to be admitted as a branch of the A. C. A. The report of the committee was accepted, the following officers elected, and the purser was directed to apply to the Commodore of the American Canoe Association for admission as a branch of that organization: Paul Butler, Lowell, Vice-Com.; E. H. Barney, Springfield, Rear-Com.; W. B. Davidson, Hartford, Purser.

Sunday, at ten o'clock, there was a large attendance at the pavilion, where Fleet Chaplain Rev. Walter H. Larom, H. C. C., read the morning service of the Episcopal Church and delivered a highly interesting and instructive discourse suitable to the occasion, the text being, "Quit you like men," 1st Cor., xvi., 13. The music was furnished by a choir composed of Nickerson, Shedd, Bliss, Patterson, Dodd, Parmele and Gaylord.

After service visitors began to arrive from Springfield, Hartford and the surrounding towns, and parties started out to explore the adjacent land and water. Sunday evening was spent in a quiet way around the camp-fire, which Billy Conner, the Springfield's janitor, kept briskly burning each evening. One of the most picturesque features of the meet was "Billy," arrayed in a red sleeveless shirt and crowned with an ancient Dunlap tile, stirring up the camp-fire with a long rake. Billy did his share to make the meet a success, and his kind attentions were fully appreciated by the assembled canoeists. His ancient Dunlap now adorns the club house of the H. C. C. All retired early that night to be fresh for the next day's races.

Monday (race day), calm and clear again. The river gleaming like a burnished mirror, with not a ripple on its surface, was in fine

condition for the paddling events, but there was a sad outlook for racing under sail. The twenty-two prize flags furnished by the lady friends of the S. and H. C. C.'s were truly works of art, and were greatly admired by all who saw them.

Promptly at 9:30 the first race was called, and eight canoes drew up in line ready to start, and at a bugle blast away they went, with the following results. Canoes named in order of finish in all races:

Paddling One-Fourth Mile and Turn.			
Sylph	E. C. Knappe	Springfield.	
Pecowisc	F. D. Walker	Springfield.	
Idlewild	C. H. McKnight	Springfield.	
Glück	J. E. Bowles	Springfield.	
Kathrine	E. A. Moseley	Sagamore, Salem.	
Cheemaun	C. Murphy	Union, Boston.	
Kismet	A. W. Dodd	Hartford.	
Charlotte	W. B. Davidson	Hartford.	
Tandem Paddling One-Half Mile and Turn.			
J. E. Bowles	{ Fouled Shedd and McKnight at buoy.	
E. C. Knappe			
C. M. Shedd	{ First prize.	
C. H. McKnight			
E. A. Moseley	{ Kathrine. Second prize.	
C. Murphy			
A. W. Dodd	{ Kismet. Fouled buoy.	
W. B. Davidson			
Hand Paddling, Two Hundred Yards.			
Glück	J. E. Bowles	Springfield.	
Venture	L. Q. Jones	Hartford.	
Charlotte	A. W. Dodd	Hartford.	
Idlewild	C. H. McKnight	Springfield.	
Flirt	G. C. Forrest	Hartford.	
Kathrine	E. A. Moseley	Union, Boston.	
Cheemaun	C. Murphy	Sagamore, Salem.	
Standing Paddling, Four Hundred Yards.			
Idlewild	C. H. McKnight	Springfield.	
Girofla	F. A. Nickerson	Springfield.	
Cheemaun	C. Murphy	Sagamore, Salem.	
Kismet	A. W. Dodd	Hartford.	
Glück	J. E. Bowles	Springfield.	
Novice Sailing, Two Miles, Wind North, and there was hardly enough to enable the boats to stem the river current.			
Canoes.	Sailed by.	Club.	Time.
Blanche	C. P. Nichols	Lowell	39 56
Sylph	G. B. Riley	Winchester.	46 31
Glück	N. D. Bill	Springfield.	54 42
Oahu	T. H. Smith	S. I. S. C.	Did not finish.
Flirt	G. C. Forrest	Hartford.	Did not finish.

* Not a novice. See CANOEIST, Nov., 1885.

Upset Race (Extra).			
Joe	Thornton H. Smith	Paddled across line.	
	J. E. Bowles	Drifted across.	
Cheemaun	C. Murphy	Paddled across.	
	C. H. McKnight	Drifted across.	
Kathrine	E. A. Moseley	Drifted across.	
Girofla	F. A. Nickerson	Drifted across while performing canoe gymnastics to amuse the visitors.	

Consolation Paddling.			
Charlotte	A. W. Dodd	Hartford	
Venture	L. Q. Jones	Hartford.	
Lou	F. W. Larom		

Sailing, No Ballast. Wind north, very light, two miles.			
Canoes.	Sailed by.	Club.	Time.
Venture	L. Q. Jones	H. C. C.	25 30
Blanche	Paul Butler	Lowell	30 55
Sylph	E. C. Knappe	Springfield.	34 45
Ibis	E. H. Barney	Springfield.	Did not finish.
Cheemaun	C. Murphy	Salem.	Did not finish.
Girofla	F. A. Nickerson	Springfield.	Did not finish.

The following races—sailing, no limit; sailing, 75 ft. limit; sailing, open to any boat of a recognized club, and sailing, consolation, were postponed for want of wind until some time in the fall, when it is hoped the racing men will assemble to compete for the elegant flags already prepared for them. Other events will no doubt be added at the time to make it more interesting.

Only two involuntary upsets under sail during the meet occurred; one a commodore, the other a comedian. The cut of the flags and totems of the Hartford and Springfield clubs heading this article was printed upon buff satin and presented to each visiting canoeist as a memento of the meet.

Patterson and Nickerson, with their jolly songs, banjo and guitar accompaniments, did much to make all hands happy around the camp-fire. Old marl Shedd lived under ground, like a woodchuck, in an old ice house at the north end of the camp, with Bliss and McKnight of his club, but he occasionally crawled out of his hole and made it lively for the boys around camp. Mix, of the Mohicans, was his guest, occupying the lower berth on the port quarter, and he returned to Albany well pleased with his reception.

HURRAH!

Ianthe C. C. cruised up the Passaic Decoration Day. The river is navigable fifteen miles above Newark, and then a short carry over a dam gives a new lease of life to the upward cruiser for part of a day's run. There are three canoe clubs having boat houses on the Passaic near Newark, and all of them are doing well and getting in new members.

VENTURE VS. GLUCK.

A challenge race for flag between John E. Bowles, of Springfield, and L. Q. Jones, of Hartford, postponed from last fall, was sailed at Hartford June 5th, at 4 P. M.

	Start.	Finish.	Time.
Venture, Jones	4 14 00	4 40 05	26 05
Gluck, Bowles.....	4 13 30	4 41 05	27 35

Mohicans Gen. R. S. Oliver, R. W. Gibson, Henry Metcalf, A. L. Palmer, H. C. Cushman, and their guests, Count Thuan and W. E. Rodgers, started from Binghamton, on the Susquehanna, Friday, May 28th, and cruised to Wilkesbarre, 150 miles, taking it very leisurely and pleasantly filling a week's vacation.

New York C. C. June 12th Spring Regatta, Sailing; Commodore's Trophy series, and a flag prize; six entries.—Nethla, C. K. Munroe, won, it being her maiden race. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile paddle, three entries, C. B. Vaux won. Class IV. paddling race, won by W. G. Foster in Lasata. Second sailing race won by Vaux. Hand paddling won by Foster, and the upset by Munroe. All races were open to all comers.

The Canadian Athletes, Quebec, June 4, contains an interesting account of a cruise of the Ottawa C. C. on the Queen's Birthday, ten members taking part.

MEET AT STURGEON POINT, ONT.

We had a capital time. I tell you it was fine. We never had such a show of sailing canoes in this part of the country short of Stony Lake camp of 1883.

Here we always celebrate the 24th of May. It's the Queen's Birthday, and comes just about far enough after Good Friday and not too soon before July 1st to give a capital canoeing day. And we improve the opportunity.

Our fellows had been pegging away for the month past fitting up. Capt. Edwards came out with double reefing sails; Rear-Admiral S. Button with the same, only more so. Stewart, J. Button, Hopkins and many others had arranged to spread canvas of tremendous size.

We got down to the Point in great shape. Some paddled the twelve miles and camped over Sunday. Others paddled down on Monday, and a lot came in on the river steamers. Several, including ex-Com. C. B. Edwards, came up by train and sailed to the Point. It was as pretty a sight as you could wish to see, viewed from the deck of the steamer—twenty-seven canoes, all in full sail, scudding through the water.

During the day the newly instituted Bobcaygeon Canoe Club sent up about a score of delegates, including Messrs. Reid and W. Boyd, and when all were in motion there could not have been less than fifty canoes pushing around.

During the afternoon a sailing contest was held. It blew great guns. Those who had reefing sails reefed them down. Those who had big lateens changed off for smaller, and preparations were made for rough weather. The following canoes and skippers entered, the course being three miles: Polly Ann, Capt. J. G. Edwards; Verena, E. B. Edwards; Ling, Vice-Capt. S. Button; Zip, Mr. Reid (Bobcaygeon Club); Kate, A. D. F. MacGachen; Scynda, L. Calvert; Swipes, Jr., R. H. Hopkins; Bittern, Jer. Britton.

President Porteous gave the canoes a fair start, and the first mile of the course they kept pretty well together, but when they came to round the buoy it called for canoemanship to do it. In the teeth of the wind, Mr. E. B. Edwards and McGachen were the only successful ones, the contest being won, after a very rapid passage, by Mr. Edwards, other canoes not getting placed.

Camp broke up at sundown, and at nine o'clock the Point was left to the service of early summer resort visitors. F. H. DOBBIN.

The first Pittsburgh C. C. race of the season was sailed May 29th on the upper Monongahela course, with six starters, viz.: Marguerite (Singer), Lorna (Bakewell), Amaryllis (Holdship), Katrina (Woodwell), Delight (Bailey), and Nirvana (Nimick); the last named (Class A) sailing with the large canoes without any allowance or handicap. The wind was very light and fickle, and the race from start to finish largely a matter of luck. An even start was made with the canoes well abreast, but spread clear across the river; but hardly were they over the line when Katrina started as though propelled by a steam engine, and quickly placed the rest a full hundred feet behind her. Here the wind failed her, however, and Marguerite was the next one to be favored. This continued pretty much all through, the various canoes taking spurts of running, with intervals of drifting; and when first turn was reached Delight chanced to be the lucky one, and got around nicely, closely followed by Amaryllis, and after a longer interval, Nirvana; while the others were caught in the doldrums, and drifted about—head any way—while the first three were getting a good start down with the current. On the wind Nirvana quickly showed her old-time form, and by the end of first board was ahead. A shift in the wind a little later put her behind Delight, but she did not stay there long, and before the starting point was reached was far in the lead. Here her skipper made a fatal mistake, thinking he had won, when he was required to beat about one-quarter mile further down the river, turn a buoy, and run back to start; and he kept away and ran across to the club steamer in great shape; but instead of applause he was received with the information that he still had work before him if he wanted to claim the race, so he sheeted home once more, and barely succeeded in weathering Delight on the next tack. This brought the leaders to the buoy close together. Before the wind, however, Delight was too much for her little rival, and outran her, winning her first race by only 9 seconds. Katrina, after making first turn in fifth place, finally won third through her superior qualities on the wind. Amaryllis came in fourth and Marguerite fifth; though in justice to all it must be said that the crews of both Katrina and Amaryllis were in their respective craft for the first time, and also that the delay at first turn was fatal to the chances of the last three, even had one of them been Vesper herself.

NEWBURGH CANOE AND BOATING ASSOCIATION
—AN OUTING.

Our first "outing" is now a thing of the past, probably to be lived over again at some camp-fire of next winter, when June breezes, sandy beaches, wild field daisies, camp suppers, and glorious moonlit waters will be happy memories to contrast with the snow and cold without.

It was not all sweetness with us, however, as a postponement from Thursday, 17th, to the next day on account of disagreeable weather caused several absentees, and depleted our number from thirty or more to twenty-two.

But the twenty-two had a jolly time, and regretted only the absent ones. At half-past four we started. The commodore with Scylla, the vice with Ripple, the captain with Mabel, and Jennie, Daddy, Iolas, Calloo and Peggy were all in line, trimmed out with their gala day bunting.

Our destination was a secluded sandy beach about three miles north of our city, and as wind and tide were both against us, it looked like a long pull and a strong pull before we could discharge our cargoes. But luck or chance or what you will stood by us, and we had hardly more than started when one of our many friends came steaming along in his handsome little tug Alice, and the genial face of Capt. "Bob" Minerly looked out of the pilot house as he hailed us with, "Suppose you let me tow you up." Who could withstand such a generous offer? Who could withstand temptation when so ingenuously seductive? We could not, and soon in a long tandem we were strung out, bowling along at a rate that pleased the ladies of the party immensely and threw "Dockrat" muscle far in the background.

What a jolly "run" it was. Up past the many factories and mills, their many operatives crowding to the windows to witness and cheer the somewhat novel sight; up past Capernum, the home of that jolly old fisherman, "Captain" Lucas; up past the many handsome suburban residences lying to the north of the city; up past "Big Hill," jutting its stony front boldly out into the river; up past sandy beaches and cool coves until our own particular chosen spot was reached, when the line was cast off and generous Capt. "Bob" steamed away, followed by a hearty cheer from his grateful debtors. It was a go-as-you-please for the beach, and soon the keels of the boats and canoes grated on the sand. The occupants were soon ashore, and while some

arranged cushions, shawls, seats, etc., in the most comfortable manner for luxurious lounging, others wandered around, gathering immense quantities of white and yellow daisies and other wild flowers that bloom in the spring. Later on sundry baskets and packages appeared upon the scene and were attacked with a good will that left their contents in a badly demoralized condition; in fact, the same were completely routed. Then the smokers were allowed indulgence of the fragrant weed. "Van" lighted the little fire of chips and drift that gradually as the shadows of night settled down became the roaring camp-fire of many huge logs, surrounding which the "Rats" and their friends sat enjoying its genial warmth and passing the time with music and song, laughter and glee. Meanwhile the various skippers had arranged their craft for the cruise homeward. Lamps were placed in position and lighted ready for the start at any time. At 9 o'clock the sweet strains of "Home, Sweet Home" fell from the lips of our lady soloist, to be gradually taken up by all present. And then we started for home, and in close column slowly worked our way southward, while song after song awakened many an echo along the shore. Over the old North Beacon the glowing sky told that the moon would soon rise, and ere half our homeward trip was made the "Bride of Night" shone forth in all her fullness and beauty, and in the full enjoyment of nature's loveliness we ended our first "outing." HAL.

Ottawa C. C. annual meeting. Officers elected: W. T. Witcher, Com.; J. S. Brough, Capt.; F. H. Gisborne, Sec. for 1886.

It is quite probable that in response to "Buck's" letter in June CANOEIST about the time of starting event 11 at the A. C. A. meet, this race will take the place of 14 and 14 be transferred to 11. This is as it should be. If the programme remains as at first published, Class A, III. would have to paddle at 9:45 and at 10 o'clock start in a paddle and sail race.

Bayonne C. C. hold their fifth annual spring regatta on July 5th. All races are open to any canoeist. Ten races make up the programme, and prizes will be given to the winners of each. Start at 10 A. M. House room will be provided for visitors, Bayonne, Newark Bay, N. J.

The Washington *Star* of May 29th has a column and a half article on the two Washington canoe clubs.

Toronto C. C., Saturday afternoon, June 12, combined paddling and sailing, for challenge cup; distance mile and a half:

W. G. McKendrick, canoe Mac.....	1
Hugh Neilson, canoe Boreas.....	2
D. B. Jackson, canoe Yanewah.....	3
W. Leys's new canoe.....	0
Colin Fraser, canoe Una.....	0

Secretary McKendrick won by about 100 yards, and nearly the same distance separated the others. All finished. The wind was baffling and unfavorable for sailing. Mr. Neilson has held during the winter and part of last summer the cup he now surrenders to Mr. McKendrick.

Three more sailing events occurred on Saturday, June 19th. Secretary McKendrick's new canoe, Mac, built in Peterboro', is proving a flyer, both under sail and paddle. She carried off the sailing cup to-day, beating the Boreas of Commodore Neilson. Mr. Wm. Leys proved to be a "dark horse" among the sailors. His new canoe, Alouette, also beat the Boreas in the sailing race.

Sailing Challenge Cup and Novices' Trophy—the two events simultaneously:

Wm. G. McKendrick, canoe Mac.....	1
Wm. Leys,* canoe Alouette.....	2
Hugh Neilson, canoe Boreas.....	3
Colin Fraser, canoe Kate.....	0
W. H. P. Weston,* canoe Wanda.....	0
J. W. Bridgeman, canoe Sapphire.....	0
W. Cooke,* canoe Firefly.....	0
Chas. Baird,* canoe Madge.....	0
A. Shaw*.....	0

Those marked with a star are novices. Leys wins the novices' trophy.

Paddling Challenge Cup, half a mile:

Wm. Leys, canoe Alouette.....	1
Wm. G. McKendrick, canoe Mac.....	2
W. H. P. Weston, canoe Wanda.....	3

This was a well contested race. Leys won by a length, and McKendrick was only half a length ahead of Weston.

The T. C. C. is flourishing, and has got too big for its present club house, and consequently has used an auxiliary boat house, holding six canoes, known as the "T. C. C. Annexe." There is much cruising activity among the members. The membership of the club now numbers thirty-one canoe owners. The officers are: Hugh Neilson, Com.; Arthur Mason, Vice-Com.; W. G. McKendrick, Sec.; John L. Kerr and D. B. Jaques, members of the Executive Committee; Robt. Tyson, Measurer.

ISABEL.

[Question: Is McKendrick's boat "a heavy canoe," and does it carry a heavy board?—EDITOR.]



EDITOR CANOEIST: As the question of a salt water canoe meet has been frequently brought forward of late, I want to urge upon the A. C. A. the south shore of the Peconic Bay, at Red River, Long Island, New York, as a most desirable camping ground. The natural scenery is charming, water smooth, and many points of interest within easy sailing distance, Gardiner's Island and Shelter Island being among the most attractive to the inquisitive canoeist discoverer and voyageur, while the bay itself has no rival as a racing ground.

Canoeists who have not time to make that most delightful cruise from Bay Ridge through the Rockaways, past Coney Island, Long Beach and the Isle of Wight, through the Great South Bay to Canoe Place, and so across into the Peconic, can easily send their canoes by the Long Island Railroad to Riverhead, S. g Harbor, or to nearer places. New England canoeists can reach Long Island by steamer from New London, or better, by a sail across the Sound.

An extended homeward cruise of the fleet along the north shore of Long Island would give opportunities for a display of seamanship and test the sailing qualities of the racers in a long run together to New York.

As I write this from Fort Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain, will you allow me further to suggest that this point is a most desirable spot for canoeists. It differs from Lake George in that the breeze here is much steadier and more to be depended on. This ancient inn, with boat house and landing, is exceedingly comfortable, while mine host is assiduous in his attentions. The old fort, in the days of the French called Carillion, later Fort Ticonderoga, adds historical charms to the neighborhood. As a rendezvous for canoeists and their families "Fort Ti" Hotel cannot be excelled. The place is easily reached by Del. & Hudson Railroad from Albany or Troy, and by the Central Vermont Railroad from the East.

GHOST.

[A salt water meet would be a good thing for the A. C. A. in many ways. It would give the inland men a taste of a new kind of canoeing. If the point was within

easy reach of New York no doubt some of the English canoeists would be tempted to join us. As many canoeists come to New York at some time of the year on business or pleasure, it would be pretty sure to be a large meet in point of numbers. A suitable place in every way perfect for such a meet can easily be found. CANOEIST will be glad to publish other suggestions (sent in early) in the A guest number, so as to have the subject well ventilated before the '86 meet actually takes place. Numbers who have an opinion about where next year's meet should be held will help matters on greatly by collecting information in regard to sites, means of transportation, supplies, etc., and be ready to talk intelligently when the subject comes up for discussion at this year's meet. It is only in this way that the question can be settled to the satisfaction of the majority. And while you are on the subject of the A. C. A. for 1886-7, don't forget to think over who are the desirable men to elect to the offices.—EDITOR.]

EDITOR CANOEIST: I am afraid that your readers will be under the impression that the Ottawa Canoe Club is defunct. This is very far from the case, however. Last season two members of the club cruised from Ottawa to Kingston via the Rideau Canal, and thence went down the St. Lawrence to Brockville. Our present commodore paddled down the Bow River, in the far West, and short cruises and camping expeditions innumerable were made by other members. In December last the season was wound up by a large ball, where over three hundred dancers enjoyed themselves. The ball was given under the patronage of Lady Ritchie, Lady Caron, Lady Middleton, Mrs. Clemon, Mrs. Mackintosh, Mrs. Tasse and Mrs. McDougall. The ball was a great success, and we hope to be able to wind up the present season with something of the same kind.

In March we had our annual meeting, and the following officers were elected: Com., Mr. W. F. Whitcher; Captain, J. S. Brough; Sec., F. H. Gisborne. Messrs. W. McL. Maingy, A. Hemming and J. St. C. McQuillin, members of Committee of Management. Messrs. P. B. Symes and W. McL. Maingy, Auditors.

We had our first club cruise this year on May 22d. Leaving Ottawa by the Canada Atlantic Railway for Casselman on Saturday with ten canoes and twenty paddlers, we paddled down the Nation River to

Wendover, on the Ottawa River, some fifty miles, and from thence we returned to the capital on Monday in the steamer Prince of Wales, after a round trip of over one hundred miles. The party was under the command of the commodore.

In this short account I cannot begin to say how we enjoyed ourselves, paddling, running rapids and squeezing through jams of logs. We had a splendid time, and I hope shortly to be able to send you an account of the trip.

Our next excitement will be the club races we propose holding on Dominion Day (July 1st). Our Mayor is anxious to have a grand celebration on that day, and has promised to aid us in anything we do to add to the splendor of the occasion. We have 47 members, and hope to materially increase the number this season. Might I suggest that it would be very convenient if the CANOEIST published regularly in each number a list of the various club secretaries and their addresses; and also in one number in a compact form the club signals and totems.

A.

[THE CANOEIST is making up a complete list of clubs and their officers, and will soon be able to send copies to subscribers who desire them. There is no cheap way of printing a full set of club signals and totems, too many colors are included; but it will materially help us in the make-up of occasional colored supplements if all secretaries who have not done so will send us drawings of flags and totems.—ED.]

EDITOR CANOEIST: I note inquiry of "F. M. C." in June CANOEIST about reaching Fulton Chain via Moose River. Farnham and I took that route in 1878, entering the river at a place known as the Moose River Tannery, about ten or twelve miles from the railroad. From there to the "Big Stillwater," about six or seven miles, we did more manual labor than I have ever done since. I think it took us six days to drag those canoes up the stream; paddling and poling were out of the question.

I should advise "F. M. C." to take wagon to the foot of the "Big Stillwater;" from there for about twelve miles he will have good up stream paddling with but one difficult place; then a lift over the dam at the Forge Hotel, and he is in the Fulton Chain.

One's memory is more or less treacherous after eight years, but if "F. M. C." cares for further information, I shall be glad to tell him what I know of value to him for his trip.

THOS. R. WHITE, JR.

27 WALLBROOK, E. C., 7th June, 1886.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Will you kindly oblige me by publishing in your next issue the inclosed correspondence with reference to an article which appeared in your May number entitled "Tredwen: a Sketch"? I need scarcely assure you that the appearance of the article was a complete surprise to me.

I regret to trespass on your space with these personal explanations to the exclusion of more interesting matter pertaining to the "Improvement of canoes, the promotion of canoeing and the union of canoeists." I am, dear sir, yours truly,

E. B. TREDWEN.

46 CHESILTON ROAD, MUNSTER PARK, S. W. 3d June, 1886.

DEAR MR. TREDWEN: I have just had a surprising letter from Mr. Winsor, and I shall be glad if I can see you regarding it on Saturday evening, as I shall arrive there with my canoe about 7 P. M. I am, believe me, all the more pained, as I wished only to please and honor, in my clumsy fashion, the first canoeist of the day, as I view you. Nothing but what was good and kindly was in my head and heart, and to see how I am so much in error is the cause of an earnest wish to see you. Believe me, yours faithfully,

T. H. HOLDING.

P. S.—I have not at hand your Kingston address.

4TH JUNE, 1886.

DEAR MR. HOLDING: Yours of yesterday to hand, and in reply I shall be at Turk's at 7 P. M. on Saturday.

I quite acquit you of any intention to write anything that should be the least offensive; on the contrary, I fully believe you intended to pay me a compliment. But in doing this you have made several serious mistakes. You have been unreasonably eulogistic, and the concluding paragraph could scarcely fail to prove offensive to the Americans, and would be very annoying to Powell and myself if we fail to win, which I think very likely. In the next place, the fact of attaching a recognizable signature with the initials of the club is an offense, because any reader would infer that the article was written with some amount of sanction from the club and from myself; consequently the whole subject matter becomes offensive to the club and to me, and the article is such a breach of the unwritten law as to make the writer guilty of unclubable conduct.

In order that the club and myself may be relieved of the odium that now attaches to us it is essential that you should make a written apology to each. I very much regret the painful position in which you are placed, but can assure you that it is not more painful than my own. So far as my private feelings are concerned, I would gladly accept your letter now under reply as sufficient apology, but by your article you have forced me into a public prominence which renders it necessary that the apology should be equally public. I am yours truly,

E. B. TREDWEN.

T. H. Holding, Esq., 46 Chesilton Road, Munster Park, S. W.

TO THE EDITOR OF AMERICAN CANOEIST—*Dear Sir:* In giving so much prominence to my brief and jocular sketch of Mr. E. B. Tredwen, you evidently attach as much interest to his canoeing personality as I do. I am afraid, however, that parts of that sketch at least, and probably the whole of it, were very premature in face of the projected races on your noble waters. Especially Mr. Tredwen thinks the latter allusions by me to the forthcoming races are injudicious, and he is afraid that they may not be

read and taken as very flattering or very just by and to those on your side. Certainly they were not written with his knowledge or consent, and he regrets their appearance. For my part it only remains to add that the words were never intended to be seriously read or meant. In view of these facts, will you kindly insert this note? If so, allow me to add my regret at writing them. Yours truly,

SEVERN, R. C. C.

11 BUCKINGHAM STREET, W. C., 2d June, 1886.

DEAR SIR: With reference to an article on Mr. Tredwen in your May number, the committee desire me to write to you and express their regret that a member of the R. C. C. should have written such a notice.

I have also been instructed to write to the author and acquaint him with the feeling of the committee upon the matter. I am, dear sir, yours truly,

T. G. F. WINNER, Secretary.

The Editor American Canoeist.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FIELD—*Sir*: The new Pearl, to compete in the international races of the American Canoe Association and the N. Y. C. C., is now being built by R. J. Turk, Kingston. I mention this to afford any one desirous of seeing the mode of construction adopted in these little boats an opportunity of doing so to best advantage.

Like last year's Pearl, the present one is founded on the lines of the 1882 Pearl, published in "Yacht and Boat Sailing," with some slight alterations. As stated in "Yacht and Boat Sailing," 1882 Pearl had a rising floor in order that she might carry fixed ballast to advantage in the matches of the Thames Sailing Club and the T. V. S. C., where no shifting ballast is allowed. The present canoe, being designed solely to compete in canoe races with shifting ballast, has 1 in. less deadrise than the 1882 model. The 1882 boat was 14 ft. long and the 1885 was 14.6, the extra length being obtained by spacing the same moulds further apart in equal proportions. In the canoe now building the 14.6 length is obtained by throwing the extra 6 in. entirely into the middle of the boat, the first mould each side of midships being spaced 9 in. from the midship mould, all the other moulds being spaced 6 in. apart. The waterlines in the fore and aft bodies of the new canoe are therefore the same as in the 1882 model, but the midship body is longer.

As most of the races are sailed in narrow, smooth waters, the after centerplate, which is chiefly useful to steady the boat in a seaway, has been omitted, and the area of the fore centerplate proportionately increased. The new boat should be closer-winded than the last and quicker in stays,

but not so good for rough-water cruising, in which the after plate is very useful.

The boat is framed with alternate sawn and bent timbers spaced 6 in. The sawn timbers are cut from natural oak crooks, 1 in. moulded and 1¼ in. sided. The steamed timbers are of ash, ¾ in. moulded, ⅔ in. sided. The bilge is further strengthened with a piece of oak 2 in. wide by ⅞ in. thick turned round between each frame. There are four ribbons ½ x ⅝ in. cedar from end to end. These are let into the sawn frames, but the bent timbers are let into the ribbons. All this framing is set up before planking is commenced, so the design is accurately carried out. The plank up to the 6 in. level amidships and the 7 in. level at bow and stern is of oak, 1-12 in. thick, in three widths. The top-sides of 3-16 in. cedar.

The keelson is cut away for 18 in. amidships, and the ballast well constructed as in the 1882 boat. The leading dimensions are: Length, 14 ft. 6 in.; beam, 2 ft. 8½ in.; depth, gunwale amidships to rabbet line, 14 in.; sheer forward 4¼ in., aft 3 in.; round of deck at fore end of well, 2 in. Well 12 in. wide at fore end, 16 in. at widest part. Flap side decks 7 in. wide. The rabbet line is straight for a length of 9 ft. and is cambered for 2 ft. at bow and stern, the camber being more than in any previous Pearl.

The design has been carried out with the utmost care and exactitude by the builder, Mr. R. J. Turk, leaving nothing to be desired in these respects, and it is a great satisfaction to see the work so thoroughly well done.

E. B. TREDWEN.

JUNE 3d, 1886.

[The above was kindly forwarded to us in MS. by Mr. Tredwen.—ED.]

A. C. A.—ERRATA—CAMP PAMPHLET.

Rule 1, page 10, Class B sailing, reads: "Length not over 16 ft., with a limit of 28½ in. beam for that length." It should read, "Length not over 17 ft.," etc. I will see to it that this error is corrected in the Year Book. F. S. RATHBUN, Com. A. C. A.

Harrisburg C. C. new club house is about completed, 15 x 45 ft. on Front street. A. C. A. cruisers down the Susquehanna will no doubt receive a hearty welcome from the club if they call at the new front door.

Book reviews and magazine notices unavoidably omitted this month.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. V.

AUGUST, 1886.

No. 8.

W. BADEN-POWELL, LIEUT. R. N. RESERVE.



WARRINGTON BADEN-POWELL is the name of our subject just now. The "Warrington" has as true an English ring as the "Powell" an English sound. Where the "Baden" was got from or whence imported is not known; but to speak of "Mr." Powell would sound as incongruous to a British canoeist as "Mr." Bunyan or "Mr." Shakespeare. Indeed, in the now venerable and staid R. C. C. it is the custom to drop the "Mr." altogether, even with plain folk like the rank and file of us. We always speak of the redoubtable Baden as "Baden-Powell."

Now, sir, in my last sketch my classic shaping of words and letters led to some ludicrous results, among them, for instance, I am reputed to have referred to Baden-Powell's "suit" of clothes presumably, while to the initiated I might be thought to have attempted a vile pun, seeing that "Mr." Powell is a limb of the law.

Though a lawyer, he *was*, as he still is, and will die a sailor *per se*; one does not know why, but yet he has it bred within him. Still holding his commission in the Royal Naval Reserve, he walks the law courts and sits in barristers' chambers. But even his law is strongly savored with the salt of the ocean, seeing that it is with Admiralty and shipping affairs he alone deals.

It has always interested me to know what led him to take to the smaller craft. I can only suspect John MacGregor is partly to blame, or rather to be thanked. The first

we heard of him was his doings in and designing of the Nautilus canoe—a craft that is reputed to be self-righting. Possibly this quality is possessed by the celebrated Nautilus if they upset when empty of all save the crew. Indeed, we have tested it, to find the claim valid. The real masterpiece of all his canoeing is his rigging skill. There is but one other accomplishment or quality in the man we admire more, and that is his coolness and nerve—no mean qualities in a sailor, and not despicable in the ordinary humble paddler. He is cool on his feet in a R. C. C. debate (and these are occasionally warm). He is cool, too, in handling his craft, and can calculate to a nicety how and when to take the wind out of an opponent's sail.

But we were referring to him as a rigger. A volume might be written to analyze, describe and illustrate all the little "fiddle-ments," arrangement of "toggles," "grum-mets" and tackle generally composing his rigging of last year's craft. The perfect finish of his "splice," the professional touch of his "stropped blocks," not to mention the finish of any Roponian mystery in the whole rig of his upper tackle, are a study and a treat to us, and in part (to us novices anyway) an education. He spends, in vacation, whole days at Kingston over his rigging. He arrives on the scene with a professional looking black bag, and after opening it, with its countless little oddments, he begins and goes on in the loft, munching a sandwich by the way. Once on a time, he and another, but mostly "he," brought out a canoe book—ten years ago, I fancy; and I venture now to suggest that he and Tredwen—so often opponents—issue a dual book on some such subject as "Canoes: how to rig and fit them." N. B.—This is not a joke.

Perhaps Baden-Powell is an illustration of the benefits of competition; the competition in this case lies between Tredwen and himself. The one has drawn on the other, and, as it seems to me, the result is a total revolution in canoeing generally and in racing in particular.

Baden-Powell is the most lively member at our meetings, and plays in them the same part that, until lately, a certain lord played in our Parliament. As a humorist he is a great success, yet he is not a humorist. He creates fun, or fans a debate to white heat, just as he is moved, but of this one feels certain he is never moved a reef by the usual considerations—"What will they think?" or "How will they receive this?" He just goes on under the beam wind of his own strong will, and either goes over or through, but never under or round anything. I don't know whether he contemplates following his brother into Parliament or not, but he would be popular there—for his confidence and coolness, if for nothing else.

Altogether, now that John MacGregor is in his sixty-first year, the sport he so well inaugurated will not die for lack of leaders, though, naturally, his successors are of a different school. Powell is now at the age when MacGregor took up with the sport, and to make him perfect as a canoeist, one only wishes he was a cruiser. Cruising is our weak point on this side, as it is your strong one. Cycling is a power here too, and Baden-Powell is a cyclist; but it has gained and maintained its prestige by reason of its touring.

If the big lights we look up to forsake true canoeing for the artificial, the sport must suffer, and, forsooth, does suffer from this cause.

As you are certain to see the man and taste his skill, I will spare you a continuance of these rambling remarks, but may submit another sketch of some other of our British worthies later on. SEVERN.

"Severn" says, "one only wishes he (Powell) was a cruiser." In one of the pleasant letters from Baden-Powell to the CANOEIST (but not for publication) he says he cruises a great deal, and when he gets back he finds business and other matters too much heaped up to give him time to write up the trips. Thus it is that because some of the well-known racing men (on both sides of the Atlantic) don't write up their trips, they are generally supposed not to take any. Accounts of cruises, unless brightly written, are very apt to be dry reading. We have it from very good authority that Powell is of a retiring nature when there is no "race" or "case" in hand, and we believe he is a cruiser, too, of the right sort.



THE JABBERWORKS.

THE gentleman whose portrait adorns the head of this column is not the commodore of the Jabberwock Canoe Club. He is their patron saint.

The Jabberworks elect no officers and pay no dues; the "Tulgy Wood" is their club house. There assemble the "Jabber," the "Jubjub Bird," the "Frumious Bandersnatch," and the "Galumphing Novice."

Sometimes they lie dormant for a year or more, but when they do "take their vorpal blades in hand," not even the far-famed Turtles, the fleet Sea-Horses, nor the ancient Nestors of Staten Island can boast of more glorious adventures.

Who discovered the connection between barbed wire and canoeing? A Jabberwock! And cruised through the branches of a thorn tree? A Jabberwock! Who tried to buy a loaf of bread, on a cruise, of his sister's former chum at Vassar? I'll tell you. We were down on the Muskingum; it was Sunday, and not a bake shop was open at Z. We had been struggling against a head wind all morning, and hunger, aided by a natural bent that way, gave the Jabber the needful courage to walk up to the door of an elegant mansion, whose spacious lawn sloped down to the water's edge, and ask the maid who responded to the bell if she would sell him a loaf of bread. She gasped a negative, but thought her mistress might give him one.

"Oh, no!" haughtily replied the Jabber, "I am able to pay for it," and he jingled the coppers in the pocket of a very muddy pair of corduroys. Then the maid ran aloft to her mistress's bower for instruc-



IT WAS SISTER LOU'S VASSAR CHUM

tions, and presently emerged from the opposite direction bearing on a tray a loaf of bread, a glass of milk and the frame of a departed turkey. At the same time a gentle voice from over the bannisters inquired if "the poor man looked very tired." The poor man protested that he really wanted to buy the loaf of bread and wouldn't take the other dainties, but the gentle voice would not believe him, and came down to see for herself. As she hove in sight around the newel-post the poor man's face turned gray and his knees smote together.

"By Jove! it's that Vassar girl that spent Christmas at our house;" and as he fled down the steps he heard a shriek, "It's Lou Jabber's brother, and we thought he was a tramp!"



MARY.

After floating down the gentle Muskingum in a mellow atmosphere of watermelons, Isabel grapes and milk and eggs for several days, we struck the swift waters of the Ohio and laid our course for Parkersburg. The fire department was out washing the river mud off the church steeples when we arrived, there having been a flood recently, but that's no matter. We went up to the hotel and ordered dinner. It was late, and we had the dining-room to ourselves. A comely waiter-girl attended to



UNCLE MIKE.

our wants with so much zeal that the Jabber thought she must be struck with his personal beauty. He smiled and she smiled, and he looked at me as who would say, "See what a masher am I." She brought him great slices of watermelon and clusters of grapes, not neglecting me either, doubtless because I was his friend, and when we could eat no more the clever maid bashfully inquired if we gentlemen were going down the river "in them little boats."

"We are, when we can tear ourselves away," replied the Jabber from behind his pile of grape skins.

"Would you do me a favor?" she asked, sweetly.

"With all my heart," the Jabber cried.

"I want to send a message to my Uncle Mike. He lives down the river about 15 miles in a little house on the left bank. Now, if you wouldn't mind, when you get down about there, if you'll jest ho ler, 'Hello, Uncle Mike!' and if an old man comes to the door, tell him 'Mary'll be home next week.' He'll know, for that's me." And Mary beamed upon us so that we swore upon our blades that no hut should escape us where her Uncle Mike might chance to dwell. And ever since, when a little house looms up on the left bank, we carry the news to Uncle Mike, "Mary will be home next week!"

W. A. R.

A CANVAS SEAT-BACK.

COMFORT in paddling and cruising depends very much on the nature of the seat-back. Any stiff, hard, rigid back refuses to sway with the motion of each stroke of the paddle, causes more or less friction, and thus produces soreness of the skin or of the muscles. The ordinary board or frame hung from the top of the sliding bulkhead is objectionable on this account. I have used for some years on the Allegro a canvas strap that forms a comfortable support for the back and yet allows the paddler the greatest freedom of motion. Each end of the canvas is fastened to the coaming, and the center of it is held up at the proper height by two stakes adjusted to the bulkhead. The stakes are 18 inches long; the upper ends, for 6 inches, are steamed and bent backward 2 inches that the top of the stakes may not touch the person; they are of oak, $1\frac{1}{8}$ in. by 5-16 thick at the top of the bulkhead, and they taper somewhat toward each end. To hold each one in position it passes under a leather strap nailed to the front side of bulkhead near the top, and under another such strap near the bottom of the bulkhead. It fits snugly under these straps when pushed down into its place, and the lower end rests on the bottom board. The stakes are 8 inches apart. A strap of leather connects the canvas with the top of each stake, one end of the strap having a short sheath or socket to fit the top of the stake—to which it is tied or nailed—and the other being riveted to the after side of the upper

edge of the canvas, so as to swing as on a pivot. The straps are about 9 inches apart where they are pivoted to the canvas. My straps are about 6 inches long; they should be long enough to hold the top of the canvas whenever the canoeist desires it. I like it to be level with the top of the hatch or bulkhead, which in the Allegro is 14 inches above the floor, and the seat is from 3 to 5 inches high; the back thus gets a restful support where it most needs it, in the lumbar region, while the upper part of the body is not deprived of perfect freedom of motion. The canvas is 22 inches long by 6 wide; it is made of double thickness of medium duck, it has a leather patch sewed on to each side of it where the pivots of the leather straps are to be, and it has sewed on to each end a flat thin piece of hickory—about $\frac{1}{4}$ thick by 1 inch wide and 6 inches long—to keep the canvas stretched flat and to distribute the strain. Two copper wires are twisted together, bent into a kind of staple, and the ends wrapped about the hickory strip before the ends of the canvas are sewed up; then these sticks are put into the strap so that the staple projects through the end of the canvas. A snaphook is attached by a leather thong to the staple; this hook snaps into a link of wire or a ring attached to the inside of the coaming—near the bottom of it if the coaming is not stiffened with a metal brace. This link or ring is placed 15 inches forward of the bulkhead in order that the direction of the pull the canvas makes may be lengthwise with the coaming rather than crosswise. The length and position of the canvas back can now be adjusted by the leather thongs, so that it will keep the paddler's back from touching the bulkhead. If, as in the Allegro, the coaming be well stiffened by a light nickeline silver casting, like the letter L, the long leg fastened to the underside of the deck and the other to the inside of the coaming, then the link may be attached to the upper end of this brace, near the top of the coaming; and it might be further aft, say 10 inches forward of the bulkhead. This position would remove to some extent the one objection to the canvas back, the obstruction it offers when putting long articles into the cockpit. I find myself, however, willing to unhook one end of the canvas for the purpose of stowing, rather than dispense with the perfect comfort of the canvas back. It also makes a very good pillow by hooking it to rings under the guards at night.

C. H. FARNHAM.

LARGE CANOES.

SOME NOTES—THE RESULT OF MR. JOYNER'S EXPERIENCE

I HAVE had, and am having, this season quite a demand for canoes over 15x31½, the A. C. A. limit, and one boat I have lately finished is 18x40, built to order for a gentleman in New Orleans. The canoe was shipped fully rigged.

There are certainly many canoeists who would join the A. C. A. if there was a class of canoes allowed under the rules suitable for ladies, and for use on open waters.

[Any canoe is allowed to carry the A. C. A. flag, and be registered, but only those under the limit are allowed in the races. All canoe owners—no matter how large their canoes may be—are admitted to membership in the A. C. A. Races will be provided for larger canoes provided any come to the meet.—EDITOR.]

The Atlantis (S. R. Stoddard) has lately been overhauled and refitted at my shop, to be in good order to continue the cruise begun two years ago along the coast. Mr. Stoddard, like many others, is ready to discard his aft board.

I am surprised that so little is now written about the larger canoes and their advantages. I expected that the controversy, small vs large canoes, lately carried on in the canoe press, would result in the organization of a class of larger canoes in the A. C. A. I get letters constantly asking similar questions to these: "Is it safe to take my wife out in such a canoe as you build, the large size, for a cruise or an afternoon's sail in a fair sailing breeze? Will the canoe carry two readily?" The cruise of the Atlantis and the work done by Rambler and Roque, all of my build, on Long Island Sound and elsewhere, answer these questions.

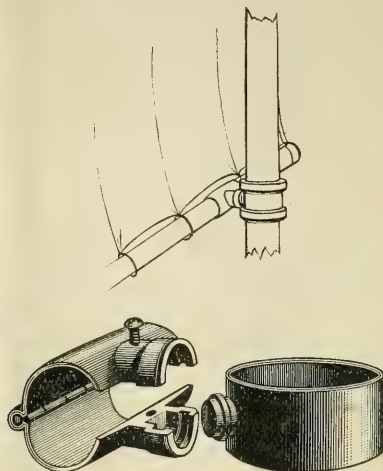
A young man wrote to me from the shore of Long Island Sound as follows: "I am the possessor of what I term a bachelor's canoe (14x30). It is a fair sailer and paddler. I often wish for better sea-going qualities, and more room inside, sufficient to take out a friend for company, or my sister. Is your large canoe, 16x36, suitable for this purpose?"

This from another: "I notice that you are building large canoes. I am a man of 60 years, and weigh 240 lbs. I have used a canoe since I was a mere child, and am just as fond of canoeing as ever. I have often wished for a large canoe, with room to move about in and large enough to allow me to take my wife or daughter for a sail.

They are both very fond of sailing, and would be delighted. Please send me all information possible."

Thus it is. I get about three inquiries for large canoes to one for a canoe within the A. C. A. limits. E. JOYNER.

THE BOOMERANG.



THIS neat and useful fitting was designed by Mr. Henry Stanton, of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club. The idea was worked out by H. J. Hancock, who made the pattern for the castings and put the idea into practical shape. The gear is of brass. The large ring encircles the mast and is kept in proper position, about six inches above deck, by a band of leather below and above it. The ring is a little larger than the mast, so that it slides round easily. The clamp goes round the boom and fits snugly over the projection on the mast ring shown in the cut, the screw, when in place, holding both together firmly, yet allowing full play to the up and down motion of the boom. The gear is to take the place of a tack line, and allows the boom to be turned up close along the mast when furling the sail for stowing below or in the club house. The working of the gear will be easily understood from a glance at the above cut. The boomerang has proved to work to perfection on trial, saves a lot of bother, and is a much neater arrangement than the ordinary tack line. Mr. Hancock is now making them for general sale, and of several sizes. Some of those already in use are nicked. The ring for the halliard blocks, etc., of course, is fitted a few inches below the boomerang on the mast.

CLUB AND OFFICERS' FLAGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice an item in the May AMERICAN CANOEIST in regard to officers' flags—alluding to those of the A. C. A. and the New York C. C. being similar ones. Our club, the Oakland, has adopted simple and efficient devices to distinguish the officers, without necessitating the use of a separate flag, viz., Commodore, a blue anchor; Vice-Commodore, a red anchor; Secretary, a red quill. The device is neatly painted or worked on the face of one white star. It seems to me nearly every club flag which I have seen could very easily have the same little anchor or quill tucked in somewhere without spoiling the symmetry of the design, and make a very neat general device for the officers' flags throughout the country,

W. W. BLOW, Com. Oakland C. C.

OAKLAND, Cal., July 8.

[It was suggested at one time that in place of flying the A. C. A. and club flags, each club whose members belonged to the A. C. A. should incorporate in its flag the colors of the Association; for instance, a red and white triangle in the upper corner, like the Union Jack in our National ensign. Both this plan and that of our correspondent are good, in that they reduce the number of flags while denoting all that is necessary.—*Editor Forest and Stream.*]

The remarks of the editor to the above note would hardly lead any one to suppose that he was an authority on yachting matters, owned a yacht, and had her private signal printed in the register of one of the leading clubs of the country—yet this is the case. A club flag should be a club flag and nothing else. The A. C. A. should be what it is and nothing else. Any combination on so small a scale, 12x18, simply makes a confused jumble that no one understands. No provision is made in the above note for a canoe's private signal. Are they to be done away with? If canoeists are to carry flags on their canoes at all, let them do it according to some general rule, so that they will mean something. At the A. C. A. meets the number on the sail denotes membership in the A. C. A., and the A. C. A. flag can be discarded if the skipper wishes. The club flag and private signal should be carried. A club officer carries his officer's flag instead of his private signal. Therefore, at no time are more than two flags necessary. Surely two are not too many. The A. C. A. and N. Y. C. C. officers' flags are similar, but not identical, as a reference to the article in CANOEIST alluded to above will show. In the N. Y. C. C. stars take the place of the letters A. C. A. Now why should not every canoe club in the country adopt the N. Y. C. C. officers' flags? Many have done so. The club flag, with the officer's flag, identifies the canoe, her owner, the club she belongs to, and the office in the club the skipper holds. Can any simpler system be con-

ceived? Any one knowing the club flags will then know the whole story, and an elaborate treatise on canoe signals will not be necessary for the correct understanding of the flags shown. Mr. Editor of F. & S., will you digest this and report progress thereon?—ED.

Mr. Tredwen writes of the illness of his father, and says further: 'I cannot go so far away under these circumstances, and with great reluctance must give up the trip I have so long looked forward to. My father was always like a brother and a friend to me; he helped me about my canoes, built for me; if I had a match to sail at a distance he would sail the boat for me to the place and have everything ready for me to start, and no one took such interest in all my races as he did. A better man or kinder father never lived, and I could not bear to go so far away while he is in such a critical state. Baden-Powell has beaten me fairly this season, and he will, I am sure, show you the best sailing we can do. On that score I have no regret, but I am greatly disappointed at missing the opportunity of meeting personally so many with whom I have had such pleasant correspondence, so many about whom I have heard and read, and losing the opportunity of gathering so much information and so many useful hints from seeing your canoes.'

NOTES FROM ONE OF BADEN-POWELL'S LETTERS

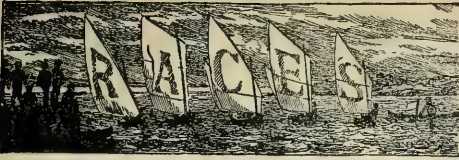
"Our regatta was most disappointing, the wind being 'calms and catspaws' and a strong current—a mere drifting match with a big fluke. Thank goodness, all the previous 'Nautilus' matches were sailed and won in steady breezes and by fair sailing.

"Mr. A. Brentano and Mr. Greenleaf (is this the right name?) visited us suddenly and without previous notice, so we could hardly look after them properly, especially with all the regatta business on hand.

"The R. C. C. camp, the first in England, was very enjoyable and will undoubtedly be very popular next season, especially when some of us bring back the experience of American camping to assist in perfecting ours.

"Now I must start on this new ship in clean earnest, and leave you with best wishes to American canoeists and the CANOEIST till I have the pleasure of sighting the Narrows of New York.

"I have been trying to persuade men to come over to the meet and New York races, but they all seem to fear a beating."



Rondout failed to send a report of the Hudson River meet in time for July CANOEIST. May 29th, 30th and 31st, Coddington's Dock. Rondout, Sing Sing, New York, Newburgh, Albany and Rochester were represented. Races were called Monday, 31st. I. Class A sailing, Peggy, Grant E. Edgar, won; Helena, Grant Van Deusen, second. Lively north wind. Peggy is a 15x28 canoe on Mr. Stephens's lines, the deck and all interior fittings having been made by her owner. II. Class B sailing, Caro, Grant Van Deusen, won; Peggy second. Thetis and Tramp were caught with stormsails up on a failing wind, and were therefore left astern. Caro is a new canoe built by a Poughkeepsie boatbuilder. III. Novice sailing, Mystic, W. A. Stephens. IV. Consolation, Thetis, P. M. Wackerhagen. V. Class 2 paddling, —, J. K. Hand. VI. Class 4 paddling, Mystic, Stephens. VII. Paddling tandem, Niké, Paynter and Van Deusen. Unlike the Connecticut meet, the Hudson River meet was blessed with plenty of wind for all three of the days.

The Mohicans had a sailing race July 19, the day of the Bi-Centennial for Albany. P. M. Wackerhagan in the Thetis won. Vesper did not take part. Mr. Barney was present from Springfield with his three-masted schooner canoe. Mr. Whitlock of New York also sailed.

Mohican C. C., Albany, June 24th. Oliver cup. Sixty feet limit of sail. Light air. Thetis won easily. Vesper absent. This being Thetis's third win of the cup, it becomes the property of her skipper. It has been sailed for eight times. July 1st, junior race for senior pennant. Light air. Chingachook, W. Wheeler, won. Many members took a three days cruise on Upper Hudson on July 3d, 4th and 5th.

Essex C. C., of Newark, June 26th regatta. C. V. Schuyler won the paddling one mile, for any canoe, three starters. Stern won the paddling race for canoes over 28 in., beating Totten and three other Essex men. Totten won the hand paddling, five starters. Five crews started in

the tandem, won by Schuyler and Dorland. Cox won the 500-yard upset race, three starters. Prizes were given to winners in each event.

Yonkers C. C. first annual regatta, July 3d. Winners: Paddling—J. G. Reeves in Jennie R. Tandem—J. G. Reeves and A. B. Patton in Goblin. Hand-Paddling—H. L. Quick in Spy. *Sailing race postponed, lack of wind. Officers elected, at regular monthly meeting, July 6th, for the year: F. K. Sheers, Com.; H. L. Quick, Vice-Com.; L. Simpson, Sec.-Treas. Club flag, white field, red border stripe and letters Y. C. C. in red.

Bayonne C. C., fifth annual regatta, July 5th. Open to all canoeists: 1. Sailing race, any canoe, 3 miles, won by T. F. Garrett in Ute. Time, 40 minutes. 2. Sailing-Paddling, any canoe, won by M. G. Foster, Lasata (K. C. C.). 4. Tandem junior, won by Wm. Russell and F. A. Beardsley in Toddy. 4. Tandem senior, won by T. Garrett and G. W. Hurd in Toddy. Both races were over a short $\frac{3}{4}$ mile course with turn. Junior time, 5 minutes; senior time, 4:40. 5. Junior single paddling, won by F. A. Beardsley. 6. Senior single, won by M. G. Foster, Lasata, in 4:45. 7. Hand paddling, won by A. L. Oliver in Stiletto, and standing paddling and upset races won by Foster in Lasata. Tub race won by J. L. Collins. Thus Foster got four first prizes in five events, he having entered in tandem with a man he had never paddled with before, coming in second.

New York C. C. trial races to select defenders for the club international cup, July 3d and 5th. C. L. Norton, R. B. Burchard and W. A. Rogers, as regatta committee, had charge of all arrangements. C. L. Norton, R. B. Burchard and C. K. Munroe, cup committee, had the responsibility of selecting from the contestants the three who are to defend the cup in September. L. Q. Jones, canoe Venture; C. B. Vaux, Lassie, and William Whitlock, Guenn, were selected, and G. E. Edgar, Jr., canoe Peggy, and John Bowles, Gluck, were appointed substitutes. Grant Edgar reached the club house from Newburgh on Saturday morning. H. T. Sinclair sailed over from Brooklyn in the Guenn. No other club members (not New Yorkers) were able to get down in time for Saturday's race. Course, club house at Tompkinsville to flag on bunch of piles off Clifton, around buoy 18 off Owl's Head and home, about 6 miles.

There was almost no wind at the start, and most of the race was a drift. Tide last of the ebb.

Nethla.....	C. K. Munroe.....	N. Y. C. C.
Surge.....	H. O. Bailey.....	N. Y. C. C.
Sea Urchin.....	B. H. Nadal.....	N. Y. C. C.
Lassie.....	C. B. Vaux.....	N. Y. C. C.
Peggy.....	Grant Edgar, Jr.....	Newburgh.
Guenn.....	H. T. Sinclair.....	Brooklyn.

Guenn got a lead almost at the start, and catching the strong ebb in the channel first, got a long lead in the windward work to first turn, and then was lucky in getting the best wind of the day on the run free against the tide, winning 18 minutes ahead of Nethla, the second boat in. Nethla got a very bad start, but made up on all the leaders at the first turn by a very close shave to the piles and a quick tack, thus avoiding the set back from the flood tide in shore. Peggy had third place on the run free and around buoy 18, but Lassie passed her on the run home, getting third place.

On Saturday a large propeller arrived from Hartford with a party of Eastern canoeists aboard, Shedd in charge, ready for Monday's races.

Monday morning course, from club house around Fort Lafayette and home, 3 miles to windward and return. Tide, last of the flood and with the wind. Starters:

Blanche.....	Paul Butler.....	Lowell.
Venture.....	L. Q. Jones.....	Hartford.
Peggy.....	Grant Edgar, Jr.....	Newburgh.
Pecowsic.....	E. H. Barney.....	Springfield.
Gluck.....	J. B. Bowles.....	Springfield.
Sylph.....	E. Knappe.....	Springfield.
Yvonne.....	W. Whitlock.....	Brooklyn.
Guenn.....	H. T. Sinclair.....	Brooklyn.
Nethla.....	C. K. Munroe.....	New York.
Lassie.....	C. B. Vaux.....	New York.
Tramp.....	C. J. Stevens.....	New York.
Sea Urchin.....	B. H. Nadal.....	New York.

The start was made at 11:23. Guenn and Yvonne had been delayed in getting over from Brooklyn by the fog and calm, and were not in at the start, but their times were taken. The canoes all made short tacks inshore out of the tide till off Fort Wadsworth in the Narrows, and then put across the flood tide to Fort Lafayette. Venture got the lead almost at the start, followed by Blanche and Lassie. Blanche lost her mainmast when off Stapleton, and dropped out. Peggy kept pretty close up on Lassie, and Pecowsic, the three-master, gave Peggy a close shave of it. Gluck broke rudder-head near the start, and had to withdraw. Venture kept ahead and came in winner in 1:30:30, though Lassie,

1:32:30, pulled up on her considerably on the free run home. Peggy was third in 1:36:00, and Pecowsic 30 seconds behind her, Sylph 1:39:00, Nethla 1:40:30, Guenn 1:41:30, Yvonne 1:44:00 and Tramp 1:49:00. Sea Urchin did not finish. There was a good whole sail breeze and smooth water during the race.

The afternoon race was started at 2:38. Ebb tide. Strong S. E. wind up the Bay. Course, club house to buoy 18, to piles at Clifton and home. Nethla, Lassie, Tramp, Peggy, Venture, Pecowsic, Blanche—with a makeshift mast—Yvonne and Guenn started. The fleet kept in a bunch out to the buoy, beam wind, Lassie leading, with Venture and Peggy very close up. From buoy 18 to Clifton it was a close-hauled run with a strong favoring tide. Venture ran through Lassie's lee and weathered a big three-masted schooner, then blanketed Lassie and Peggy, thus delaying them greatly. Venture rounded the piles at Clifton with a fine lead, but lost it to Lassie on the run up before the wind and against the tide, Lassie winning in 52 minutes, Venture half a minute behind, taking second place, and Peggy getting her regular place in 55, Blanche 56, Yvonne 57, Guenn 1 hour and 30 seconds, and Nethla 1:02:30. Pecowsic parted a rudder wire and dropped out.

After the race the Eastern men put their canoes aboard the tug, and with a hearty cheer for the N. Y. C. C., sailed for home. Quite a levee was held in the club house between the races, when a lunch was served and much fun and chaff went the rounds. For so old a canoe the Venture did wonderfully. All credit is due to her plucky skipper for his perfect sailing and beautiful rig.

Toronto C. C. Nine canoes started in a sailing race for the T. C. C. challenge cup and novices' trophy on Saturday, the 10th July, skippered respectively by Messrs. Shaw, Cooke, Gibson, Jaques, A. H. Mason, Kerr, Neilson, Tyson, and McKendrick. The course was twice around a long three-mile triangle, about seven miles in all. McKendrick and Mason got a great lead on the first mile, with Cooke a good third. A shift of the wind to the northwest brought lively squally times and persuaded the racers into double reefs. On the windward beat back to the home buoy through broken water, under short canvas, Tyson overhauled Kerr, Neilson and Cooke. Mason was carrying too much sail, and did some very plucky sailing, but he retired at

the home buoy after narrowly missing a capsized. Only three of the canoes went round the course a second time, and the result was thus:

Wm. G. McKendrick, canoe Mac.....	1
Robert Tyson, canoe Isabel.....	2
W. A. Cooke, canoe Firefly.....	3

There was three and a half minutes between first and second, and a somewhat longer interval between second and third. Cooke takes the novices' trophy, and McKendrick scores two wins for the cup so far. McKendrick's canoe is a smooth-skinned decked canoe, 15 ft. long by 31½ beam. She carries ballast and a 15-pound centerboard of zinc. Her mainsail is a balance lug of McKendrick's own design, resembling the Mohican somewhat in respect of a straight leach and long yard. It sits flat, looks well, and will probably have imitators in the club.—ISABEL.

Newburgh B. & C. Club, July 8th.—Three mile sailing races for boats resulted in a win for Mabel, Nate S. Smith. Very light wind. No canoes took part. This was the second race of the season. The third race was sailed Friday evening, July 23d. The course was three miles, from a boat anchored off from the boat house to Gillis's dock and return. The boat contest was won by Messrs. Harry Waring and Stephen Smith, in the Daddy, time 57m. 45s. Their opponents were Jennie, sailed by Harry Marvel, time 60m. 1s.; Mabel, N. S. Smith, 60m. 15s.; Billy H., Will. T. Hilton, 61m. 47s. The canoe race was won by Grant E. Edgar, Jr., in the Peggy, time 61m. 7s.; the other canoeists coming in to the finish as follows: Iolus, W. G. Van Dalsen, 63m. 18s.; Winona, A. King, 65m. 11s.; Calloo, H. A. Harrison, 78m. 28s. The next races will be held in September, when it is probable there will be a rowing and paddling contest.

Newburgh B. and C. Club, June 24 regatta, 1½ miles up river and return for sailing. Boat class and canoe class. Three canoes started, Peggy winning by use of a spinnaker. Wind very light. Peggy's time over the course, 1h. 28m., was the best of all, boats and canoes. Edgar and Smith won the tandem in the Peggy.

Royal C. C., Teddington, England, June 16th. Heavy wind. Five starters. Two prizes. Nautilus, W. Baden-Powell, won with Pearl (85), W. Stewart second. Pearl (86) was entered, but was not ready in time.

WESTERN C. A. ANNUAL MEET.

[From a Cincinnati Paper.]

THE second annual meet of the Western Canoe Association took place at Ballast Island, near Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie, from July 8th to 24th. The meet was most successful and enjoyable in every respect. Quite a number of new members and clubs were present. At each race event were many spectators from all the neighboring summer resorts and cities, which enlivened the scene and gave much encouragement to the contestants.

Harry Crane, as Chairman of the Regatta Committee, and William Ford, of Sandusky, as Judge, gave entire satisfaction in their management and decisions of the races.

The Cincinnati boys held their own pretty well in the races, Messrs. Ellard and Breed taking one prize each in a sailing race, and Shiras a second in an upset race.

The most important event was the six-mile race, sailing twice around a three-mile triangular course, for the Gardner challenge cup. The cup is a solid silver goblet, at the base of which is a cupid paddling his own canoe. The lucky winner this year was Mr. C. J. Bousfield, of Bay City, Mich. It was a hard-earned victory, as he was hotly pushed by Harry Gardner and C. F. Pennewell, of Cleveland. The wind was blowing a half gale, and the waves running high.

The time not taken up by the races was devoted to cruises and visits to the neighboring islands, Put-in-Bay, Gibraltar, North and Middle Bass and Kelly's, to the Toledo Club and Cleveland Camp on Kelly's Island.

The evenings were pleasantly spent around the blazing camp-fire, where the banjo, the guitar and the mandolin, with songs and fairy tales, made the woods echo.

For popularity the Jabberwock C. C., of Springfield, O., was pre-eminent. The sailing device painted on their sails was the old Jabberwock himself.

"And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as he came."

The Jabber, however, proved to be a Jonah, for every time Skipper Geo. Warder went out with his Jabber sail he upset.

The following canoe clubs were represented: The Tippecanoe, of Chicago; the Cleveland, Toledo, Bay City, Sandusky, Springfield, Dayton; the Cincinnati and Miami, of this city, embracing altogether about forty canoes, with about one hundred members.

The best sailors were from Cleveland. They sailed without ballast in very stiff breezes, with racing sails set, Harry Gardner generally leading. The 'Ello, of J. O. Shiras, with her 80-ft. lateen sail, led the fleet twice in fair winds, and against canoes carrying as much as 98 to 120 ft. of sail. The best paddlers were the Tippecanoes, of Chicago. The Mohican style of canoe predominated. The best setting sails were a pair of sprits on R. P. McCune's Pretzel-Tippecanoe, measuring together about 120 ft., the largest amount of sail carried at the meet. The next largest canvas carried was a 98-ft. lateen, carried by Kid Breed, of Cincinnati. The smallest spread was carried by Tom Gaddis, of Dayton, a 17-ft. Mohican, on his Grayling canoe.

A surprising event was Bousfield's Class A, or narrow canoe, beating the Class B, or wider boats, in the six-mile race, as the Class B boats gave the A class time allowance.

The best paddler was A. W. Kitchin, of the Tippias. There were none to cross paddles with him. Those who have seen Johnson and Highway paddle think he can hold his own with either, with fair chances of beating either. Kitchin is almost a feather-weight king, about 5 ft. 4 in. in height, and weighing about 130 lbs., but of astonishing development and power in his arms and chest. The oldest canoeist there was Com. Ellard, the best swimmer Kitchin, best diver Shiras, best runner McCune. The most popular man was Pa Gates, with his mandolin, of Cleveland; the nerviest, Geo. Clarke; the photographer, Geo. Warder; the musician, Hathaway, of Cleveland; the best cook, Harry Crane, the fairy-tale teller, Tom Gaddis.

On Friday evening, the 16th inst., the following business was transacted. The new officers elected for the ensuing year are :

Com., George B. Ellard; Vice-Com., A. W. Kitchin; Rear-Com., Thomas P. Gaddis, Sec. and Treas., James O. Shiras; Executive Com., George A. Warder, O. H. Root, Charles R. Melville.

A vote of thanks was extended to the Regatta Committee, and the judge, Mr. Ford; also to the ladies who so kindly made and presented the thirty prize flags. On motion, it was ordered that the word American be stricken from the association, so that it will now read Western C. A. A by-law was made limiting the membership to 200. Mr. G. Harry Gardner, on behalf of his father, presented the association a silver challenge cup, which was accepted with

unanimous thanks. Thanks were voted to Hon. George W. Gardner and associates for the use of their island for the meet, when the meeting adjourned. The winners and time have not been figured out yet, but will soon be published. L. O.

The twentieth annual regatta of the Royal C. C. took place at Teddington on Saturday, June 26, when the weather, as usual, favored the canoeists and their friends. A new feature was introduced this year, in the shape of a camp competition, which proved a great success, although a difficulty in procuring a suitable site caused a delay in sending round notices. It is to be hoped that this experiment, or at all events a camp, will be repeated next year, and that other members and visitors will come and exhibit their camping gear for the mutual benefit of all present. Mr. W. Baden Powell was camp officer, and had an exceedingly neat and compact tent and appliances with his new canoe Nautilus, but did not exhibit for competition. The other campers were Messrs. Percy Nisbet, T. H. Holding, G. F. Holmes, A. C. Hamerton, and W. Stewart. The decision of the judges is not yet announced, as the weights of the various kits have not yet been sent in.

The regatta commenced with a sailing race for second class sailing canoes, the only starters being Messrs. A. B. Ingram (Akaroa) and Rede Turner (Sabrina). There was almost an entire absence of wind, and the course was shortened to one round. Both canoes kept close together, Akaroa slightly leading until two-thirds of the course had been sailed, when Akaroa got a light air and came away, winning easily.

Half Mile Paddling Race for Novices.—E. W. Lewis, 1; J. H. Hills, o. A good race nearly all the way.

Half Mile Paddling Race (any canoes).—G. T. B. Porter, 1; P. Nisbet, 2; A. C. Hamerton, o. Porter soon obtained the lead, and eventually won; Hamerton some distance behind Nisbet.

Paddling-Sailing Race.—E. B. Tredwen, Pearl '86, 1. Also entered: Irene, Percy Nisbet; Sabrina, R. Turner; Akaroa, A. B. Ingram; Pearl '85, W. Stewart. Irene was first at the end of the paddling round, followed by Akaroa and Sabrina, the two heavy Pearls being some way behind. As soon as it came to sailing, however, Pearl '85 and Pearl '86 picked up the others, and '86 took the prize.

Mile Paddling Race in Rob Roys.—G. T.

B. Porter, 1; E. W. Lewis, o. A good race, both men being level at the half distance; Porter, however, came away at the finish and won.

Canadian Canoe Race (two men in each canoe).—Percy Nisbet and F. M. Feuerbeerd, 1; A. C. Hamerton and S. Futch, o. A good race, but the losers were apparently under-boated.

Sailing Race (round the buoyed course).—Owing to the paltry wind, the course was shortened to two rounds. Entries were: Pea 1 '86, E. B. Tredwen; Nautilus, W. Baden Powell; Sabrina, Rede Turner; Pearl '85, W. Stewart. In the lightest of airs they drifted to windward to the lower buoy and took the lead alternately as each caught a puff. In the last run-up, however, W. Stewart, in Pearl '85, got clear away, and won easily; Pearl second, Nautilus third.

Challenge Cup Paddling Race, One Mile.—Prize, the £50 challenge cup, and a presentation prize value £5. There was also an extra prize offered by Mr. J. W. Clayton for the first foreign or colonial canoeist winning the cup, but there were no challengers outside the club. The holder, Claud Scott, was unfortunately not able to put in an appearance for this race, in which G. Porter, P. Nisbet, and E. W. Lewis were entered. Only Porter and Lewis started, and the former very soon showed in front, and won by several lengths.

Sailing Race (running only).—Pearl 86, E. B. Tredwen, 1. Also entered: Pearl 85, W. Stewart; Akaroa, A. B. Ingram; and Sabrina, Rede Turner.

Four-Paddle Race, One Mile.—R. C. C. v. Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers.—R. C. C. crew: S. Futch, J. H. Hills, E. W. Lewis, G. T. B. Porter, R. N. A. V. crew: Percy Nisbet, Rede Turner, R. H. McClure, S. Robarts. The R. C. C. soon showed in front, and, going right away, won by several lengths.

Chase over Land and Water.—S. Futch, 1; P. Nisbet, 2. This race created, as usual, considerable amusement, S. Futch, contrary to expectation, getting over the river for the last time in advance of Nisbet, who used an inflated india-rubber canoe of very light structure.—*The Field*.

July 10th in a light wind W. Stewart in Pearl '85 won a sailing race. Nautilus and Pearl '86 both sailed.

CANOE MEET.—The club were honored, on Thursday afternoon, with quite a large gathering of friends. The weather was

charming, but the wind was too light for the sailors. The sight is decidedly a pretty one, and the starting point being so easy of access the meets are certain to become very popular. Towards evening a kettle of water was boiled, and the assembly divided off into merry little coteries, who joked and laughed, and sipped tea, and shook ants out of their clothes, and enjoyed life in an atmosphere of sociability and good fellowship such as ought always to be the case. The procession from the club house, headed by Captain Bottum's yacht, the Lark, was pretty and quite imposing, and was started by Mate and acting Captain Read. The Skiff race was sent off first, by A. E. Bottum, who acted as starter, and the following boats under canvas: Fearless, P. Holloran; Iris, C. Arnberg; Gladys, W. Kilmer; Peri, C. Gunsolus; Midge, J. McDermott; Waubeta, J. Godfrey. The last-named came in disabled, having broken her rudder. Fearless crossed the winning line first, closely followed by Iris. The canoes were then sent off, the following boats spreading their sails to the fitful breeze: Dot, A. Kennedy; Zip, W. Read; Corinne, F. Minns; Rokeby Lass, M. Collins; Irene, F. Holloran; Tiger, D. Murdock; Ripple, W. Hamilton; Dolphin, W. Godfrey. There was very little wind, and it was as much a drift race as sailing. Rokeby Lass won, followed by Tiger, Dot, Zip, and Irene. The latter is a new boat, of fine model, and for a first performance Mr. Holloran did well. The first meet at which the club gets a wind, there will be an exciting race.—*Bobcaygeon (Ont.) Independent, July 2d.*

OSWEGO, N. Y., July 23th, 1886.

EDITOR CANOEIST: In addition to names already published as having promised prize flags for A. C. A. regatta, I have to report the following: Mr. W. B. Davidson, Hartford C. C.; Mr. R. J. Wilkin, Brooklyn; Miss F. M. Seavey, New York; "Mr. L. W. Seavey," New York; Ex-Rear-Com. Andrews, Rochester; Mr. C. F. Walters, Mr. Seward, Mr. C. H. Moody, Mr. George W. Ruggles, Charlotte; Mr. Edwin L. French, Buffalo; Mr. Fernow, Albany; Mrs. Drummond, Perth; Mr. Wicksteed, Ottawa; Mrs. S. T. Fairtlough and Miss McPherson, Kingston. Mr. Wicksteed also promises two silk A. C. A. flags. Mr. Seavey's flag is to be known as "The First American Canoe Exposition Flag." Yours truly,

J. B. McMURRICH,
Chairman, Regatta Com.



PERSONAL, IMPERSONAL AND MATERIAL.

Mr. E. B. Tredwen writes under date of July 2d that the illness of his father will prevent his intended visit to the States this year. This is a matter of great regret to all the canoeists, first, that so serious a trouble has come to one whom many of us seemed to know personally, though we have never met him, and who has made many friends here by his manly and enthusiastic love of the sport, and his generosity in being willing always to share with others information gathered by himself; and secondly, to all those who intended going to the meet, that they will not have the pleasure of seeing the best known canoe sailor handle his own canoe.

A cablegram has just been received from Mr. Tredwen announcing the death of his father and stating that Mr. Stewart will sail the Pearl here this year.

The Quaker City Canoe Club was organized on January 21st, 1886, with six members. Officers were elected, a constitution and by-laws adopted and business transacted. The membership has now increased to twelve and the number of canoes from four to nine. The second regular semi-annual meeting was held on June 30th, 1886, at which new officers were elected as follows: Samuel L. Leary, Com.; Joseph A. Barten, Vice-Com., and Andrew A. Jackson, Sec.-Treas. The club signal is a red clover leaf, 12 in. across, on peak of mainsail. The sailing device is a pointed burgee of blue silk, 22x18, partly covered by a red triangle 9x12 in.—A. A. J.

Mr. George F. Holmes, of Hull, England, sends us a beautiful (inst.) photograph of his canoe yawl *Cassy*, and his 12x4 *Coble* under sail in a breeze in Hornsea Mere. The photo was taken by an amateur, Mr. J. H. Peters.

The New Bedford Canoe Club was organized May 12th. Asa T. Thompson, Capt.; George Rugg, Sec.-Treas. The club is located this season at Smith's boat shop on Fish Island. The club offer the hospitalities of their house to any disciples of Rob Roy.

The following appeared lately in a Hartford paper: "A recently married couple from New York greatly enjoyed a novel and adventurous wedding trip in carrying out their mutual taste for sailing. After the marriage ceremony they went on a New York steamer to Fall River, from whence they started alone on a small schooner-rigged rowboat only 14 feet long, and cruised through different waters until they reached Point Judith, which was rounded in a severe gale of wind and rain. The little boat rocked and danced over the rough waves in a way to intimidate 'a lands-woman,' but the fearless little bride simply drew on an ulster over her white nautical dress and enjoyed the fun. They arrived in Hartford during this unique honeymoon, and were enthusiastically greeted by members of the Hartford Canoe Club, who afterward towed the schooner rowboat containing the laughing and sea-loving couple down the Connecticut River by a tugboat to the banks of their future home."

A NEW CANOE CLUB.

Thursday, June 24th, YOUNONDIO Canoe Club of Rochester gave a reception in their new cottage club house on the shore of the bay, and the members of the Rochester C. C. joined in after their annual re-atta; thus the Frogs and Snakes formed a happy family. In the evening there was a "spread" for the members and guests, and after it a hop—for the girls had been invited too. The new club has a membership of thirty-five, with these officers: Frank P. Wisner, Capt.; Frank S. Macomber, First Mate; T. F. Brown, Second Mate; A. G. Warren, Purser; L. S. Tyler, Measurer.

The Pequot Canoe Club was organized June 19th, 1886, for the purpose of uniting amateur canoeists who reside along the north shore of Long Island Sound between Harlem River and New London. Burgee is 12x18, triangular, a Greek cross, red on a white field, surrounded by a $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch red border. Totem a Greek cross in peak of mainsail. The secretary invites correspondence from canoeists within jurisdiction of the club, and the commodore offers any courtesies in his power to canoeists cruising the Sound, if they stop in at Southport. Com., R. P. Wakeman; Vice-Com., F. P. Sherwood; Sec.-Treas., F. P. Lewis, Drawer 14, New Haven, Conn.

The Crescent C. C., of Mauch Chunk, celebrated their first birthday by a coach drive and a dinner June 28th.

A CANOE PARTY FROM HARRISBURG.

Messrs. W. W. Sayford, Com.; G. G. McFarland, Vice-Com.; Charles J. Snyder, Sec.; T. F. Newby, E. B. Flickinger and Hugh H. Pitcairn, members of the Harrisburg C. C., reached Baltimore last evening, after a nine-days' cruise from Harrisburg, Pa. Their route was down the Susquehanna to Columbia, thence by canal to the neighborhood of Port Deposit, and thence by the Susquehanna River, the Chesapeake Bay and the Patapsco River to this city, a distance of 116 miles. The canoes were of canvas, 15 ft. long and from 24 to 30 in. wide, and weighed about 115 lbs. In the canoes were carried cooking utensils, etc., and the party camped on the various small islands in the bay. They were caught in a heavy storm Tuesday night, near Pool's Island, and being separated in the darkness, were not united until they reached Baltimore. Lighthouse-keepers and fishermen told them that the canoes were the smallest boats in which any one has attempted to cross the bay.—*Baltimore Sun*, July 23d.

The Ianthe commodore commanded his squadron on July 5th and ordered a move up a river at 7:30 A. M. from the clubhouse. Paddling leisurely along, the fleet arrived off the Patterson Canoe Club's house at 11 and landed, being welcomed in a hearty manner by the Patterson boys, who fired a salute with the club cannon. P. C. C. house was gayly decorated with flags in honor of their guests. Bugle call announced dinner. The clubs and a number of young lady guests sat down to a table ornamented with flowers and an immense fruit cake frosted, having the club flags and their monograms carved on the top. After dinner the ladies witnessed a review of the entire fleet, and expressions like these were heard on all sides: "Isn't it just lovely!" The I. C. C. were given a rousing cheer as they bid good by to their entertainers, and took their departure for home late in the afternoon.

Persons frequenting the waters of the Upper Bay in the afternoons may see a number of canoes disporting themselves on the waves around Staten Island. This sport is becoming more and more popular every year. It is one of the finest amusements in the world, and can only be surpassed for men of moderate means by a cruise in a catboat. Two men with a 20 ft. catboat can cruise all around the Sound and have a wonderful lot of fun. Two special

qualifications are needed; both must be good sailors and have good tempers.—*Life*.

Catboat craising surpasses canoeing; does it, Mr. *Life*? There are those who differ with you, sir—editors, too. Just try it once—no, twice—and convince yourself.

Dayton C. C. increasing in membership rapidly and a new and larger club house talked of.

Pappoose Canoe Club, Chicago, Ill., was organized July 85. Wm. Sage, Capt.; Wm. Lavinia Secretary and Purser. Club house foot of 40th street.

F. R. Webb, of Staunton, Va., commanded a party of canoeists who started for a two weeks cruise on the Shenandoah July 12. Mr. Webb has taken a cruise each year for some time in the Frankie, a canoe built by himself, and CANOEIST has from time to time published accounts of his voyages. The party consisted of nine gentlemen.

Mr. Martin, of the K. C. C., had a large tandem sailing canoe built last spring, on Long Island, which has proved in service very comfortable and fast. A photograph of the canoe under sail which he sent to us is very pretty, and illustrates the capacity of the canoe excellently. Drawings of this canoe, dimensions, and description is now in preparation for publication in a later issue of CANOEIST.

Sidney E. Clarke has lately received a 14½x30 canoe from Joyner, and C. R. Forest a 15x31½ canoe from the same builder. Both gentlemen are members of the Hartford C. C. Mr. E. H. Barney has a 90-lb. 16x29 Joyner canoe, a very pretty boat, and it is quite probable that the Springfield club will win by her a few flags this year to add to their laurels.

In the June number of the *St. Nicholas* appeared two articles on boys' camps, both illustrated by W. A. Rogers—who, by the way, is an enthusiastic camper himself, and has made his drawings present a most attractive and enticing picture of an outdoor life. A circular was sent to CANOEIST about the same time by the gentlemen who manage Camp Harvard, and we print it below, as it will no doubt interest many. This camp is on the shore of a lake, but a careful reading of the article written by one of the campers fails to result in the discovery of the canoe. As the boys are taught to swim, cook, wash dishes, and do

other camping work, some of them will no doubt turn out true canoeists one of these days:

CAMP HARVARD, 1886.—A SUMMER CAMP FOR
YOUNG BOYS.

The camp is located on the shore of Monomonock, one of New Hampshire's most picturesque lakes, about equidistant from Winchendon, Mass., and Rindge, N. H. The design of the camp is to furnish boys with a rational and healthy outdoor life, where under competent supervision they can learn to swim, row, fish, do some tramping and climbing (up Mount Monadnock and elsewhere), play tennis, base ball, and foot ball, and engage in other manly sports; form and cultivate good habits, and build up their bodily strength. The cabins are of wood, roofed, floored, commodious, and weather-proof. Rules are few, but must be promptly and cheerfully complied with. Book study is not allowed, but object lessons and instructive talks form an important feature. Firearms are not permitted. The work of the camp is done by its members as far as possible. The annual athletic meeting is held August 13th and 14th. Reports are sent periodically to parents. Telephone and telegraph connection; daily mail. Terms: There are two terms of one month each, from July 1st to August 1st, and from August 1st to September 1st. Term fee, \$75; for the two terms \$135, payable at the beginning of the term. As the membership is limited, boys should be entered as early as possible. The right is reserved to terminate the camp connection of any boy when it is found to conflict with his own or the general welfare. For further information address, until June 25th, John F. Nichols, William Hall Williams, Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass.; after June 25th, Camp Harvard, Rindge, N. H.

It is exciting to run rapids in a canoe, to sail in a breeze so stiff that the sailor, who is always his own ballast, has to lean far out to windward to keep his boat from capsizing, to fight wind and wave and rock and shoal and current in rounding a treacherous point; but the most tremulous, persistent, long-drawn-out, and altogether delicious excitement of this form of aquatic diversion is found in discussions of rigs and models. Man is naturally a disputatious animal; most of the wars and less bloody quarrels of humanity are merely reappearances of the primitive impulse of mankind to fight

whenever two men chanced to meet at any time but dinner-time: so anything upon which men can disagree earnestly without injuring their fellow-beings should be maintained by society as a safety-valve. No two canoes are exactly alike, even if built upon the same lines; neither are the rigs of any two boats the counterfeit presentments of each other. So whenever canoeists meet they consume a great deal of breath in convincing themselves, and incidentally each other, that the speaker for the time being is right and the other man is wrong. When one night the popular captain of a popular Atlantic steamer and an equally popular naval officer whose name is known throughout the land, when these two men, both enthusiastic canoeists, quarreled for two hours over the merits of their respective rigs, I thought the performance rather silly; but as each was next day reported by his respective subordinate officers to be in splendid temper and spirits, I thought I dimly sighted a moral idea. Further observations in the same direction justify me in advising all wives, clubs, political organizations, and churches to encourage the canoeing spirit in men in whom they are interested and who may sometimes disturb their peace; for a man who has spent an evening discussing unsettled questions in canoeing will not have enough disputatious impulse left to make life miserable for any one. If a canoe club could be formed at Washington consisting solely of members of Congress, each member to pledge himself to sail or paddle an hour every day, the annual sessions would be shorter and more effective.

Canoeing offers the man of affairs one blissful experience for which he frequently sighs and which he seldom enjoys, the pleasure of being entirely alone for a little while. The same end may be attained by seeking the North Pole, or exploring Africa, or climbing unfrequented mountain-peaks; but why go to such expense of time and money when canoes are cheap and water abounds?—*Paddling for Pleasure—John Habberton in Our Experience Meetings, August Lippincott.*

The August *Wide Awake* appears with a new and very pretty cover in dull red and gold. The illustrations all through are exquisite. Talbot's story, "The Crew of the Casabianca," is continued, and must interest all boys who have a liking for the water and boats—and that means, all boys.

Isam disappeared from the plantation regularly every year, for two weeks, and then returned in a seedy and penitent state of body and mind. This was before the war, of course, and Isam was an old slave. The bloodhounds could not track him, nor could his master, the Major, learn from him where he went. One year the Major made up his mind to find out what Isam did when he ran away, and he told Isam that if he started off without letting the Major know where he was going he would lose his ears on his return. Isam therefore called the Major late one night to say that he was going. The Major went with him, and for two weeks these two had a vacation in the woods and swamp and on the river; and thereafter they took the same vacation every year, at the same time, till the war broke out. If any one wishes to know how they spent their time he will have to read the whole delightful story in the *Century*, "Two Runaways," by H. S. Edwards ("X. I. E."). The freedom and pleasure of an out-of-door life, even for a short time, is nowhere better illustrated or more sympathetically portrayed than in this choice story.

Mr. J. C. C. Browne, Laconia, N. H., sends us a copy of the *Weekly Times and Tourists' Gazette*, of Weirs, Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H., of date July 14th, containing a large map of the lake. He has sailed pretty much all over it, and can report to any canoeist desiring to visit the locality. It certainly seems to be a most attractive cruising ground for canoes.

Vol. V., A. C. A. year book for 1886 has just been issued. It is more complete than any number yet published, including as it does the flags in color, officers since organization, full list of members, their canoes and addresses, minutes of annual and ex. com. meetings, treasurer's report for the year, Canoeists' "Welcome" Directory, constitution, etc.

Captain Coffin's "History of American Yachting," part III., in August *Outing*. Roosevelt touches on boats and canoes in Part VI. of *Ranch Life*. The same number also contains Part IV. of the *Last Voyage of the Surprise*.

"A Rope Yarn Spun by a Sailor" (August *St. Nicholas*) treats of knots, etc., and any canoeist can pick up a point or two from it.

Mr. Stewart sailed from Liverpool, July 31st, with canoe Pearl '86, on board the White Star steamer *Germanic* for America.

"A Nautical Experiment; or, Hho Knows Best," by Kirk Munroe, was begun in *Harper's Young People* July 13th (illustrated by Rogers). It is the story of the experience two boys got in trying to run away to sea from luxurious and comfortable homes on the Hudson—and from school. The story is in three parts, and reaches a happy termination by getting the boys safe home again.

The Rondout C. C. have just issued their club book. It contains the constitution and by-laws, list of members, etc., and club flags. The pamphlet is very tastefully arranged and printed. It is so similar to the N. Y. C. C. book that it seems as though that book must have been used as a model. With regret we notice that the officers' flags are unlike any yet produced, and are practically useless as such. We recommend the R. C. C. Ex. Com. to read the article on flags in the May *CANOEIST*, and then act as advised there.

BOOK RECEIVED.—*Lake George Camp and Canoe Chats*, gossip on canoes, camps, religion, social manners, medicine and law, politics, etc., illustrated with ten phototypes—reproduced photographic views of the lake. Published by private subscription, 140 pages, large quarto, bound in cloth. J. A. Whiteman, No. 72 University place, New York. The book is printed in pica type with wide margins and appropriate head and tail pieces to the chapters. The style is conversational nearly all through. Lake George is recommended as the place for A. C. A. meets. The experiences and expressed opinions of a preacher, a lawyer and a doctor during a canoe camping vacation on Lake George are recorded.

The Adirondacks: Illustrated, containing narratives of a trip through the Wilderness, with descriptions of the natural features of the region; hints concerning supplies and general outfits for camp and trail; cost and manner of reaching the various resorts; hotels, with capacity, price of board, etc.; tables of elevations and distances; maps, etc.; by S. R. Stoddard. Any reader of the Adirondack trip published in July *CANOEIST* who wishes to take the cruise, if he arms himself with the above book and Stoddard's map of the region will find no use for guides at \$3 per day, and will enjoy one of the most charming canoeing grounds in the country—if he takes to the water as directed.



feeling of all canoeists who have had like experiences; and with the hope that the matter will still further be agitated till a good result is obtained, we publish the agent's letter:

NEW YORK, May 12th, 1886.

Arthur Brentano, Esq.:

DEAR SIR: Referring to your communication of May 10th, I beg to say that the matter of fixed rates of the canoes has been referred to our president, who has called on our superintendents for information as to the correct rate for short and long distances on this class of shipments.

We have never heretofore had any tariff covering boats, and agents have been in the habit of guessing what would be the correct charges, sometimes guessing too low, and oftener charging too much.

It will necessarily take some little time to get the matter in proper shape, but as soon as anything definite is arranged between the different express companies, I will take pleasure in notifying you of the fact. In the meantime, should you have any occasion to complain of excessive charges, please notify me, and I will endeavor to make the matter satisfactory. Respectfully yours,

R. A. MCKINNEY, Agent.

NEW YORK CENTRAL & H. R. R. CO.
PASSENGER DEPARTMENT,
NEW YORK, July 14th, 1886.

DEAR SIR: As per arrangement with Com. Rathbun, we will furnish tickets New York to Clayton and return for delegates attending Canoe Association meeting at low rates. Tickets will be on sale at my office from August 2d to 13th, and will be good returning until August 31st. Canoes carried free. Further information will be given by addressing M. C. ROACH, Gen'l East. Pass. Agent, 413 Broadway.

LONDON, June 26th, 1886

MR. EDITOR: The annual regatta of the Royal Canoe Club occurred to-day, and while my pleasant experience of it is fresh in my mind I will send you a few words that may be of interest to our canoeists of America.

The canoe camp was held on the night previous on the grassy and shaded bank of Teddington Reach, a beautiful portion of the Thames, and the races took place past the camp. The river is there 300 to 400 feet wide. The challenge sailing race of the year is held elsewhere, on a more open portion of the river.

Some five tents were pitched, but there were many more canoeists than they would indicate. The noted Pearl and Nautilus were the prominent racing canoes, and as their captains, Messrs. Baden-Powell and Tredwen, intend visiting the States with them, they were of special interest to me. The wind was too light to allow the boats

OSWEGO, N. Y., July 1st, 1886.

EDITOR AMERICAN CANOEIST: Will you kindly publish the following as supplementary to the programme already published for the A. C. A. meet to be held at Grindstone Island August 13th to 28th.

Third Day, Wednesday, August 25th.

Race No. 20. 10 A. M. — International Challenge Cup race, Sailing Classes A and B, no limit to rig or ballast, time limit 3 hours, distance $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

In No. 20 the prize will be the International Challenge Cup, to be held by the winner for the ensuing year, and then to be returned to the regatta committee for competition at the next annual meet of the Association.

Entries must be made to the regatta committee not later than Saturday, August 21st.

Accredited representatives of foreign clubs not exceeding five in number shall be eligible. In case of more than five foreign entries, the first five received shall be eligible to start. The total number of starters shall not exceed fifteen, and the ten or more vacancies (after deducting the foreign entries) shall be filled from those entering, by a special "record" to be prepared from the result of races No. 7, 8, 15 and 16, in case the entries exceed the vacancies.

In case of postponement of any event, or for cause deemed sufficient, the regatta committee reserve the right to call races at their discretion without regard to regular order. In which case due notice will be given by posting such changes upon the bulletin board at the head of the dock.

J. B. McMURRICH,
COL. S. C. FAIRTLOUGH,
READE W. BAILEY,
Regatta Committee, 1886.

Mr. Arthur Brentano, having occasion to send a crated canoe by express, received a bill from the Adams Express Company that seemed to him out of all proportion in amount to the service rendered. He sent a protest to the agent, and received a letter and a rebate in reply. In his letter he did not take a personal ground, but voiced the

to show their capabilities, but the lines of the craft, the splendid set of the sails, and above all, the fine business-like appearance of their skippers, convince me that our crack sailors must "look well to our laurels."

There were twelve races in all, which I will not describe in detail, but note that eight were paddling, three only sailing, and one combined, a majority of paddling that tends to refute the impression that English canoeing is developing—I had almost said degenerating—into sailing solely. The fact is, that besides "all around cruisers" that do not stand in need of a propeller, as some canoes do, there are a great many light paddling canoes upon the Thames.

A very pretty boat on the Rob Roy model, but with a graceful shear, is made by Mr. Turks, of Kingston-on-Thames, also several others, and the Peterboro and Rice Lake canoes are becoming popular.

The challenge cup paddling race is worthy of note because of its specially generous terms for foreigners. Besides the \$250 challenge cup, to be held for a year, a special prize of \$125 was offered to the first colonial or foreign canoeist winning the cup.

It is well known that the English lie below in sailing. They appear to sit very low also in paddling, and apparently thereby lose the body swing which goes so far toward winning a race. Possibly this is necessitated by the form of their racing paddling canoe, which will not stand much skylarking. The singles I saw were about 18 inches beam and some 21 feet long—shells in fact. Can such be called canoes? A peculiar race was for crews of four, the boats reminding one of racing gigs minus outriggers.

These impressions, for they are such only, may possibly be changed in the course of a 100-mile cruise down the Thames that I hope to take soon. I give them for what they are worth, and will donate the proceeds for founding a home for aged and worn out canoeists.

But one fact which I know very positively is, that only the most cordial of American greetings will be worthy of the men who visit us this summer, and without casting any slight upon Squaw Point of the past, my experience to-day convinced me that an invoice from the shores of Teddington Reach would make of it a very Mecca to certain well-known members of the A. C. A.

Most truly yours,

JAMES L. GREENLEAF, K. C. C.

EDITOR CANOEIST: I have before me as I write photographs taken by the late lamented W. L. Alden, our now Mugwump Consul-General at Rome. (I always knew that this Administration would work some terrible disaster to the country, by the way, and if sending Alden away is not the worst thing that could possibly happen, then I am no canoeist.) But to return to our mutt—tons—and the photos. These were taken during the last cruise that he took around Long Island, in which I had the pleasure to be his *compagnon de voyage*. Two of them are views of our camp at Red Creek, or Red River, as it is sometimes called, on the south shore of Peconic Bay. I hope to be at the meet, and will try to have copies of them there.

In Hartford, on Thursday last, I met quite a number of the Hartford Canoe Club, and they were all in favor of a salt-water meet, and promised to do all they could to forward the movement. Several suggested that they get names from all New England clubs possible and present them as a memorial for a salt-water meet at the Association meeting this season. I feel like pulling a strong paddle in this cause. I am particularly intimate with the management of the Long Island Railroad line at Garden City, and should be glad to assist in arranging with the railroad any plans which may mature.

In your June number I notice a communication from Dr. Neidé, asking clubs for an offer of boat houses to cruising canoeists. I have arranged a portion of the house on the wharf at our landing at Fort Ticonderoga for my own use as a boat house for my own canoe, and have plenty of room for six or eight more. The Association flag will fly here at masthead all summer, and the Ghost and her owner will welcome every cruising canoeist who may be passing, with much pleasure.

In addition to this, our most excellent host, Gilligan, has offered the hospitality of his hotel free to all members of the A. C. A. who may honor him with their society. And when here I shall do what I can to make things agreeable.

GHOST.

[This won't do. Every true canoeist pays his way or stays at home. If a man is found in a canoe who does not pay his way, he is not a true canoeist and should be "bounced." Facts about proposed future A. C. A. meeting places should be collected and presented in concise form at the general meeting this year.—EDITOR.]

To the Members of the A. C. A.:

GENTLEMEN—I beg to advise that the following transportation arrangements have been made, viz.:

New York Central & Hudson River R. R.

From the following points to Clayton and return. Canoes and camp outfit free:

New York.....	\$12 50	Troy.....	\$8 00
Yonkers.....	12 50	Schenectady.....	8 00
Sing Sing.....	12 50	Amsterdam.....	7 50
Newburgh.....	11 00	Auburn.....	6 00
Poughkeepsie....	10 50	Rochester.....	7 00
Rhinebeck.....	10 00	Buffalo.....	9 50
Albany.....	8 00	Niagara Falls....	9 50

Tickets on sale from August 2d to 27th, and good until September 1st. Membership certificates must be presented. For further information apply to Mr. M. C. Roach, 413 Broadway, N. Y.

West Shore Railroad.

New York.....	\$12 50	Port Jackson....	\$7 50
Highland.....	10 50	Rochester.....	7 00
Kingston.....	10 50	Buffalo.....	9 50
Albany.....	8 00	Niagara Falls....	9 50

Tickets on sale from August 2d to 27th, and good until September 1st. Membership certificates must be presented. Canoes and camp outfit free. For further information apply to Mr. Henry Monett, Gen'l Pass. Agent, New York, N. Y.

Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburgh R. R.

Utica.....	\$5 00
Syracuse via Cape Vincent.....	5 00
Rochester via Charlotte.....	6 25
Niagara Falls via Lewiston.....	7 25
Oswego.....	4 00

Canoes and camp outfit free. Tickets on sale from August 10th and good until September 1st. Membership certificates must be presented. For further information apply to Theo. Butterfield, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Oswego, N. Y. NOTE.—The Utica & Black River R. R. is operated by this company.

Boston & Albany R. R.—Fare to Albany from points on this line will be 2 cts. (two cents) per mile each way. Apply to Mr. A. S. Hanson, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Boston, for orders for the special tickets.

New York, Ontario & Western R. R.—From New York to Clayton and return, \$12.50. Canoes and camp outfit free. Tickets good until October 1st. For further information apply to Mr. J. C. Anderson, Gen'l Pass. Agent, 18 Exchange Place, New York, N. Y.

New York, Chicago & St. Louis R. R.—Special rates will be given on application to Mr. B. F. Horner, Gen'l Pass. Agent, at Cleveland, O.

Central Vermont R. R.—No arrangements yet made. Address Mr. S. W. Cummings, Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. Albans, Vt.

Grand Trunk R. R.—From the following points to Gananoque and return—canoes and camp outfit free—one and one-third (1½) single fares for round trip: Hamilton, Whitby, Lindsay, Montreal, Toronto, Peterboro, Deseronto, Cobourg, Lakefield and Brockville. Tickets on sale from August 1st and good until August 31st.

Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co.—From the following points to Clayton and return—canoes and camp outfit free—one single fare and a half (1½), including meals, except between Montreal and Quebec, where meals and berths are extra: Toronto,

Kingston, Brockville, Montreal and Quebec. Membership certificates must be presented.

All canoes and camp equipage carried free will be at the owner's risk against damage of any kind.

The railways are prepared to supply special baggage cars when the number of canoes to be shipped warrant it. I would suggest the advisability of members taking advantage of the offer, when possible, the danger of boats being damaged in a special car being small.

All freight for the camp from the United States should be shipped to the care of Mr. J. Palen, Clayton, N. Y., Agent R. W. & O. R. R.; and from Canada to the care of Mr. B. Barber, Gananoque, Ont., Agent The Thousand Islands R. R.

I shall be pleased to assist any member of the Association in securing further special rates on being advised. I have the honor to be, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

F. S. RATHBUN, Com.

DESERONTO, Ont., July 23d, 1886.

DAVENPORT, Ia.

EDITOR CANOEIST: During the last two years I have been at Terre Haute, and I have done a great missionary work there. When the town first welcomed me to its bosom a canoe was an unheard of craft, and though it is on the Wabash River, a canoe had never been seen. I immediately set to work and talked up canoes, and finally decided to build one after my own design. I already had three, but I thought I could improve upon them. My new one is 15 ft. by 29 in.; rather an odd size, but I find it just the thing for cruising on our Western waters. The design and arrangement is entirely my own, and I think it about perfect. It is an easy paddler and a beautiful sailer. Well, this, together with my free lectures, rather started the thing, and when I left Terre Haute a few days ago I left about twenty-five canoes in the city, all but one or two being made after my own design, which seems to be very popular. Most of the boys are students of Rose Polytechnic Institute, and you will find them all enthusiastic.

The Irrawadi Canoe Club of this city is not in a very prosperous condition. Two years ago I worked very hard to make it a success, and took every means I could to get new members and to get the boys into canoes and to build. I got up designs for new canoes according to the different needs of some new members and also my own ideas, and superintended their construction. After I left the city, however, the policy changed, and not very much has been done lately. I expect to go to Lynn, Mass., in about two weeks, where I hope to meet some of the Eastern canoeists. I hope you will excuse the length and personality of this letter.—H. S. PUTNAM.

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

VOL. V.

SEPTEMBER, 1886.

No. 9.

THE SIXTH MEET.

THE American Canoe Association has held its sixth annual meet for mutual canoe intercourse between members, and racing. Every man who reached Grindstone Island after the Wednesday of the first week came home with one regret—and only one. To hold—or shake—Commodore Rathbun's hand is a pleasure greater (and much more satisfactory) than that of holding a full hand, even be it a royal flush, in poker. This pleasure was denied those who were not among the very early birds, for the Commodore was called home. As each boat load of jolly fellows landed, the first words uttered in nearly every case were, "Where is the Commodore?" The look of disappointment on every face, when the announcement was made that Rathbun had gone to Deseronto, would have made that individual feel, as he never felt before, that he did right last year in finally yielding to the desire of the many against his own personal wishes, by accepting the office of Commodore of the Association.

To those who had attended the meets for a number of years it was a great pleasure to meet old friends who were absent last year or the year before. To the new men the meet was a surprise and a continual source of wonderment; so many men were there they had heard all about, and so much fun went on that they had never pictured to themselves or could have comprehended without seeing it for themselves. There was our old friend Dr. Heighway, of Cincinnati, who has not been seen at a meet since 1882 and the Lake George times. There was Weller and his pretty wife this year at Squaw Point. Last year he was off with Middleton in the Northwest. Then the members who were at Stony Lake greeted once more a genial Turtle and charming gentleman, who has seen battles on the plains and on the old continent, and taken part in them; who cruised, years ago, on the upper Colorado in birch canoes with the Indians, and later with other Mohicans on the Walkill, Delaware and Susquehanna—Fernow, of course.

The Jabberwock was there as large as life, and representing the Western American Canoe Association in the persons of Warder and Shiras. CANOEIST has a very warm place in its heart of hearts for this same Jabberwock, and expects great things from it. Its past is brilliant; its present, socially, canoeically, artistically and diplomatically fine, and its future must be glorious. Dr. and Mrs. Parmele, after a year's absence, again appeared early on the scene in Oahu; and when Mrs. P. says "Don't go" in that charming way of hers, not a canoeist can resist it, or her. Dr. Douglas came with a Class I canoe over twenty years old, and paddled a fine race, pushing Johnson, of Toronto, down to the finish line. The doctor is game to the back bone, and a true canoeist.

Nearly half the camp messed at the Delaney Farm House, and were served in a charming manner, as they were last year, by the Clayton girls. The Hayes table was the favorite, and the officers sat there; but Anna and her sister attended to the wants of some humble privates as well as those of the officers, much to the satisfaction of both. The Kingston party established a large mess tent and had their own cook and steward. Many Mohicans, Baden-Powell, Fairlough, and some others messed with them.

Stewart occupied a tent with W. P. Stephens, of the N. Y. C. C., and Baden-Powell had his own tent and slept in it every night during his stay at the meet, newspaper reports to the contrary. Some enterprising reporter repeatedly announced in his journal that the Englishmen were the guests of one of the clubs, which report was made out of whole cloth.

The majority were late in coming to camp this year. Saturday before the meet was the great day for new arrivals, every boat from Clayton or Gananoque coming in loaded down with canoes, men and baggage. Many men came to camp in their canoes from points along the river. Dr. Graves, of Stony Lake, with a friend, wound up a three weeks' cruise at Grind-

stone. A New York party, including Poultney Bigelow, editor of *Outing*, cruised down river from Cape Vincent. The Brockville and Lake St. Louis men sailed to camp in canoes and skiffs, baggage and all aboard. Two ex-commodores were present, Edwards and Gen. Oliver, and they seemed to be very well content to be in the ranks once more, and not have to shoulder the responsibilities of the present residents of Nob Hill, as the officers' quarters were dubbed by some wit. Alden, Longworth and Nickerson, the remaining ex-commodores, were absent, but Nickerson's twin, the genial and rotund Shedd, was present to answer to his name, without a canoe but with the hat.

Many veterans of former races were on hand, and a larger collection of crack canoes and sailers and paddlers never attended any meet. There was Gibson, Class B winner in '83, Jones, winner of '84, and Vaux, winner of '85, with Phil Wackerhagen, Reade Bailey and Grant Edgar, also winners of sailing races in former years. Richards, who did good sailing in Grebe last year, brought a new canoe, the Mona, to camp, and he was at once dubbed the Mona-maniac by the camp poet. Of the new men and canoes that attracted attention at once in the scrub races was Barney, of Springfield, in the Pecowsic, and Paul Butler, of Lowell, in the Blanche. Butler used a "hike out to windward board" to get a better purchase on the canoe on account of his light weight. F. F. Andrews, in his Ruggles Sofronia that was so much admired last year, again appeared, and with her many sisters of the same family, all pretty boats, well built and having all the elements of speed and comfort about them. The smooth skin, great strength and fine, beautiful lines at once made these canoes popular, and assured a future for them. Phil Wackerhagen surprised every one by appearing in a new smooth-skin canoe, built in Albany and named the Turtle. The Thetis, a flyer last year, was not heard from. Jones was about the only man who brought an old canoe with him, the famed Venture. Nearly all the other canoes that got good places in the races were less than a year old, and of new models.

The attendance about the camp-fires every evening was large and enthusiastic, and always included the ladies of Squaw Point up to 11 o'clock and sometimes later. Westcott, of Philadelphia, whose voice was heard about the camp-fires in 1884, again sang to delighted audiences, and did not

seem to have acquired too much dignity from his recently acquired sheepskin, bestowing the affix M.D. to his name, to enter with zest into all the fun that was going. Policeman Delaney wore his badge of office as easily as he did last year, and no one could accuse him of having lost flesh since he assumed his official duties. Maj. Fairtlough had his spirit ruffled one morning, the first day of the races, when he went to hoist his flags in front of the Kingston tent, by finding on top of the pole an immense tin horn placed plumb over the top, entirely preventing the use of the halliards. No one could be found in camp willing to climb up and remove the horn till well on into the afternoon, when a small boy volunteered; and having succeeded in removing the obstruction, was at once accused of having placed it there. Thus it is through life—the innocent and well-meaning are punished for the guilty. Many pranks were played on the "early-to-beds" by the small clique of owls, who could be found any night around a camp-fire near the wharf. It was a marvel to all how these chaps could live without any sleep

They say that I am small and frail,
And cannot live in stormy seas.
It may be so, yet every sail
Makes shipwreck in the swelling breeze,
Nor strength, nor size can hold them fast,
But fortunes favor, heavens decree.
Let others trust in oars and mast,
But may the gods take care of me.

This beautiful little verse appeared in full on the dandy of one of the Rochester canoes, the letters neatly and quaintly painted in black. Many were the devices and totems of clubs that appeared in the peak of the little sails—the green frog of Rochester just taking a dive, the red seahorse of the Knickerbockers, the black dock rats of Newburgh, the bison of Buffalo, the turtle of Mohican (Albany), the star and crescent of Hartford, Clapham's red hatchet, and many others. Every canoe that entered a sailing race had the owner's A. C. A. membership number in large red figures on the mainsail. The numbers were scattered all along from 5 (E. B. Edwards's honorable figure) to a late arrival of four figures, 1009. To identify any canoe under sail in the bay it was only necessary to pick up the number with a glass and refer to the year book every member is provided with. When a gallant canoest took aboard a passenger at Squaw Point he left his sail ashore, and thus traveled "incog."

Wm. M. Carter, the clerk of the course, was the busiest man in camp. To him all the entries were given, and it was his duty to enter all up, under the proper event heads, in a most perfectly arranged race book, which the same Mr. Carter had presented to the Association. At no previous meet were there so many entries as at this one, and never before have the arrangements for having all the races run smoothly been so perfect. Great credit is due Mr. Carter for his large share of work, which did so much to oil the wheels. For days he never even had a chance to look at his canoe; and though he came to the meet for pleasure, rest and recreation, he must have gone home a tired man. Mr J. B. McMurrich, as chairman of the regatta committee, had control of affairs, and his large yachting experience made him an able officer.

In the two Class B sailing races there were about sixty entries and forty starters. This number of canoes all sailing over the course at the same time made anything but a satisfactory race. If a good start was not made the chances of winning in only two rounds were very poor. The blanket played a most important part. The position of a canoe at the finish, therefore, was very little of a test as to her actual merits, with one exception. Pecowsic got a poor start in both races, seemed to have no trouble in running through the lee of any canoe, no matter how much sail was carried by such canoe, and won both races on her merits alone. Such a sight has never before been seen at a meet. Here was a fleet of the fastest canoes yet turned out in both England and America, yet Pecowsic simply played with the best of them. It is not unfair to Mr. Barney to say that other canoes were sailed better than his. Older hands were at the sticks of many of the crack boats, yet this man of very recent canoe training easily left them all behind his rudder and came across the finish line an easy winner. The Pecowsic is built and modelled on a principle diametrically opposite to that heretofore adhered to in England as the best. F. Joyner built her.

(See illustration of rig on page 143. A number of interesting facts about Pecowsic will be given in October CANOEIST. The exact lines of the canoe will be published in *Forest and Stream* shortly.)

She is a long, narrow canoe, smooth skin, built of as light stuff as possible, with one plate board, also very light, and rigged (as sailed in the races) with two settee sails—

mutton with battens to keep them flat. No ballast was used; the crew, of course, sat on the weather rail all through the races. The canoe seemed to rest on top of the water and have nothing below the surface except board and rudder when under headway. In smooth water and light winds she had no trouble in beating larger canoes with almost double the amount of sail. In heavy winds and a sea the Pecowsic did not do so well, comparatively, but proved herself to be more than a match for the best of them all. She came about easily and surely, and handled well, much to the surprise of the authorities, who said she was contrary to rule all through. But the proof of the pudding, gentlemen—the text is somewhat musty. The English canoes were quicker in stays and more perfectly under control at all times than any of the American canoes, but they were out-pointed and out-footed to windward every time by the best Americans.

The Record is based on the results of five races—two sailing, two paddling and one combined. A man must sail or paddle the same canoe in the races to appear on the Record. He may enter one or all five. Fifty points are the greatest possible for the five races. The winner of a race is credited with ten points. The last man over the line at the finish, when all who start complete the course, gets one point. The next to the last man in gets one point plus nine (the number of points between one and ten) divided by the number of starters in the race less one. That is, if five start and finish the first man gets ten points. The last man gets one point. The next to the last man gets

$$1 + \frac{9}{4} = 3.25.$$

The third man in gets

$$1 + 2.25 + 2.25 = 5.50.$$

The second man in gets

$$1 + 2.25 + 2.25 + 2.25 = 7.75.$$

The five men therefore get, respectively,

$$10 - 7.75 = 5.50 - 3.25 \text{ and } 1.$$

Those who do not finish get nothing, but the others get the same number of points as though all had finished, and the men who dropped out are put down as though they came in at the tail end. The five leaders on the Record each get prize flags. The following list shows the exact record of every man who entered the Record race at Grindstone:

THE RECORD.

No.	Name.	Points.	Races.
1..	C. J. Bousfield.....	36.76	5
2..	G. E. Edgar, Jr.....	34.80	5
3..	M. V. Brokaw.....	34.34	5
4..	W. G. McKendrick....	33.28	5
5..	L. Q. Jones.....	33.27	4
6..	R. W. Baldwin.....	28.57	5
7..	P. Butler.....	28.52	4
8..	C. B. Vaux.....	27.62	4
9..	F. M. Turner.....	25.70	4
10..	Wm. Whitlock.....	21.28	4
11..	E. H. Barney.....	20.00	2
11..	M. F. Johnston.....	20.00	2
13..	J. L. Weller.....	19.71	3
14..	H. F. McKendrick.....	19.25	2
15..	R. W. Gibson.....	19.14	2
16..	P. M. Wackerhagen.....	18.25	2
17..	F. F. Andrews.....	17.39	2
18..	W. A. Leys.....	17.28	5
19..	E. O. Finel.....	17.10	3
20..	Walter Stewart.....	16.75	2
21..	W. F. Kipp.....	16.40	2
22..	W. Baden-Powell.....	16.29	2
23..	C. Murphy.....	16.29	2
24..	R. W. Bailey.....	16.12	2
25..	J. A. Mellen.....	15.06	3
26..	D. B. Jaques.....	15.72	3
27..	G. B. Wilkinson.....	15.50	2
28..	B. W. Richards.....	15.00	2
29..	W. A. Borden.....	12.83	2
30..	C. A. Neide.....	12.82	2
31..	W. B. Lesslie.....	12.45	2
32..	H. M. Stewart.....	12.19	2
33..	G. B. McClean.....	12.12	2
34..	H. A. Morrow.....	11.52	2
35..	C. F. Wolters.....	11.32	2
36..	H. C. Ward.....	10.02	2
37..	J. O. Shiras.....	9.20	2
38..	R. K. Robertson.....	9.00	3
39..	E. Pitt.....	8.87	1
40..	J. Z. Rogers.....	8.51	2
41..	E. B. Edwards.....	7.83	2
42..	W. F. Girard.....	7.58	1
43..	H. F. Sinclair.....	7.39	2
44..	C. F. Fraser.....	7.38	2
45..	W. H. Barry.....	6.49	1
46..	E. L. French.....	6.07	2
47..	H. L. Thomas.....	5.71	1
48..	R. B. Burchard.....	5.53	2
49..	H. Jones.....	4.35	1
50..	E. W. Brown.....	4.21	1
51..	W. N. Murray.....	3.85	1
52..	B. H. Nadal.....	3.63	1
53..	H. M. Carpenter.....	3.25	1
54..	E. Fowler.....	3.19	1
55..	C. Laney.....	3.14	1
56..	T. S. Westcott.....	3.00	3
57..	H. C. Cushman.....	2.32	1
58..	A. E. Heighway, Jr....	2.09	1
59..	W. M. Carpenter.....	1.75	1
60..	D. B. Platt.....	1.66	1
61..	E. Bellatty.....	1.00	1

noting that the first and second men on the Record sailed Class A canoes. The first A race had eight entries, and but five who finished; the second race had nine entries, and eight finishers. The B races had 34 and 39 finishers respectively, and included several Class A canoes. The popularity of B canoes gives the A men a great advantage in getting good records, the competition not being so great in two races. C. J. Bousfield, who got the most points on the Record, secured but one first prize. Grant E. Edgar, Jr., second on the Record, got both Class A races. M. V. Brokaw, W. G. McKendrick and L. Q. Jones did not win a single first prize. Jones entered four races and got but one-hundredth of a



MR. E. H. BARNEY.

a point less than McKendrick, with five races entered; 1, 2, 3 and 4 on the Record entered all five of the races. No. 6 entered five races; 7, 8, 9 and 10 entered four races; No. 11, Barney, won both sailing races, the only ones he entered, and Johnson, also No. 11, won both paddling races he entered. Gibson, who won the first Record prize last year, entered but two races this year and did not win either, though he did win the great race of the meet—the Trophy race.

The Races.

Monday, Aug. 23, 9:47 A. M.—Event 1, Class II.; paddling, one mile with turn; 5 entries.

Regina.....	C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.....	12 27
Irene.....	R. W. Baldwin, Ottawa, C. C.....	12 39
Venture.....	L. Q. Jones, Hartford C. C.....	12 55
Siren.....	R. B. Burchard, New York.....	—
Lalage.....	T. S. Westcott, Philadelphia C. C.....	—

Last year the Record was based on seven races, and about forty men appeared on it. Then the working of the Record was not well understood, and few men competed in all the races, making the difference between first and second much more marked than this year's result. It is a fact worth

Mr. Burchard broke his paddle, but continued to the wharf, where he procured a new one and continued the race. Regina took first place and held it to the finish, though pushed by Irene.

Event 2, Class IV.; paddling, 1 mile with turn; 10:10 A. M.; 14 starters. The first four were :

Nellie.....	W F Kipp, St Lawrence.....	11 56
Lena.....	H F. McKendrick, Toronto.....	11 58
Olive.....	F. M. Turner, Brockville.....	12 15
Mac.....	W. G. McKendrick, Toronto.....	—

The finish was very close and exciting, Nellie finally winning by half a length.

Event 3, Novices; sailing Classes A and B, no limits of rig or ballast. Sixteen canoes started and sailed the course. The wind was N.E., moderate at the start, drop-



CANOE PECOWSIC.

ping shortly after. The course was the regular triangular one, 1½ miles. The leaders were :

Wanda.....	W. B. Lesslie, R M. C.....	30 15
Guenn.....	H F. Sinclair, Brooklyn.....	54 58
Vixen.....	C F. Walters, Rochester.....	35 57

Regina led at the first buoy, but was passed on the weather leg of the course. Wanda was very well sailed by a young canoeist and won easily.

Event 4, Class I.; paddling, 1 mile with turn. Mr. Johnston paddled a light silk-decked canoe, the old Maggie, Dr. Douglas of Lakefield paddled an old Thames-built canoe, the Harmony; Mr. Leys had an open Peterboro.

Maggie.....	Maggie, M. F. Johnston, Toronto.....	10 25
Harmony.....	Dr. C. M. Douglas, Lakefield.....	10 30
Wraith.....	W. A. Leys.....	—

Harmony hung on closely to Maggie, but could not overtake her.

Event 5, Class III.; paddling, 1 mile, 9 starters.

Rapid.....	M F. Johnston, Toronto.....	10 44
Tsigana.....	E. Pitt, Brockville.....	10 50
Merle.....	G. B. Wilkinson, Brockville.....	10 59

Tsigana led at the start, but was overtaken later by Rapid. The race was hotly contested on the home run, Pitt and Johnston fighting hard for first place.

Event 6 was the first afternoon race; paddling tandem, Classes III. and IV., open canoes, 1 mile. The starters were:

Rapid.....	{ M. F. Johnston..... } Galt.....	10 10
	{ H. F. McKendrick..... }	
Merle.....	{ G. B. Wilkinson..... }	Brockville..... 10 16
	{ F. M. Turner..... }	
Minnehaha.....	{ J. H. Bagg..... }	Brockville..... 10 46
	{ J. E. Brouse..... }	

Event 7, sailing Class B; three miles twice round the triangular course; sails limited to 75 sq. ft. The wind was light, run on first leg, a reach on second and beat home. The starters were Pecowsic, St. Hubert, "570," Mona, Delight, Cheemaun, Venture, Phyllis, Edith, Adele, Pearl, Blanche, Guenn, Wraith, Lassie, Wanda, Elf, Nellie, Nautilus, Una, Mac, Verena, Palmer, Sofronia, Vixen, Marie, Fleta, Vesper, Turtle, Annie O, Surprise, Ello, Stag, Alouette, Vindente, Cora, Gertie and Wa Wa. A rain squall wetted the sailors, but soon cleared away, leaving a calm for a time. Pecowsic led easily.

Pecowsic.....	E. H. Barney, Springfield.....	1 10 30
Venture.....	L. Q. Jones, Hartford.....	1 17 10
Turtle.....	P. M. Wackehagen, Mohican.....	1 18 10
Vesper.....	R. W. Gibson, Mohican.....	—
Cheemaun.....	C. H. Murphy; Salem.....	—
Sofronia.....	F. F. Andrews, Rochester.....	—

Event 8, sailing Class A, same course as B, started 15 minutes later, sail area limited to 75 sq. ft. Starters were Peggy, Lalage, Irene, 617, Magog, Zulu, Flora and Regina. Five finished.

Peggy.....	G. E. Edgar, Jr., Newburgh.....	1 53 35
Regina.....	C. J. Bousfield, Bay City.....	—
Magog.....	E. O. Finel, Lake George.....	—

Event 9, upset race, 21 entries; J. E. Mellen, of Rochester, won. A tie for second between A. E. Heighway, F. F. Andrews and J. L. Weller was then raced off, the former winning. Every race down on the programme for this day was sailed or paddled; not one was postponed.

Tuesday, Aug. 24, 9:15 A. M.—Event 10, Class IV.; paddling, canoe and load to weigh at least 200 lbs., 1 mile.

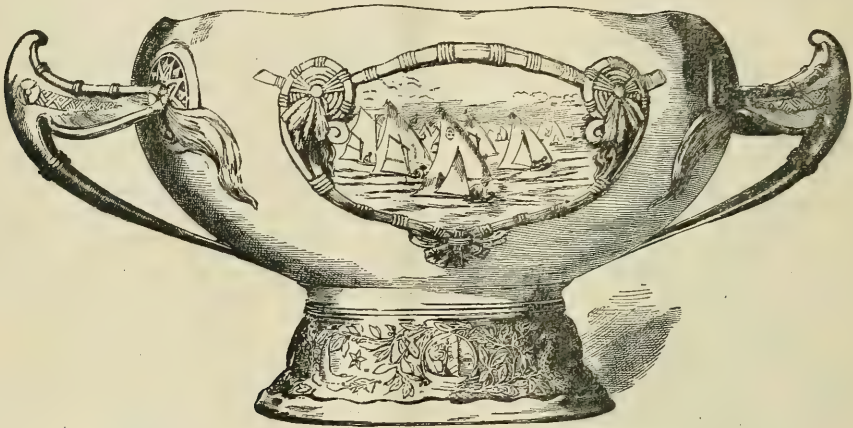
Lena.....	H. F. McKendrick, Galt.....	12 55
Olive.....	F. M. Turner, Brockville.....	13 04
Nellie.....	W. F. Kipp, St. Lawrence.....	13 25
"570".....	M. V. Brokaw, Brooklyn.....	—
Mac.....	W. G. McKendrick, Toronto.....	—
Alouette.....	W. A. Leys, Toronto.....	—

Event 11 was postponed, as the weather was perfect for Event 12.

Event 12, paddling and sailing combined, 3 mile course, paddling and sailing alternately each half mile leg, 17 starters. The wind was N. E. and brisk. The first leg was covered under paddle, all hoisting sail at the first buoy. Mac was first to stow sail at second mark, followed by Venture, Lassie and Surprise. Mac was ahead at the end of first round, while Lassie ran into second place; with Venture third, Surprise fourth and Blanche fifth. During the reach to first mark, Venture overhauled Lassie, with Surprise still in fourth place. Again Mac was first over the second leg, and set sail for the run home with wind well aft on starboard quarter. This run was the most

from Clayton came along when the canoes were rounding the buoy for the windward work, and the skipper asked when the race was to start. A canoeist replied that that was the race. Little girl on board the launch then said, "Mamma, why don't they all sail the same way, if they are racing?"

The canoes jibed around the buoy at the end of first round as follows: Pecowsic, Vesper, Pearl, Venture, Delight, Blanche, Nautilus. Nautilus had her brass rudder badly damaged by a canoe striking it and bending it out of shape; though repaired, it was still in bad condition, and steered the boat unevenly on different tacks. The sec-



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exciting part of the race, as Lassie came straight for the finish and passed first Venture and then Mac, winning by 6 sec.

Lassie.....	C. B. Vaux, New York.....	45 00
Mac.....	W. G. McKendrick, Toronto.....	45 06
Venture.....	L. Q. Jones, Hartford.....	45 12
Surprise.....	J. E. Mellen, Rochester.....	—
"570".....	M. V. Brokaw, Brooklyn.....	—
Peggy.....	G. E. Edgar, Jr., Newburgh.....	—

As the wind still held Nos. 13 and 14 were postponed in favor of Nos. 15 and 16.

Event 15, Class B; sailing, three miles; 43 starters, no limit to sail. Pearl and Nautilus got over the line first, to windward of the fleet, but were soon passed, as a reach is their weakest point of sailing. As in the first race, Pecowsic soon got the lead, and held it, beating the second canoe, Vesper, over two minutes. Pearl leaked badly, and was therefore heavily handicapped. The fleet sailed in a bunch on the reach, gradually working out into a line, and then all were scattered and mixed up, as seen from shore, beating to windward. A launch

ond round was a repetition of the first.

Pecowsic.....	E. H. Barney, Springfield.....	45 38
Vesper.....	R. W. Gibson, Mohican.....	47 53
Blanche.....	Paul Butler, Vesper.....	49 05
Deight.....	R. W. Bailey, Pittsburgh.....	—
Venture.....	L. Q. Jones, Hartford.....	—
Pearl.....	Walter Stewart, Royal C. C.....	—
Turtle.....	P. M. Wackerhagen.....	—
Sofronia.....	F. F. Andrews, Rochester.....	—
Nautilus.....	W. Baden-Powell, Royal C. C.....	—

Thirty-nine canoes finished.

Event 15, Class A; same course as B, started 15 minutes later, eight starters.

Peggy.....	G. E. Edgar, Jr., Newburgh.....	51 20
Zulu.....	J. L. Weller, R. M. C.....	57 00
Magog.....	E. O. Finel, Lake George.....	59 00
Regina.....	C. J. Bousfield, Bay City.....	—

As all the A and B canoes were sailing over the course at one time, the sight was a remarkable one from the hill, where the whole course was in easy range. Over fifty canoes, with racing rigs, were doing the very prettiest they knew how.

No entries were made for No. 17, unclassified canoes, though Mr. Clapham was ready to sail, so No. 11, postponed from the morning, was called.

Event 11, Class III.; paddling, 1 mile, canoe and load not under 160 lbs.

Rapid.....M. F. Johnston, Toronto.....11 55
Merle.....G. B. Wilkinson, Brockville.....12 10
Flora.....G. B. McLean, Brockville.....12 12
Peggy.....Grant E. Edgar, Jr., Newburgh.....—

Rapid led at the turn, with Flora second. The finish was very close, Rapid being astern of Flora and Merle, but Johnston, with a splendid spurt, won the race.

Event 18, hurry-scurry race, down the hill, along the wharf, a dive and swim, and a paddle home, the boats being anchored off. Zulu, J. L. Weller, won, with Merle, G. B. Wilkinson, A. E. Heighway, Jr., and Flora, G. B. McLean in order. Walter Stewart, the English canoeist, took part in this race.

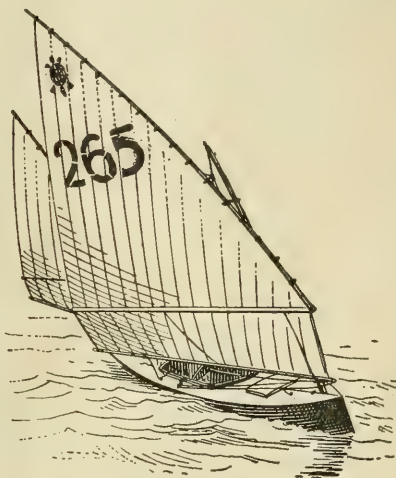
Event 19, Gymnastics, was not separately called, but several canoeists performed after the hurry-scurry race and the tournament, J. L. Weller being specially clever.

Event 20, Tournament; two men in a canoe, one with a paddle and one standing forward armed with a bamboo lance padded on the end. The canoes were ranged in two lines of three each, 50 ft. apart, and at the word each charged the opposite boat. After some sparring (Walter Stewart and Sinclair were rolled over first) all were upset from their craft but Heighway and McKendrick, who fought for some time, the latter being finally the victor. One man was knocked overboard without upsetting his canoe and companion.

Wednesday, August 25th.—The A. C. A. Trophy races. (The following account is that given by Mr. Stephens in *Forest and Stream*). "Tuesday evening was spent about a camp-fire, and on Wednesday morning the sailors were up early and hard at work polishing their canoes with pumice stone and oiling them for the great race for the A. C. A. Challenge Cup. It was decided to select the first thirteen on the average list of sailing races. It was decided by some of the canoeists present that in the event of the defeat of both the English canoes, a subscription cup should be offered for a match to windward between them and the two leading American canoes. The full summary was as follows:

	Rounds.					Time.
	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	
Vesper, R. W. Gibson, Mohican.....	1	2	1	1	1	1 39 15
Pecowsic, E. H. Barney, Springfield.....	2	1	2	2	1	1 39 23
Lassie, C. B. Vaux, New York.....	4	3	3	3	1	1 47 47
Blanche, Paul Butler, Vesper.....	6	6	7	7	4	1 42 56
Venture, L. O. Jones, Hartford.....	5	5	5	5	1	1 43 01
Delight, R. W. Bailey, Pittsburgh.....	7	7	4	6	6	1 43 28
Turtle, P. M. Wackerhagen, Mohican.....	3	6	5	7	1	1 44 22
Nautilus, W. Baden-Powell, Royal.....	8	9	8	8	8	1 48 50
Pearl, Walter Stewart, Royal.....	10	10	10	9	9	1 49 31
"570", M. V. Brokaw, Brooklyn.....	12	11	11	11	11	1 51 30
Cheemaun, C. Murphy, Salem.....	11	12	12	12	11	1 58 19
Mona, B. W. Richards, Brockville.....	Broke tiller.					
Sofronia, F. F. Andrews, Rochester.....	Lost rudder.					
Wraith, Wm. Whitlock, Brooklyn.....	Collided and lost masts					
Peggy, G. E. Edgar, Jr., Newburgh.....						

The course was 7½ miles, five rounds of the 1½-mile triangle, the wind being E.N.E. At 10:45 a flag was set as a preparatory signal. A minute later Wraith collided with Peggy, carrying away the mainmast of each boat. Wraith gave up, but Peggy went ashore, stepped a new mast, and started on, when half the first round had been covered by the leaders. Her time was taken as a matter of courtesy by the committee and puts her ahead of the fifth boat on the list above. Pearl was away first at the start and Nautilus fourth, the crews of both on deck. Lassie was sec-



CANOE VESPER.

ond at the start and Turtle third. Sofronia had her rudder unshipped by a collision and lost much time while it was being replaced. Mona broke her deck yoke, a piece of treacherous black walnut, and was practically out of the race. On the reach to first mark Delight led for a time, but Vesper was first at the turn. Beating over to second Pecowsic passed her, Lassie being third, Turtle fourth and Blanche fifth. The order at the end of each round is shown in the table. Pecowsic sailed very fast with her two sails, but lost each time at the end of the round, her mizzen sheet going adrift. After a very pretty finish the times were taken as above. Pearl was handicapped by her leakage and Nautilus by a damaged rudder, but in spite of these mishaps it was very evident in all the races that they could not sail with the American canoes, and their crews freely admitted the fact. Vesper's victory was very largely due to her skipper's excellent sailing, as Pecowsic at times traveled faster, but lost at the turns."

Event 13 was started at 3:30 P. M. Class II., paddling, weight 120 lbs., the time being:

Irene.....	R. W. Baldwin, Ottawa.....	11 18
Regina.....	C. J. Bousfield, Bay City.....	—
Lalage.....	T. S. Westcott, Philadelphia.....	—

Event 14, classes 3 and 4, tandem paddling, decked canoes:

Olive.....	{ F. M. Turner, } G. Wilkinson, }	{ Brockville.....	11 02
Mac.....	{ W. G. McKendrick, } D. B. Jacques, }	{ Toronto.....	11 19
Gertie.....	{ J. E. Mellen, } J. R. Robertson, }	{ Rochester.....	—

This finished the regular programme. The special cup race was set for Thursday morning.

Thursday, Aug. 26th.—Special cup race, called at 11:40 A. M. Very stiff breeze from southwest. Course, two miles to leeward, down the Canadian channel and return. Pecowsic, E. H. Barney, Vesper, R. W. Gibson, American, *vs.* Nautilus, W. Baden-Powell and Pearl, Walter Stewart, English. The Rushton steam launch followed the race and set the lee turning buoy. Nautilus, Pearl and Vesper were reefed. At 11:41:10 the start was made, Pearl crossing first. Nautilus set a small spinnaker and was first at the leeward mark, with Pearl and Pecowsic abreast and Vesper a little astern. On the long beat home the two American boats distanced their competitors. The two American canoes were sailed without ballast and with very light boards, while the English boats had boards of 56 lbs. and over 100 lbs. of shot. The water was pretty rough. The times at the finish were: Pecowsic 1:55:39, Vesper 1:56:50, Nautilus 2:00:57.

On Friday morning a general meeting was held, at which the prizes were presented and some minor business transacted. Com. Fowler, of the K. C. C., addressed the visitors in behalf of the A. C. A., to which Messrs. Stewart and Powell replied. The canoeists began to depart Thursday, and the camp was officially wound up Saturday.

Regatta Committee—J. B. McMurrich, Oswego; S. G. Fairtlough, Kingston; Reade W. Bailey, Pittsburgh.

Clerk of the Course—Wm. M. Carter, Trenton.

Time Keeper—Col. Colton, Kingston.

Starter—W. P. Stephens.

Judge at Finish—W. H. Barnett.

Volunteers were stationed at every buoy in all races to note the turns and report fouls. Twenty races were contested, and there were in all 385 entries. The flag givers and prize receivers will appear in a later issue.

Business Transacted.

At a meeting of all canoeists present from States west of New England, held on the hillside, Com. Oliver presiding, it was moved that an application be made to the A. C. A. for the formation of a division composed of all canoeists in the A. C. A. outside of New England, which motion was carried; and it was also resolved that the name of this division be the Central Division of the A. C. A.

The officers nominated for the new division by the committee were then announced as follows: Vice-Commodore, R. W. Gibson, of Albany; Rear-Commodore, B. W. Richards, of Brookville, and Purser, E. W. Brown, New York. Executive Committee—Messrs. J. W. Higgins, of Oswego, N. Y.; C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.; R. W. Bailey, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Colin Fraser, Toronto, Can.; Wm. Whitlock, New York, and S. T. Fairtlough, Kingston, Can. Over 180 members being present, the division was entitled to six representatives, one to every thirty members.

The Eastern Division, organized last spring, was formally admitted. This Central Division is only a temporary arrangement for this year, as it is expected that the South, West and North will organize during the winter and formally apply for admission at the next meet in accordance with the constitution adopted last November.

F. S. Rathbun remains Commodore of the A. C. A., and Dr. Neidé Secretary till the Executive Committee meeting in November. The Vice-Commodore, Rear Commodore and Executive Committee retired from office after the meet. The Commodore and Secretary of the A. C. A. for 1887 will be elected in November by the Division officers and Executive Committee men. The Regatta Committee for next year is appointed by the Commodore, and as the new commodore will not be elected till November the regatta work will have to hold over. Another year a better arrangement should be made, so that the Regatta Committee will be in existence and ready to report at the November meeting.

The clubs represented at the meet were Toronto, Oswego, Brooklyn, Newburgh, Shattemuc, Peterborough, Crescent, Vesper, Rome, Cincinnati, Jabberwock, St. Lawrence, Newton, Buffalo, Lynn, Springfield, Hartford, Mohican, New York, Royal, Kingston, Rochester, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Pequot, Knickerbocker, Brockville, Lachine, Ottawa and others. There were

canoeists in camp from Florida, Wyoming Territory, Springfield, Ohio, Michigan, and many places where clubs do not exist, including points all along the St. Lawrence river. The shores of Long Island Sound were represented.

The lines and measurements of canoe Vesper will be found in *Forest and Stream*, March 25th, 1886; the sail plan is in the issue of April 1st. The lines and dimensions of canoe Lassie were published in *Forest and Stream* for January 28th, 1886. Lassie's sail plan for 1885 was published in the same paper, issue of February 11th, 1886. Lassie's '86 sail projects less forward of the mast and peaks up higher. Total area a little less than 90ft. The sails were designed for a total of 85ft., but ran a little over that amount when bent on the spars. Peggy, winner of the Class A races, is a very similar boat to Lassie, same dimensions, two boards, but rigged a little differently.

THE ENGLISH VISITORS.

W. BADEN-POWELL arrived in New York on August 14th. Com. Munroe, of the N. Y. C. C., met him at the steamer's pier and entertained him during his stay in New York. He visited the N. Y. C. C. house and took a cruise with some of the members, trying an American canoe for the first time. His canoe was got through the custom house free on the strength of an official letter from the Treasurer of the United States, and by the aid of a member of the N. Y. C. C., Mr. Nadal, who holds a position in the New York Custom House. The canoe was shipped in crate by freight to Clayton. Baden-Powell left for the meet, with W. P. Stephens and party, on August 16th, and reached camp Tuesday morning. His canoe did not arrive till Saturday. On his return from the meet Baden-Powell visited the Mohicans in Albany, and was shown some charming Dutch interiors—so he reported—and then took up his abode at the St. Marks Hotel on Staten Island, to be near the N. Y. C. C. house, so as to get some sailing in Nautilus on the bay before the N. Y. C. C. cup races came off. Powell is a true Briton, of medium height, solid and well-built, with light hair and a jovial countenance. He is bright and was a favorite at the meet, entering heartily into all the sport. Around the camp-fire his songs and yarns were in great demand, and

a never-ending procession of canoeists were always inspecting his canoe, and firing no end of questions at the owner, which he patiently and good-naturedly answered. Walter Stewart, with the new Pearl, designed by E. B. Tredwen, arrived in New York on August 8th. C. K. Munroe met him at the steamer, and Stewart was his guest till he started for the meet via Niagara, on August 12th. Stewart had a good look at the N. Y. C. C. house and canoes, and sailed in several of the latter. He visited the various places of interest in New York, got his canoe forwarded to Clayton, and reached camp himself on Tuesday, August 16th. He left some of his personal property wherever he went, and what is more—a very good impression. Bright, jovial, enthusiastic, young, interested in everything and everybody, he was a great favorite in camp. In spite of his bad luck with his canoe, he never seemed blue in the least, and he lost races with more spirit than most fellows display when they win. After the meet he returned to New York, and took up his abode as the guest of Mr. Whitlock. A second, and better Pearl canoe arrived from England after the meet, and this new canoe was the one he got ready to sail the N. Y. C. C. cup races in. She was at least fairly tight to start off with.

AMENDMENTS.

To the Members of the American Canoe Association:

GENTLEMEN—The following changes and amendments to the Constitution and By-laws of the A. C. A. were adopted at the last meeting of the Executive Committee held at Grindstone Island during the annual encampment, August 1886.

Commencing with Art. 5 of the Constitution: Par. 3 now reads, "The Vice and Rear Commodores and Pursers shall be elected by the members of their respective Divisions at the Division Meet, or at the General Annual Meet of the Association."

Art. 6.—There shall be annually elected in each Division, at the meet thereof, "or at the general annual meeting of the Association," one active member for every thirty (30) members "of each Division" in good standing present. The members so elected, etc.

Art. 7.—It shall be the duty of the Commodore to preside at the "annual" meetings of the Association and Executive Committee, and to visit, if practicable, each of the Division meets during the year, and to see

that all rules and regulations are properly enforced, to pass on qualification of names submitted for membership by the Secretary, and to appoint within thirty (30) days after his election a Regatta Committee of three (3) active members for the annual meeting of the Association.

Art. 8.—The Vice-Commodores shall organize and preside over the annual meetings of their respective Divisions, and within thirty (30) days after their election appoint a Regatta Committee of three (3) active members for their Divisions. In the absence of the Vice-Commodores the Rear Commodores will act in their stead. The Division officers present at the general meeting of the Association, or at the meetings of the Executive Committee, will act in their official capacity, those in whose Division the meeting is held taking precedence as to rank.

Art. 10.—A quorum for the transaction of business at the annual meets of the Association or Divisions shall consist of twenty (20) active members.

BY-LAWS.

Art. 3.—There shall be an annual meeting of the Association, and, if practicable, of each Division, for business, camping and racing, the dates and places to be fixed by the Division officers subject to the approval of the Commodore.

Art. 9.—It shall be the duty of each Regatta Committee to prepare and publish, not later than June 1st, an order of races for their respective regattas; to superintend the laying out and buoying of courses; to provide the prizes; to appoint judges, starters and timekeepers, and to decide all protests. They shall post the course and conditions of each race in some prominent place at least one hour before the race is called, and shall have entire control of the races of their respective meetings. Respectfully yours,

CHAS. A. NEIDÉ, Sec'y A. C. A.

Schuylerville, N. Y., Sept. '86.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MEET.

GEORGE A. WARDER (amateur), Springfield, Ohio, took a number of photographs while at Grindstone, and they are the most beautiful canoe photos we have ever seen. Among them is an excellent picture of Baden-Powell's Nautilus afloat under sail, from which a drawing has

been made that will appear in the October CANOEIST.

S. R. Stoddard, of Glens Falls, N. Y., got a very full set, and the proofs, which have been received by us, are unusually interesting, as so many of the canoes are taken singly under sail. The two of Vesper are very good. The cut of Vesper on page 145 is drawn directly from the photo, as is also the one of Pecowsic. Peggy, Nautilus, Pearl, Lassie and others are brought out in various positions, and being caught instantaneously are very interesting to study. A full list of prices will appear in October number.

Clarence E. Wells, Canton, N. Y., has the following list for sale. This list includes many of the races that Stoddard did not get, and all are unusually clear and good. They are sold, mounted or unmounted, $4\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 20c.; 5×8 , 30c.; $6\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$, 50c.

	Inches.	Cts.
1. Tournament.....	5 x 8	30
2. Tournament.....	5 x 8	30
3. Tournament.....	5 x 8	30
4. Scrub Race, Class B.....	5 x 8	30
5. Consolation Race.....	5 x 8	30
6. Start in Class B—Sailing.....	5 x 8	30
7. Start in International Race.....	5 x 8	30
8. Finish.....	5 x 8	30
9. Class B—First Time Around.....	5 x 8	30
10. Start in Combined Sailing and Paddling.....	5 x 8	30
11. Start in Class B.....	5 x 8	30
12. Start in Event 15—No Limit in Rig or Ball'st.....	5 x 8	30
13. Start in Class 4—Paddling.....	5 x 8	30
14. Finish in Class 4—Paddling.....	5 x 8	30
15. Start in Class 3—Paddling.....	5 x 8	30
16. Finish in Class 1—Paddling.....	5 x 8	30
17. Finish in Event 5—Tandem.....	5 x 8	30
18. A. C. A. Dock.....	5 x 8	30
19. Camp View.....	$6\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$	50
20. Officers, 1886.....	5 x 8	30
21. Off for a Cruise.....	5 x 8	30
22. A. C. A. Dock.....	5 x 8	30
23. Weather Grip.....	5 x 8	30
24. Out for a Sail.....	$6\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$	50
25. "Vesper," Winner Internat'l Race and Prize.....	$6\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$	50
26. Along Shore.....	$4\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$	20
27. Canoe "Lassie," C. B. Vaux, Master.....	$4\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$	20
28. The Landing of the Mohicans.....	$4\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$	20
29. The "Pearl," W. Stewart, Master.....	$4\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$	20
30. To the Rescue.....	$4\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$	20
31. "Nautilus" and "Pearl" under Sail.....	$4\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$	20
32. A. C. A. Group.....	$6\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$	50
33. The "Nautilus" on Shore.....	5 x 8	30
34. Clerk of the Course.....	$4\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$	20
35. The Long and Short.....	$4\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$	20
36. The Burial.....	5 x 8	30
37. The Resurrection.....	5 x 8	30
38. The St. Lawrence C. C. Camp.....	$6\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$	50

The entire series has also been arranged in two groups, each group making a picture 8×10 inches in size, of which "proof-sheets" are furnished at 15 cents each. In these group pictures, of course, the several views appear on a much reduced scale, but the clearness of outline is preserved.

Anderson, of Toronto, also shot off his camera many times to good effect. His list and samples have not yet been received.

THE W. A. C. A. AT BALLAST ISLAND.

TWO enthusiastic canoers, with four ladies in charge, sipped their claret punch, smoked their cigars, and, with the restlessness of sailing novices going to their first meet, oscillated between the parlor and baggage cars to see how much spare varnish was adhering to the shins of the profane man for'ard.

The little Class A Pollywog and Sweet-heart were carried aboard the steamer at Sandusky, bound for Ballast, and as the captain of the Ruckawas leaned upon the railing and gazed upon the mighty waves of Erie, he shouted in the ear of his companion, "This is no canoe weather, Jabber!"

Each took a hitch in his belt, made audible a few nautical (?) remarks to the ladies, and the sawed-off Knickerbocker novices were seen disappearing down the gangway, we hope not for a supply of cocktail courage.

Let me remark that four years' life in New England has fixed the impression that Western men are as a rule more sociable upon short acquaintance than those whose lives have been passed nearer the rising sun, so that it did not seem strange to the two who landed unknown upon the wharf at Ballast Island to be grasped by the hand, bundled to camp, and be called by their first names within an hour. There was not a mister in camp. Together with business it had been left at home, and much as it might have grated upon a sensitive nature, he would have been dubbed something before he had passed twenty-four hours in camp.

Here assembled the novice, the varnish scarcely dry upon the new canoe he launched in half a gale, and yelled in glee as he danced upon the whitecaps till the Life-saving crew gathered him in, wet and happy. "He had faith." Likewise here also was the old gray-headed veteran who had sailed and paddled when Alden was a little boy, carefully smoothed the granny-knots, arranged his ballast, took in a reef and left the pier, righting his craft with "that peculiar little wriggle" just when the waves seemed sure to bury him forever beneath their weight. "He had sand!"

The paddler, who disdained the mast tube as a blemish upon the canoe built from his own lines, was here.

The men who sailed his craft for pleasure and comfort only, and who could not be induced into the exertion of fitting for a race, were here in numbers.

The racer who wore himself thin racking his brains to devise some way of flying two hundred square feet upon a light canoe, was very much here; all the time.

Truly, many men many minds, and a dullard indeed is he who at a meet cannot learn more kinks and wrinkles than he ever dreamed of.

Camp life at the W. C. A. to a retiring nature might be harassing. "Jimmie," the secretary, is strictly temperate and the soul of good nature, but they broke him all up one morning. He was upon the wharf, awaiting the arrival of some of his people, which gave the boys a chance to erect over his tent a painted sign:

J. O. S—, PROP'R.
W. C. A.
BAR.

All the empty bottles that could be found were stacked outside. Can you not see his mother-in-law's hand tighten on his arm, as with darkened brow she asks "which is his tent?" and the meek, surprised look upon his face when he replies, "At the other end of the camp, dear mother." Can you not hear? "What, then, is the meaning of that sign, sir?"

One night they sat around the camp fire, spinning yarns, when suddenly a flash, a peal of thunder, and sheets of rain drove them under the canvas. Not a man had taken the precaution of digging a trench, so that the perfect deluge of water was anything but pleasant to early retirers. In the midst of the squall the yacht, Ada, was discovered coming ashore, and a wretched job it was to keep her from wrecking. The gang of half-naked commodores, vice-commodores and rear-commodores who cavorted over that island, yelling like Comanche chiefs, would have made the greatest instantaneous picture on record.

The two novices made a sneak from under their wet tents and broke for an unoccupied cottage. One remembered that he should not expose his bronchial trouble, and the other was getting away on general principles.

"It's mean to give the boys the slip, but we can't help them," and carefully opening the cottage door they stepped in and threw down their soggy blankets. Smooth red cuss words from under the Mackinaws showed there were others before them, which fact was made more apparent when Tommy

planted his muddy bare foot on the face of a sleeper.

The two novices could shoot a dam or run a rapid with the utmost *sang-froid*, but at Ballast they "were under a cloud," and generally under the waters of turbulent Erie. Two new sailors are hovering on the brink, two new canoes will be ordered, two new copies of Vaux's "Canoe Handling" thumbed, and the two who have had but a taste of the great unknown we hope will never look upon those "mighty waves of Erie" to say "This is no canoeing weather."

JABBER.

PRIZE WINNERS AND TIME AT THE LATE MEET.

Class B, sailing—Three miles, triangular course, no limit to ballast or rig, 11 entries. Winner, Harry Gardner, Cleveland; time, 3 m. 10 s. Second place, O. H. Root, Cleveland; time, 33 m. 10 s.

Class A, sailing—Three miles, no limit to ballast or rig. 4 entries. Winner, O. A. Woodruff, Ruckawa Club, Dayton, Ohio; time, 56 m.

Class I., paddling—Half a mile, three entries. Winner, A. W. Kitchin, Tippy canoe Club, Chicago; time, 3 m. 5-10 s. Second place, B. W. Wood, Tippecanoe Club, Chicago; time, 3 m. 5-10 s.

Class III., paddling—Half mile, 3 entries. Winner, R. P. McCune, Tippecanoe Club, Chicago; time, 7 m. 15 s. Second place, Harry Gardner.

Paddling, Class II.—One-half mile, 5 entries. Winner, A. W. Kitchin; time, 5 m. 8 s. Second place, C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.

Sailing—Three miles, open to all comers, with time allowance; 13 entries. Winner, O. A. Woodruff; time, 46 m. 17 s. Second place, George B. Ellard, Cincinnati Canoe Club; time, 48 m. 3½ s. All classes, 3 miles, sail first mile, paddle second, sail third; 6 entries. Winner, Harry Gardner; time, 56 m. 33 s. Second place, R. P. McCune. O. A. Woodruff came in first on this race. The judges ruled him out on account of some irregularity.

Double Paddling Race, two men, Class V—One-half mile, three crews entered. Winners, Kitchin and McCune; time, 3 m. 32 s. Second place, Gardner and Root; time, 3 m. 38 s.

Classes I and A—300 feet, upset race, 4 entries. Winner, A. W. Kitchin; second place, J. O. Shiras, Miami Canoe Club, Cincinnati.

All Canoes—Two miles, open to novices only, 5 entries. Winner, R. P. McCune; time, 39 m. 31 s.; second place, B. W. Wood.

All Classes, sailing—Three miles, with time allowance, 12 entries. Winner, W. D. D. Breed, Cincinnati, Ohio; time, 50 m. 41 s.; second place, George B. Ellard; time, 51 m. 50 s.

Hurry Scurry Race—Open to all canoes, run 100 ft., swim 30 ft., and paddle 100 ft., 4 entries. Winner, A. W. Kitchin; second place, Harry Gardner.

All Classes, sailing, without ballast—Three miles, time allowance, 7 entries. Winner, O. A. Woodruff; time, 58½ m.; second place, George B. Ellard; time, 68 m. 25 s.

All Classes, sailing—Two miles; sail one mile, paddle one mile; 4 entries. Winner, Harry Gardner; time, 25 m. 4 s.; second place, O. A. Woodruff; time, 25 m. 34 s.

Sailing for the Gardner Challenge Cup—Twice around a three-mile triangular course, six miles; fresh wind blowing, which increased to a gale. Entries, C. F. Pennewell, Cleveland; C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.; George West and D. W. C. Ruff, of Sandusky; Harry Gardner, O. A. Woodruff and J. G. Shiras.

Bousfield, Woodruff and Shiras sailed in Class A, or narrow canoes; the rest in Class B, or wide canoes. Gardner's canoe rudder broke, West capsized, Ruff and Woodruff swamped, and Shiras' canoe became water-logged. Bousfield and Pennewell finished, the former winning in 1 h. 25 m. 16 s. Pennewell, close behind, finished in 1 h. 36 m.

A great many canoeists had left for home before this race took place, which accounts for the small number of entries.

The Yak tats use really three kinds of canoes. The distinctive Yakutat canoe, the smallest of all, holding two or three persons and their usual traveling effects comfortably, is a most graceful and trim little craft that can be shot forward through the water with great rapidity. It is radically different from the second, a mere coarse "dugout," holding probably twice as much, and used by all the T'linkits of Alaska. Then comes the great Hydah canoe, also used by all the T'linkits, and which in small numbers comes from the Hydah Indians by purchase. The Yakutats have two of these among the tribe, I understand. These canoes hold five to ten times as much as the second kind, and they are so expensive that a sub-clan of two or three or even more closely related families join in the ownership.—*Frederick Schwatka, N. Y. Times, Aug. 9th.*

CHOPS AND MOONLIGHT.

THE connection between the two may not at once be apparent. Had you, my reader, been of the party, and the chops had been left at home, the moon would not have appeared to you as it did to us. No one can enjoy nature with an empty stomach telegraphing his brain all the time and whining to be filled.

This time we decided to ask the girls to share the fun, and the girls seemed very willing to do their share. The party was ready at the boat house to start, bag and baggage, shawls and jerseys, broilers and coffee pot, at 5 o'clock. There were six of us all told, two for each canoe. The Cockleshell, Peep and Dumpling carried each a man as crew and a lady passenger, together with an assorted cargo.

Paddling into the strongest flood current, the fleet bowled up the river merrily, and gradually worked across into the shadow of the cliffs on the west shore. An hour's paddle put a razor edge on the appetites of every member of the party, and all were ready for supper when the cove was reached, with its shelving sandy beach. The ladies were given comfortable seats—the canoe cushions against trees for backs—and in full view of the fire, so they could see all that went on; but they were not allowed to do more.

Dumpling's crew built the fire of drift wood, carefully selected as to its capacity for turning into hot coals under the influence of heat, while Peep's captain went for water to the spring and Cockleshell peeled the potatoes (which had been boiled at home) and sliced them into a deep stew pan, slipping in a little parsley and then pouring milk over all. Dumpling made toast, using the broiler, while the fire was burning up brightly and getting ready to settle back into a hot bed of coals with no flame. The water was put on to boil and left alone. Six pieces of toast were made and filed away for future reference. Peep started the potatoes stewing, stirring them continually, and Dumpling poached the eggs. Cockleshell got the coffee pot ready (a "French" one), put the ground coffee in the top, scalded out the lower part, and placed it near the fire where it would be quite warm; then he buttered the toast and put a piece on each of six wooden plates—the thin ones that don't cost a fortune.

Potatoes done, eggs poached and dropped on the toast, and the boiling water poured into the top of the coffee pot, brought things to a focus, and supper was ready.

Five hungry individuals sat around the very small fire, well back, in any and all comfortable positions, and fell to. Dumping munched standing and continued his work at the fire, which had settled down and was just prime for the chops.

Now there are chops and chops. In cooking over an open fire a chop with much fat on it will cause the fire to blaze up so that smoking and burning are almost inevitable. Our chops were dainty ones, trimmed up neatly, and with two inches of clean polished bone at the small end for a handle. Six on the broiler—a very light wire one—were cooked through and through in a very few minutes, retaining all their juices, and were not burned by the flames from hot fat. The chops were ready before the eggs and toast were fairly gone—that is, all except one that fell in the sand, and had to be wiped with a cloth, scraped, washed and coaxed to part with some of its grit. Canoeists cannot get grit by eating it, or "sand" either.

The chops were held in the fingers by the bone end and thus eaten. The second edition was ready when the first had vanished, and the Dumpling had permission to have his supper make a continuous story and not a serial in parts. Peep passed round a second set of plates and opened the brick freezer that he had brought in his canoe, and all had ice cream, laid carefully on bits of white paper on the plates. Cake, too, of course, was brought out of a canoe locker, and a basket of fruit also appeared. A second edition of the coffee, very black and clear in the tin cups, topped off the meal, except for the men—cigars finished them.

What a delightful hour it was that followed supper. The party sat on the beach just above high water mark and looked down and across the river, on which the moon was bestowing its best smile, causing a reflected sparkle from every little wave the gentle south wind tossed up. For a background there were the cliffs, wooded along their base and very dark and stern, the bare rock showing out here and there among the trees, and presenting a black wall as it rose above them four hundred feet over head. The fire flickered as it burned low, and lent a weird charm to objects near it. The well fed party were at peace with the world and on the best of terms with each other. The passenger of the Cockleshell could sing, and she did, the crews joining in the chorus with a will. Dumpling told a ghost story about a night

encampment when on a cruise, the place chosen being a secluded graveyard under the very cliff where the party then were, but up river further. He did not find out that it was a burying ground till camp had been made for the night, the gravestones were so few and so overgrown with bushes and weeds.

Peep then related how the expedition they were then on had been suggested. He met the passenger of his canoe at a party one evening, and the talk had drifted into canoeing by some unaccountable process known only to the owner of a canoe. He had spoken of camping out, cooking, and how well and cheaply he could live on a cruise. His passenger asked pointed questions about his digestion, how he kept his kitchen department, dish washing and many other things the feminine mind naturally hits on when it is claimed that men can do, and do well, work generally attended to by women. In self-defense Peep asked the passenger to a camp supper. The party was gotten up, and here they were, supper over, and therefore abundantly able to render a verdict. The three passengers rendered it at once—they could not remember a supper they had enjoyed as much or relished more.

The wooden plates were all collected and burned, together with the odd bits of paper, egg shells and various like tokens that when found on beach or in the woods mark the untidy campers—and most campers are untidy about their grounds. These three old cruisers made it a rule never to leave a trace behind them of a camp, except the ashes of a camp-fire, and ashes are clean always.

The coffee pot was emptied, wiped out and scalded with a little boiling water just to sweeten it for the next time. The knives, forks, broiler and egg pan were well rubbed with dry sand and wiped clean and bright with a cloth. Collecting the things and stowing them away in the canoes, the various crews got everything ship shape, took aboard their passengers, and pushed out well into the full force of the strong ebb current. The three canoes were then lashed together, and like a raft drifted quickly toward home. The girls enjoyed this greatly, as it made conversation easy, and subjects were abundant—since supper. The canoes were separated when off the club house and paddled singly in to the float.

Had they enjoyed it, the girls? That could be easily ascertained if they got an-

other invitation to repeat the performance. Did dyspepsia trouble them, the effects of a camp supper? No such jolly set could have indigestion and keep up their spirits. But did the fellows enjoy it—having the girls along—as much as they did when they went off unburdened with the cares of passengers? Did they! Well, it was different from some of their stag parties—but they admitted that the little trip had given them pleasure—it was such a satisfaction to find a real live girl who would admit that she was hungry, you know. Dump-ling's passenger was Peep's sister, and the other two girls were her intimate friends. The three fellows had known each other for years. All were therefore intimate enough to be off their "dig" on such a trip.

PHIL. JUDSON.

THE JUBJUB BIRD.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son,
The teeth that bite, the claws that catch;
Beware the Jubjub bird,
And shun the frumious Bandersnatch."

THE Jubjub bird is the most galling of all the Jabberwocks. He is the dude and scullion on all cruises by reason of his superior ability in managing the mystic alcohol lamp. It is he who can calmly sit in his canoe and see the Jabberwock come "whiffing" from a grape arbor, the slack of his corduroys securely fixed to the teeth of a bulldog, and say: "Look him in the eye, Jabber; that's the way to tame wild beasts!"

I never knew *him* to raid anything upon a cruise, save maybe a few henroosts or watermelon patches, yet his youthful education (the neighbors say) was not neglected. He ignores every-day plain Ohio home-made bread, and insists upon ruining the digestive organs of his fellow canoeers with a mess of dough called soda biscuit.

As an experimental cook he is without an equal. We were on Mad River, and he assured us Miss Parloa always boiled eggs in the coffee—it gave them a flavor. We had only half a dozen, and decided three should be boiled for supper, three for breakfast. He dropped in one: "That's for the Bandersnatch, this for the Jabber, and here goes mine"—POP! and the aged nest egg drove us from the camp-fire and ruined our last pot of coffee. The vessel was consigned to the waves (with a string to it) to wash away the fumes.

"Now we will have an omelet, for they are my stronghold." The two held their breath as their Jubjub broke one after another into the frying pan, but he had "floated them and they had sunk, a sure sign of early youth."

They never knew what he added other than butter and condensed milk, but the nauseating mass he set steaming upon the poncho caused the Bandersnatch, after he had tested it, to remark that "He wished they had saved the Parloa experiment."

Speaking of eggs reminds us of a case of total depravity he displayed upon the Muskingum. A little girl, aged eight, was driving home some cattle, and with that insinuating, captivating masher-from-Jersey manner he beguiled the barefoot into talk: "What are eggs worth, sissy?"

"Five cents a dozen, sir."

"Here's a dime for half a dozen, and another dime if you hurry."

The infant native returned with the eggs, was photographed and fled, but returning in a few moments lispingly piped, "Say, mister, they's a hole in this here dime."

It is tough to show up a fellow in this manner, but upon the Kanahwa an itinerant missionary laid for the Jubjub, loaded him down with tracts, begged his tobacco, talked about his good work and the souls he saved, thought he'd do to wear wings, and then grasping his hand his eyes filled, and huskily swallowing the lump in his throat, gasped: "You ain't got a little bug juice about you, is you, pard?"

It was the eighth and last night out on the great Miami. We built a shelter with our rubber blankets to the windward of a huge camp-fire and discussed a supper fit for kings, of teal broiled on the coals, woodcock baked by rolling feathers and all in a clay ball, having first drawn the bird. This latter item is sneered at by the epicure Bandersnatch.

The air was invigorating October, the night heavenly. In front the musical blue Miami rippled over a rocky dam, while the distant wail of some moon-baying hound cadenced on the wind with great effect. The horned owl no doubt hooted from the opposite bank. We have forgotten the owl, but we do remember the Jubjub, whose blue toque set on the back of his head, took alternate mouthfuls from his second teal in one hand and third woodcock in the other, ever and anon casting side glances at a boiling vessel in which he had submerged for an hour a can labeled "English Plum Pudding." The directions read,

"Serve with wine sauce," in lieu of which he poured over the steaming duff a portion from the pint bottle of old Hennessy, and touched a match—not a flicker. More brandy, but no better result. The bottle was emptied and the little blue flames licked the sides of the dish, and in true "manor style" they fell upon it. In a few moments only the clicking of the spoons upon the bottom of the pan (two for the Jabber to one of the Jubjub) could be heard on the night air.

It was truly a great supper, and with sighs of satisfaction they lighted their pipes and settled themselves under the shelter. Then comes a dreamy remembrance of luxury and ease. I think I see the Jubjub making frantic efforts to regain his feet and failing. As for the Jabber-wock, he was paralyzed. G. A. W.

THE ATLANTIS CRUISE.

S. R. STODDARD, artist, author and tourist, left Glens Falls on Saturday, July 31, with his canoe, Atlantis, to resume the voyage marked out and already described in the *Star*. On the way he was joined by R. B. Burchard, of New York, who was his companion during the two previous seasons, and who accompanied him on his trip to the head of the Bay of Fundy this year.

On Thursday, Aug. 4, at 11:20 A. M., the Atlantis was put in the water at St. Johns, N. B., and the canoeists made a run of 25 miles, experiencing some rough weather meanwhile. They were entertained that night at the shipyard of William Wallace.

On Thursday they sailed about twenty miles, stopping over night at Salmon River. The next day the voyagers ventured across the Bay of Fundy, a delicate undertaking, as the bay is subject to sudden and violent storms; the voyage across the bay to Cape Chignecto, passing near the Isle Au Haut (upon which a schooner was wrecked a day or two since) occupied from 9 o'clock in the morning until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The Cape was reached just before the tide changed. The canoeists then moved along the coast to Advocate Harbor, which they were unable to enter on account of the low water. The canoe was grounded, supper prepared, the tent erected, and the venturesome mariners retired in the canoe for the night. The night's rest was interrupted only by the incoming tide at 2 o'clock A. M. The canoeists then sailed in to the harbor,

where they anchored and turned in to finish their nap.

AROUND CAPE D'OR.

Saturday morning a heavy fog covered the surface of the bay. Notwithstanding the unfavorable conditions, however, the voyagers took up their journey along the shore around Cape d'Or. The Cape was passed at the turn of the tide—the only possible time to do it in safety with a craft like the Atlantis. About fifteen miles were added to the canoeists' trip that day. That night and the next day (Sunday) were spent at Port Greville.

Monday morning the Atlantis sailed through the roughest portion of the Bay of Fundy, around Cape Blomedon (where the tide runs eight to nine miles per hour), into the Basin of Mines, a name made familiar to every lover of poetry by Longfellow's "Evangeline." Tuesday was spent in visiting different points along the shore. Here are the dikes, portions of which were built during the occupation of that section by the French, before they were dispossessed by the English. The travelers found the cellars of the old French houses, and a well dug by them which now yields the best of water. Stumps of willows, of immense proportions, planted by the French, with green sprouts springing from the roots, were also pointed out by the natives. Messrs. Stoddard and Burchard also saw the site of the old church that had been used to imprison the French.

Wednesday a journey of 30 miles was made, and the tourists found themselves working into Tenycap harbor by moonlight. There they were royally entertained by William Stevens, who is virtually king of the settlement, being mill owner, merchant, and the leading spirit of the place.

HEAD OF THE BAY OF FUNDY.

On Thursday they made a three-hour run, going 20 miles with the tide. At noon they harbored in Selma Creek. Fifteen minutes after going into the creek the bar at the entrance was dry. An hour later the flats were dry for five or six miles out, with the exception of little pools in slight depressions here and there. As soon as the tide would permit they left the harbor, aided by both wind and tide, and ran rapidly toward the head of the bay. Indeed, so fast did the Atlantis glide over the waves, the canoeists found it necessary to "heave to" now and then to allow the tide to cover the flats ahead. As the voyagers

approached the head of the bay it narrowed rapidly, assuming the appearance of a river, through which the water ran like a mill race. In passing up the channel it was necessary to exercise the utmost care in steering to keep in the center. The tourists ran in on shore for a short time to escape the tidal wave, which is there known as the "bore," and it was 2:30 P. M. before the Atlantis landed at Truro, the head of navigation, a sleepy old town of about 4,000 inhabitants.

THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

That night was spent at Truro, and Saturday morning the travelers took a train on the Intercolonial Railroad for St. Johns, from whence they sailed on the International line steamers for Boston, arriving in that city at 8 o'clock Sunday evening.—*The Glens Falls Weekly Star.*

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE CANOEIST TRAVELING IN EUROPE.

HEIDELBERG.

FROM Cologne we went up the Rhine in a steamboat. It was my first trip up the Rhine, and it is my last. The Rhine, my dear boy, is a farce, a miserable imposition. The Rhine that we read of in books, the Rhine that our teachers, at school, taught us to believe in, is no more like the Rhine as we found it than a nasty little mud puddle is like the noble Hudson. After twelve weary hours on that steamboat, with nothing to break the monotony of the voyage than now and then a glass of bier, we were dumped on to the wharf at Mainz (or Mayence). Just as the steamer drew in sight of the landing my brother Frank and I met in solemn conclave, and after due deliberation we passed a series of resolutions voting the Rhine a farce, and the only two things of interest on the whole trip to be the table d'hôte served on the boat and the landing at Mainz. Of Mainz I can tell you nothing, as we did not stop at all longer than absolutely necessary, all of us being desirous of pushing on to Heidelberg, which we had begun to look on as home.

At Heidelberg we stopped a week in a hotel and then moved into a "pension" or hash house, where we are at present located. We are all most pleasantly disappointed in Heidelberg and its environs. Instead of finding a cramped-up, dirty, old-fashioned town, we found an old town, it is true, but not the least cramped; and

as for dirt they don't seem to know what it is here. The environs are the best part of the place, there being mountains to be climbed, old castles and towers to be visited and ascended, and many beautiful walks to be taken, and last but not least, a very fair sort of a river where one is able to hire canoes. But such canoes! Cranky, heavy, ill-built, of no model, and utterly incapable of bearing a sail, still they are canoes, and my brother and I often take them out, if it is only to remind us of old times. The first time I got into one of these canoes it made me so homesick that I nearly cried, but after I had handled the heavy, clumsy double-bladed paddle they gave me I forgot my homesickness in trying to calculate how many minutes it would take for one of those bits of timber to completely wear an ordinary man (or canoeist) out. I had no need to calculate, for I found by experience that a very few strokes were required to tire a fellow more than paddling a Christian canoe all day would. They have not the faintest idea of how to model a boat, or how to build one either, in this country. They build boats nowadays in the same way that their forefathers built them hundreds of years ago, and as for oars, they have none that are worthy of the name; they are really nothing more than a bit of square timber swung on a single tholepin. It would break your heart and your back to handle one.

It is a great sorrow to me that there are no decent boats here, for with such a nice river right handy a fellow could have plenty of fun and healthy exercise. As I can't get a boat, I am going to try to procure a bicycle. There is an Englishman at Frankfurt (three hours from here) who hires out machines, and as this is without exception the finest wheeling country I have ever seen, I hope to be able to soon send an account of a cruise on a bicycle. Please give my love to all the Marmalade lodgers.

FRIDAY.

The Dayton and Stillwater Canoe Clubs had a lantern carnival on the river, which was quite a success—28 canoes afloat. Sept. 19 and 20 there is to be a regatta on Ross Lake, and the Cincinnati C. C. have invited the above clubs to participate.

The October CANOEIST will contain a very full account of the races in New York Bay between the English and American canoeists for the N. Y. C. C. International Challenge Cup, illustrated.



TORONTO C. C.

Two challenge cup races of the Toronto C. C. were held on Saturday, July 24th:

D. B. Jacques, canoe Yanewah.....	1
W. G. McKendrick, canoe Mac.....	2
Weston, canoe Wanda.....	3

The above is the result of the paddling race, half a mile, straightaway, against a brisk easterly breeze. Jacques won by about two lengths, and Weston was not far behind.

W. G. McKendrick.....	4	15	10
D. B. Jacques.....	4	17	06
Hugh Neilson.....	4	18	00
Robert Tyson.....	4	19	55
J. W. Bridgeman.....	4	24	00
A. Shaw.....	4	30	00
Weston.....	4	30	00

Foregoing are the particulars of the race for the sailing challenge cup and novices' trophy. The start was at 3 o'clock, over a six-mile course. A close and lively race resulted, as will be seen by the respective times of passing the home buoy. The wind was such that full sail was carried all round the course with started sheets. The eastern buoy drifted nearly a quarter mile to leeward, much to the grief of one or two of the less keen-sighted ones who were hauling close to get up where it ought to have been. Shaw and Weston are novices, and the former takes the trophy. McKendrick has now scored three wins for the sailing cup, Neilson three, Tyson two and Kerr one. Yanewah carries a heavy centerboard and ballast.

TIPPY C. C.

The first annual regatta of the Tippy Canoe Club, of Chicago, was held Saturday, the 21st ult., off the boat house foot of Thirty-ninth street. The various races proved very interesting, and were witnessed by hundreds of people along the shore. The wind was blowing a half gale from the southwest, and was very puffy, which kept the skippers busy climbing to windward and back. While the open boats were coming from Hyde Park to the start, they were having a race between themselves, when a puff caught the Hypatia and cap-sized her. The crew was rescued by the fleet.

At 3:40 the signal was given for Classes A and B, sailing canoes, to start. The Spray, J. B. Keogh, crossed the line first and came in an easy winner. Much credit is due Mr. Keogh for the way he handled his canoe. C. F. Sage sailed a very fine race in a 14x28 canoe, the Chestnuts. Mr. Wood sailed the Zeal. Wood is only a novice, but he sailed the canoe like an old veteran, and will prove a dangerous skipper within another year. The Shaw Shaw, G. K. Sage, swamped.

At 3:47 the signal for the open and decked boats to start was given. The Pastime, D. H. Crane, crossed first, with the Nokomis, H. A. Perkins, and Clam, W. G. Sage, 5 sec. behind. The Pastime made a wonderful race on the wind, carrying a large racing spritsail and jib. This makes the third victory for the Pastime this year. There is nothing of her size that can come anywhere near her here. Mr. H. D. Crane, of Cincinnati, says he never saw anything go so in his life.

The Nokomis also sailed a good race, going around the course nearly full of water. The Clam got half way round and came back. The Guenn, J. H. Ware, carried too much canvas and capsized.

The Ellen Terry, Edward Rosing, got the lead in the open boats, but when near the first buoy he fouled the Elinor, D. Flood, and capsized her, the Cathie, Chas. Atkinson, giving up the race and going to the rescue of the Elinor.

At 5:09 the signal was given for Class 1, paddling. The Tippy, A. W. Kitchin, got the start and came home an easy winner, although the Psyche, H. B. Cook, tried hard to beat him; but Kitchin proved too much for Cook. Great interest was taken in this race, as Cook has been practicing hard to beat Kitchin.

At 5:32 the signal was given for Class 2, paddling. The Pretzel, R. P. McCune, got the start, but was pushed hard by the Snipe, W. B. Lavinia, and the Triton, but McCune crossed the line first, with Hessert and Lavinia close behind him. Spray, J. B. Keogh, broke his paddle, and will have another race with McCune to see who is the best man, as both have been practicing very hard to beat each other.

At 6:08:30 the start for the tandem was given. This was the race of the races. The Tippy, A. W. Kitchin, and W. M. Dunham, got the best start, but before they had got 100 ft. the Psyche, H. B. Cook and J. B. Keogh, and the Swordfish, B. W. Wood and W. B. Lavinia, challenged them

for the lead. The Psyche turned the stake boat first, with the Tippy close behind, and then came the tussle down the stretch. The Tippy's crew proved to be the best team, as they crossed the line a length and a half ahead of the Psyche, with Swordfish and Pretzel a quarter of a length behind her.

At 6:40 the upset race started. This tickled the crowd, as there were twelve in the race, and scrambling in all ways to get into their canoes. Kitchin was the first to get into his canoe, but Dunham beat him across the line.

The races proved to be a great success, and canoeing is booming at present.

Mohican C. C. Races, Thursday, July 29; 75 ft. limit for Oliver silver cup, to be sailed for three times, open to all, the winner barred from next event. A fourth race to be sailed for ownerships, the previous winners only being eligible to contest. Race was called at 5:45 P. M. Entries: Seniors—Vesper, R. W. Gibson; Thetis, P. M. Wackerhagen; Marion B., R. S. Oliver. Juniors—Mermaid, L. T. Prince; Arno, H. C. Cushman. Strong breeze from the south, flying start. Vesper kept a lead of about 5 ft. to the first buoy $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles; Thetis and Marion B. neck and neck for a mile. The buoy was jibed around in a heavy squall, Vesper, Thetis, Marion B., Mermaid and Arno. The beat home did not change the positions, but greatly widened the gaps, Vesper, as usual, sailing closer than Thetis, and Thetis closer than Marion B. The finish was made in order named: Vesper 34m., Thetis 36m. The Marion B. has abandoned two boards for one Atwood and handles better, but does not sail any faster. Mermaid captured the junior pennant from Arno who had won it twice. Vesper is barred from next contest and holds the cup for a month, the name being inscribed thereon.

The first race for the Rochester C. C. for the Moody cup was sailed on July 28 over a $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile triangular course, two rounds. The wind was light N.W. The times were:

		Time.	Points.
Sofronia.....	Andrews.....	54 45	5
Marie.....	Stewart.....	59 15	4
Bounce.....	Gray.....	1 12 50	3
Vixen.....	Walters.....	1 13 50	2
Eleanor.....	Wilson.....	1 15 15	1

A race was sailed on the Shrewsbury River, July 14, the winner being Calliope, Mr. Frank Leonard, with Pocahontas, R. H. Sneden, second.

IANTHE C. C.—Newark, N. J., Aug. 24.
—Second annual regatta: Single padding race for canoes 24 in. beam and over, C. V. Schuyler, W. R. Burling and H. D. Wilde entering; won by Schuyler; prize, a silver match box. Sailing race for all classes of canoes, Messrs. W. H. Hillin and Thorn, of Essex C. C., Mr. I. V. Dorland, of the Arlington C. C., and C. V. Schuyler, of the I. C. C., entering; won by Dorland, Hillin second; prize, a silk banner. Third race, any canoe, paddling, Cox, of the Essex C. C., W. R. Burling and H. S. Farmer, of the I. C. C., entering; won by Burling; prize, the Commodore's silver cup. Fourth race, hand paddling, C. V. Schuyler, W. R. Burling and H. D. Wilde; won by Schuyler; prize, a jointed fishing rod. Tandem race, Schuyler and Dorland, A. C. and R. G. Molloy, of the Arlington C. C., and W. R. Burling and W. F. Marvin, of the I. C. C.; won by Schuyler and Dorland; prize, two silver medals. Upset race, I. V. Dorland, of the Arlington C. C., Schuyler, Marvin, Burling and Farmer entered; won by H. S. Farmer; prize, a French briarwood pipe, in case.

ROME, N. Y., Aug. 10, 1886.

EDITOR CANOEIST: A canoe club was organized here last evening with 17 members, and the following officers were elected: Com., W. R. Huntington; Vice-Com., E. Z. Peckham; Sec. and Treas., J. S. Wardwell; Ex. Com., officers and C. E. Williams, A. K. Adams; Delegate to A. C. A., W. R. Huntington. We have started with much enthusiasm, and hope to report a healthy growth in the near future. We have not settled on the designs for our flags and club signals, and any information you can give us that will help us in our selection will be duly appreciated. Will forward you a copy of our by-laws, and also the name of our organization as soon as possible.—J. S. WARDWELL. Sec. and Treas.

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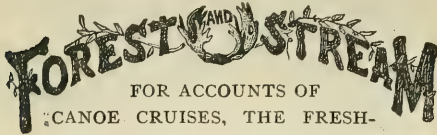


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VOL. V.

OCTOBER, 1886.

No. 10.

ROBERT W. GIBSON, THE MOHICAN.

"IT was then (the winter of 1882-3) that we (the Mohican Canoe Club) took in that thorough all-around canoeist, who has added so many laurels to the club, both by his genial good fellowship around the camp-fire and his success in so often bringing the Snake first to the stakeboat." Thus wrote a member of the Mohican Canoe Club in last December's CANOEIST of Mr. Robert W. Gibson. Since then more laurels have been won and a wider reputation made for the designer and captain of canoe Vesper. Mr. Gibson is known to every member of the A. C. A. who has attended the meets, and many more know him through his various writings, contributions to canoe literature, appearing from time to time. Mr. Gibson is now the first officer of the Central Division (A. C. A.) A letter lately written by him (see p. 169) on the Association is masterly, and comes at a time when many members are groping in the dark, not knowing how things are going to turn out or how to help shape the course of events.

The Snake gained a national reputation in 1883 at the Stony Lake meet by winning the Class B sailing race in a gale of wind. The weekly papers published her picture, and the pretty rig, lateen mizzen, mainsail and jib, became familiar to all—the skipper being dubbed Bobby *Gibson* by the irreverent. A photograph was taken of Mistress Snake under sail in a very graceful position. A cut was made from this, and it has appeared in publications without number on both sides of the Atlantic.

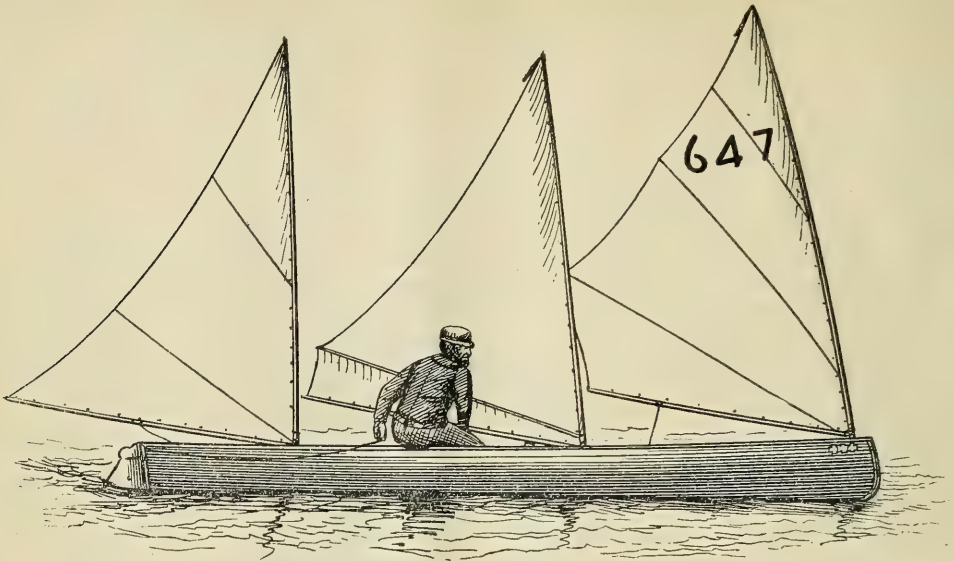
Mr. Gibson was chairman of the Regatta Committee, A. C. A., 1885, and did splendid work in arranging the programme, revising rules, getting prizes and managing

the contests by selecting excellent men as deputies. As captain of the Mohicans he was an officer respected, admired, obeyed by the club men, and did much to advance the club interests, both at home, on cruises and at the meets. While chairman of the Regatta Committee he made "The Record" idea practical, and it has since become a feature of every meet. Mr. Gibson won the first Record prize in 1885, earning 53 points to 34, the next best on the list. He has won many club and local meet races, and this year takes the highest honor—by winning the A. C. A. Trophy. A cut of the Vesper and her prize for '86 will be found in CANOEIST for September.

Though an Englishman by birth, Mr. Gibson is an American canoeist, having never been in a canoe till he came to this country. By profession he is an architect, having unusual artistic taste, and is a clever designer—professionally in his serious work and as an amateur when the canoe is concerned. Every one likes him, in spite of his having the courage to state his opinions (even if they are not flattering to others) when he feels that he is called on so to do for the good of the cause—and his opinion is always worth having. The Owls at camp—he was once one of them—complained that 265 was at Squaw Point rather often, and they sadly missed him. The inhabitants of the "Point" made no complaint. The many new rigs, fittings and ideas coming from Albany have almost always been traced to either Mr. Gibson or Gen. Oliver.

Mr. Gibson is now on a visit in England, and CANOEIST has therefore embraced the occasion to take liberties with his handsome countenance (see frontispiece)

MR. BARNEY AS A CANOEIST AND THE PECOWSIC.



PECOWSIC UNDER FULL SAIL (FROM PHOTOGRAPH).

A GREEABLE to your request, I herewith submit what little experience I have had at canoeing, hoping it may help along the good cause which I very much enjoy.

I commenced canoeing in the spring of 1884, was admitted to the Springfield Club and joined the A. C. A. at same time. On recommendation of Com. Nickerson, I bought a Springfield model canoe, all rigged with lateen sails, and from that time on I have had more solid enjoyment in canoeing than in any other sport. I soon found out that the rudder would unship in rough water, as rigged; that my mizzen sheet was always foul of rudder yoke, and that there was so much weather helm, when the winds were fresh, I made little headway. After four weeks sailing I took the canoe out for alterations. I changed the mast tubes, also centerboard, and invented the new method of applying rudder, as shown in CANOEIST of December, 1884. After these alterations, and still using lateen sails of my own make, I was able to hold my own with the Springfield fleet, but, like the older canoeists who have gone before me, I soon found out the lateen sail was not safe before the wind, and as I did not like a sail which had to be reefed, there was nothing left for me but to use a settee. To get above 75 feet area I thought it best to employ three masts, although all my racing was done at Grindstone with but two sails, the winds being

fresh. If the winds had been light I would have sailed with three. In the opinion of a great many good canoeists, the Pecowsic would then not have done as well.

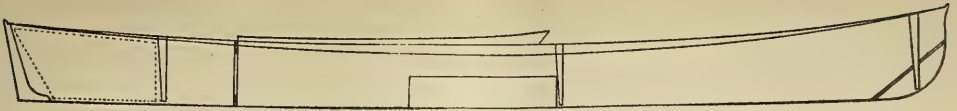
Now in regard to model the canoe sailed at Grindstone was really Pecowsic No. 3, being the third canoe of that name. I have in my short experience owned five canoes, three from Rushton and two from Joyner. Since the meet I have placed my order with Joyner for two more canoes. I am convinced that a smooth skin is superior to a lap-streak, other points being equal.

During the winter of '84-5, I made a model up to the full limit, 14x33, widest beam was 12 inches aft of midships, two centerboards, one placed under each mast, automatic reefing gear, so that both sails could be reefed down to fifty feet, and in sailing both sheets were operated by one line. This canoe proved to be fast under certain condition, but I did not care to push her to the front, so I commenced on Pecowsic No. 3, which was the canoe sailed at Grinds one during the last meet.

E. H. BARNEY.

Mr. Barney's clutch tiller and rudder hang are described and carefully illustrated in CANOEIST, Vol. III., Dec., 1884.

Some points about the canoe Pecowsic were given in the September CANOEIST, together with a pretty cut of the canoe under sail in a good breeze. The above letter from Mr. Barney gives in a very few

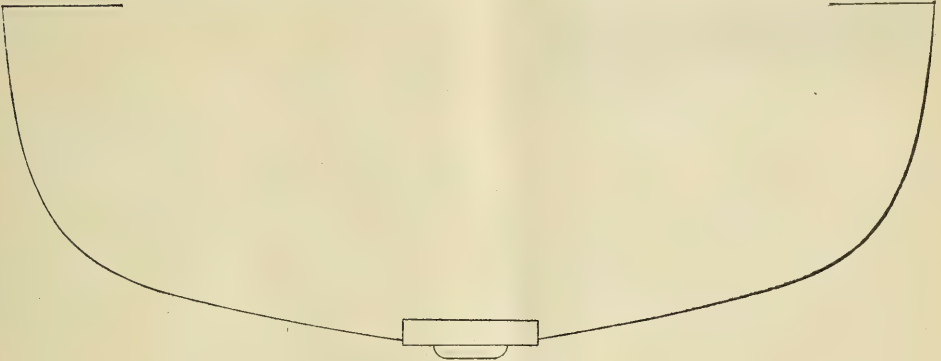


SHEER PLAN AND LONGITUDINAL SECTION. (FROM JOYNER'S DRAWINGS.)

words his canoeing experience. The above cut, showing Pecowsic under three sails, was drawn from a photograph taken on the Connecticut. The midship section and sheer plan (longitudinal section) were reduced by Mr. Stephens directly from Joyner's full-size drawings. The canoe was built to be a scant 16 ft. x 29 in., and weighed 90 lbs. when it left Joyner's shop. The three mast tubes are all the same size, so that the sails are interchangeable. The

his hand when sailing; the remaining two are made fast and not touched in coming about, and are only handled when the canoe changes her course off the wind.

Mr. Barney has been most kind in giving all information asked for about his canoe, and has shown himself to be a true sportsman in every way; and though Pecowsic has created as great a stir among canoeists as a stone would in a wasp's nest, yet there is not a man in the Association



MIDSHIP SECTION. (FROM JOYNER'S DRAWINGS.)

full outfit consists of five sails (and five masts) all laced to boom and mast. Any one of the sails can be taken in or set while sailing, and all five can be stowed below deck. The sails were made by Mr. Barney himself from his own drawings.

Sail No. 1—Height above deck, 8 ft.; mast below deck, 1 ft.; length of boom, 5 ft. 10 in., 1 batten; area, 22 ft. Sail No. 2—Above deck, 10 ft.; mast below deck, 1 ft.; boom, 5 ft. 10 in.; 2 battens; area, 28 ft. Sail No. 3—Above deck, 10 ft., mast below deck, 1 ft.; boom, 5 ft. 10 in., 2 battens; area, 33 ft. Sail No. 4—Above deck, 10 ft.; mast below deck, 1 ft.; boom, 5 ft. 10 in., 2 battens; area, 38 ft. Sail No. 5—Above deck, 11 ft. 8 in.; mast below deck, 1 ft.; boom, 5 ft. 10 in., 3 battens; area, 42 ft.

The sails used in each race at Grindstone were as follows: Limited sail area 75 ft., Nos. 2 and 5; unlimited, Class B, Nos. 3 and 5; A. C. A. Trophy Race, Nos. 2 and 5; Consolation Subscription Cup Race, Nos. 2 and 4.

The foresail sheet Mr. Barney holds in

who begrudges Mr. Barney the well-earned laurels he has won.

At a regular meeting of the Shattemuc C. C., of Sing Sing, held July 26, Col. Franklin Brandreth was elected Commodore, to succeed Rev. N. R. Everts, resigned. Mr. Brandreth has offered three handsome trophies to be contested for by members of the club, sailing over a triangular course off the boat house. Each trophy must be won twice before becoming the property of the winner. Two are of gold and silver, one is of silver. The races are sailed over a triangular course, and the third three times around, three miles. The next race will be on Oct 2 and 25, and so on. The fall regatta of the club will take place on Oct. 25, when a programme showing paddling classes 2 and 4, over half-mile straight course, sailing over triangular one mile course, tandem, over same course as singles, also trophy race, will be carried out. Pennants and other prizes will be contested for. All races excepting trophy race are open to members of other clubs.



* NAUTILUS — W. BADEN-POWELL.

THE CUP RACES.

NEW YORK CANOE CLUB INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP, sailed for Saturday, Sept. 4, Monday, the 6th, and Wednesday, the 8th, over the club course. Start between buoy off club house and the flag on pier head (Tompkinsville, Staten Island, New York), turn buoy in channel off Clifton in the Narrows, turn buoy in mid-channel a mile off club house, turn home buoy; course sailed over twice, distance a little over eight miles, triangular course, time limit for each race, three hours. [See conditions governing the cup contests, on page 176 of this issue.]

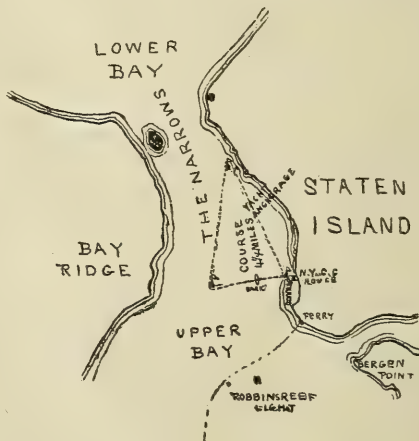
THE New York papers have published full reports of these races. The weekly papers noticed them, and one in particular—which is seen and read by many canoeists—has contained a very complete account of all that happened on those eventful days. Perhaps it will not read amiss, therefore, if I tell my story about them. Fully appreciating the fact that my motives may be misunderstood, but with the hope that the following screed may have some points of interest for many of my readers, as it is not a digest of any or all other reports, the editorial *we* and the vague identity of a reporter are dropped and I will tell my tale to you.

Mr. Stewart had several days in which to sail about the Bay and learn something of its tides and winds before he went to the meet, in the American canoe, of course. Mr. Baden-Powell reached New York a week after Mr. Stewart did, and therefore got but one day's sailing before he left for

Grindstone Island. The first of the cup races was set down for Friday, Sept. 3. Both Baden-Powell and Stewart returned from the meet and got their canoes to the club house early in the week. Com. Munroe notified them what the course was to be, subject to their approval. Baden-Powell took up his abode at the St. Mark's hotel, on the Island, ten minutes' walk from the club house, and Stewart accepted Mr. Whitlock's invitation to room at his lodgings in town; but he remained on the Island with Stephens, at the Ranch, part of the time, so as to be nearer the club house. The Englishmen sailed over the course and about the Bay sufficiently to get a pretty accurate idea of the general character of the water, and approved of the course.

Mr. Powell's rudder was badly damaged at the meet by a collision, so on his way to New York he ordered a new one as he came through Albany.

The full directions for this new rudder were delayed in transit to the maker, and, therefore, the first race was postponed till Saturday morning. The second Pearl canoe reached New York from England while Stewart was still away. The Pearl canoe Stewart took with him to the meet proved defective in many ways and leaked badly. The new canoe was got through the custom-house, taken to the Ranch, unpacked, and the brass work and fittings transferred to it. So much time was occupied in doing all this that it was Friday before the canoe was ready for a trial. The very first time the new Pearl went out under sail the mast step gave way and caused a bad split in the garboard streaks on both starboard and port bows. With much difficulty the canoe was got ashore safely and



MAP OF COURSE.

* From photograph taken at the meet by Geo. A. Warder, amateur, Springfield, Ohio.



* LASSIE—C. B. VAUX.

the deck removed by Stewart. The McWhirters were telegraphed for, and they appeared at the club-house early Saturday morning with tools, and at once set to work to repair damages.

Baden-Powell's rudder was expressed from Albany, Thursday, addressed to him at "Marmalade Lodge, Staten Island, New York," and therefore did not turn up till late on Friday. The wonder is it ever did come to hand—but the "Lodge" is growing famous.

Saturday morning was a busy time at the club house. The first race was to be called at 11 o'clock. It was noon, however, before the rudder worked properly and the garboard streaks were patched and the deck of Mistress Pearl replaced and screwed down tight. Then the canoes had to be rigged and tested under sail, to see that all was well. The course had been buoyed early in the morning, and from the top of each buoy floated a good-sized club flag. The programme (distributed to the many guests) named the following contestants: W. Baden-Powell, Royal C. C., Nautilus, (15ft. x 31in.); Walter Stewart, Royal C. C., Pearl, (14.6ft. x 32¼in.); Wm. Whitlock, Brooklyn C. C., Guenn, (15ft. x 31in.); C. B. Vaux, New York C. C., Lassie, (15ft. x 28in.) The trial races held by the N. Y. C. C. in July resulted in the selection of Lassie, Venture (L. Q. Jones,) and Guenn to defend the cup. Mr. Jones was unable to leave his business in Hartford, and Mr. Whitlock took his place. The Guenn did not reach the club house till early Saturday morning, having been sailed down from the Knickerbocker Club House (17 miles up the river) by Mr. Whitlock, who was

obliged to make a very early start, notwithstanding the fact that he had spent most of the night trying to perfect a somewhat promiscuous rig—notice having been sent him at the last moment that the Venture would not be present.

At 1:15 P. M. the canoes were all ready and the 5-minute signal was given from the club steamer J. E. Moore, chartered to follow the races. Nautilus had her full racing rig—mainsail of 90ft. (reefed), mizzen 23ft., 120lbs. of shot ballast and a 56lbs. board. Pearl had up her small mainsail, 68ft., and 15ft. mizzen, 110lbs. of ballast and 56lbs. board. Guenn's mainsail was 86ft. and mizzen 15ft., 30lbs. Radix folding board and 85lbs. of shot ballast. Lassie's mainsail was 70ft. and mizzen 18ft., 60lbs. of ballast, and with 20lbs. in her two boards. All the sails were balance lugs, each canoe having them differently cut and rigged. Guenn, Pearl and Lassie carried full sail. A stiff S.E. breeze was blowing, making it a beat to windward against a strong flood tide to first buoy. The wind was not quite dead ahead. At 1:19 a minute warning signal was given, and at 1:20 the pistol shot for the start was heard. Pearl crossed the line on starboard tack, with Nautilus close astern, a few seconds after the signal. Nautilus came about after clearing the buoy and stood inshore, out of the tide. Guenn was handicapped 1m., and I lost 1m. 20s. by being so far above the line at the first signal that I did not rightly understand that it was a signal till I was notified later. Nautilus got the lead on the port tack and held it to first turn, very nearly losing it once, however, by standing in too far under the lee of a pier.

Baden-Powell sailed lying down, but Stewart was perched up to windward on deck. I noticed at once that both Baden-Powell and Stewart knew the tides as well as I did, and made the most of the slack water along shore, behind the piers and in the bays. Nautilus sailed as she never had at any of the meet races; her captain said afterward that the new rudder worked much better than the old one; that he was more familiar with the canoe, which he had never been in till he reached Grindstone, and that his gear was in order and working well. [The times given are the minutes and seconds elapsed from the starting signal.]

First buoy.	Nautilus.	Pearl.	Guenn.	Lassie.
1½ miles.	34 00	34 30	36 15	38 00

Lassie has usually carried all her ballast amidships. I always found her slow in stays, and knowing that there would be

* From photograph taken at the meet by S. R. Stoddard, Glens Falls, New York.

many short tacks in the windward work, and having seen how the Pearl and Nautilus spin round and fore reach, I placed the ballast well forward to bring Lassie into the wind quicker when coming about. This was a mistake, for after running into the wind she would not fall off without backing the sail out to windward, and thus headway was lost. This trouble, together with the aft board getting away several times and staying down when it should have been up in coming about, so bothered me that I never sailed worse in any race than I did on that first leg—as the time well illustrates.

Baden-Powell could not pick up the bearings of the second buoy after rounding the first, and lost considerable time by standing out in the bay looking for it. Pearl therefore got the lead, and Lassie ran through Guenn's lee (at 46). The wind was on the starboard quarter and fresh, but it shifted several points from time to time, making it necessary to trim sheets continually. All jibed round second buoy:

Second turn...	Pearl.	Nautilus.	Lassie.	Guenn.
3 3/4 miles.	49 20	49 13	50 30	50 45

After turn the wind fell light. Nautilus shook out a reef and (at 60) passed Pearl to windward (wind on port quarter). The wind braced up a bit and was quite fresh for full sail on the run in. Lassie and Guenn proved faster on the reach than Pearl and Nautilus, so that the four canoes were very close together as the home buoy was turned, ending the first round:

Home buoy.	Nautilus	Pearl.	Lassie.	Guenn.
4 3/4 miles	64 20	64 30	64 52	65 10

The windward work was begun by all on port tack, a shift of wind having made it possible to head well down and do nearly all the sailing to turn on this tack. By weathering a schooner at anchor, under the lee of which both Nautilus and Pearl had run, I was able to head the latter and very nearly catch the former. It was then about slack water, and the wind puffy and variable:

First buoy.	Nautilus.	Lassie.	Pearl.	Guenn.
	90 05	90 45	92 10	95 05

The second leg was a most trying one, as the wind shifted and fell very light and made it necessary to run close-hauled. At one time it looked as though a tack would be necessary to round the buoy, when on the first of the leg we had had a beam wind. All, however, cleared the buoy in one tack:

Second buoy.	Nautilus.	Lassie.	Guenn.	Pearl.
	108 35	112 10	114 45	115 40

Nautilus at once set spinnaker on rounding and held a good lead in to the finish:

Finish.....	Nautilus.	Lassie.	Guenn.	Pearl
	124 45	126 50	130 30	131 56

Nautilus's time over the course was therefore 2h. 4m. 45s. Lassie was 2m. s. behind Nautilus at finish. Deducting for the handicap at the start, Nautilus beat Lassie less than one minute actual time. I learned from this race that Nautilus did not sail any closer to the wind than Lassie, nor foot it faster, but gained greatly every time in coming about. Down the wind the two canoes were about equal, Nautilus with spinnaker and Lassie without. In light winds Nautilus did better, and when it blew Lassie went faster proportionately. On the reach Lassie easily outfooted Nautilus, blow high or blow low. Nautilus sailed much better than the Pearl, and showed she was doing better work than at the meet, for there the two canoes sailed quite evenly. Guenn proved herself able to take care of the Pearl, so I made up my mind for the second race to hang on to Nautilus.

Baden-Powell was heartily cheered at the finish and received the congratulations of all present, and there were plenty of eager watchers sprinkled over the pier, on the judges' boat, in the canoe house, and on the balcony of Corinthian Y. C. house adjoining, which had been kindly thrown open to the guests of the Canoe Club by the Corinthian Commodore.

At no time during the first race was the water really rough, the tide and wind both moving in one direction. Many yachts, pilot boats and trading vessels were at anchor off shore the whole of the first leg of the course, and it required very nice judgment at times to avoid them without losing ground. A large bark was anchored in the channel in a direct line between the second buoy and the finish, making it necessary to sail slightly out of a true course on the last leg of the course each time to avoid it.

A lunch for all hands was served in the club house after the first race, and the guests were supplied with "beverage" poured from the cup which not a few then thought was destined to leave the club shortly for an ocean voyage. While the racers and their friends were refreshing themselves, the wind increased to a very stiff breeze, the tide turned ebb, and a very lively sea was kicked up in the Bay. The second race was called at 4:40 P. M., when the five-minute signal was given. Stew-

art accidentally got over the line before the pistol shot and had to sail back, thus getting off behind the others. Nautilus crossed the line first after the starting signal (4:45), followed closely by Lassie and Guenn, all on starboard tack. When in the full strength of the ebb tide Nautilus came about and stood toward shore. Knowing that every time I came about I lost time, I decided to stand well out in the Bay, get the full force of the ebb tide (carrying me to windward) and make the turn in two tacks, although I let Nautilus get out of sight for the time being. Pearl followed Nautilus and Guenn kept with me. Pearl had changed her small mainsail for a larger one during lunch time, and in the breeze blowing carried it reefed. Nautilus had a reef in each of her sails. Guenn had full sail up and carried it easily. I put one reef in mizzen before starting, and even then had too much sail, so that Lassie was not doing her best—but I did not care to reef, as the leg was a short one with the tide, and the full sail would be needed on the reach. As we drew near the first buoy it was apparent that Nautilus was not going to come out much ahead, and Pearl seemed to have lost ground badly. Nautilus turned first. Guenn and I were together. In coming about at the buoy I was preparing things for the reach and neglecting the work in hand. Lassie missed stays, fell off on port tack, and had to be brought round again, thus losing full half a minute and getting way below the buoy in the strong tide.

First buoy...Nautilus.	Guenn.	Lassie.	Pearl.
18 45	19 30	20 10	21 10

Guenn turned neatly, and with board housed was off after Nautilus. From first to second buoy was a dead push against a very strong tide, but with a spanking breeze on the starboard quarter. I was thoroughly provoked at having bungled in turning the buoy, and reckless enough to risk anything to gain the time thereby lost. Housing the forward board, shaking the reef out of mizzen and trimming sail—I could not touch the aft board to let it down, as one hand held the main sheet and the other the tiller, and neither could be neglected in such a breeze and sea for even a second—I put Lassie to a pace she had never dreamed of before—nor her skipper either. Lassie caught Guenn and passed her to windward and was fast gaining on Nautilus, though every now and then it seemed as though something must give way to the strain; for in the cross seas and tide rips she plunged

and reared so that barrels of water came over the deck, and more than once I got a bucketful right on the chest, soaking my clothing through and through, and even wetting my hat. The pointed flare coaming fortunately kept all but the spray out of the hold. I soon caught Nautilus (31m.) and then for safety and comfort dropped the mizzen. If I had not been sailing a race I never would have dared to jibe round that channel buoy in such a sea with full mainsail up; but jibe I did—safely.

Second turn....Lassie.	Nautilus.	Guenn	Pearl
39 45	40 56	41 10

Pearl got to leeward of a ship at anchor on the reach, lost the wind, and was held by the ebb tide. Stewart finally drifted under the ship's stern and came out to windward of her, but had lost so much there that the judges on the steamer could not get her time at the turns. It was a run from the buoy to the home turn. Guenn overhauled Nautilus and passed her to leeward. Lassie set mizzen for the run.

Home buoy....Lassie.	Guenn.	Nautilus	Pearl.
47 57	49 20	49 23

After rounding, Lassie and Guenn again stood well out on starboard tack, but Nautilus kept nearer shore and made short tacks. Near the end of a long port tack that brought Lassie even with the mark, I made an error in judgment and got in shore out of the tide. Nautilus, took advantage of this, regained the lead and turned the buoy first, though all three canoes were very close together.

First turn.....Nautilus.	Guenn	Lassie	Pearl.
70 03	70 35	70 37

The wind had now moderated slightly, so that Nautilus shook out her reefs and spread full sail. I got the aft board down this time, so it took all the pull off the rudder, and very carefully trimmed sheets for the reach. Guenn was soon passed, and then the Nautilus.

Second buoy.....Lassie.	Nautilus	Guenn	Pearl.
87 10	88 15	89 48

The jibe this time was very simple, as the wind had gone down considerably. On the run in I headed well above the bark at anchor, so that I would not get under her lee after passing her—and if the wind fell I would not have to buck the tide to cross the line. Looking round I saw Nautilus set a spinnaker and lay a course below the bark. By so doing the tide helped her before she rounded the vessel (while it hindered me), and at one time it seemed as though Nautilus had the best of it. After passing the bark, however, I had but to lay a straight course for shore, and the

(beam) tide drifted me down to the line, while Nautilus had to head well up into it to reach the home buoy.

Finish.....	Lassie. 101 28	Nautilus. 103 13	Guenn. 105 28	Pearl. 115 00
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A third race was sailed on Monday, in miserable weather—rain, fog and calms. No wind and a heavy shower delayed the start. Pearl's deck tiller also had to be repaired, and it was 3.31 P. M. when the signal gun was fired. There was a light breeze from the north, making the first leg a run. Nautilus set spinnaker and drew ahead in the perfectly smooth water. Tide, last of the flood.

First buoy.....	Nautilus. 20 40	Guenn. 20 50	Lassie. 21 00	Pearl. 25 00
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On the windward work to second turn Nautilus gained over a minute on Lassie. Pearl passed both Lassie and Guenn on port tack. Lassie passed both Pearl and Guenn on starboard tack. Pearl did not seem to be able to point up at all well on starboard tack, for some unknown reason. On the reach from turn to home buoy Lassie gained over a minute on Nautilus.

Home buoy.....	Nautilus. 62 49	Lassie. 63 13	Pearl. 66 15	Guenn. 71 04
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Second round began with very light air, falling to a flat calm at times. The tide turned ebb, and for two hours the canoes drifted about in the fog in a most tedious way. Nautilus got a long lead and seemed to move when the other canoes were still or drifting backward. She finally made the course, but got home nine minutes over the three-hour time limit, and it was no race. Lassie and Guenn paddled in. Pearl sailed in long after dark. All were very tired.

After the race Mr. Henry Stanton gave a dinner at the Union League Club. There were present beside himself, Baden-Powell and Stewart (R. C. C.), Fowler, Whitlock and Brown (K. C. C.), Gibson and Cushman (Mohican C. C.), Stephens and myself (N. Y. C. C.). Baden-Powell and Stewart wished to see the yacht race Tuesday, so the canoe race was set for Wednesday at 3 P. M.

I fitted a new drop rudder to Lassie hastily on Wednesday to help in bringing her about, as I felt satisfied the wooden one was not working to advantage. Whitlock could not sail, as he was too ill to leave home. Baden-Powell broke his tiller while taking a trial spin, and patched it up as best he could for the race. The tide was flood and the wind S. E., just as it was

Saturday morning, only much stronger—a reef breeze. Nautilus had a reefed mainsail up, but no mizzen. Pearl and Lassie carried main and mizzen reefed. With two canoes against me and the windward work all in short tacks, I knew I could not afford to lose a point anywhere. The start was made at 3:07 P. M. As we crossed the line under full headway on starboard tack I cut in between Nautilus and the buoy—Pearl being to leeward of Nautilus—came about shortly and stood in out of the tide, thus getting a slight lead. Working down shore, Lassie held her own for about a mile; then the wind let up a bit. Powell shook out his reef and took the deck position and began to crawl up on me—Pearl some distance behind. When he passed me I shook out a reef and hung on as close as I could. I knew I could gain a minute at least on the reach, and it was important—if the N. Y. C. C. cared to keep the cup—not to allow him more than a minute's lead at the first turn.

There was a slight advantage in being behind on this leg, as any mistakes on the part of the leader could be seen and avoided, such as getting too far out into the full force of the flood before coming about—a very difficult thing to avoid at times, as there was no way of judging of the strength of the current every minute.

First turn	Nautilus. 34 00	Lassie. 35 05	Pearl 41 30
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On the reach (with the tide, wind on starboard quarter) full sail was carried. The Lassie did not overhaul the Nautilus nearly as fast as on Saturday, since Powell's weight on the weather rail enabled him to carry full sail easily and keep Nautilus pretty straight up too. At 45:30 both of us dropped mizzens, as the wind had increased and a jibe was near at hand. Nautilus rounded the second buoy and then jibed. By standing out a little further in the Bay I jibed before reaching the buoy, overhauled Nautilus and passed her to windward just after making the turn:

Second buoy.....	Lassie. 49 40	Nautilus 49 40	Pearl 53 45
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It was a reach in with wind on port quarter. I put a reef in mizzen and then set it, and before making the home turn I reefed mainsail without luffing a point. It was blowing hard then:

Home buoy.....	Lassie. 59 39	Nautilus. 60 05	Pearl. 65 35
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The drop rudder had worked very well up to that time, but I began to feel the head working loose and creating plenty of

lost motion on the tiller. Powell told me he feared every moment his patched-up tiller would give way. Nautilus caught me about the same place she did on first round. I was on port tack and could not clear her, and the rudder head slipped so I could not bring the Lassie about. So I had to beg Powell to come about, and he very kindly did so at once. I then luffed up and he took the lead. Reefs were again shaken out, and each of us knew that the result of the race depended on the sailing of that last windward mile. Nautilus failed to stand on quite long enough in shore, and had to come about near the buoy in the strong tideway and work down against it to round the flag. I saw this error and saved at least half a minute by holding on my last port tack well in shore past the buoy:

First buoy	Nautilus 101 32	Lassie 102 02	Pearl 112 00
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Full sail was carried on the reach. Lassie caught Nautilus at 107m. and passed her to windward:

Second turn	Lassie 112 11	Nautilus. 112 48	Pearl.
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The last leg was soon covered, and the times at the finish were:

Home buoy	Lassie. 123 12	Nautilus. 124 14	Pearl 140 50
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The closeness of this race may be appreciated when I say that at almost any time during it conversation might have been carried on between Powell and myself, and we frequently exchanged observations.

LASSIE.

FROM THE PAPERS.

In the excitement over the rivalries of the larger craft we should not overlook the creditable victory of America yesterday in the canoe races. As large oaks from little acorns grow, so great ships are the logical development of tiny rafts and sailboats. We are glad to see, therefore, that in the smallest pattern, as well as in larger figures, we excel.—(Last paragraph of an editorial on the yacht races in the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, Sept. 7.)

Our Canoe Cup was saved from the bold Britishers yesterday. It should be understood that canoeing is one of the fine arts over here.—*N. Y. World Editorial*.

See how talents differ !

Because we built the fastest yachts, the best canoes, and the most ingenious torpedo boats, the Utica *Herald* wants to "know

when we will build the fleetest merchantmen."

The Rochester *Union* thinks that we will build such vessels when "the present iniquitous Republican tariff shall have been overhauled."

The Buffalo *Observer* thinks that this response "fits the case like the paper on the wall."

We would suggest that even if the tariff should be made to suit the most ardent free-ship statesman, the merchant would still hesitate about building new vessels until the thousands of ships that are now lying idle by the British wharves, and may be had for almost the asking, shall have rusted away.—*N. Y. Sun*.

CANOEISTS GOING HOME.

Warrington Baden-Powell and Walter Stewart, of the Royal Canoe Club of London, England, who came to this country several weeks ago to compete for the international challenge cups of the New York Canoe Club and American Canoe Association, sailed for home on the Celtic yesterday (Sept. 16.) They were accompanied by R. W. Gibson, of Albany, who won the Association Cup. Mr. Gibson will visit friends in England for six weeks. The party was seen off on the steamer by members of the New York Canoe Club. Mr. Baden-Powell and Mr. Stewart said that they had enjoyed their visit to America very much. They will return for another race for the cups next year.—*N. Y. Times*.

Mr. G. G. Brown sent CANOEIST a very prettily printed invitation to a river illumination given by the Newton Boat Club, by courtesy of R. M. Pulsifer, Esq. The procession was witnessed from Islington on Thursday evening, Sept. 9, '86. Concert began at 8:30, and the fleet arrived at 9. Edward E. Hardy, President.

MOODUS, Conn., Sept. 9.—The Machimoodus C. C. has been formed in this place, with a dozen members so far and a good show of increasing. They propose to build a club house on the bank of the Salmon River, a branch of the Connecticut, about 30 miles above Saybrook light-house. Officers elected for 1886: G. W. Rich, Com.; J. A. Cone, Sec. and Treas. The club sails under the name of Machimoodus C. C. signal a bass drum.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

ONE blustery September day, the wind blowing half a gale up the Narrows, two members of the — C. C., in the Catbird and the Sea Cow, started to pay an informal call upon the Goddess of Liberty. The Colonel, of the Catbird, famous in the annals and literature of canoeing, led the way, and the Old Salt followed in the Sea Cow. Though young in years and experience, the Old Salt was so dilapidated in costume, so sunburnt and weather-beaten of countenance, that we involuntarily looked for the traditional thumping quid, stood expectant of the dismal tale of shipwreck and cannibalism, and could with the eye of faith see the heels of his last departed ship-mate gliding down what Mrs. Partington calls the "elementary canal!" But though in one sense, like every canoeist, a whole ship's crew, the rough and unattractive exterior of the Old Salt belied him; for he was, in truth, not only the mildest mannered youth that ever wielded a paddle, but also a confirmed galactophagist. It is rumored, indeed, that the water-tights of the Sea Cow are filled, respectively, with milk and cream, and that he imbibes his favorite half and half as he sails, by means of two long tubes and the apparatus familiar to students of the infant world. Standing well out into the Narrows we found the seas of such size that though only under a 25 foot dandy, the canoeist was shot ahead on the crest of each wave in a most unpleasant and nerve-trying manner. Colonel, having a larger boat and being a more experienced sailor, found it quite comfortable; but to the Old Salt, the survival after each wave seemed something like a miracle, and the action of the wind upon him and his craft about as agreeable as the riding of a bristling mustang, or the walking Spanish of his youth, when some stronger boy seized him unexpectedly by the seat of his trousers, lifted him on his toes and ran him ahead while he vainly cried for mercy. The Old Salt cried for mercy, and suggested that in this case two long tacks was the shortest way to reach the island. The Catbird kindly consented, and the voyage was thereafter exciting but uneventful. The French steamer *Normandie*, thronging with people on every deck, was a fine sight as she passed astern of us, near the island, and the added momentum of her rollers to the waves on the shoals gave us some fine lessons in the nautical method of walking Spanish. Owing, doubtless, to the informality of our call, we found the Goddess

in a quite shocking state of undress. Though clothed sufficiently for propriety, her head lay at her feet, and her best back hair and curls of most Brobdignagian size were strewn about in the greatest disorder. As the Colonel suggested, this was undoubtedly her method of resenting our careless and unattractive exterior. With his fine and soldierly bearing it was difficult to conceal the fact that he was the "glass of fashion and the mould of form," but the Old Salt, in weather-stained oilers, a rusty slouch hat, muddy canvas slippers, and no stockings, was a tramp of tramps. At any rate, whatever the Goddess may have thought, we were the object of many inquiring and amused glances from visitors who had not seen us land, and on many faces there was visible a painful effort to account for us. It was not long, however, before we were forcibly reminded that clothes do make the man. An old Frenchman came along, distributing a notice of a musical performance by himself and Mad. Chollet, taking pains to give one to each visitor until he came to us, whom he, after a critical survey, deliberately passed. The Old Salt demanded a programme, which was given with a contemptuous snort, plainly showing what M. Chollet thought of us. It was an amusing surprise to both of us, who had considered ourselves rather above than below the requirements of the performance. A close view of the statue is probably more interesting now than it will be when the statue is completed, as the parts of the statue lying at the base gives one an excellent idea of its enormous proportions, while the figure itself is practically completed. That it is grandiose and splendid, and a true offspring of Gallic genius, I believe all agree. The French, probably more than any other nation, possess the kindling and sympathetic imagination which go to the creation of these great monuments. We have excellent reason to be ashamed that we are so slow in appreciating the splendor of the thought that prompted the gift and the generosity that made it a fact. Strolling over to the restaurant for dinner, we were unexpectedly able to take signal vengeance on our insulter whom we found there. Seeing that the proprietor, whom the Colonel knew, was actually going to allow us to eat the dinner before paying for it, the volatile Frenchman experienced a revulsion of feeling, painfully evident in his officious efforts to serve us. He peddled and sang with an energy worthy of greater talents and more

sympathetic audience, while Mad. Chollet squeezed with like energy doleful strains, addressed to Liberty, from an accordeon. The Colonel relented to the amount of 10 cents, but the Old Salt buttoned his oilers over his stock of cash, and was adamant to the most seductive glances of the Madame. Returning, we stood over to the Jersey shore, where the Catbird, having neither keel nor board, lowered sail and paddled home, while the Sea Cow beat to windward, making for the light-house off St. George, finding a heavy sea rolling across the shoals, which she took in beautiful style. Approaching the light, the sky being dark and lowering, the Sea Cow saw what looked like a cornfield scarecrow, but which seemed on a nearer view to be the mast of a sail-boat sunk in the shoal water, to which three men were clinging and waving for help. This was sufficiently exciting, and the Sea Cow made for the apparation. The scarecrow proved to be a skiff containing three men, two of whom were on their knees in the bow, holding up a pair of crossed oars, on which they had hung their coats, the arms flopping about in the appealing manner which had deceived. These men, with their coats for a sail, were heading toward the widest part of the bay against a strong ebb tide, within half an hour of darkness, the wind increasing rather than moderating; another of those instances of folly and ignorance which one constantly sees. One evening the writer, while on a Staten Island boat, passed two men in a flat bottom skiff, half way between the city and island. This boat, with one man to row, was heading for Bay Ridge against the strongest flood tide and in the teeth of half a gale. In the stern was a man wearing a silk hat and a slick broad-cloth suit, with long side whiskers streaming over his shoulders, apparently perfectly unconscious that the oarsman was attempting what Sisyphus himself would have declined with thanks. Until out of sight, the boat rose on each successive wave, showing almost half of its flat bottom, and coming down with a clap that sent the spray over the figure in the stern, who sat there with the coolness of an Arctic explorer and the idiocy of a whole lunatic asylum.

The Sea Cow reached Tompkinsville without further incident, finding the Catbird in before him by half an hour.

THE OLD SALT.

CANOEING IN AMERICA.

[From the London Field.]

CANOE sailing is practiced with much more energy on this side of the Atlantic than in England, where it appears to have but a languishing existence. The main reason for the greater number of canoe sailors in America is that the inland waters of the Continent are better adapted to these little craft than those of England. There are numerous lakes and rivers in the United States and Canada, whose waters are so sheltered by islands and banks that a combing sea seldom gets up on them in summer. Then there are numerous canoe clubs, whose regattas stimulate competition among canoe sailors; and there is an annual meeting, at which canoeists gather from different parts of the country, whose sailing races form one of the main features of the meeting. Paddling does not attract much attention; the decked paddling canoe, which is so common on all English rivers, is scarcely known in the States. The recent meeting of the A. C. A., which has just concluded, was made more attractive than usual by the presence of two English canoeists, one of whom is well known to all canoeists by name as the originator of the sailing canoe. A race, dignified by the name of "International," was got up, and formed the chief feature of the meeting.

For the challenge cup, which was the prize of this race, fifteen canoes were selected by the committee to compete against the two English canoes which had been brought over for the purpose of sailing for it. The difference between the two types of canoe was very marked; the English canoes were comparatively large, bluff craft, with heavy centerboards and ballast, carrying much more sail than their American competitors. The American canoes were much lighter and sharper, had light centerboards, and carried less sail; they depended mainly for their stability on the position of the sailor, who sat on a plank seat on the deck of his canoe, to windward, and endeavored to counter-balance the heeling of his boat by leaning out to windward. The race resolved itself into a trial of speed between two American canoes. The speed of the Englishmen had been pretty well gauged before the race, by matches in which they had taken part, and it was known that they had no chance of winning the cup, unless it blew a gale on the day of the race, when their heavier craft might have enabled them to pull it off.

The Youghiogeny C. C. were in camp on Cheat River, West Virginia, Aug. 16 to 30.

This it did not; the wind was rather a light breeze, and the day about as well adapted for canoe sailing as it could be. Of the fifteen American canoes, two were disabled by a collision before the start. The little vessels got off pretty well together at the second gun; the course was seven miles, five times round a triangular course; and, as the wind was blowing, it was almost a reach to windward and return on the opposite tack, with a run down before the wind—nearly a soldier's breeze, in fact. A canoe called the *Vesper*, rigged with the favorite balance lug sail, led at the start, and kept this position for the first round. On the second round, however, when a short tack to windward to round the third buoy had to be made, the *Pecowsic*, a sharp, beautifully-modeled little craft, rigged with two leg-of-mutton sails, with battens, weathered on her and took the lead, but only to lose it again on the run down and gybe round the first buoy; so they kept it up for two rounds, the *Pecowsic* regaining the lead on the starboard tack, to lose it at the turn. On the fourth round, the *Vesper* secured a good lead, and this she kept to the end, coming in a good winner by about two minutes. The Englishmen came in with the ruck. The following day, when the wind had freshened somewhat, a match was arranged, which was a better test of the sailing qualities of the two leading canoes and the two English boats. This was a run down to leeward of about two and a half miles and a beat back to windward. The *Nautilus* and *Pearl*, *Pecowsic* and the *Vesper* were the only canoes allowed to start for this. The little fleet got off well together, and ran down before the fresh westerly breeze, the *Nautilus* leading, with a miniature spinnaker out on the port side. She rounded the lee boat first, closely followed by the *Pecowsic* and *Pearl*; the *Vesper* had rounded to, to make some alteration in her mainsail, which delayed her somewhat. On the beat back the *Pecowsic* soon went to windward of the *Nautilus*, as did also the *Pearl*; then the *Vesper* crept up and took second place. The *Nautilus* soon weathered on the *Pearl* by taking a better course than she did after first rounding the stakeboat, but was unable to overtake the American canoes. The *Pecowsic* kept her lead and came in a winner, beating her opponent of the day before by about three minutes, the same time separating the *Vesper* from the *Nautilus*. That the heavier English canoes should not have been able to beat their light and sharp op-

ponents in a hammer to windward would be rather a surprise to you on the other side of the Atlantic. Probably in a beat to windward, against a really stiff breeze and combing sea, the *Nautilus* would leave her lighter opponent to leeward; but the general impression was that, as canoe races are sailed in this country, she would be beaten nine times out of ten, or perhaps oftener. It was the battle of the deep-ballasted and heavy-sailed boat against the lighter American types of the *Genesta* and the *Puritan* in miniature; and the *Puritan* had it. Whether the languid interest of British boating men in sailing canoes will be stimulated by these matches must remain to be seen. Certainly the spectacle of a canoe sailer perched on a plank on the weather side of the deck of a craft of 30 in. beam, and uneasily shifting his center of gravity, like a parched pea on a drumhead, in the endeavor to accommodate himself to the lurches of his frail vessel, is not calculated to impress beholders with the delights of canoe sailing. Our view of the canoe is that it should be mainly used for cruising, and cruising on waters difficult of access and navigation in ordinary boats, on rivers whose course is interrupted by rapids and falls, necessitating portages, or on lakes which are difficult to reach except by such rivers. For such work the sailing canoe, even of the American type, has many drawbacks—the extra gear required, the additional weight of the centerboard; and of this, being so much hamper, the benefit of which may scarcely counterbalance the undoubted disadvantage of having to carry it. The canoeist who cruises and the canoeist who sails are becoming distinct types in this country. Our view of sailing canoes is that they should only be sailed with a fair wind.

For the benefit of those who wrote some years ago about canoes going eight miles an hour, without the help of current, we may state that the time of the sailing matches were, for the first, of seven miles, sailed under very favorable circumstances, with a leading wind nearly all the way, an hour and three-quarters. For the second, the run down before the wind, two and a half miles, took about three-quarters of an hour. The beat back, for the same distance, against wind and a slight current of about half a mile an hour, occupied an hour and a quarter. These times are not official, but we believe they are correct within a minute or so, more or less.

A. C. A. CAMP, Grindstone Island. C. M. D.

THE A. C. A. AND ITS DIVISIONS.

THE American Canoe Association is in the throes of reorganization. Now is come a time when the loyal friends of the fraternity look doubtfully ahead and wonder what will happen next. There is a potentiality for surprises in the present state of things. How big the clan has grown! What progress it has made! What success it has achieved! And with its now established authority what possibilities it faces. But, alas! some of them say now the old times are gone and everything is at "sixes and sevens." At the meet just terminated many a handshake was given in the regretful belief that the 1886 camp would be the last of the grand ones. Even some of the steady hands that have held the tiller in the few years past, and helped navigate even when off duty, tremble a little at the shoals and breakers around us, and at the stir in the crew—a splendid crew, but of such enormous proportions now, and so full of life and action. Are the old chiefs afraid because the tribe grows big? It is young yet, and still growing—and now is the time when we want their judgment and nerve. There are breakers ahead, and of course there are rocks in these breakers, and doubtless the vessel is overloaded for running such rapids. But, after all, running rapids is splendid sport; and as to the load, have we not already equipped and launched one new bark and can we not repeat the operation? There are good, deep channels between the rocks for a whole fleet. And this stir in the personnel is not mutiny, but only life—restless, energetic, but not insubordinate.

Now let us abandon metaphor and attack actualities by their proper names. The A. C. A. has grown so big that its members are spread over the whole country, the breadth of a continent; and its gatherings have reached proportions clearly as large as are compatible with the objects in view. This last fact need not be a troublesome one. It is becoming evident that our annual meets will be much larger than the recent ones. In '84, '85 and '86 the population of the camp did not vary very much, nor will it in the future. But there will be more camps. There's the rub. How to get more camps for the many more canoeists and still maintain the fraternal relationship. It must be done. It is wanted. The West felt the want first, and when they found expression did it so quickly that our answer came too late. The West answered the question for themselves, by themselves.

But they will rejoin. Now look down East. Was not that a surprise? Let it be a lesson. In a few months look to Canada, and then to the seacoast, and then to the South. The division question is answered and more answers are coming. But need this bring ill to the A. C. A.? Yes, if we try to oppose it; no, if we meet it fairly and wisely.

One of the dangers is misdirected loyalty. There is just now (for a little while) a large division named the Central. It includes nearly all the "old guard" of the meets and camps and committees that made the A. C. A. what it is. There is a tendency to feel that the Central Division is the citadel of the old A. C. A.; that the allegiance is owing there; a tendency to forget that the A. C. A. still exists. But this must not be forgotten. The greatest evil that could befall the A. C. A. would be a powerful domination of one division. The divisions must be nearly equal and must be of geographical character. The present Central Division is a temporary arrangement. One real division—the Eastern—of legitimate size and origin and purpose has entered into existence, and this Central is the "remainder" waiting for another subtraction. Its continuance entire would be a menace to the A. C. A. This is the fact we must remember. The A. C. A. still exists, whole and alive, and F. S. Rathbun, of Deseronto, is still commodore; and when he ceases to be, another commodore will reign in his stead. The Eastern men have not deserted this banner and platform. Now, therefore, let us look to it that no one else does. There is a good committee ready for work. Let them elect a good commodore (by everything afloat, let them elect a good commodore, we never wanted him more than now), and then let the divisions organize for Ontario and for the St. Lawrence and for the South, each according to its real needs; and next year each shall get its charter and begin its career. But the A. C. A. will none the less flourish.

There is another course, one which leads over some of the rocks we discussed a while ago. Suppose the loyalists of the Association without concerted action follow their present bent. A great many would as members of the Central Division oppose further secession (as they would term it), in a hope to keep things together that way. This will not do. It will end in opposition of the Central against other divisions, Eastern, Western and Northern. (And by the way, would not "Northern" be a better

title than "Canadian" for the forthcoming fraternity?) Let us keep in mind that each one of us belongs now to two organizations—the A. C. A. first and the division for administration next. And always let the A. C. A. stand first, else we shall break up.

And now one other argument. It has been suggested that the division would arrange only spring meets, leaving the autumn camp to the A. C. A. This is a fallacy. The split began in the necessity of a Western autumn meet, a real vacation meet. It is well to stipulate that the general meet should take place at a given time (we ought to revert to the old customary time, the full moon in August) and that the division meets should not interfere; but it is useless to hope that the A. C. A. meet will be the only fall meet and the division meets spring meets only. The beginning of this problem was the need of more meets in the fall to lessen the distance to be traveled to reach them. The spring meets are different, they are club affairs in the main, or a few friendly clubs, and they will probably develop more into cruising than racing gatherings in course of time. But the autumn meet is the canoeists' long vacation, and the divisions are demanded to enable the average A. C. A. member to meet without spending all his time and money in "getting there." On the other hand, the A. C. A. organization for an annual meet must look for support (and must get support) from those who wish and are able to perpetuate its charming gatherings and their associations. What if it is at first 10 per cent. or so smaller? What if there may have been, a week before, or is to be a week after, a division meet in New England or Canada with a hundred attendants? They will have been in the main men who could not have come to the A. C. A. meet, unless in the same neighborhood, and perhaps when that occurs they might be merged in one.

It is established that the divisions will organize, and that being so, we should see that they do so in a way not to rival, but to relieve, the A. C. A., and above all things to keep it entire. So shall we have annual camps at which the veterans can fight their battles o'er again in very fact, camps which shall have still the same representative population from all points of the compass, without regard to State or national boundaries, and very little for divisional lines or limits. To sum up, it is submitted that we want:

First—Such regulation of this unavoida-

ble dividing as will insure fairly equal geographical divisions, none strong enough to claim domination.

Second—Such recognition of the demands of divisions as will retain them in allegiance with the A. C. A.

Third—Such distribution of A. C. A. officers and movement of the camp site as will give each division in turn the advantage.

In such a course as this there need be no fear that the divisions will break up the A. C. A. On the contrary, they, as feeders and schools, will make the annual meet more than ever the gathering of old friends and expert champions.

Let the divisions flourish, and the A. C. A. will surely do so.—*R. W. Gibson in Forest and Stream.*

SPEECHES AT THE MEET

BY MESSRS. BADEN-POWELL AND STEWART.

(Reported for Toronto Globe by Robert Tyson.)

I look upon this water as the play-ground of the two countries, and trust that it may long continue so. We came over partly for camping, partly to see you all, but chiefly to learn a good lesson, and we have got it. We came over with a totally different kind of craft from what you have here, sailed in a different way; a vessel which suits our own cruising and our own waters. We have found here a different class of vessel, and they have beaten us fair and square in sailing. I was accused yesterday—somewhat in a hurry, I thought—of having "slewed around," because I had been sitting on deck. If I was sitting on deck, I was only trying the "pudding" that seemed to go down so well here: and I like it. But my private thoughts are that I would never, so far as I know, build a boat like the Sick Cow. [Laughter.] If she won all the races in Christendom I would not build a special boat. I think our boats may be improved by being made lighter and smaller, and using less ballast and the sitting-out position; but I should be very sorry to give up the comfort of these larger boats. As regards the sitting-out position, even in going to windward, I am a convert to that from actual experience. Did we find it out on coming here? I think not. Your excellent papers, *THE AMERICAN CANOEIST*, and *The Forest and Stream*, told us. It was suggested to me some time last winter that if I was going to America I had better take

two canoes, one of the English style and one on the American plan, and use the one which I found most suitable on arriving here. But I would be ashamed to do such a thing, after I have upheld types and models for so many years past. There are we have brought boats which I think you will admit are not badly constructed or badly fitted up, although not so fast as your boats. These light boats of yours, with small centerboards, would be unhandy in the constant "going about" in light and squally winds; and where you get a longer "sea" on, the big boat will pound into it, when the light boat would be knocked off to leeward. I look upon the racing at this meet as the most pleasant lecture I could have had—the most pleasant lesson I could have got in canoeing; and I thank my stars that I was able to come here. I have no doubt that some of us will come back next year, I hope, and give it to you warm for that cup. [Applause.] I hope also that you will send some men over to try and take the Royal Canoe Club Cup in our little pond at Hendon. I have never enjoyed my time so well as this last ten days; and we will try to do the same for you if you come over to see us. [Loud applause.]

Mr. Walter Stewart also replied. He said: I have never been so kindly treated and so heartily received anywhere as on this occasion. I have been to a great many races abroad, and in the English colonies, where I have been well taken care of; but I think the reception I have had here surpasses anything. Regarding your canoes, I differ from Mr. Powell in one point. I so much admire your canoes and everything used in them that I intend to have a canoe, if not exactly the same as yours, at any rate very similarly constructed. I am only a new canoeist—of three years' standing only. I have never done any designing, so that I have not a type to uphold. [Applause.] At the same time I think that, splendid as your boats are in speed, they are not as comfortable as ours. I intend to have one built similar to the Pecowsic. If the Royal Canoe Club next year are willing, I should very much like to come again; but as I have not done very well in the races this year, they may prefer not. I shall never forget the happy time I have had here, and what I have seen here will benefit me as long as I am a canoeist. Mr. Stewart also referred to the fact that his canoe had been designed and superintended by Mr. Tredwen.

Mr. Stoddard's list of views taken at the meet at Grindstone Island is as follows:

- 1401. Association Group.
- 1402. Mohican Camp.
- 1403. Brooklyn Camp.
- 1404. Brooklyn Mess Tent.
- 1405. Distant View of Camp.
- 1406. Watching the Races.
- 1407. International Race—The Start.
- 1408. International Race The Finish.
- 1409. The Canoe, the Cup and the Captor.
- 1410. Pecowsic, Vesper, Nautilus, Pearl
- 1411. Vesper, R. W. Gibson, Master.
- 1412. Pecowsic, E. H. Barney, Master
- 1413. Peggy, Grant E. Edgar, Jr., Master
- 1414. Lassie, C. B. Vaux, Master.
- 1415. Guenn. H. T. Sinclair, Master
- 1416. Nautilus, W. Baden-Powell, Master.
- 1417. English Pearl, W. Stewart, Master.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF 1886 BY LAFAYETTE W. SEAVEY.

- I. Vesper, R. W. Gibson, Master.
 - I. Pecowsic, E. H. Barney, Master.
 - K. L. Nautilus, W. Baden-Powell, Master.
 - M. English Pearl, W. Stewart, Master.
- Photos uniform with the series of 1881, '82, '84 and '85. Thirty cents each, mounted or unmounted, sent postpaid or to A. C. A. members on approval by paying postage both ways.—S. R. STODDARD (Glens Falls, N. Y.).

After carefully going over the full list of photos taken by Stoddard and Wells at the meet, it seemed almost impossible that much had escaped them. Yet Anderson's pictures are none of them duplicates of any taken by the other men. This is his full list:

RACES ON MONDAY, AUGUST 23D.		Inches.	Cts
1	Paddling, Class 4—The Finish	10 x 7	50
2	Novices' Race—The Start	10 x 7	50
3	Before the Race—Class B.	10 x 7	50
4	Sailing, Class B. (Limited) 43 canoes—The Start	10 x 7	50
5	Sailing, Class B—The Race	10 x 7	50
RACES ON TUESDAY, AUGUST 24TH.			
6	Getting into Position for Class B	10 x 7	50
7	Sailing, Class B, 41 canoes—The Start	10 x 7	50
8	Sailing, Class B—The Race	10 x 7	50
INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE RACE—Wednesday, Aug. 25th			
9	The Start for the Cup—15 canoes	8 x 5	30
10	Watching the Race	10 x 7	50
11	"The Conquering Hero," R. W. Gibson, Esq., of Albany, with the Cup and his Canoe Vesper, surrounded by his friends.	10 x 7	50
12	The English Canoes Nautilus, W. Baden-Powell, Esq., and Pearl, Walter Stewart, Esq.—instantaneous and large size.	10 x 7	50
13	The Pearl, W. Stewart, Esq. (alone), still larger.	10 x 7	50
THURSDAY, AUGUST 26TH.			
14	Start for the Extra Race	(Cabinet)	20
GENERAL VIEWS.			
15	The Camp from Headquarters	10 x 7	50
16	Squaw Point	10 x 7	50
17	The Girls at Delany's (Group)	10 x 7	50
Mounted copies to cents each extra. R. W. ANDERSON, Shandon House, Anne street, Toronto, Canada.			

The grouping and choice of background in nearly all of them is very happy and greatly helps out the story told by the main features of the foreground (or water). The seventeen views tell a very complete and finished story. The several views of the sailing races are capital and specially interesting, the canoes showing up to advantage in point of size—and there are so many of them in each picture. To any one who did not attend the meet this year, these photos, taken with the various reports given in the papers of the "doings", cannot help but be

of great interest. All those who were there of course will not want them. They can be got in New York of Brentano Bros. or H. C. Squires, 178 Broadway.

At the annual meeting of the Ianthe C. C., of Newark, N. J., held Sept 6, 1886, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Com., Richard Hobert; Vice-Com., F. L. Hatch; Sec., H. S. Farmer; Treas., Frank Bowles.

Hartford C. C. had its regular fall meeting on Tuesday, Sept. 21, at its canoe house. The club is in a good condition financially, having paid all bills to date and having still a surplus on hand. It is probable that the fall regatta will be held about the 10th of October. There is some thought of having a meet of the New England Division of the A. C. A. at Calla Shasta, near Springfield, this fall. The Hartford C. C. has increased its membership this year, and added a number of canoes to the fleet, among them a Vesper model canoe, and it is understood that a Pecowsic model is being made for the club's commodore.

BAYONNESE ON A CRUISE.

ON Saturday, Aug. 28, F. J. Currier in Kelpie and myself in Minnehaha started on a cruise. We left home at 5 P. M., with a head tide, and taking things easy we reached the Narrows at dusk and ran our canoes ashore about a mile below the fort. Here we lit a fire and prepared our supper, which, after a few mishaps with the coffee, such as turning over the water just when boiling and stewing a few sand bugs that had a knack of dropping in occasionally, we enjoyed the meal. The natives evidently took us for tramps, for no sooner did they see our fire than they deserted the beach. We stayed there till shortly after 9 P. M. As it was clear and there was little wind we determined to paddle to Sandy Hook that night. Hailing a passing schooner, we were advised to take the ship channel, which we did, and met with very little sea till we were fairly out, when we began to play pitch and toss, quite a breeze by this time having sprung up, and it being very dark our feelings began to be not of the most pleasant. Everything, however, went all right till we were within two miles of Sandy Hook, when we struck a strong head tide, against which it was utterly useless to try and make any headway, so falling in with the schooner Ellwood Harlow, at anchor, we hailed the skipper and asked permission to make our canoes fast astern

till change of tide. When we found it did not change till 2 A. M., it then being about midnight, we suggested that we come aboard, to which he very cheerfully assented. The thing was how to get there, the sea being too heavy for us to venture alongside. The captain lowered a tackle, to the hook of which we in turn clung for dear life and were hauled aboard. After seeing that our little craft were all secure, we proceeded to the cabin, where we were very cordially entertained by Capt. King. We turned in for an hour's sleep, and awoke at 1:40 A. M. Finding that it was a good time to start, we prepared to make the descent. By this time there was quite a sea on. It was very dark, and quite chilly. When we looked over the stern and saw our canoes tossing about in 60ft. of water, you may be sure it required considerable nerve to take hold of that hook. Currier was the first to be lowered. He reached the canoe all right; then came my turn. I had got half way down (hanging on to the hook like grim death) when my boat drifted from under me, and there I hung till it was in position again, when I landed safely again. We had not proceeded far when we heard breakers ahead, and found ourselves on a bar. We very soon got off, and then all was plain sailing till we reached the hook and landed in Mosquito Cove at 3:30 A. M., where we put up our tents and turned in for a sleep. We awoke at daylight. A being was standing over us who resembled the Ancient Mariner in appearance, but who turned out to be a veteran clam digger. The mosquitoes began to bite about that time, so we concluded we had better get up, and at 6 A. M. we once more launched our canoes, and had hardly got clear of the beach when we came across our club's secretary with a party of friends aboard a yacht that had arrived the previous evening. He supplied us with a much needed cup of coffee. Making another start, we headed our canoes for the Shrewsbury River and arrived there 8 A. M. We were received and entertained by Mr. J. Wheelock, and I think we have made one more convert to the delights of canoeing.

At 2 P. M. we started on the return trip. Meeting the yacht Admiral, of Bayonne, we were, by the courtesy of Capt. Joe Elsworth, Jr., invited to put our canoes aboard and sail home, which we did, arriving at Bayonne at 7 P. M., thus ending a very delightful and somewhat eventful cruise.

T. P. SWIFT, B. C. C.

Q I WANT TO KNOW. Q

Only questions of general interest sent in are answered in this column. All questions concisely stated and that can be answered briefly will receive consideration, and be answered by letter *if the sender encloses stamp for reply*, and not otherwise.

Where can cork cushions be got?—B. K. P.—[Henry Squires, 178 Broadway, New York. The Farnham cork mattress is made by Peck & Snyder, New York city.]

I am sixteen years old. Am I eligible to become a member of the A. C. A.?—P. D. S.—[“Any gentleman over the age of *eighteen* years may become a member * * *.”—Article III. A. C. A. Constitution.]

Inclosed find stamps for a back number of your paper having the most cuts and descriptions of sailing canoes. I wish to get ideas to build from.—A. V. S.—[No one number will fill your bill. “Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs” is what you want. \$1.50, with many cuts of canoe lines, fittings, sails, etc. Brentano Bros. can supply you with the article.]

My boy sailed the canoe *Æolus* at the A. C. A. meet. His mainsail fitted badly. It was then untried on a new mast, and there was more of it forward of the mast than there should have been, I think 27 in. in all. He is perfectly satisfied with the mizzen of 35 ft., and the canoe seems to require about 80 ft. in the main to balance her. He is entirely satisfied with the canoe since the meet, but wants a perfectly fitting mainsail balance lug. Can you put me in the way of getting one? My little sailor of fifteen years and his brother (under eighteen years) have got twenty-four prizes this season for sailing, rowing and paddling, and therefore they deserve every encouragement. I am getting a light board of 25 lbs. or 30 lbs. to replace the brass one of 60 lbs.—G. B.—[Nickerson, Rushton, Hemmenway or George Ross, can make you a good sail. From a description Nickerson can make a drawing. A drawing must be furnished the sailmaker, and a very accurate drawing too. Then everything depends on how the sail is bent on the spars. This work is for you to do. Rushton and Hemmenway rig sails and do good work at it. Length of spars, size and a full description of what you want must be given the sailmaker. A *perfectly* fitting sail is a difficult thing to get—and keep. It is a joy forever if got.]



Toronto Canoe Club, sailing race for challenge cup, on Sept. 11; 8 entries. Result: W. G. McKendrick, canoe *Mac*, 1; D. B. Jaques, canoe *Yanewah*, 2; Hugh Neilson, *Boreas*, 3; Colin Fraser, *Una*, 4; W. A. Leys, *Alouette*, 5; W. H. P. Weston, *Wanda*, 6; Thomas Gibson, *Madge*, 7; Will Mason, *Evora*, 8. The start was made in a fair breeze, the *Yanewah* taking the lead. Her mizzen fouling, the *Mac* passed her. The *Una* had third place, but the wind failing, the *Boreas*, only a short distance behind, worked her way ahead. *Alouette*, being first of the juniors in the race, takes the novices' cup; McKendrick has won the sailing cup four times this season. Should he be successful in the next race the cup becomes his absolute property. Tyson has challenged him for the 24th.

Toronto Canoe Club, paddling race for challenge cup, Sept. 11. Blowing a gale from the southwest, with heavy sea. Mr. B. W. Richards, Com. of the Brockville Club, acted as starter. The following were the entries: D. B. Jaques, in the *Yanewah*; A. H. Mason, in the *Evora*; W. H. P. Weston, in the *Wanda*; W. A. Leys, in the *Alouette*; and W. G. McKendrick, in the *Mac*. The course ran along the water front for $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. It took the contestants nearly all their times to prevent upsets. Leys capsized when opposite the Water Works wharf, and was picked up by Weston. The other three had a pretty close struggle. McKendrick, however, with his usual good luck, came in about a length ahead of Jaques. *Mac* was by accident trimmed down by the stern, which helped her greatly as the wind and sea were following on the quarter.

At the regatta of the Newburg Canoe and Boating Association on the Hudson River, Sept. 10, the six-mile sailing race was won by Grant E. Edgar, canoe *Peggy*; time, 1.41.43. The six-mile sailboat race was won by Stephen Smith and Harry M. Waring, of the *Bub*; time, 1.43.11. There were several starters in each race, and both were well contested. Pennants were the prizes. Many people viewed the races

The Shattemuc Canoe Club held their fall regatta Sept. 25. Com. Frank Brandreth, on his steam yacht Camilla, acted as judge, and the races took place over the club course, which was triangular, one mile around. The first event was a sailing race for a silver cup, for which there were eight entries. It was won by J. Herbert Carpenter in the Tuneta. The second race was for the Commodore's trophies, competed for by the same canoes. The first was taken by Tuneta, the second by R. Brandreth in the Nameless, and the third by the Gypsie, H. M. Carpenter owner. In the paddling race, class 4, for singles, William M. Carpenter won the pennant. In the tandem race the prize was awarded to the Winakee, Messrs. Secor and Carpenter.

CANOEING AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Washington C. C. sailed the first of a series of races Aug. 28, over a three-mile course from the club house around Buoy 7 and return. Seven canoes started, turning buoy as follows: Whistling, Iola, Meteor, Petrel, Waterwitch, Mermaid and Belle not timed. Mermaid finished the course in 49m. 50s., Petrel 56m. 50s., and Waterwitch 1h. 1m. The canoes are rated by Tredwen's table.

The fall regatta of the Yonkers C. C. was held on the Hudson River Saturday, Sept. 25, '86, at 2:30 P. M. The sailing race was won by H. S. Quick in the Bubble. Tandem, by F. K. Shears and A. B. Patton in Goblin; single, by L. Simpson in Rip Rap.

EASTERN DIVISION MEET CIRCULAR.

Purser's Office, Eastern Division A. C. A., Hartford, Conn., Oct. 1st, 1886.—Dear Sir: There will be a fall race meeting of this Division at Calla Shasta, a grove situated on the west bank of the Connecticut River, about four miles below Springfield, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 8th and 9th, 1886. The following is the programme of races on Saturday, Oct. 9th: I. Sailing (no limit as to rig or ballast). II. Sailing (limited to 75 sq. ft.) III. Open Sailing (any boat of any recognized club, without regard to A. C. A. limits). IV. Consolation Sailing. Owing to lack of wind at the June meet, several beautifully embroidered flags designed as prizes for the above races were not competed for, and they will be awarded to the victors in the four events named. Additional events will probably be added later. All canoeists are invited to be present and take part in the races, whether A. C. A. men or not, and all New England

men are earnestly requested to join the Association. The fall regatta of the Springfield Canoe Club, most of whose events are open to all, is to be held at Calla Shasta during the meet, which will be an additional attraction. Canoeists will be expected to provide their own shelter. Board and such provisions as bread, butter, eggs, milk, etc., can be obtained in the immediate vicinity. Canoeists receiving this circular are requested to notify other canoeists in their vicinity and ask them to send their addresses to the purser in order that they may receive circulars in future. A circular, giving the objects and advantages of the Eastern Division of the A. C. A., will be mailed later. Per order of PAUL BUTLER, Vice-Commodore. W. B. DAVIDSON, Purser, United States Bank, Hartford, Conn.

During the week following the meet, while Dr. Neidé was still in camp, the store was broken open and some articles, among them his trunk, were stolen. Regarding the theft, he writes: "Schuylerville, N. Y., Sept. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I find that an erroneous impression has gone abroad relative to the theft of my trunk at Grindstone Island. The trunk contained nothing but my personal effects, clothing, etc., together with some valuable papers, but none of the Association books or papers were in it except some notes taken at the meetings of the executive committee relating to the changes in the constitution and by-laws, and these I can get from a member of the A. C. A. who has duplicates of them. The prize flag awarded to Dr. A. E. Heighway and intrusted to my care for him was in the stolen trunk.—Chas. A. Neide, Sec'y-Treas. A. C. A."

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, CENTRAL DIVISION.—The below-named active members of the Central Division of the A. C. A. are hereby appointed Regatta Committee, as directed in the Constitution, Art. III., and will be obeyed and respected accordingly: C. B. Vaux, New York City (chairman); F. F. Andrews, Rochester; W. G. McKendrick, Toronto.—ROBERT W. GIBSON, Vice-Com. (Albany, Sept. 13, 1886).

On Sept. 7 the house of the Tippy C. C. was broken into and robbed of \$100 worth of clothing. The thieves have not been discovered. The club was not as lucky as the N. Y. C. C. when in the same fix. The thieves in the N. Y. C. C. case are still in jug.

The Cincinnati C. C. have drained Lake Ross, and burned the weeds and moss. Their regatta has been postponed to October 8, 9 and 10, and all the arrangements have been made, and as the Cincinnati men never do anything by half, their little meet and camp will be a "great act."

Galt Canoe and Boating Club.—Com., H. S. Howell; Vice-Com., J. E. Warnock; Sec.-Treas., H. F. McKendrick. Committee—J. H. Kelman, G. H. Smith, W. Heinhold. Organized May 15, '86. Burgee of the club is a red triangle near staff, on a blue field, with a white star in the red. The club had fireworks one evening in August, and a local paper thus describes the affair: The dam and river for some distance above the C. P. R. bridge presented a brilliant and animated appearance, the occasion being the display of fireworks by the members of the Canoe and Boating Club. There were some 25 boats and canoes on the river, and each being adorned with Chinese lanterns of brilliant and variegated colors, the effect was good. The 29th Battalion band took up their position on the western bank, and the river on both sides, as well as the bridge, was lined with spectators. The Bengal lights, signal rockets, etc., which went up at stated intervals, illuminated the gay and festive scene, presenting a spectacle seldom witnessed on the noble Grand. The celebration was a splendid success. In fact, the fireworks were much better than we have seen in years gone by on the occasion of "monster demonstrations," and reflected great credit upon Com. H. S. Howell, who was the originator of the idea, and under whose superintendence the whole thing was carried out. We hope the members of the Canoe and Boating Club will repeat the celebration at some future time.

THE VESPER RECEPTION.

LOWELL, Sept. 20.—Had the weather been a trifle warmer, say ten degrees or so, there would have been nothing wanting to make the affair altogether enjoyable. As it was, men and women filled every available spot, and warmly wrapped, gazed upon the beautiful sight with uncontrolled delight. The approach to the Vesper house was filled with people and carriages, and at the house there was a blaze of light. Never before have the house and grounds looked so well. Besides the flaming arches, with the inscriptions "V. B. C." and "1876-1886," the lawn was thickly festooned with

colored lanterns, making a very pretty scene. The neighbors, too, honored the occasion and used lanterns liberally. A carpet led from the gate to the house, and for two hours the policeman was kept busy taking tickets from the rapidly arriving guests. The house within was decorated in keeping with the exterior. Appropriate emblems were scattered about, plants and flowers were plentiful, and the place had a delightful air of warmth and cheerfulness, in marked contrast with the frigid atmosphere without.

The great feature of the evening was of course the canoe procession. Lots of hard work was put in during the afternoon, getting the boats in readiness, but there was delay, nevertheless, in starting. It was almost 9 o'clock when the first canoe shot out from Corbett's wharf, followed promptly by a score of others, all ablaze with paper lanterns of various shapes and sizes. No two boats were decorated alike. Some were rigged like schooners, the sails being defined by lights, the effect being at once novel and pleasing. Slowly the fleet moved across the stream, and then, amid the screeching of rockets and bombs and the glare of colored fires, proceeded toward the falls. The band on the Pinafore played a musical welcome, as the gorgeous flotilla moved toward the falls. The entire length of the dam was covered by the boats, and there they rested a short time before paddling to the wharf. As the chilled but enthusiastic canoeists approached the landing they were heartily greeted. It was after 10 before all was in readiness for the dance, and a couple of hours passed merrily before the party separated. Socially the reception was as brilliant as the illumination. The attendance of fair maidens and gallant youths was large; good music was played by the American orchestra, and nothing was left undone to make it pleasant for all. The Vesper Club can fairly write yesterday's date in its book of records as a day of unalloyed gayety and splendor, and the members who provide next year's display have set forth for them a pattern which it will be difficult to surpass.

The chief credit for the entire success of the evening is due to Messrs. Nichols and Butler, in whose hands were the care of the fireworks and the decorations of the canoes. The remaining committees were: Reception and inside decorations, Messrs. Bennett and Battles; lemonade and music, Messrs. Howe and Swapp; printing and police, Messrs. Hemenway and Brazier.



C. BOWYER VAUX, - - EDITOR.

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Secretaries of clubs sending their names and addresses to the CANOEIST will receive the magazine free each month during their term of office. Secretaries are specially requested to send notices and reports of club meetings, officers elected, regatta notices and reports, lists of club members and copies of club constitutions, etc., to the EDITOR.

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Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. CHARLES A. NEIDE, Schuylerville, N. Y.

The Secretary of the American Canoe Association requests persons sending money to him to do so either by *registered letter* or *Post Office Money Order on Saratoga, N. Y.*

If canoeists will send application to the Secretary of the A. C. A., accompanied by the recommendation of an active member of the A. C. A. and inclosing \$3 for initiation fee and dues for the first year, their names will be presented for membership.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—R. W. Gibson, Albany, N. Y.

Rear-Commodore—B. W. Richards, Brockville, Ont., Can

Purser E. W. Brown, 4 Bowling Green, New York City.
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Regatta Committee—C. B. Vaux, 34 Cortlandt street, New York City, chairman; F. F. Andrews, Rochester, N. Y., and W. G. McKendrick, Toronto, Ontario, Canada

EASTERN DIVISION

Vice-Commodore—P. ul Butler, Lowell, Mass

Rear-Commodore—E. H. Barney, Springfield, Mass

Purser—W. B. Davidson, Hartford, Conn.

Executive Committee—Not yet appointed

Regatta Committee—Not yet appointed.

CHALLENGE CUPS

Royal Canoe Club (London, England) *Sailing Challenge Cup*, value 50 guineas, open to gentlemen amateurs. Race for it takes place each year at Hendon about the first of May; winner holds the cup for one year. A presentation prize (the gift of Mr. J. W. Clayton) goes to the first Colonial or Foreign canoeist winning the cup. W. Baden-Powell now holds the cup.

New York Canoe Club *International Challenge Cup* (offered October 28, 1885).

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE RACES

1. The canoes competing must come within the limits defined by the N. Y. C. C. rules.
2. The cup is to be held as a perpetual challenge trophy.
3. The competition is open to not more than three authorized representatives of any canoe club sailing under foreign colors, as many canoe representing the club holding the cup as the challenging club.
4. Two victories to be necessary to either win or hold the cup, the same canoes competing in each.
5. The races to be sailed on the waters of the club holding the cup.
6. Races sailed in the United States to be contested on waters in the vicinity of New York city under the auspices of the N. Y. C. C.
7. The distance sailed over in each race must not be less than eight nor more than ten miles, and within a time limit of three hours. The course to be mutually agreed upon.
8. The races must be sailed at a time mutually agreeable to the challengers and the holders of the cup; but one series of races to be sailed in any one year.
9. The N. Y. C. C. rules to govern the races.
10. The club holding the cup to be responsible to the N. Y. C. C. for its safe keeping. Should it dissolve its organization, the cup will then revert to the N. Y. C. C.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING AMERICAN CONTESTANTS.

11. The representatives of the holders of the cup must be selected after a series of trial races open to all members of canoe clubs in the United States. The regatta committee of the club holding the cup shall have the right to select the competitors for the international races irrespective of the result of the trial races.
12. Should the cup be won by the American contestants in the international race: First, an active member of the club holding the cup must score one victory to entitle that club to retain it. Second, if a member (or members) of any other club wins two races, his club will hold the cup. Third, should the two races be won by members of two clubs, neither being the holder of the cup, the tie will be sailed off subsequently to determine which club shall take the cup.

C. J. STEVENS, Sec N. Y. C. C.

C. B. Vaux now holds the cup.

American Canoe Association *Sailing Trophy*, Classes A and B, no limit to rig or ballast, time limit 3 hours, distance 7 1/2 miles. The race is sailed each year after the regular races at the annual meet, usually held in August. The prize will be held by the winner for one year, and then must be returned to the regatta committee for competition at the annual meet of the Association. Accredited representatives of foreign clubs not exceeding five in number shall be eligible. In case of more than five foreign entries, the first five received shall be eligible to start. The total number of starters shall not exceed fifteen, and the ten or more vacancies after deducting the foreign entries shall be filled from those entering, by a special "record" prepared from the result of the A and B races at the meet, in case the entries exceed the vacancies.

The above are all the races for perpetual challenge prizes thus far announced. But one race (or series of races) occurs in a year. The A. C. A. trophy must be raced for at the meet. The Royal C. C. cup must be sailed for at Hendon. The New York C. C. cup is sailed for over the course of the club whose member holds the cup.



E. B. TREDWEN,

ROYAL C. C., LONDON.

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NOVEMBER, 1886.

NO. 11.

IN THE early days of canoeing in this country—modern canoeing—there were but three kinds of canoes used, the Rob Roy, Nautilus, and Canadian open canoe. All these canoes were good in model, sound in construction, and eminently safe for the uses to which they were put. Then, too, the popular idea was that a canoe was a crank craft, about as unsteady on its pins as a racing shell, and had to be handled with the utmost caution.

For these reasons it was years after the canoe was pretty thoroughly known and used before a fatal accident occurred in one. So much has lately been written about the seaworthiness of the canoe—as if there was but one kind—and the amount of sail that can be safely carried on one, that a reaction has taken place, and it now seems difficult to convince any one that it is possible to get drowned while canoeing. It is very unfortunate that such has been the result, as several very sad accidents have happened this year, without exception due to over-confidence and the taking of risks that are simply foolhardy. CANOEIST has from time to time warned its readers against the use of poor canoes—home-made canvas affairs and the like—and the carrying of sail on canoes only intended to be paddled.

The shocking accident that occurred in Washington two years ago—where a gentleman and lady were both drowned from a canoe while paddling in rapid water—was a warning that should have been heeded by all; yet this year, 1886, it has been no uncommon thing for us to hear of canoeists (of perhaps one year's experience) taking out ladies (who could not even swim) in their canoes *sailing*. This is little less than a crime. It is a very risky thing to attempt to sail a canoe of ordinary size with two on board. Even the most expert cannot help a capsize now and then. If a man chooses to take his wife out in a canoe built to hold two, carrying small sails, that is one thing, and there is no objection to it when the skipper has the proper experience and knows what he is about. It is quite another thing to take a young girl

for an afternoon sail in a canoe built for one—especially when she cannot swim and knows nothing about a canoe or the water—which is usually the case. Any canoeist who cares anything for the sport would on no account undertake the responsibility of risking the life of any one. A man who would do such a thing should be prevented by his club companions.

Tandem canoeing is most enjoyable and safer than ordinary rowing if only the paddle is used as a means of locomotion. Put a sail up and you might as well be in a dynamite factory on the line of the new aqueduct.

The accidents recorded nearly every day throughout the boating season in the papers of capsized catboats, swamped skimming dishes and wrecked yachts and coasting vessels used as pleasure craft would certainly induce any thinking man to be very cautious about putting a sail on his canoe when he has a passenger on board. Yet there are fools who will do it.

The larger clubs are strict with their members in these matters, and it would be well if all of the smaller clubs followed their example before an accident occurs that will cloud their prospects and prejudice every lay resident in their region against canoeing and water sports.

The longer a man has been a canoeist the more careful you will find him in attending to every detail about boat and rig to insure safety.

Two young fellows went out for a sail late in October, a gale of wind blowing, in a canoe too small for one. The cockpit was but 4 ft. long, and the forward man had his feet and legs under the forward deck. He could not move from his position till his companion got out of the canoe. The canoe itself was a small one, 14 x 26 about. When they got out in deep water from under the lee of the land a squall capsized the canoe. A schooner happened to be very near, the captain of which lowered a boat and picked up the unfortunates. Quickly as the rescue had been made, it was a hard fight to save the life of the man who was wedged in the canoe.

MISS LIBERTY'S RECEPTION.

HER COMING OUT PARTY WAS ON OCTOBER 28, 1886.
THE FIRST RECEPTION GIVEN IN HER HONOR
WAS ON THE EVENING OF NOVEMBER 1, 1886.

THE Old Salt had received a special invitation from her ladyship to attend the reception. He was obliged to decline with thanks, having made a previous engagement. The Scribe therefore went in his place on a press ticket, and can give but a plain unvarnished tale of what befell, lacking the grace of style that is second nature to the Old Salt.

The reception room was ample in size to hold comfortably the tens of thousands of guests—the entire surface of New York Bay and surrounding shore slopes—and was appropriately decorated with bunting and colored lights for the occasion. Her ladyship's costume was severely simple, of Greek *motif*, quiet in color, almost sombre. The drapery fell about her figure in graceful folds. Her only jewel was a brilliant of rare lustre on the right hand. She carried a book in her left, held close to her side. The young lady is more than common tall for one of her age, and her natural dignity never relaxed during the entire evening, though she was the center of attraction, and a vast amount of attention and compliment were paid her. She received her guests standing, and kept that position until the last one had departed. The hour of the reception was an unusually early one—seven-thirty. All were expected to depart by nine-thirty. Dwelling on an island as she does, a boat is necessary to reach her. Such a fleet turned out as has never before been seen of an evening in these waters. Boats of all sizes, from the smallest Rob Roy—the conveyance chosen by the Scribe—to the great Government man-of-war, were in waiting. There were so many vessels that the fleet had the appearance of an immense raft, so close were the boats together, in the form of a crescent to the eastward of the island, where alone there was depth of water sufficient to float the majority of the vessels.

Her ladyship was modest and retiring in the extreme. Though holding the most conspicuous position, she nevertheless kept her distance, and but a chosen few were permitted to approach very near. Of foreign parentage, she is yet truly American, and her position is higher than that of any other lady in the land—not excepting Mrs. President Cleveland herself.

The Scribe embarked in the Lark at 7:15 from the N. Y. C. C. house on Staten Island

and paddled northward across the Kill von Kull channel and over the flats west of the main channel of the Bay, toward Liberty (formerly Bedloe's) Island. All was dark except for a few lights here and there on the shores across the Bay, a circle of electric globes on top of the new Washington Building at Battery Place, five miles away, and the green and red side lights of a schooner or oysterman or tug bound up the Bay passing the canoe now and then. The light from Robbins Reef flashed out every five seconds, as it has done nightly for years, and will keep on doing for years, probably as long as there is a harbor for vessels here. Suddenly a pale light appeared right ahead, looking like a bright cloud. It was the pedestal illuminated by electricity from within the fort, and soon took shape, being the one bright object against a background of night.

A rocket went up, burst, and the bright sparks slowly faded out as they floated downward. Then was seen for the first time the sparkle of the jewel in the lady's hand, high up in air, which is destined to shed its lustre for all time above the heads of those who go down to the sea in ships, passing out through the gateway to a continent of Liberty. Robbins Reef light is pale and very yellow in comparison. Liberty Light is pure white—not a shade of blue or violet even in it.

A burst of rockets, red fire, and brilliant snakes up in the air next appeared and a succession of bursting bombs, floating red, blue and white lights, other rockets, set pieces on shore and smoke effects followed in quick succession. Once more darkness reigned. Then a red light appeared behind the statue, spread out to right and left, looking like a long line of sheds on fire, with great columns of smoke rising from it tinged with pink. The statue stood out in dark relief against this luminous cloud of smoke which drifted off toward the eastward. The light background brought out the dark figure effectively, presenting to the eye a single noble unit, perfectly proportioned and grand in its dignity and commanding presence. This effect slowly faded away to be replaced by even a finer one. Around the base of the figure, at the top of the pedestal, flashed out a row of vivid green lights, turning to white, and sending up clouds of smoke that appeared like the daintiest drapery thrown over the figure and drifting out over the Bay in the gentle breeze. As the lights burned out one by one a noise arose from

the fleet the like of which the Scribe hopes he will never hear again. Every boat in the harbor having a steam whistle used it to the full capacity. The sharp and shrill sounds blended with the deep-toned roars to form a volume of sound tremendous in its magnitude. It seemed as though each individual whistle could be heard and noted separately, while yet the ear comprehended the whole as well, as the eye takes in a building and at the same time sees distinctly every stone of which its walls are composed.

More bombs go up, more colored fires are seen, and then one grand explosion, a burst of fire shooting straight upward in long threads of sparks, a thousand rockets all fired at once burst in the air and a cloud of dazzling lights fly off in all directions and gradually fade out into darkness as they fall. This is the fitting ending to a grand spectacle.

During the evening, like an echo, Governor's Island, across the channel, has followed whatever was done on Liberty Island in kind, the great fleet of boats lying at rest between the two, now plainly seen to the smallest detail in the brilliant showers of light, and again blotted completely out in the darkness. When all activity ceased on the two islands nothing remained to be seen but the myriads of little lights on the boats, the luminous pedestal and the bright electric light in the torch way up there three hundred feet above our heads. Then it was that the fireworks on the Battery began to be seen, and for an hour or more kept up the interest and enthusiasm of a vast crowd of people on shore.

The Scribe paddled leisurely around Liberty Island, observing the lady from every point of vantage. This filled his mind so full of the sublime and mighty that on the long lonely paddle across the Bay he could not refrain from giving voice to all the poems that his mind had retained—perhaps unconsciously committed to memory in days gone by, when he was a reader of something better and more classic than the daily newspaper.

At a late hour the Scribe reached the Ranch—well-known to many canoeist—after a long paddle. He found it dark, deserted and uninviting. Its owner and genial host in former days had kept Liberty Hall for all good canoeists. In an unguarded moment mine host had been smiled upon by woman, and in the fullness of his heart he had followed that smile and

left the Ranch for a brighter home. Fresh from his brilliant reception at the hands of the Goddess of Liberty the poor Scribe was deeply impressed with his present surroundings, and musing on goddesses in general, he almost wished that one would appear above his personal horizon. There was no light in the window for him, sad bachelor, and no warm fireside to cheer him. The poor fellow admitted himself by means of his key, got the canoe in, lit the lamp, started the fire in the stove, put on a smoking jacket, arranged a cosy arm chair near the fire, sat in it and rested his slippered feet on a convenient camp-stool, started his pipe and took up a recent issue of a popular magazine, shortly to lose himself for the time being in a charming love story of the far South, written by a canoeist of his acquaintance. He thus burned midnight oil and drove from his mind the two goddesses that had filled his mind earlier—the one, so far above him that he could not even approach near to her (Liberty), and the other who had taken unto herself his friend and former host. Action . . . Reaction . . . and then . . . Rest.

THE SCRIBE.

JOE'S FIRST CANOE CRUISE.

A LETTER FROM A CANOEIST TO A CANOEIST.

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DEAR JUB: In regard to the Scioto River cruise I have only to say that it is not nearly as enjoyable a stream to canoe as the Miami, Mad, Muskingum, Kanawha or other waters we have explored together. It lacks the exciting rapids of the Great or Little Miami, and, not being navigable, we were compelled to carry over high dams instead of running the risk of having our craft crushed by the ponderous and treacherous rocks, as on the Muskingum or Kanawha. The scenery is lovely. The people are simple and hospitable to a wonderful extent. During the fall excellent shooting may be secured, the woods abounding with grouse and squirrel, while the Bob White and woodcock are found in the stubble and elder. Then there are ducks and a few geese to be found for variety. Our digestions spoke volumes for the excellent brain-supplying qualities of the black bass and river salmon.

It was Joe's first experience, as you know. Brought up in the city, he had scarcely ever passed a night away from home and knew absolutely nothing about roughing it.

Starting from Columbus we paddled

slowly with the current, while ever and anon burst forth the novice in rhapsodies over the delightful new experience, "This plunging one's self upon his own resources," "The calmness of entire independence," "The exquisite quiet relief, far from the madding crowd," and a lot more guff that I do not now remember.

The shadows lengthened and the variegated verdure assumed the wondrous changes between the east and west banks, while the hitherto blue water took the sheen of green, with the darkened swells so fascinating to the canoeist. The calm, impressive quietude of a summer evening, unbroken save by the distant tinkling bell of some grazing cow as slowly she strayed homeward, unmindful of the repeated calling of the farmer's wife from the barnyard. We rested on our paddles and gave full play to fanciful imaginations, just as you and I have so often enjoyed this, the loveliest phase of the day.

We landed on the left bank, carrying the canoes up a slight incline to where lay an immense drift that during the spring the raging Scioto had deposited against two sycamores, making firewood for months of camp fires. The idea of cooking supper upon the dainty little alcohol lamp seemed a preposterous affair to the novice, and great was his amazement when he burnt his finger ends by putting them into the coffeepot "to see if the water was getting warm." I do not think the boy ever ate such a hearty supper, and the can of beans that should have been served for breakfast was scraped clean. The plum duff, with rum sauce, also tickled his palate, and notwithstanding the warning that his dreams would be horrible he ate and ate until the very cracks in his long legs seemed to be filled to overflowing. But Joe was destined to have no dreams, and at 10 o'clock he declared that he never felt more wide awake in his life.

I overhauled the duffle of the Sweetheart, made up the bed, pitched the canoe tent and turned in, to be awakened once or twice by the novice, till my tired senses refused to recognize further disturbance and I slept the sleep of the virtuous and just.

Joe described the night as follows: "First the mosquitoes kept me awake. I got up, shook the tent and tried it again; but the tent seemed to be filled with them, singing and howling till I could stand it no longer, and although I heard some very suspicious noises and disliked to turn out,

I was compelled to. I again took off the tent, folded it on the grass and rolled upon it to mash the brutes, then squirted all the pennyroyal in the bottle over my bed and laid down again. It was worse than before. The hollows in my body seemed to be fitted into lumps in the bed, and my sunburnt arms were burning blisters. I smoked a package of the worst cigarettes it has been my lot to come across, and was about to get out to replenish the fire, when the most horrible noise I ever heard in my life came from the tree above. I held my breath and soon the beast squalled again, 'Whoop-whoop-whoop-ee!' and I believe, on my soul, that the thing had a partner across the river, though it might have been the echo. I covered my head and waited in silence. Presently some water animal down in the river yelled out 'Ber-lud! Ber-lud! Ber-lud!' three times, and I made up my mind that 'our name was Denis.'

"I remembered all the stories I had read about men being eaten in the deserts, and although I knew my time was near I could not help feeling sorry for the Jabber, and was about to call out to awaken him, for it was dreadful to think of his being torn to pieces without ever striking a blow in self-defense, when my attention was arrested by the beast attacking the tent over his canoe. The blood seemed to freeze in my veins, and, summoning every energy, I gave one yell. There was a crashing and flopping and then silence, while I lay back exhausted. My next thought was to reach for the firewater, and after groping about in my canoe I remembered that it was in the cubby of the other boat.

"All thoughts of sleep had now deserted me, and I reflected that I was a fool to leave my dear little wife and comfortable home to lay out in the woods, exposing myself to the dreadful beasts; and I could not understand how my friend could lie there and snore as if he were in no danger.

"Again that noise from the river, and, gaining a little courage, I raised the tent just a little and peered out. It must have been about midnight, the hour we read that all horrible things occur to people placed as I was. I was about to cover my head when a noise more awful than any I had yet heard came from over the river. It sounded like a pack of dogs, but I knew from the long howls they gave in chorus that they must be wolves. Nearer and nearer they came, till, maddened with the thought of being

killed like rats in a trap, I dashed up and rushed to the Sweetheart, tearing the tent off and screaming to him to awake. I shook him, pounded him, tried to roll him out, lifted him bodily out of his bed and let him fall, but all I could get in the way of a response was a groan; so, leaving him to his fate, I jumped for the tree, and, gaining the lower branches, sat shivering with fright.

"On they came in full cry down to the water's edge, and then after a howl or two they seemed baffled and turned into the woods again, baying with all their might. Probably they were on the track of the beast that had disturbed me first, and thinking of that made me remember the thing had been in that very tree, and maybe was above making ready to spring upon me in the darkness. So fearful I became that I do not remember how I ever got down without breaking my neck, but I did, and crawling into my tent lay there more dead than alive till the morning broke."

JAB.

[Is there a canoeist who could not tell substantially the same story of his first night in camp? The son of a wealthy New York merchant went to the Adirondacks and set out *with a guide* for a month in the woods. The very first night he heard an owl toot and was so scared by it that he returned to his hotel next morning, guide and all, and "would have none on it."—ED.]

THE INTERNATIONAL RACES.

[From London Field, Oct. 16.]

Editor London Field:

SIR: I have read with much interest your article in issue of Oct. 2, on the recent canoe races in America, and, having very carefully followed all the full accounts of these matches published in *Forest and Stream*, the *AMERICAN CANOEIST* and the American daily papers, and having discussed the matter with Mr. W. Stewart, who sailed the 1886 Pearl, I have regretfully come to the conclusion that this type of canoe was even more thoroughly beaten than your article would lead us to suppose. It is as well that we should accept the verdict and look facts fairly in the face, so as to be prepared to defend our own challenge cup against the contestants that America will doubtless send next season.

Mr. Stewart tells me that, although the Pearl leaked badly, he was able to keep the water under by bailing, without spoiling the sailing of the canoe, and that if she

had not leaked she would perhaps have been placed sixth or seventh, instead of ninth, at the finish, which is but poor comfort.

The excessive number of contestants and the attendant "blanketings" were all in favor of the two English canoes, as they went off with the lead, and rounded



the turning buoy for the beat home first and third respectively. Mr. Stewart sailed the Pearl in American fashion, sitting out to windward to get every advantage that the Americans had from the "deck position."

The winning canoes were all much narrower than their English opponents, and this upsets all our time allowance theories, as, under any time scale that has yet been applied to canoe sailing, the American canoes would have had a heavy allowance to receive from the English.

The wider canoes were beaten on the windward work and in strong winds, but held their own better in the running and in light winds, which is the reverse of what we expected. The fuller lines of Nautilus

and Pearl caused them to "slam" and stop as they fell in the trough of each sea, while the sharper, finer lines of the American canoes, with their rising floors, caused them to be easier in their motions and to hold their way better.

The two types of canoes are the reverse of each other and are the natural outcome of the two opposite modes of sailing, the American type of long, narrow, light displacement boats being best suited for the attainment of speed while the canoeists sit outside; but the English model would win if the deck position were not adopted.

It seems we must be stirred up from our comfortable recumbent position and train ourselves for acrobatic feats in order to sail the "plank on edge," without the lead keel to keep it steady. There is only one consolation in this—it opens up a bright prospect for the younger members, whose superior activity should enable them to beat the "seniors," and in future the "senior" flags may all be won by the juniors; the small light canoes will allow time to the "lead mine;" the second class will consist of canoes weighing not less than 300lbs., and the definition of a canoe will be that of a vessel "to carry one man outside, looking sideways."

The committee of the R. C. C., foreseeing the crop of amendments to be proposed at the coming autumn meeting, have taken a room at Anderton's Hotel and arranged for a steak supper instead of the usual dinner, and the meeting is to follow instead of preceding the refreshments, evidently with a view to an all-night sitting.

It is only right that I should exonerate Mr. Turk, the builder of Pearl, from any blame for turning out a leaky boat. The very thin oak plank—too thin for the work—was put in on my responsibility, contrary to his advice. In aiming at getting a very light boat I have overstepped the mark and sacrificed efficiency, and the thin plank will have to be replaced by stronger material.

E. B. TREDWEN.

[The latter part of Mr. Tredwen's letter, jestingly written, yet has a touch of feeling in it. "We must be stirred up from our comfortable recumbent positions," etc. Is that position comfortable in a canoe when racing? Does the man at the stick aboard a yacht lie down with his feet toward the bow when sailing a race? What is the position taken by the helmsman in any small boat? Does he not sit, or stand, so he can see in front, behind, to starboard and port, and take in his entire sail area with a glance

of the eye, without breaking his neck, turning over or completely changing his position? Then why not do the same in a canoe? "Ah! but my canoe was designed to carry the weight low down, and that has been the line I have pursued for years." "Well, my canoe was not so designed, and I didn't know, when I began to sail a canoe, that the fathers had written it down that the only way to sail a canoe was to have the skipper flat on his back; therefore I sailed according to my lights, acquired from sailing other boats, and sat on deck, looking sideways and every other way." "Yes; but if you lie down in your canoe my canoe can beat yours." "Very likely; but sitting up I can beat you whether you lie down or sit up on deck." "To do it you have to perform acrobatic feats." "They might so be called; but even they are to be preferred to a continual series of contortion acts exercising the neck unduly." Is not the nimble acrobat, with his light canoe, light board, little or no ballast and quick movements just as reasonable a canoeist as the more deliberate man of great muscle, heavy board, heavy ballast and slower movement—except in coming about? He is quick enough at that any way. Seriously, Mr. Tredwen's letter is fair, frank and well put—amusing withal. He probably will not be able to fully see the whys and wherefores of our methods and models till he comes among us in 1887. Before that time he may get so used to "sitting outside and looking sideways" that the discomfort he now implies will have departed from his imagination.—ED.]

THE SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

IF some one should publish an account of an expedition he had made to the headwaters of the Hudson River, and state in his report that the true source of the Hudson had never been known before he went there, and that the small swamp, pool or spring at its very head had never before been visited by white men, every one would laugh at the idea. Yet an equally absurd claim of discovery has been made and widely published about the true source of the Mississippi. A person calling himself Captain Glazier claims that he was the leader of a party that cruised to Lake Itasca in canoes (July, 1881), and that they discovered beyond (to the south of) Lake Itasca another small lake which is really the true source of the Mississippi River. More than this, he claims that his party

were the first white men who ever saw the lake, and therefore he is entitled to have it named after him. According to Glazier's own account his party of three white men and their Indian guides reached Lake Itasca late one afternoon and camped over night on Schoolcraft Island. At 8 the next morning they began the work of exploration, returned to the island at 3 in the afternoon and left the lake on their return trip the same day. As the result of their seven hours' work he is enabled to describe six streams that flow into Lake Itasca, also to give minute details about the outlet to the new lake which connects it with Lake Itasca (marked on the maps Elk Lake, a small pond not over a mile long), and the lake itself, together with the streams running into it, and all the ponds in the immediate neighborhood. This widely-published claim of discovery of Glazier has brought some facts to light which may interest canoeists.

Lippincott's Monthly for August, 1880, contains an account of a canoe trip to Lake Itasca, taken in 1879. The writer, A. H. Siegfried, with two friends—Lucien Wulsin, of Cincinnati, being one of them—after finally reaching Itasca spent several days there cruising about, exploring the streams running into the lake; and they made a trip to Elk Lake. Glazier's description of the stream flowing from "Lake Glazier" into Itasca is so exactly like that of Siegfried's about the outlet to Elk Lake that there can be no doubt in the mind of the reader that the same stream is described by both. Then this man Glazier, visiting Elk Lake two years after Siegfried and party, and one year after the full account of the trip appeared in the *Lippincott*, boldly claimed to have discovered a new lake of infinite importance to geographers and mapmakers and the general public, and sticks to his claim even up to the present time. Siegfried made no claim of discovery, knowing well that the whole country about Itasca had been carefully surveyed years before by the Government surveyors. He simply described an interesting canoe cruise. The following is from *Science*, May 15, 1885:

"Among the wonderful achievements of modern explorers should be placed on record the history of the successful expedition of Captain Glazier in search of the ultimate source of the Mississippi River. This daring explorer, at the head of a large and well-equipped party, penetrated the untrodden wilderness of Central Minne-

sota, and reached Lake Itasca, which has so long been regarded as the source of the great river. Not content with this achievement he plunged boldly into the forest and succeeded, after great exertions, in forcing his way three miles further southward, where he came to a second lake, also drained by the Mississippi, and forming, as he states, its uttermost head. To this lake he gives his own name, that the fame of his achievement may be perpetuated. It is perhaps unfortunate that, as this whole region was sectionized by the General Land-Office several years previously, lines having been run at every mile, a prior claim to this discovery may arise. In any case, however, the names of Captain Glazier and John Phoenix as explorers will go down to posterity side by side."

Russell Hinman publishes a letter in *Science* August 21, 1886, giving a number of interesting facts about Itasca and Elk Lakes, with maps, and his liberal quotations from Schoolcraft, Nicollet and Glazier proves the latter beyond doubt to be a fraud and appropriator of other people's property. Hinman completely knocks over everything Glazier had to stand on. Yet in spite of this one Pearce Giles (if there is such a person) in *Science*, September 24, 1885, attempts to bolster up Glazier's claim. In reply to this last letter Henry D. Harrower furnishes *Science*, October 8, with an exact copy of a map on a large scale which was made from actual surveys instituted by the Government in 1875. This map shows Elk Lake and the surrounding region, and with the facts given by Mr. Harrower (which can easily be verified by applying at the Land-Office in Washington) completely knocks Pearce Giles and Glazier (if they are not one and the same person) into a cocked hat. This same Pearce Giles has been heard from before. He claims to be in Boston. The following letter explains itself:

NEW YORK, July 21, 1884.

Pearce Giles, 136 Biddle st., Milwaukee, Wis..

DEAR SIR—Your favor of the 16th inst. received with inclosure, a copy of letter from Paul H. Beauline to you, in regard to the lake region around Lake Itasca. I judge that Capt. Glazier has not, in speaking of his trip through that region, always stated that the lake itself, to which he desires to attach his name, as well as the whole region surrounding it, was thoroughly surveyed several years before his visit by the U. S. Deputy Surveyor of the U. S. General Land-Office, and that its

geography was well known in the quarters where information of that kind should be sought by those desiring to know fully all that is attainable.

I shall not attempt to give speculations as to a possible reason for Capt. Glazier's energy and perseverance in his attempt to fix his name to the head of the Mississippi. You probably know more of his occupation than I do, and also of the pecuniary value to him of having such a card to play as would be that of having discovered the true head of the great river. If, indeed, he had by any good fortune or good judgment actually made such discovery no one scarcely would deny him the honor of attaching his name to it. But if another should to-day visit the same spot without knowing that he, Captain G., had preceded him, would that ignorance of fact be an element in determining its nomenclature?

When Glazier came to me in the fall of '82 with his very rough map, to talk of his claim and to give us the geographical data for adding his streams and lake to our maps, I saw at once that he was claiming what did not belong to him, *and so told him*. Then I referred to my copy of U. S. land surveys (of which I copy *every one* that enters the General Land-Office in Washington, on a scale of one mile to one inch, with my own hand) and showed him, under date of March 20, 1876, my copy of sectionized plats, covering not only the region referred to, Nos. 142 and 143, N. R., 36 W., 5th Pm. Mer., but all the rest of the area covered by his route to and from the lake. He expressed surprise at the facts shown him and said he regretted exceedingly that he had not known them before he went, for such maps would have helped him greatly in determining many questions of geography, etc. He concluded to have his maps engraved, and requested me to add some things and correct others, such as the form and proportion of lakes, etc., and to make more general resemblance to facts, only he insisted on having what he called Lake Glazier much larger than the *meandered* exhibits on the L. O. plats. The result of my attempts to improve his draft was to make the resemblance to facts greater, and at the same time, as now appears, to give greater strength to his claim of exploration as to accurate knowledge on the part of his guide. All that can be claimed for any such man's knowledge is of a very general character when compared with instrumentation by a competent surveyor, and his knowledge after such work

is only known to himself after much labor in plotting courses and distances and calculations of areas, etc. But to return to the point where we started. The whole region about Lake Itasca was surveyed in or previous to 1875; my copy was made in March, 1876, and the plats had then been some time in the office. On that plat, of which I inclose a general reduction of Elk Lake, is meandered and is shown to be much smaller than Glazier's printed map represents it, although on that it is smaller than on his original. It is evident that G. was not the discoverer, and I see no reason why his name should be given to it. If Elk Lake is not the correct name let the proper authorities give it one—its Indian name or another, Lake Abraham Lincoln, for instance. Such a name I would be glad to recognize and give full publicity to. The name of the surveyor who meandered its entire shore line would be more just than that of G., who years afterward camped on its shores and canoed its length.

I have had several such letters as yours to answer within the past few weeks, all, I infer, instigated by Capt. Glazier, and I have also read several newspapers with articles apparently written by his hand. He is pushing his speculation for all it is worth, and probably he finds it to pay as a business venture. In the end he may succeed in getting recognition in quarters where the facts are not known; but whenever I am appealed to for the facts I shall give them. If he is enabled to fasten his name to the little pond in question it will matter little to him or to me in a short time. All I care about it now is that I dislike to be made a tool of to gratify any one's schemes or vanity, and I will not be if I can help it. It may be best to name the lakes, as Itasca is likely to adhere, thus: L. Amushkos or Itasca, and the one now called Elk on U. S. Survey, Abraham Lincoln, or such other as may be recognized by the proper authorities. I think if this pressure continues I shall move actively to have the question settled, but, as I said before, it will not be to advocate Glazier's name.

Truly yours, G. WOOLWORTH COLTON.

The above is the letter-book copy of the letter Mr. Colton sent to Pearce Giles in *Milwaukee* in July, 1884. Yet, two years later, P. G. writes to *Science* as though he had never known the facts contained in the above letter. Of course Mr. Colton never heard from him again. That was not the sort of indigestible food his mind was after.

Mr. Channing Paine is said to have been one of the Glazier party. This is what he has to say for himself (in a letter addressed to the editor of *Outing*):

Some one has taken advantage of your "Open Window" in the August number to cast an unwarranted slur upon a worthy man. "The person calling himself Captain Frazer" is clearly meant for Captain Willard Glazier, and the very uncomplimentary manner in which the writer refers to him is proof of a strong animus directed against the so-called "Captain Frazer," or Glazier. Having myself formed one of the Glazier expedition to Lake Itasca, in July, 1881, and being a long-standing friend of the leader of the expedition, I am naturally interested in the verification of his claim to have discovered the "true source" of the Mississippi; and my friendship for him induces me to take up the cudgels in his behalf. In the first place, I will say that Captain Glazier is *not* a "fraud," but a gentleman possessed of substantial means and the author of * * * [we don't advertise gratuitously, Mr. Paine.—ED.] He served throughout the war of the Rebellion as a cavalry officer with great credit, which is testified to by many of the generals and field officers under whom he fought for the Union. So much for his antecedents, which I should not have referred to but to set you right on the subject of his credentials to be considered a gentleman.

In 1881 my friend determined upon a canoe voyage down the Mississippi, from its source to its mouth. He organized a small party, bearing all the expenses himself, for canoes, commissariat, etc., and in July of that year we set out from St. Paul for Leech Lake, Minnesota, and thence to Lake Itasca, which was finally reached, after much difficulty, over a route perhaps never before traveled by white men. I may here observe, *en passant*, that Glazier's object in making the voyage down the Mississippi was purely of an intellectual character. He wished to study the people and industries along its shores, and the peculiar phases of river life, from a standpoint where he could see their internal workings—where he could see them as they were. To gain an adequate idea of this great river and the magnificent and fertile valley through which it flows the observer must have leisure and opportunity, both of which were to be gained by the canoe voyage. He is not a professional canoeist, this having been his first canoe voyage, which, however, proved to be the

longest canoe voyage ever made upon this continent. [Not quite.—ED.]

To return. We reached Lake Itasca under the guidance of three Indians, the chief of whom was an intelligent Chippewa, well advanced in years, named Chenowagesic, who had made the region round Lake Itasca his "hunting ground" for many years. This Indian assured me that the true source of May-see-be was not Itasca (the Indian name of which is Omushkos, or Elk Lake), but a lake about five miles to the south of it, named by the Chippewas Pokegama; and the other Indians, including our interpreter, confirmed him. Chenowagesic further said that no white man had ever seen the lake in question; that it flowed into Itasca by a creek, the inlet of which was entirely hidden from view by dense foliage, and that the lake itself was inaccessible from the land surrounding it on account of the extremely swampy character of the soil. Animated by a strong desire to see this lake, Captain Glazier made arrangements with the Indians to lead us to it through the inlet and creek above referred to. The inlet was easily found by the Indians, and we passed up it in our canoes and finally reached a beautiful sheet of water, which we crossed and recrossed, surveyed and sounded, and came to the conclusion that *this* was indeed as stated by our guides, *the final reservoir of the great river*. We found, from measurement, that it was nearly two and a half miles long by about two miles wide, and that its depth was considerably greater than any part of Itasca. We proposed a name for it and were unanimous in calling it after the name of our leader, who had borne all the expense of the expedition and by his indomitable pluck had encouraged and led us to this result.

I will add no more, except to say that we made the voyage down the entire length of the Mississippi, a distance of between three and four thousand miles; that every paper published on the banks of the river recognized the discovery of its true source by the Glazier party, and that on returning to New Orleans after having paddled into the Gulf as far as Port Eads, Captain Glazier was officially recognized by the Academy of Sciences of that city as the discoverer, and presented with a copy of the resolutions of the meeting called especially to honor him. On our return to St. Louis the same compliment was paid him by the Missouri Historical Society.

His latest work * * * [Again we

must decline to insert free the most palpalable bit of advertising it has been our luck to meet with.]

Very truly and respectfully yours,

CHANNING PAINE.

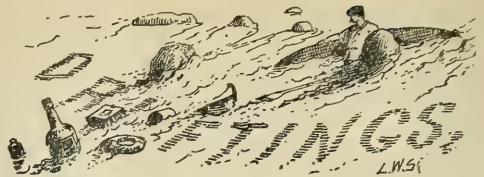
PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 13, 1886.

We wrote to Mr. Channing Paine at Providence, R. I., and our letter was returned to us. C. P. could not be found. The individuality and identity of Pearce Giles, Channing Paine and Willard Glazier are strangely vague and mixed. Certain forms and expressions are so apparently common to all of them that it would almost seem as though P. G., C. P. and W. G. were really combined under one small hat.

As late as Oct. 18th Pearce Giles broke loose again in one of the Boston Sunday papers. He writes the same old story and as usual claims to *know* what he is writing about. As usual he entirely dodges the questions and facts fired at him in *Science* and other publications. His methods are aggressive, not defensive. He does not attempt to answer the letters that have been published exposing the utter falseness of the Glazier claim, but keeps on harping on the *discovery*. As soon as he and his precious set are exposed thoroughly in one quarter he shifts his base to another and goes over the same ground again. How long is the press of the country to be imposed upon? It is now simply advertising *gratis* a charlatan and his goods which are for sale. We request the careful reading of the above facts to your exchanges.

"We always sit or lie in our canoes and do not get outside; and in the narrow waters of the Thames, between banks on which trees and houses often intercept the wind, causing sudden variations in strength and direction of the wind, your (the America) mode of sailing would be decidedly dangerous."—*E. B. Tredwen in December CANOEIST.*

"The fourth race was sailed on Wednesday following. There was a good breeze from the south—a fitful breeze, one minute too much for whole sail, and yet not enough or steady enough for reefs; just the breeze to exemplify the advantages of sitting out on the weather gunwale, and so balancing the craft upright against all minor difficulties of such nature as puffs of wind."—*Baden-Powell in Field of Oct. 23, 1886.*



PERSONAL, IMPERSONAL AND MATERIAL.

At the annual meeting of the Ianthé C. C. of Newark, N. J., held on the 9th ult., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Com., R. Hobart; Vice-Com., F. L. Hatch; Sec., H. S. Farmer; Treas., F. Bowles.

PATENT EXTENDABLE CANOE.

I wrote that I had seen my canoe but twice this year. The second time I nearly solved the question, "When is a canoe full?" My canoe, the "Nina Acadia," is 14ft. x 30in., built by Wiser of Bridesburg, Pa. The sudden and alarming illness of my son obliged me to pack and hasten down the Delaware, from White's Island (our camp) to Trenton, with the following cargo, viz.: Myself, weight, 163lbs.; my wife, 133; my son, 132; 2 tents and poles, 3 cot-beds (folding), 1 large valise, 1 small valise, 1 canvas bag (clothing), 1 cobs, 2 baskets, 2 rubber bags (blankets), 2 camp stools, together with cooking utensils, cutlery, rubber blankets and suits, lantern, hammock, and the other odds and ends of camp requirements. Fraternally, THE COOK OF THE CRESCENT C. C.

THE CALLA SHASTA FALL MEET.

ABOUT 30 canoeists with 18 canoes assembled at Calla Shasta to hold the fall race meeting of the New England Division of the A. C. A., and race meeting it was in name only, there being hardly a breath of wind during the entire meet. Notwithstanding the lack of wind every one declared that they had a grand good time, talking models, comparing Stranger (Com. Jones's new Joyner canoe) with Mr. Barney's Pecowsic, etc., and the evenings passed away at the most enjoyable camp-fires imaginable. In fact those camp-fires were something not soon to be forgotten, with a gorgeous full moon and Patterson full of songs and banjo music, two kegs of sweet cider, presented by one of the members, and a camp-fire full of good wood, and in fact everything full but the canoeists. Very few tents were pitched, the canoeists preferring to camp out on the floor of Mr. Lester's parlor and eat Mr. Lester's repasts

at the table spread on the barn floor in order to accommodate the whole party.

As the party were sitting around the camp-fire Friday night, a team drove up and a voice came through the darkness, "A. C. A. Ahoy!" and Whitlock, of the Brooklyn C. C., appeared and received a hearty welcome. Mr. Joyner, the builder, was also present. As Vice-Com. Paul Butler was unable to be present, Rear-Com. Barney presided during the meet.

Saturday morning there was just enough wind to warrant starting the no limit race, which was sailed with the following result: Venture, L. Q. Jones, H. C. C., first; Pecowsic, E. H. Barney, S. C. C., second. The wind then fell so light that none of the other events were sailed, it being considered hardly a fair test of sailing; but a scrub race was indulged in between Mr. Barney in Pecowsic, Com. Jones in the new Stranger and Mr. Whitlock in the Venture, the canoes finishing in the order named.

The sailing races of the Springfield Club's regatta, which were named for the same day, also had to be postponed, the only event of interest on the programme which took place being the paddling race, 1 mile, for the club medal, which was won by Mr. John Bowles.

Saturday evening a meeting of the N. E. Division of the A. C. A. was held, Rear-Com. Barney in the chair. At this meeting a decided opinion was expressed in favor of a salt-water meet next year for the A. C. A., and it was voted unanimously that delegates to the Executive Committee meeting to be held in New York this fall vote for such a meet.

The meeting also instructed delegates to suggest a change in the constitution to the effect that each 30 men on the roll of each Division of the A. C. A. who are canoe owners, be entitled to one vote at the annual Executive Committee meeting instead of, as it now stands, having each 30 men at camp entitled to one vote.

It was also voted that the Executive Committee appoint time and place for the spring meet, but it was the general feeling that they should try and arrange the time so as not to conflict with that of a meet of any other branch of the A. C. A., thereby rendering it impossible for members to attend both.

Voted that officers of the N. E. Division have power to receive votes on important subjects by mail.

Rear-Com. Barney then appointed Mr. Nickerson, of Springfield; Com. Jones,

Hartford, and Mr. Murphy, of Salem, to act as regatta committee, Mr. Nickerson as chairman, and the meeting adjourned.

The officers of this Division are: Paul Butler, Lowell, Vice-Com.; Mr. E. H. Barney, Springfield, Rear-Com.; W. B. Davidson, Hartford, Purser, and Dr. Geo. L. Parmele, member of Executive Committee.—*Forest and Stream*.

The Model Yachtsman and Canoeist is a little 16-page paper, published monthly at 161 High street, Hull, England. T. A. Bruce is the yachting editor, and T. H. Holding has just taken charge of the canoe department. Mr. Holding is known to readers of CANOEIST under the *nom de plume* "Severn." He contributed two articles last spring, one on Tredwen and the other treated of W. Baden-Powell. The paper has one feature that will at once recommend it to canoeists. It publishes supplements clearly drawn and easily understood of canoe models, sail plans, rigging, etc. The sails illustrated in the October number as being rigged on the "Wear" type of canoe are very similar to those of the Sea Bee, published in June CANOEIST, 1885. Mr. Holding has lately written a book (published by E. Marlborough & Co., of London) entitled, "Watery Wanderings Mid Western Locks," a practical canoe cruise. A review of the book will appear later in CANOEIST.

Forest and Stream issue of Oct. 28 contained a letter by Baden-Powell (to the London *Field*) about the A. C. A. races, and thus gave an English opinion of American canoes and racing over here. A letter from R. W. Gibson in the same number on the result of this year's racing is very interesting. This letter is followed by a very carefully prepared article, illustrated with cuts that have lately appeared in the CANOEIST, on sails and rigging, written by the canoe and yacht editor of the paper. The number is one that will deeply interest every canoeist who ever uses a sail in his canoe. The issue of Oct. 14 contained the full and complete tabulated record of all the races at the A. C. A. 1886 meet, forming the most compact and valuable record for reference yet published of any canoe event.

Outing for October contains a short article giving an account of a cruise made on Peconic Bay (eastern end of Long Island), in canoes Tramp and Outing, and

is of interest as giving some points about a region where it is proposed to hold a general canoe meet some time in the near future. The November issue has an article on the troubles of getting to the St. Lawrence to attend the canoe meet last August, written probably by the captain of canoe Outing. The same issue has an illustrated report of the New York international race. The drawings were made by F. S. Cozzens (there are six of them in all), and they are in the same free-hand style as those of American yachts which have from time to time appeared in *Outing*. The notes in the "Editor's Open Window" on Pearl and Nautilus and such canoes seem almost narrow in spirit and contrary to established custom among canoeists. The greatest freedom should be allowed under the existing rules, which have proved themselves to have been wisely framed. Extremes die a natural death, and no choking process is needed.

"The Traveler's Series; Sketches of People and Places," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, includes among many other interesting books "Canoeing in Kanuckia." Two late additions to the list have been received. "Whims and Oddities," by Thomas Hood, with 113 illustrations by the author, is a book that could be taken on a canoe cruise and enjoyed over the camp-fire or during an after dinner noon-day pipe. Open it anywhere and laugh you must, the conceits and ideas are so amusing. "Pictures and Legends from Normandy and Brittany," by Thomas and Katharine Macquoid, is written in a much more serious style, and relates the experiences of their journey and the stories picked up from the people met on the road.

The November *Lippincott* presents something novel to its readers in the way of magazine enterprise—a long story, or short novel, complete, by John Habberton, "Brueton Bayou" by name. The pictures given of certain phases of Southern life are charming, and the story, however it may be picked and pulled to pieces by the critics, has one point to recommend it to the reader—it is exceedingly interesting all through. Habberton was once a canoeist and the CANOEIST likes to keep an eye on him therefor.

Commodore Kirk Munroe wrote four papers on canoeing for boys, lessons they

might be called, which were published in the *Harper's Young People* last August. A serial story about the early settlement of Florida, "The Flamingo Feather," is now running in that paper, illustrated by Thurstrop. The canoe plays a prominent part in the story—the dug-out variety—and is pictured in a number of the cuts. As drawn the canoes look more like the modern square-ended punt than the beautifully shaped boats we are wont to picture to ourselves as being the work of the Indian.

While at the meet we were shown an excellent map of that part of the St. Lawrence lying near Grindstone. Franklin S. Cooley, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., has sent us the complete set. They are reprinted from Government survey charts by permission of the War Department. There are seven in all, taking in nearly the whole length of the river, and are on a sufficiently large scale to show most of the minor details and give depths frequently. The idea and workmanship deserve all praise and we trust that the canoeists at least will recognize substantially their appreciation of the work. The maps are on thin paper and go in an envelope of small size, easily portable.

With the November number of the *Century Magazine* begins a series of historical articles on Abraham Lincoln. The portrait printed as a frontispiece to the number is alone worth the price of that issue, and is certainly the finest sketch of that strong face yet placed before the American public. The text is profusely and carefully illustrated all through, and is of great interest to all.

Wide Awake comes to us every month with something of interest in it for every lover of aquatic sports. Now a canoe story of an adventure with a bear in Maine; again a serial about a yachting trip along the coast and even touching the West Indies. The young people who receive it regularly get a treat every month.

The London *Field*, in its canoe department, has been interesting reading of late. Besides articles on the A. C. A. meet and international races there have been accounts given of cruises in England, which should interest Americans, as showing the difference between cruising here and there.

? I WANT TO KNOW. ?

Only questions of general interest sent in are answered in this column. All questions concisely stated and that can be answered briefly will receive consideration, and be answered by letter *if the sender encloses stamp for reply*, and not otherwise.

Can you give me the name of some maker of a practical inflatable camp mattress? I have always used one of cork shavings but find it too bulky.—E. H. M.

[Henry C. Squires, 178 Broadway, New York City, can fill your order.—Ed.]

Mr. I. Want Toknow can you, or any of your readers, tell me just what canoe to build, who to order it from, what sails to use on it, rig, size, weight and position, to be sure of winning the A. C. A. Trophy in 1887, it being understood, of course, that the canoe will be as well sailed as it is possible to handle any canoe? A liberal reward offered for a guaranteed answer.—EDITOR.

Can you tell me where I can get linen rope and blocks, same as used by the Englishmen at the A. C. A. meet?—D. B. J.

[They are made in London, nowhere else as yet, though some experiments are being tried here. If you write to Mr. Baden-Powell or Mr. Winsor, Secretary of the Royal C. C., Kingston-on-Thames, for the price-list of the firm making the gear, they will no doubt take pleasure in sending it to you.—Ed.]

Will you kindly inform me where charts of rivers, lakes, &c., (Government) can be purchased? I have noticed from time to time in CANOEIST the catalogues of builders, &c., that such charts are published by Government and can be procured at a moderate price, but I do not know whom to address, and if you can kindly inform me I will be greatly obliged.—F. R. W.

[Government charts are published of the coasts, the great lakes, and two or three of the large rivers. These were made under the direction of the Coast Survey. Good maps can be had of other regions where canoeing is practicable. G. W. & C. B. Colton, 182 William street, New York city, can supply them and are always willing to give information. A recent issue of theirs, Map of Northern New Jersey, taking in the region about New York city as well, is made to a scale large enough to be of great service to canoeists, and we can heartily recommend it.—Ed.]



ROYAL CANOE CLUB.

A match was sailed in Teddington Reach on Saturday, Oct. 9, with a down-stream wind, open to all classes of canoes, for a prize, value £3 3s., presented by Mr. E. B. Tredwen. The entries were: Sunbeam, Mr. B. Rhoades; Foamfleck, Mr. A. B. Ingram; Sabrina, Mr. Rede Turner, and Pearl, Mr. E. B. Tredwen. Mr. George Herbert officiated as officer of the day. The canoes sailed under time allowance, as per sealed handicap, Pearl scratch, the others receiving a percentage of the time occupied by the first canoe in completing the course. Sunbeam received 60 per cent., Foamfleck 50 per cent., Sabrina 45 per cent. The start was at 4:5 P. M., when Pearl crossed with a good lead, followed by the others close together. Three rounds were sailed. In the second round Foamfleck, in bearing away to avoid collision with a skiff, was thrown on her beam ends and shipped a lot of water, and Sabrina, sailed without ballast, capsized. Pearl was sailed without ballast, crew on deck, the crew of Foamfleck alone adhering to the recumbent position. The rounds were completed:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.	Elapsed.
Pearl.....	4 23 20	4 41 00	4 55 00	50
Sabrina.....	4 35 00	4 30 00	capsized.	
Sunbeam.....	4 36 00	4 56 30	5 17 00	72
Foamfleck.....	4 37 00	5 00 45	5 20 00	75

Sunshine won by eight minutes, Foamfleck and Pearl dead heat for second place.

On Wednesday, the 13th, another sealed handicap for a similar prize was sailed with an unsteady N.W. wind, the contestants being Akaroa, Mr. A. B. Ingram; Sabrina, Mr. R. Turner; Foamfleck, Mr. W. H. Roberts; Spindrift, Mr. H. Roberts. The start was effected at 4:05, and Foamfleck led to the lower buoy, followed by Spindrift, Sabrina and Akaroa, the last named making a bad start. Spindrift was very unfortunate in getting becalmed, and Sabrina lost a great deal in the last run by setting a spinnaker with a wind nearly abeam. Akaroa, very well sailed throughout, came in an easy winner. Times:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.	Times.
Akaroa.....	4 23 00	4 41 30	4 59 40	5 19 00
Sabrina.....	4 20 00	4 39 00	4 50 00	5 23 30
Spindrift.....	4 24 00	4 49 00	5 12 00	Not timed
Foamfleck.....	4 21 00	4 42 30	5 05 00	Not timed

—The London Field.

ROCHESTER.

Fall Regatta, Thursday, Oct. 9, Irondequoit Bay; triangular $1\frac{1}{2}$ -mile course, good breeze; course sailed over twice. The fifth race for the Moody cup was started at 1 o'clock. A pair of marine glasses was the second prize, donated by W. H. Sours, proprietor of the Newport House. The Leimgruber cup was the third prize. The time of each canoe was recorded from the starting signal given at 1:10 P. M.:

Canoe	Owner.	1st Round	Finish	Points
Surprise.....	Mellen.....	54 00	84 00	9
Sofronia.....	Andrews.....	54 15	84 15	8
Vixen.....	Wolters.....	56 08	90 00	7
Marie.....	Stewart.....	55 00	90 15	6
Bounce.....	Gray.....	57 00	91 00	5
Hero.....	Ruggles.....	56 00	93 00	4
Wanderer.....	Ward.....	63 00	96 00	3
Louise.....	Moody.....	68 00	—	—
Eleanor.....	Angle.....	70 00	—	—

Andrews in Sofronia won the Moody cup, Stewart in Marie took second prize, and Gray in Bounce got third prize, as the result of the total number of points scored in all five races, as per following table:

1.....	Sofronia.....	Andrews.....	30
2.....	Marie.....	Stewart.....	23
3.....	Bounce.....	Gray.....	18
4.....	Vixen.....	Wolters.....	13
5.....	Surprise.....	Mellen.....	9
6.....	Wanderer.....	Ward.....	8
7.....	Hero.....	Ruggles.....	4
8.....	Louise.....	Moody.....	3
9.....	Eleanor.....	Angle.....	3

A second race was sailed over the same course for an A. C. A. pin as a first prize, and a pair of sporting boots as second prize. The start was made at 3 P. M.

Canoe.	Owner	1st Turn.	Finish.
Marie.....	Stewart.....	36 15	73 30
Sofronia.....	Andrews.....	36 00	81 30
Vixen.....	Wolters.....	39 00	81 32
Hero.....	Ruggles.....	39 15	81 34
Surprise.....	Mellen.....	39 10	92 00
Bounce.....	Gray.....	38 00	92 10
Louise.....	Moody.....	Time not taken	—
Wanderer.....	Ward.....	Time not taken	—
Eleanor.....	Angle.....	Time not taken	—

Captain Ruggles in the Hero won the consolation sailing race and a silk pennant, all winners of previous races were ruled out. The wind was very light, falling to a flat calm part of the time. All the other canoes paddled in. A big clambake followed the races, to which ladies were invited. The Hero is a new Ruggles canoe, built much lighter than his other boats, and she was sailed for the first time. The Ruggles canoe is certainly a very beautiful craft, carefully put together, very strong, easily repaired when damaged, smooth skin, and water-tight compartments that are water-tight.

The first annual regatta of the Sagamore C. C., of Lynn, was held in Lynn harbor on Saturday, Oct. 9. There were three sailing races and one paddling race. Prizes

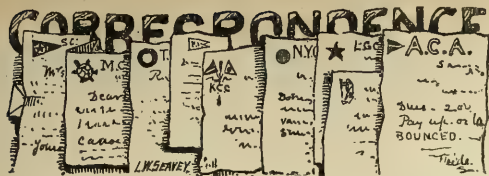
in first class: Club pennant to first, THE AMERICAN CANOEIST for one year to second, and a handsome American silk flag to third. Prizes in second class same as for first. The prize for the paddling race was an oil painting. The prize in the special race was a club championship pennant presented by Capt. Bellatty. This pennant is to remain the property of the club, and can never be held permanently by any one winner. The winners in the first class sailing race were: First, Ibez, Frank Passmore; second, Juniata, Charles Carleton; third, Yawatta, John Center. The winners in the second class were: First, Nellie F., John Raymond; second, Hiawatha, Geo. Center. The winners in the paddling race were: First, John Center; second, Geo. Center; third, John Raymond. In the special race John Center's Yawatta came in first. At the conclusion of the races the members of the club adjourned to the Revere House, where the time for an hour or two was occupied in social intercourse and in the discussion of a *menu*. Following the banquet Capt. Bellatty presented the prizes to the several winners, and he in turn was presented with a handsome boquet by F. I. Pettingill in the name of the club. The officers of the club are: Captain, Ernest Bellatty; Mate, J. B. Center; Purser, F. I. Pettingill.

OAKLAND, CAL.

Saturday, Oct. 16, the Oakland C. C. had a race for the championship badge presented by Mr. Mayrisch. Five entries, Mystic, Zephyr, Zoe Mou, Flirt and Coney Island, which were dispatched to a good start by Mr. Platt, who so hospitably entertained the club at Clear Lake. The Mystic at once took the lead, followed by the Zoe Mou, the other three keeping close together right down to the stake. In rounding the Mystic missed stays, thereby losing her lead of about 80 yds., the Zoe Mou turning close up to her and about 50 yds. ahead of Flirt. The wind was southerly, which enabled the canoes to make the return trip in about three long tacks. Flirt drew ahead of Zoe Mou, and at one time looked like having a chance of winning, but the Mystic, though a little behind, was to windward, and went ahead in the last tack. The following is the time:

	Start	Finish	Time.
Mystic.....	2 20 35	3 3 01	42 26
Flirt.....	2 20 35	3 3 50	43 15
Zoe Mou.....	2 20 35	3 5 20	44 45
Coney Island.....	2 20 35	3 5 45	45 10
Zephyr.....	2 20 35	3 5 46	45 11

—Breeder and Sportsman, San Francisco.



EDITOR CANOEIST: My friends in Canada have been under the impression for the last three years that the Boreas won the "Class B race at Stony Lake in a gale of wind." To prove the statement I have proudly shown an A. C. A. prize flag. Alas! in October CANOEIST my friends will see that I cannot be trusted, and that the race in question was won by the redoubtable R. W. Gibson in the Snake. I am well aware that the Snake won several races at that meet. I am also aware that they were Class B races, and it's possible they may have been sailed in a gale of wind; but it strikes me that the Class B race, sailed in the gale of wind, was won by the Boreas, and that the Snake and some five or six others in the race were upset.

Of late years we Canadians have won so few sailing races of the A. C. A. that we may be pardoned for very distinctly remembering them.

BOREAS.

EDITOR CANOEIST: Some time ago I saw some letters in your paper regarding flags, and the idea was the fewer the better. You advocated three, anyhow, viz., A. C. A., club burgee, and, in case of the noble army of commodores, their official flag.

Now, if you don't intend copying the English canoes we might copy some of their customs. There, in yacht and canoe clubs, one flag shows at once the rank of the officer and the club he belongs to; the members use the simple triangular burgee, the flag officers the exact same design, only in the form of a broad pendant—i. e., oblong, with swallow tails.

This would be the Commodore's broad pendant; the Vice would have one, the Rear two balls, in upper corner next pole.

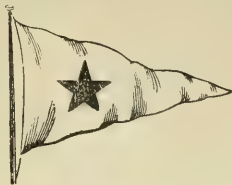
The shape shows the officer, the design the club, and the number of balls the rank, the differencing in heraldry making the diminution in rank.

I think it would be far the simplest all round. Then only two flags would ever be required, except, perhaps, an ensign on the mizzen. Yours truly,

S. G. FAIRTLOUGH.

ROYAL MIL COL., KINGSTON, Can., Oct. 2, 1886.

[The above suggestion is a good one. A uniform method is desirable, and simplicity must be maintained or the carrying of flags is a useless affectation. To inaugurate the plan proposed by Major Fair-



CLUB BURGEE.

though the A. C. A. should begin by adopting it and recommending that clubs do likewise. The present want of system is very bad. The canoeists have shown so much sense in making their rules and man-



COMMODORE'S FLAG.

aging the affairs of grave importance, it is to be expected that they will also perfect the minor matters as they come up. Certainly the carrying of flags should conform to some generally recognized system. Now that the Association is to be composed of divisions, a revision of the flag rules is necessary any way. There could not, therefore, be a better time to carefully study the suggestions here given and make once for all a very simple code that will do for a basis for the different clubs to follow, and thus get the whole matter in good shape before next season opens.]

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING.

DESERONTO, Ont., Oct. 26, 1886.

To the Members of the American Canoe Association:

GENTLEMEN: The Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association will meet on Saturday morning, Nov. 13, at 10 o'clock, at the Gilsey House, New York City. All are invited.

Yours truly,

F. S. RATHBUN, Commodore.



C. BOWYER VAUX, - - EDITOR.

Yearly Subscription, \$1; Single Copies, 10 cts.

Communications and inquiries should be addressed to the Editor, No. 5 Union Square, New York.

Address business correspondence to THE AMERICAN CANOEIST, No. 5 Union Square, New York.

Books, papers, magazines, designs, photographs, canoe fittings, builders' and dealers' catalogues, sent for review or notice should be addressed to the Editor.

Secretaries of clubs sending their names and addresses to the CANOEIST will receive the magazine free each month during their term of office. Secretaries are specially requested to send notices and reports of club meetings, officers elected, regatta notices and reports, lists of club members and copies of club constitutions, etc., to the EDITOR.

Two-line notices of *Canoes Wanted* or *canoes For Sale* will be inserted in one number free for subscribers.

Money sent in unregistered letters is at the sender's risk.

Persons making inquiries by mail *must* inclose postage to insure a reply.

Subscriptions are payable in advance. The paper will at once be discontinued when the subscription expires unless renewed. No bill or receipt will be sent for subscriptions. The month and year in which the subscription expires will be printed on every wrapper sent out, and no mistakes or misunderstandings can occur. The paper is a receipt for the money. The number with which the subscription expires will be inclosed in a colored wrapper.

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Special contracts made for outside pages and selected space.

We have a few sets of the CANOEIST left. We will furnish these as long as they hold out, *bound in two volumes—forty-eight numbers*—for the regular price, \$4.

OUT OF PRINT.—February and March numbers of CANOEIST for 1886. The publishers will pay 10 cts. a piece for all copies sent back of either of the above mentioned issues.



Commodore—F. S. RATHBUN, Deseronto, Ontario, Canada.

Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. CHARLES A. NEIDE, Schuylerville, N. Y.

The Secretary of the American Canoe Association requests persons sending money to him to do so either by *registered letter* or *Post Office Money Order on Saratoga, N. Y.*

If canoeists will send application to the Secretary of the A. C. A., accompanied by the recommendation of an active member of the A. C. A. and inclosing \$3 for initiation fee and dues for the first year, their names will be presented for membership.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—R. W. Gibson, Albany, N. Y.

Rear-Commodore—B. W. Richards, Brockville, Ont., Can.

Purser—E. W. Brown, 4 Bowling Green, New York City
Executive Committee—J. W. Higgins, Oswego, N. Y.; C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.; R. W. Bailey, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Colin Fraser, Toronto, Canada; Wm Whitlock, New York City; S. G. Fairlough, Kingston, Ont., Can

Regatta Committee—C. B. Vaux, 34 Cortlandt street, New York City, chairman; F. F. Andrews, Rochester, N. Y., and W. G. McKendrick, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Paul Butler, Lowell, Mass.

Rear-Commodore—E. H. Barney, Springfield, Mass.

Purser—W. B. Davidson, Hartford, Conn.

Executive Committee—Geo. L. Parmelee.

Regatta Committee F. A. Nickerson, L. Q. Jones, C. Murphy.

CHALLENGE CUPS.

Royal Canoe Club (London, England) *Sailing Challenge Cup*, value 50 guineas, open to gentlemen amateurs. Race for it takes place each year at Hendon about the first of May; winner holds the cup for one year. A presentation prize (the gift of Mr. J. W. Clayton) goes to the first Colonial or Foreign canoeist winning the cup. W. Baden-Powell now holds the cup

New York Canoe Club *International Challenge Cup* (offered October 28, 1885).

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE RACES.

1. The canoes competing must come within the limits defined by the N. Y. C. C. rules.
2. The cup is to be held as a perpetual challenge trophy.
3. The competition is open to not more than three authorized representatives of any canoe club sailing under foreign colors, as many canoes representing the club holding the cup as the challenging club.
4. Two victories to be necessary to either win or hold the cup, the same canoes competing in each.
5. The races to be sailed on the waters of the club holding the cup.
6. Races sailed in the United States to be contested on waters in the vicinity of New York city under the auspices of the N. Y. C. C.
7. The distance sailed over in each race must not be less than eight nor more than ten miles, and within a time limit of three hours. The course to be mutually agreed upon.
8. The races must be sailed at a time mutually agreeable to the challengers and the holders of the cup; but one series of races to be sailed in any one year.
9. The N. Y. C. C. rules to govern the races.
10. The club holding the cup to be responsible to the N. Y. C. C. for its safe keeping. Should it dissolve its organization, the cup will then revert to the N. Y. C. C.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING AMERICAN CONTESTANTS.

11. The representatives of the holders of the cup must be selected after a series of trial races open to all members of canoe clubs in the United States. The regatta committee of the club holding the cup shall have the right to select the competitors for the international races irrespective of the result of the trial races.
12. Should the cup be won by the American contestants in the international race: First, an active member of the club holding the cup must score one victory to entitle that club to retain it. Second, if a member (or members) of any other club wins two races, his club will hold the cup. Third, should the two races be won by members of two clubs, neither being the holder of the cup, the tie will be sailed off subsequently to determine which club shall take the cup.

C. J. STEVENS, Sec. N. Y. C. C.

C. B. Vaux now holds the cup.

American Canoe Association *Sailing Trophy*, Classes A and B, no limit to rig or ballast, time limit 3 hours, distance 7 1/2 miles. The race is sailed each year after the regular races at the annual meet, usually held in August. The prize will be held by the winner for one year, and then must be returned to the regatta committee for competition at the annual meet of the Association. Accredited representatives of foreign clubs not exceeding five in number shall be eligible. In case of more than five foreign entries, the first five received shall be eligible to start. The total number of starters shall not exceed fifteen, and the ten or more vacancies (after deducting the foreign entries) shall be filled from those entering, by a special "record" prepared from the result of the A and B races at the meet, in case the entries exceed the vacancies.

The above are all the races for perpetual challenge prizes thus far announced. But one race (or series of races) occurs in a year. The A. C. A. trophy must be raced for at the meet. The Royal C. C. cup must be sailed for at Hendon. The New York C. C. cup is sailed for over the course of the club whose member holds the cup

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST.

VOL. V.

DECEMBER, 1886.

NO. 12.

THE American Canoe Association is American; not United States, or New Jersey, or Ohio, or California, but *American*. Some geographer has stated that Sitka is half-way between Eastport, Me., and the extreme western point of the United States. Yet Sitka is west of San Francisco. It seems to be the idea of not a few A. C. A. members that the officers are woefully lacking in brains because they do not select sites for the meets that will be convenient for all, centrally located in other words—if one can judge from many letters received by CANOEIST and several others published in *Forest and Stream*. One man in New Jersey—within twenty-four hours of Bow-Arrow Point—is specially grieved because the meet was not brought to his front door. “Why pay two dollars a year when I can’t attend the meet?” That is the gist of it all.

Gentlemen canoeists, did it ever occur to you to read Article II. of the A.C.A. constitution. Here it is for your special benefit:

ARTICLE II.

Its object [the A.C.A.] shall be to unite all amateur canoeists for purposes of pleasure, health or exploration; by means of meetings for business, camping, paddling, sailing and racing; and by keeping logs of voyages, records of waterways and routes, details, drawings and dimensions of boats, and collections of maps, charts and books.

Is a meet the sum total of all you expect from the A.C.A.? If the A.C.A. has become simply an organization for arranging and holding a general meet once a year, and nothing more, it has departed very far from what its founders planned. Nearly every improvement in canoe building, rigging, sails, outfit and camping and cruising conveniences is directly or indirectly a result of the A.C.A.’s existence—and the canoe public in general know of these things through the instrumentality of the A.C.A.

If a canoeist never attended a meet, read the Year Book, and Book of Cruises and References, nor wrote to the secretary for advice or information, he would yet owe a debt to the A.C.A., and have derived benefits from it much more valuable to him than

his paltry two dollars a year would pay for in many a long day.

The Association has been a wonderful success up to date, and has accomplished more in the time than any other similar organization in other sports, probably. It is extending its usefulness every year through the efforts of a number of men who derive little personal benefit compared with the great amount of work they do for the cause. More meets are wanted? The Association arranged its constitution a year ago to recognize this want. It is only necessary now to form and organize thoroughly the divisions in order to have meets near enough to the homes of the great majority. But were there twenty divisions and twenty meets it would not be possible to so place them that no A.C.A. man need travel more than twenty-four hours to get to one of them. Just take in the above, and ponder well, ye unsatisfied; and then set to work yourself to mend matters.

Perhaps the officers, as well as the kickers, have at times lost sight of the various provisions of Article II. The maps, records, lines and general information, are in the hands of the secretary. The secretary is also treasurer. He has a very great amount of work to do in connection with these two offices without touching anything else. Even with his paid assistant he would have to be a man of leisure and devote all his time to A.C.A. business to completely fill the bill prescribed by Article II. This cannot be expected of any man. Has the time come for a new officer to be appointed—a librarian? If not, it is not far off. Would a permanent A.C.A. library of reference be a good thing? Cruises filed, maps collected, information from all sources pigeonholed, books on canoeing, building, camping, cooking, sailing, etc., shelved; contributions (not cash) solicited from every member, and information mailed to all those who seek it, such an institution would be of great value. It could not be packed up bodily and shipped to a different point every year, certainly. Then why have the librarian a temporary, annually shifting officer? New York City is the business center of the country, and

more canoeists come here in a year than to any other city in America. Why not have the headquarters of the library in New York then? And why not make the official organ the librarian? Can the nut be cracked? There is meat in it. CANOEIST'S office is in the very center of the city, and there is plenty of room for a canoe library in it. The library would be the property of the Association, and the librarian responsible to it for the property. Any member of the A.C.A. coming to New York would have free access to all records in the library. A monthly catalogue of all additions and contributions would be published in the paper, and any desirable information could be printed out in full in the CANOEIST. A permanent home would invite contributions, and those in charge would soon become familiar with the ropes and be able easily and quickly to respond to letters asking for facts. Many of the great publishing houses are here and maps and government charts are accessible, then the various libraries can be visited for otherwise unattainable references and information.

The skeptic at once says to himself after reading the above, "Now what are they up to? there must be something behind all this show of philanthropy." It is purely a business matter with us, gentlemen. We want to make our paper more valuable, and to do so we must render services that will appeal to the many in its columns. The library can be maintained at no cost to the A.C.A., and it certainly will be available to all. What more can be asked? If you like the idea, let us hear from you. If not, let us hear your objections. We have failed to see any ourselves, and would like to have such as may exist pointed out to us. Be our spectacles, will you?

Considerable fault was found when the dues were raised from one to two dollars. The division dues in future are to be one dollar a year for each member, to defray expenses of the meet of the division and other necessary expenses, printing, postage, stationery, and materials needed by the secretary. The A.C.A. dues proper are now one dollar. But the A.C.A. in future is to have no meet expenses to bear, and its necessities are much lessened therefore. Cut off all expenses of the secretary, except those necessary for the collection of dues, printing its year book, etc., and its dues could be reduced, which would be a very good thing. The establishment of the library, as proposed, and vast correspondence connected therewith being taken out

of the secretary's hands, would be a great saving to the Association. It is very desirable that the link between all divisions (that are sure to be established) should be kept intact—the offices of commodore and secretary—so that all will be governed by the same rules and work for a common good.

The CANOEIST is the official organ of the A.C.A., in so far as the publication of Association news and business transaction are concerned. The A.C.A. has no money interest in it, nor does it dictate the editorial opinions. CANOEIST is independent in every way, and is free to criticise the conduct of the A.C.A., its officers, policy and members. We are moved to this statement as it has come to our knowledge that it is the opinion of a number of canoeists, not members of the A.C.A., that the paper is run in its special interest alone. CANOEIST aims to further the interest of all canoeists, and where the A.C.A. fails to aim at a like target the CANOEIST will not hesitate to rebuke the men responsible for the miss.

Beginning with the January number CANOEIST will contain twenty-four or more pages every month. The subscription price remains the same, one dollar a year. Many letters have been received during the year suggesting that the magazine be issued oftener than once a month. This change could not be made without increasing the subscription price, and there are many good reasons why this should not be done. The amount of matter in each issue will be increased as fast as the increased business of the magazine warrants it. The results of the past year have been highly satisfactory and promising, and if our friends want more for their money they must lend us a hand in getting it. We ask no favors. What is to our own interest is also to the interest of our readers. If you don't get what you want, or all you want, ask for it. If you have anything specially good in your canoe, share it with the rest of the canoeists by sending us a sample of the treasure. Don't be selfish and keep it all for your own individual use. Look over our file of Vol. V. and see how many kind fellows have contributed good things for the benefit of all.

One expense that the A.C.A. has had to bear each year is the Year Book. What good reason is there why the matter in this should not be published in the CANOEIST, and thus have it reach all the members at little or no expense to the Association? To members not subscribers the paper can be sent at a very nominal cost to the A.C.A.

CANOE CHARACTER SKETCHES.

I.



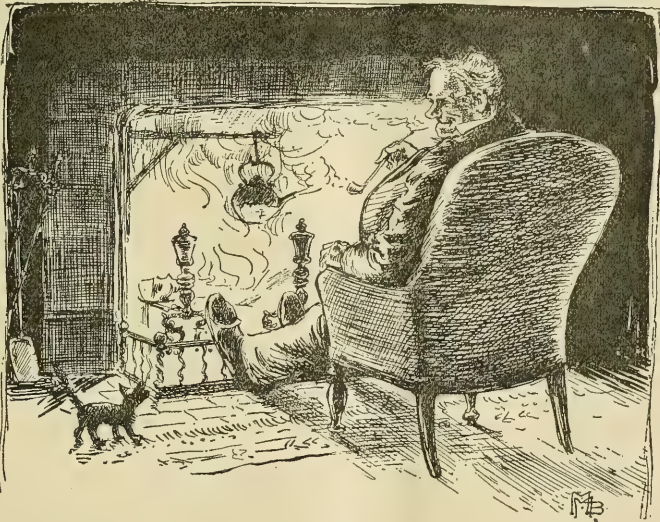
HE canoeists who are members of the American Canoe Association are of all ages—between eighteen and sixty. There is no retired list for those who are over the latter age. The Association is so young yet that no member has gone over the limit. There may be an honorable retired list established later, perhaps. Some members of the A.C.A. belong to clubs, others do not. There are members in every profession and many of the trades. Thus is it seen that a very great variety of characters make up the bone and sinew of the society as well as the flesh, blood, and fat. It is my purpose to sketch a few individualities which stand out in bold relief from the rank and file.

The *real* cruiser is perhaps a rare plant—yet he exists. The man who takes a two weeks' cruise or so is not that man. Nor is he who goes off for a few days near home, perhaps with a friend, the real cruiser. The man who takes a journey in a canoe, accompanied by a rowboat, containing the baggage, provisions, tent and a *chef*, is not a real cruiser, though there is a man in the A. C. A. who calls this ideal cruising; and it is rumored that an association has been formed (at present consisting of one member) for doing this kind of canoeing. The name of this society is, The Ideal Cruising Association. It is against the rules for a member of the I. C. A. to race.

The real cruiser is either independent as to means, lives by his writings, or has reduced his wants to so small a compass that very little labor suffices to supply them. Nessmuk, Farnham and others are *real* canoeists. Enthusiasts always, they do not

tire of the infinite variety in a week or two. In winter the real canoeist goes south, to Florida perhaps, and keeps it up, or stays north to spend a short five or six months in work, the product of which lasts him through the next cruise, which he is sure to begin as soon as the season opens. To such a man you can go for points on cruising. He has made a science of the canoe and her possibilities. He can tell you what not to take on a cruise. He has studied the model and fittings of his boat with great care, and has hit upon a comfort here or saving in strength there. Blankets, bedding, cooking, utensils, clothing, tent, food, have each had their share of his attention. His experi-

ments and experiences have taught him to know of what he speaks—when he does speak—which unfortunately is but seldom. The canoe in his hands is well handled, and he never is foolhardy. He may accomplish what a more inexperienced



person would lose his life in attempting. Captain Glazier does not belong to this class of canoeists. There are many members of the A. C. A. who would like to be real cruisers, and have the right stuff in them for it; but by reason of family ties, business responsibilities or an empty purse are unable to shake off their bonds for this kind of canoeing. To them the meets are events in their lives, and they are the fellows who make clubs flourish, and never hang up the paddle till the ice completely shuts them in—the chaps who have the enthusiasm and grit for cruising, but nothing else. The *real* cruiser is the ideal canoeist—the I.C.A. to the contrary—and therefore he has been shown up first.

Ye old bachelor is a good and faithful paddler in his own way. He don't go in much for racing, is rarely seen at the meets, and is very apt to file his canoe away for the winter early in the autumn. Cold weather

does not suit him, that is, for outings on the water. The thing he really enjoys in winter is shown in the sketch. Such a fellow is the author of "The Canoe men at Home," published in CANOEIST for January, 1886. He likes to toast his feet by the fire and hear canoe talk the while, knowing that some of the younger fry of The Ranch are afloat.

The old bachelor takes it very easy when he goes cruising, fifteen miles a day is enough, bless you; and a farm house or hotel is more comfortable to sleep in at night than a canoe tent. He does not fancy cooking, but can do it, if necessary, very well. Small sails, or no sails at all, suits him; and his pipe is more important than his dinner any day. He don't object to a companion if the "pard" is much younger than he is himself, and will obey orders, and has a proper respect for his dignity and judgment. He delights in teaching novices, for by so doing much of the work of a cruise can be put on other shoulders. He is a club man and attends all the races and regattas, to look on. He likes the annual dinner and will make a good speech perhaps after the coffee and cigars. Neatness and orderliness are his pet points. Woe betide the man who disturbs his canoe in the club house, borrows a cushion or paddle without permission, or tampers with the sacred lock of his shrine—his locker. He hates office and so successfully runs his own abilities down that he is rarely even put on the committee. When he does have club work assigned to him, however, it is well done. If it rains when he is out with the boys for an afternoon, his oilers are produced—the others likely enough having left theirs at the club house, not expecting a change of weather. He never goes against tide or current, and rarely is caught where a pull to windward is necessary. His outfit, simple though it be, is a model for comfort; but his labor-saving devices rarely find their way into print. He don't want canoeing made popular. The fewer the better. As long as there are enough members in the club to meet the actual expenses and not make the dues too heavy for each man, why get any more he asks. He is a crank, of course, but so is every true canoeist. If a man is not what is popularly known as a crank, he won't make a canoeist.

The Octagon, a club within a club, allows no canoeist to become a member who is not of a pronounced type of crank.

CANOEIBIAL BLISS.

MY Pegasus won't bear a bridle,
A bit, a saddle, or shoe;
I'm doing my best to be idle,
And sing from my bass-wood canoe!

O, summer is sweet, and its sky is so blue,
The days are so long, and my heart is so light,
When drifting about in my bass-wood canoe!

Where am I? No matter. It's nothing to you!
The breeze is so pleasant, the sun is so bright—
O, summer is sweet, and its sky is so blue!

I glory in thinking there's nothing to do;
I moon and I ponder from morn until night,
When drifting about in my bass-wood canoe!

My face and my hands are of tropical hue;
In spotless white flannel my limbs are bedight—
O, summer is sweet, and its sky is so blue!

But O, it is pleasant to dream the day through,
Half-hidden by rushes, and well out of sight,
When drifting about in my bass-wood canoe!

I crush the white lilies, 'tis almost "too too,"
I dream to the song of the dragon-flies' flight—
O, summer is sweet, and its sky is so blue!

Somewhere on the Thames—I can't give you a clue—
Be able to find me, you possibly might,
When drifting about in my bass-wood canoe!

And if you are pleasant, and I'm in the cue,
Through azurine smoke you may hear me recite—
O, summer is sweet, and its sky is so blue,
When drifting about in my bass-wood canoe!
—From the Lazy Minstrel.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

THE Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association had the annual meeting in New York city on Saturday, November 18th. In answer to a call issued by Commodore Fowler of the Knickerbocker C. C. to the canoe men about New York, a number of them responded and were present on Wednesday evening, November 10th, at the Harvard Rooms, to talk over and settle upon the question of how best to entertain the committeemen and others who were likely to be in town at the time. It was decided to give the guests a dinner on Saturday evening after the business meeting. A committee was appointed to attend to the business arrangements, and they did their parts well.

Nicholas Longworth, Dr. Henshall and Geo. Bullock, of Cincinnati, happened to be in the city, and they were induced to attend the dinner. General Oliver came down from Albany, and F. A. Nickerson from Springfield. Thus three ex-commo-dores of the A. C. A. were present and

three were absent—W. L. Alden, in Rome; E. B. Edwards, in Peterboro, and F. S. Rathbun, in Deseronto, Canada. They were sadly missed.

Friday night (a fearful night, rain, sleet and a gale of wind) the canoeists gathered at the Gilsey House to caucus, talk over old times and hobnob as well as the severe city costumes allowed them. These fellows who are accustomed to see each other in Knickerbockers and flannels against a back ground of trees or water, have to stretch their imaginations to grasp the fact that an Albert coat and a high hat can cover the same individuals they meet at Grindstone.

While a small party were sitting round a table imbibing and talking forty miles an hour—a general, a former presidential candidate's son, a successful manufacturer, a publisher and a printer—a doorway near by was darkened by a giant form and in walked Doc Heighway, looking for a friend he expected to meet, and finding many friends he had no idea of seeing. He joined in, of course, and promised to be at the dinner too.

Later quite a number of the fellows accepted an invitation from Mr. Whitlock to spend an hour or two in his rooms near by, and it was a late hour before the party broke up for the night.

The Executive Committee includes this year fifteen men: F. S. Rathbun, 1886 commodore (absent on account of pressing business); Dr. Charles A. Neidé, Secretary (present); R. W. Gibson, Commodore Central Division (absent in Europe); B. W. Richards, C. D., Rear Commodore (absent, ill in Brockville); E. W. Brown, C. D., Purser (absent, very ill in New York); J. W. Higgins (present), C. J. Bousfield (absent), R. W. Bailey (absent), Colin Fraser (absent), Wm. Whitlock (present), S. G. Fairlough (absent), executive committee Central Division. Paul Butler, Commodore Eastern Division (present); E. H. Barney, Rear Commodore, E. D. (present); W. B. Davidson, Purser, E. D. (absent till after the business meeting); George L. Parmele, executive committee, E. D. (present). Six men were present and nine absent. Some provision will have to be made for this absence contingency, as the A. C. A. grows and the committee men are still further separated fewer will be likely to be able to attend the meetings, no matter where they are held.

There was business of importance before the meeting, as this is rather a pivotal year in the life of the Association, and six men out of fifteen was too small a minority to

feel at ease in deciding many of the knotty problems. Constitutionally they could not vote on any amendments, as a two-thirds majority of the committee is necessary to pass such amendments. When the meeting was called to order Paul Butler occupied the chair. General Oliver, F. A. Nickerson and W. P. Stephens were invited to address the meeting as representative members of their clubs on questions before the committee—commodore for the year and the next place for the meet. They then retired, the doors were closed, and the committee proceeded to ballot for chief officer. R. J. Wilkin was elected, called in, and occupied the chair for the rest of the business meeting time.

Bow-Arrow Point, Lake Champlain, was settled on for the '87 meet site. Reade W. Bailey's resignation as Ex. Com. member was accepted and Geo. W. Gardner, of Cleveland, O., elected to his seat. Messrs. Gibson and Hubbard were appointed a committee to locate the camp and make necessary arrangements. The date was fixed August 12th to 26th. General Oliver and R. W. Gibson were appointed a committee to audit the secretary's accounts, as the committee previously appointed had not reported. Several other minor matters were officially attended to and then the committee adjourned to the dinner at Clark's, in Twenty-third street.

The canoeists sat down at a long table (7:30 P. M.), Commodore Wilkin presiding, with Prof. Fowler opposite him at the other end of the table, some sixty feet further north. After the game had been pretty thoroughly hunted the menu cards were passed round for signature, with the following result:

W. P. Stephens.	W. B. Davidson.
Geo. L. Parmele.	A. J. Gardner.
Theodore Ledyard.	E. C. Griffin.
R. C. Tucker.	E. C. Delavan.
T. G. Buddington.	George Bullock.
G. E. Edgar, Jr.	B. H. Nadal.
R. R. Davison.	F. A. Nickerson.
F. S. Hubbard.	Paul Butler.
J. A. Henshall.	W. Boyce.
Robert Shaw Oliver.	F. A. Renton.
Robert J. Wilkin.	Edwin Fowler.
Nicholas Longworth	Chas. A. Neidé.
William Whitlock.	Arthur Brentano.
E. H. Barney.	L. W. Seavey.
James W. Higgins.	Henry Stanton.
J. H. Sprague.	W. W. Howard.
Clarence H. Eagle.	R. B. Burchard.
W. B. Graves.	C. B. Vaux.
Thornton H. Smith.	Nov. 13th, 1886.

Coffee, cigars and—speeches of course, plenty of them. The ranking officer was first called on, Admiral Henry Stanton, of the Ideal Cruising Association (consisting of one very prominent member and an idea—nothing else). He humorously told why many of the canoeists present had failed to be admitted to the ranks of the I. C. A.—why they were black-balled in other words. Then the ex-commodores had their innings, and so on down to the press, when fortunately for all the cry of “Sail, Ho” was heard, and sure enough in sailed a big bowl of wassail. Speech rippled off into song, several songs, Dr. Henshall being loudly applauded for his performances, and then the long bow was drawn and Admiral Stanton held the rapt attention of all while he dilated on his race winnings and wound up with the bomb, “I am the only living member of the Association who has never been beaten in a sailing race.” By way of illustration he conclusively proved that he had sailed nine times around the Lassie in a run from Yonkers to New York, and had beaten her “hull down” in a dead thrash to windward in a gale. Not only this, but he described a race against a fleet of Brooklyn canoes, one canoe against ten, in which the said fleet were hull down when he rounded triumphantly the home buoy. This race was witnessed by the entire A. C. A. in camp assembled, so the story went. The wind was completely taken out of the sails of every bragging man at the dinner by this colossal statement. And then they wended their devious ways homeward, nor was it a reach nor a run, but a dead beat to windward, with a buoy to round in a nasty tide rip at the finish—the key hole.

SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI AGAIN.

CAPTAIN GLAZIER might well be put in a glass case—if he is not a glass case himself, he certainly has been easily seen through—and labeled “a unique specimen.” Most men who are shown up publicly to be frauds are glad to seek seclusion; not so the gallant captain, he seems to be spurred on by exposure to still more stoutly maintain his claim of discovery. He has succeeded in advertising himself at any rate—and perhaps that was all he was after. He had a market to create for his books, and the more newspaper discussion he could inspire, the better for his chances of sales.

There are a few men who hate a fraud so thoroughly that they are willing, disin-

terestedly, to take considerable trouble themselves to expose him. Such a man is Henry D. Harrower, of New York. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co. have just issued a little pamphlet written by Mr. Harrower, entitled “Captain Glazier and his Lake.” Any one interested in the merits of the Glazier controversy will find in this pamphlet a very clear and readable statement of facts, and cannot fail to learn a good deal about the history and geography of the Itasca region. Mr. Harrower’s carefully written essay in style is in marked contrast with the reckless and egotistical scribbblings of Glazier.

Science of Nov. 12th, 1886, contained a letter from Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co. stating that the expedition sent out by them is thoroughly exploring the Itasca Basin, surveying the country, locating streams and ponds, etc., and working up data, supplementary to previous surveys, the results of which will be published as soon after the return of the party as maps can be engraved and the facts obtained put in shape. Captain Glazier’s frame of mind at this time must be anything but an enviable one; yet so hardened a cheek as his probably will never be much troubled with a blush of shame—it has no doubt got beyond the pale of blushes.

A CANOE CANZONET.

THE leaves scarce rustled in the trees,
And faintly blew the summer breeze;
A damsel drifted slowly down
Aboard her ship to Henley town;
And as the white sail passed along,
A punted poet sang this song:

In your canoe, love, when you are going,
With white sail flowing and merry song;
In your canoe, love, with ripples gleaming
And sunshine beaming, you drift along;
While you are dreaming, or idly singing,
Your sweet voice ringing, when skies are blue;
In summer days, love, on water-ways, love,
You like to laze, love, in your canoe!

In your canoe, love, I’d be a trapper,
If you were skipper and I were mate;
In your canoe, love, where sedges shiver
And willows quiver, we’d navigate.
Upon the river you’d ne’er be lonely,
For if you only had room for two,
I’d pass my leisure with greatest pleasure
With you, my treasure, in your canoe!

In your canoe, love, when breezes sigh light,
In tender twilight, we’d drift away;
In your canoe, love, light as a feather,
Were we together—what should I say?
In sunny weather, were fates propitious,
A tale delicious I’d tell to you!
In quiet spots, love, forget-me-nots, love,
We’d gather lots, love, in your canoe!

—From the *Lazy Minstrel*.

THE ROSS LAKE MEET.

JUST as Charlie was telling his great toothpick story and "Fatty" uneasily moving and mumbling to himself lest he should forget the point to a recently revived 'nut with which he intended to inflict the gang, a war whoop of trying tympanum intensity, combined with the barking of dogs, swearing in German at obdurate mules, clashed upon the stilly night.

We sprang to the door, "W. C. A. ahoy!" and there in their store clothes stood the Rear-Com., Frank and the Jabber with their canoes.

"Sleep, nature's sweet restorer," was postponed till the next watch, and the early retriers groaned aloud in their agony, gasped for a breath of fresh air, and finally pulled themselves together, slid out of their bunks and joined the crowd around the stove, adding their mite to the general mêlée and smoke.

It was eight bells, "the hour when churchyards yawn," that Tommy G., filled with the "divine afflatus," sprang to his feet and cried, "I'll paddle you a race!" and the three late arrivals kicked themselves into their knickerbockers. The lake, hidden by a dense fog, soon enveloped "Fatty," who went ahead with the lantern in search of the buoy. Skipper and Billy in ballet apparel stood upon the quarter deck. "Are you ready? Go!" and away the three sped into the night.

Of course they fouled at the stakeboat, nearly knocking "Fatty" overboard, the scrapping match more resembling a tournament than a race; but finally Jabber cleared, then the Commodore, while Frank, a few lengths behind, perched himself upon the deck of his Grayling and shut his teeth in desperation. Unfortunately his paddle unjointed as he gave a mighty stroke, and he went neck and croop over into the waters of a lake he had never seen.

"1.36 Jabber, 1.37 Tommy!"

"Where did you get those times, Skipper?"

"How dare you question us? Are we not judge and timekeeper? To be sure I have no watch, but remember I never learn anything and I never forget!"

Frank was soon undressing by the fire, a jorum of corn juice having stopped the chattering teeth. The gang was again in full blast, much to the disgust of "Tuffy" Clark, whose white face, convulsed with nausea, finally followed his weak legs to the quarter deck "for the third time," and

afterward to seek the soporific qualities of the kitchen.

* * * * *

"I've been all over the world, and in some parts of Kentucky," sighed Jimmie O., "but you fellows *do* set up the greatest spreads," and he fell upon the neck of another fowl.

Truly the C. C. C. entertain royally, and considerable luffing was made by digestion before energy could be summoned to rig for the first race. Two beautiful silk flags were offered as prizes by the ladies.

H. D. Crane in Princess canoe Laura won the first race. He carried a Mohican settee mainsail and lateen mizzen, both designed and made by himself. They spread 75 ft., were as "flat as a board" and a model of neatness.

Com. Ellard in Princess canoe Fifine won the flag in the second race. His single sail was the famous Lord Ross-Ross Lake-Ellard-lateen. Few have ever seen such lateens, and though they bring grief on rough water, they carry honors on their own seas and wind in such a manner as to convince the man who vainly follows to the leeward that "the leverage-fulcrum point of resistance must be exerted to greater effect" than is usually credited for windward work.

The following is copied from the Cincinnati C. C. Log: "Wind from S. E., a steady half gale necessitating short canvas. Three times round triangle, measuring a full mile. Class B handicapped by Class A, who turn second buoy on third mile only. Two long and one short leg to first buoy, wind off starboard quarter to second, a jibe and run free to starting point. Wind twenty-eight miles an hour."

Race No. 1, Oct. 17, 11 A. M. No limit to ballast or rig

Entries.			1st	2d	3d	Time.
Gaddis	Ruckawa, Dayton.	Grayling, A.	8	9	8
Warder	Jabberwock, {	Princess, B.	6	6	7
	Springfield. }					
Fox	Ruckawa, Dayton.	Grayling, A.	9	8	9
Stedman	Cincinnati	Princess, B.	4	4	2	40 30
Gaff	Cincinnati	Princess, B.	5	5	5	45 00
Wulsin	Cincinnati					Withdrawn
Shiras	Miami, Cincinnati.	Rob Roy, A.	7	7	6	48 00
Crane	Cincinnati	Princess, B.	1	1	1	38 00
Longworth	Cincinnati	Princess, B.	2	3	4	43 00
Greenwood	Cincinnati	Princess, B.	3	2	3	42 30

Race No. 2, 3:30 P. M. Cruising rig and ballast.

Fox	Ruckawa	7	7	7	59 00
Gaddis	Ruckawa	5	5	5	52 15
Clark	Miami	4	4	6	53 30
Shiras	Miami	6	5	4	52 00
Stedman	Cincinnati				Fouled buoy.
Ellard	Cincinnati	1	1	1	45 30
Wulsin	Cincinnati	1	1	1
Gaff	Cincinnati	3	2	2	45 45
Warder	Jabberwock	2	3	3	46 00

* Ruled out for using racing sails.

W. C. A. NO. 76.



To the Members of the American Canoe Association:

GENTLEMEN: After consultation with the following active members, and in pursuance with Article VII. of the Constitution, Mr. Henry Stanton of New York (chairman), Col. H. C. Rogers of Peterboro, Ont., and Mr. Geo. H. Barney of Springfield, Mass., have been appointed the Regatta Committee for the annual meeting of the Association, and they will be respected accordingly.

Members are requested to address all communications relative to matters within the jurisdiction of the Regatta Committee to the chairman thereof at Mills Building, Broad street, New York city.

I am, with great respect,

ROBERT J. WILKIN, Commodore.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1886,

NEW YORK, Dec. 20th, 1886

To the Members of the A. C. A.:

GENTLEMEN: The Regatta Committee beg leave to submit for your consideration the accompanying proposed programme of the races for the A. C. A. meet, to take place in August next.

The programme is submitted at this early day in order to give ample time for discussion and for such a revision of the same as may appear to be in accordance with the wish of the members of the Association. Very respectfully yours,

H. STANTON, Chairman,	} Regatta Committee.
H. C. ROGERS,	
G. M. BARNEY,	

A. C. A. MEET, 1887.

PROGRAMME OF RACES.

To Commence on Monday, Aug. 15th.

The first morning race, each day, will start at 9:30 o'clock. The first afternoon race, each day, will start at 2 o'clock.

No. 1. Paddling, Classes II., III., IV., open canoes to be propelled with single blade paddles, 1 mile, with a turn.

No. 2. Sailing, novices, Classess A and B. No limit to rig or ballast. Open only to members who never sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1st, 1886. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Start and finish at buoy No. 1. As to starting signal see Clause 5 of Note D.

No. 3. Paddling and sailing combined, Classes A and B. Paddle $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, sail $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, paddle $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, sail $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, paddle $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, sail $\frac{1}{2}$ mile; 3 miles.

No. 4. Sailing, Classes A and B. Sail limited to 75 ft.; any ballast; 3 miles, more or less. See Note D.

Or, sail limited to 50 ft.; load to weigh at least 100 lbs., no part of which shall be under the bottom board. Crew to sit inside. Same distance. Same rules as to course and start. See Notes F and G.

No. 5. Paddling, Class I. This race exempt from "1 man, 1 canoe" rule. 1 mile, with a turn.

No. 6. Sailing, "man overboard." While under way, at signal, some object that will float, and at least as large as an ordinary cushion, shall be thrown overboard, aft, out of reach. The same must be recovered and the race continued to the finishing line. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile.

No. 7. Upset race, Classes II., III. and IV. No special appliance allowed. At signal every canoe must be turned completely over. 200 ft.

No. 8. Paddling, Classes II., III. and IV. Load to weigh at least 75 lbs. Open canoes to be propelled with single blade paddles. 1 mile with a turn. See Note G.

No. 9. Sailing, Classes A and B. No limit to rig or ballast. 3 miles, more or less. See Note D.

No. 10. Paddling, tandem, Classes II., III. and IV. Open canoes to be propelled with single blade paddles; once round the regular sailing course. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

No. 11. Hurry-scurry race. 100 yds. run, 20 yds. swim, 200 yds. paddle.

No. 12. International sailing race for the Challenge Cup. American contestants to be chosen from the leading men in events Nos. 4 and 9. No limit to rig or ballast. Start from and finish at buoy No. 1, off the dock, and pass all buoys on the port side. $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles. As to starting signal see Clause 5 of Note D.

No. 13. Club race, sailing canoes and paddling canoes. Open paddling canoes to be propelled with single blade paddles. Once round the regular sailing course. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. To start and finish at buoy No. 1, off the dock. See Note E.

No. 14. Consolation sailing race, winners of first or second places in either of the events Nos. 2, 3, 4, 9 or 12 excluded. 1 mile to windward or leeward and return.

No. 15. Cruising canoe and outfit, contesting canoes with outfit to be exhibited in line on shore.

No. 16. Grand review of the entire fleet. This is announced on this programme at the suggestion of the Commodore.

No. 17. Presentation of prizes. To take place at the A. C. A. business meeting.

No. 18. Tournament. See note H.

No. 19. Pyrotechnics and illuminated procession on the lake.

NOTES.

Note A. As any programme for a fixed day, which includes sailing races, is subject to the risk of being disarranged by a lack of wind, the committee has decided not to have any stated programme for each day, but to announce on the bulletin board, at 8 A. M. each day the races to take place in the forenoon, and at 1 P. M. each day the races to take place in the afternoon, with the hour of starting each race. The first race of each forenoon will start at 9:30 o'clock. The first race each afternoon will start at 2 o'clock.

Note B. All the A. C. A. rules, including the rule requiring sails to be numbered, will be enforced, and no race will be delayed for any contestant, but all races will be started promptly at the hour named, unless postponed by the committee.

Note C. The "all-around record" will be based upon events Nos. 1, 3, 4, 8, 9 and 15, and the highest five on the record will receive prizes.

Note D. The number of entries in two of the sailing races, viz., in the 75 ft. sail limit race, and the unlimited race has increased so of late, that in order to avoid confusion and fouls, those races should, if possible, be so managed as to prevent crowding on the first leg of the triangle, and at the turn at the second buoy half a mile from the start. At Grindstone, in 1886, there were 38 starters in the limited race, and 43 in the unlimited. In each race the course from the start to the second buoy was a reach, the wind being on the beam, the result was that the canoes kept close together for the first half mile and constantly blanketed each other, and at the second buoy at the end of the first half mile, the confusion was indescribable and the fouls innumerable, and nothing but the courtesy of the contestants prevented claims of fouls, which if made, it would have been impossible for the Regatta Committee to have decided correctly.

It is likely that in these two races at the coming meet, in August, the entries will be even larger than they were at Grindstone last year, and in the hope of preventing a

repetition of this confusion and fouling, the Regatta Committee has decided to start these races in such a way that the first leg of the triangle to be sailed will be a beat to windward, thus scattering the fleet at the beginning of the race.

To accomplish this the following rules have been adopted:

1. The course will be laid out as usual in a triangle with three buoys, each side of the triangle being half a mile. The buoy off the dock to be known as buoy No. 1, over which will fly a red flag. If a person stands on the dock facing buoy No. 1, the buoy to the right will be buoy No. 2, over which will fly a white flag, and the other buoy will be buoy No. 3, over which will fly a blue flag. This course will be divided into two courses, depending on which way the canoes go round, one to be called the "port course," and the other the "starboard course." The "port course" to be the course that would be taken by a canoe which in going round the course passes all buoys on its port side. The "starboard course" to be the course to be taken by a canoe going round the other way and passing all buoys on its starboard side.

For example, if a canoe starts from No. 1 and sails to No. 2 and then to No. 3 and then back to No. 1, it would pass all buoys on its port side and would be sailing over the "port course." On the other hand, if the canoe starts from No. 1 and sails first to No. 3, then to No. 2, and then back to No. 1, it would pass all buoys on its starboard side, and would be sailing over the "starboard course."

2. Heretofore, all the races have been started from buoy No. 1. Under this plan these two sailing races will be started from the buoy which will make the first leg a beat to windward. For example, suppose the wind was blowing from buoy No. 3 toward buoy No. 2, the start would then be made from buoy No. 2; and the course would be the "port course," that is, the canoes would sail from No. 2 to No. 3, to No. 1 and so on round. Suppose the wind was blowing from No. 1 toward No. 2, then the start would be from No. 2, and the course would be the "starboard course," that is, the canoes would sail from No. 2 to No. 1, to No. 3 and so on round.

3. It will be seen in each case the first leg would be a beat to windward, and the fleet would, consequently, be scattered, and the confusion and fouls avoided.

4. The course to be sailed and the buoy

from which the race will start, will be indicated by two flags on a flagstaff to be placed on the dock. Fifteen minutes before the race is to start, two flags will be run up, the upper flag indicating the course to be sailed, whether the port or starboard course, and the under flag indicating the buoy from which the race is to start. A yellow flag will indicate the "port course," a black flag will indicate the "starboard course." The flag indicating the buoy at which the race will start will correspond in color with the flag on that buoy. For example, if the course to be sailed is the "port course," and the start is to be made from buoy No. 3, the flags shown on the dock flag-staff will be a yellow flag above a blue flag; if the course is to be the "starboard course," and the start from buoy No. 1, the flags shown on the dock flag-staff will be a black flag above a red flag.

5. The Judges' boat will anchor 50 ft. outside from the buoy from which the start is to be made, and the start will be over an imaginary line drawn from the Judges' boat to the buoy. Five minutes before the start a pistol will be fired from the Judges' boat, and a red flag displayed on the Judges' boat; one minute before the start a pistol will be fired from the Judges' boat, and the red flag taken down, and one minute later, as the starting signal, a pistol will be fired from the Judges' boat and the A. C. A. flag displayed. To prevent any misunderstanding in case the pistol should not go off, the contestants will be guided by the displaying and hauling down of the flags on the Judges' boat. This clause will be applied to all sailing races, but not to the combination race.

6. These two sailing races will finish at buoy No. 1, no matter where they start. At the finish the Judges' boat with a red flag flying, will be anchored twenty-five feet outside from buoy No. 1, and the finish will be over an imaginary line drawn from the Judges' boat to buoy No. 1.

7. By this plan it will be impossible to tell beforehand what the distance of the race will be to within half a mile. The race may be three miles, three and one-half miles or two and one-half miles, depending upon the starting point. For example, if the race starts at buoy No. 1, no matter which course is sailed, the distance (twice round) will be three miles. If the race is started at No. 2 and the course is the "port course," the distance will be two and one-half miles. If the start is from buoy No. 2 and the course

is the "starboard course," the distance will be three and one half-miles.

8. It is not claimed that by this plan a true course to windward can be secured on the first leg of the triangle in every wind, but it is believed that in most cases the first course can be laid so as to make it, if not a true course to windward, nearly so.

Note E. The club race will be a sailing and paddling contest between clubs. Sailing canoes, Classes A and B, unlimited rig and ballast. Paddling canoes, Classes II., III. and IV. Open canoes to be propelled with single blade paddle. Clubs to enter as many contestants as they please. Entries to be made by the chief officer of each club contesting, and not by individual members. The distance to be once round the regular course. Paddling canoes to form one fleet and start a few minutes before the sailing fleet. The scores to be made up as follows: Separate scores to be kept of the sailing and paddling fleets, and the scores of the sailors and paddlers of each club to be added together. All who cross the winning line in the first half of the respective fleets will count for their club, the other half will count against their club, the latter club totals to be deducted from the former, and the remainder to be the club score. The sailor who crosses the winning line first will count for his club a number equal to one half the number of all the sailing canoes in the race, unless there be an odd number, in which event he will count for his club a number equal to one-half the sailing contestants, less one; the odd one to be the one coming in in the center of the fleet, and he to count nothing either way. The second sailor who crosses the winning line will count for his club one less than the first, and so on to the sailor who crosses last in the first half of the sailing fleet, and he will count one for his club. The next sailor to cross, if there is an odd number contesting, will count nothing, he being the odd man in the center, and the next, that is the first sailor of the last-half of the sailing fleet will count one against his club, the one after him will count two against his club, and so on down to the last sailor, increasing one each time. The same plan will be pursued as to the paddlers, and from the total winning scores of each club there will be deducted the losing scores, the remainder to be the club score, and the club thus having the highest number of points to be the winner of a banner, and to be known until the next meet as the "Banner Club."

For example, suppose the starters to be :

	Sailing Entries.	Paddling Entries
Washington Club.....	2	—
Jefferson Club.....	3	—
Madison Club.....	1	—
Adams Club.....	1	3
Monroe Club.....	2	2
Jackson Club.....	1	—
Polk Club.....	—	1
Taylor Club.....	1	—
	11	6

Here five sailors will count *for* their clubs and five *against*, and one, being the odd man coming in in the middle, will count nothing either way; and three paddlers will count *for* their club and three *against*.

Suppose the sailing race ended as follows:

One entry of the Washington Club comes in...	1st
" " " Jefferson " "	2d
" " " Jackson " "	3d
" " " Jefferson " "	4th
" " " Monroe " "	5th
" " " Taylor " "	6th
" " " Madison " "	7th
" " " Monroe " "	8th
" " " Washington " "	9th
" " " Adams " "	10th
" " " Jefferson " "	11th

And the paddling race:

One entry of the Adams Club comes in.....	1st
" " " Monroe " "	2d
" " " Adams " "	3d
" " " Polk " "	4th
" " " Adams " "	5th
" " " Monroe " "	6th

The score would be as follows:

Jackson Club—	
Plus 3d place sailing.....	3
Washington Club—	
Plus 1st place sailing.....	5
Minus 9th place sailing.....	3
	2
Jefferson Club—	
Plus 2d place sailing.....	4
Plus 4th place sailing.....	2
	6
Minus 11th place sailing.....	5
	1
Taylor Club—	
Odd, center, 6th place sailing.....	0
Madison Club—	
Minus 7th place sailing.....	1
Polk Club—	
Minus 4th place paddling.....	1
Adams Club—	
Plus 1st place paddling.....	3
Plus 3d place paddling.....	1
	4
Minus 5th place paddling.....	2
Minus 10th place sailing.....	4
	6
	—2

Note F. Of the record races, two are purely paddling, and two purely sailing. And it is submitted that the object should be to have one of each in racing trim, and one of each in cruising trim. This object

is accomplished in the paddling races; viz., in event No. 1 the canoe is in racing trim; in event No. 8 the canoe is in cruising trim. In the sailing races in event No. 9 the canoe is in racing trim; and the question is, should not the canoe in the other sailing race, event No. 4, be in cruising trim? If so, what is cruising trim?

Note G. In events Nos. 4 and 8 where the canoes are required to carry a certain load, the winner must "weigh out" immediately after the race at the landing alongside of the dock. Canoes carrying less than the prescribed weight will be disqualified. Any canoe landing without being weighed out will be disqualified. Canoes, other than winners, should keep afloat until winners are weighed out, as in case of an underweight, the next in order will be called.

Note H. Rules Governing the Tournament.—Contesting canoes shall be formed in two lines, one-half in each, facing each other, fifty feet apart. Each canoe shall be managed by a paddler, and defended by a lance-man armed with a padded lance. At signal one canoe shall advance from each line and they shall pass to starboard of each other. As the canoes pass, the lance-men may attack each other with the padded end of the lance. Lance-men shall make no attack except upon their opposing lance-men. The canoes shall be kept under way and on their course. The lance-men shall stand and not crouch; they shall not use their hands for any purpose except to manage their lances. Paddlers shall do no act except to manage their canoes. When a lance-man is thrown overboard, his canoe shall retire and the successful canoe shall proceed on its course and take its position in the line opposite that from which it started, and there wait until again called in its order. If neither lance-man is thrown overboard, each canoe shall continue on its course and take its position, and wait as in the case of a successful canoe. A violation of any of these rules shall be a disqualifying foul.

A canoe club was formed at Battle Creek, Mich., in November, with six members to start the ball. F. Houghtaling is the secretary.

"The Last Voyage of the Surprise," "A Day's Fishing in Bermuda" and "Paddling in the Winnipeg Country" are the aquatic articles in December *Outing*.



Hartford, Conn., Nov. 9. Commodore's Cup Race—The weather, while not perhaps all that could be asked for a canoe race, was clear and as good as could be expected at this season. The postponed race for the commodor's cup, given a year ago by Commodore Jones and held by the Phyllis (W. F. Giraud), was set down for 3 o'clock. At that hour a number of canoeists and their friends were on hand, and it was evident there was considerable interest in the result. The competing canoes were the Phyllis, the Rambler of E. Hart Fenn, and the Dimple of George Forrest, all of the famous Joyner build. The Rambler is 16ft. long and the Phyllis 15, and the latter received a time allowance of 30sec. There was a strong breeze blowing from the west when the boats started, but at the finish the wind had become very light and the race was barely won inside the time limit of 40 min. The Phyllis got away at 3:39:15, the Dimple at 3:39:50, and the Rambler at 3:40. The Phyllis held her lead to the one mile buoy and almost all the way home, but near the finish was blanketed by the Rambler which crossed the line at 4:19:15, and the Phyllis coming in at 4:19:17. The time of the Dimple was not taken as with her small suit of sails on she did nothing after the wind fell. The Rambler's sailing time was 39:15 and that of the Phyllis 40:03. The Rambler wins by 17 sec.—*Courant*.

OAKLAND CANOE CLUB, CALIFORNIA.

The race for the gold badge presented to the O. C. C. by Mr. Mayrisch, of Alameda, was held on Oct. 17. It has to be contested for every three months. This was the first contest. There were five entries. Mystic, Zephyr, Zoe Mou, Flirt and Coney Island. Distance about one and a half miles down the wind to a stake, with a beat home. The distance entire may fall short of three miles perhaps seventy-five yards. The Mystic took the lead, followed by Zoe Mou, the other three in a bunch. In rounding the stake the Mystic missed stays, thereby losing a good lead of 100yds., the Zoe Mou getting around first and the Flirt following shortly after. The wind being a little southerly of west enabled the canoes to make the trip back in about three tacks. Mystic soon

regained the lead and passed the winning line 49s. ahead of Flirt. The following is the summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Time.
Mystic.....	2 30 35	3 03 01	42 26
Flirt.....	2 30 35	3 03 50	43 14
Zoe Mou.....	2 30 35	3 05 20	44 45
Coney Island.....	2 30 35	3 05 45	45 10
Zephyr.....	2 30 35	3 05 46	45 11

After this race the Zephyr and others had a scrub race. The Zephyr went over the course in 40m. 30s., and the Mystic in 41m. 5s., the improvement in Zephyr being on account of a centerboard added to her keel. The Oakland C. C. has had a fine season and is in a flourishing condition. It has nearly doubled its membership, and its fleet is out of debt except that secured on its club house, and the income of the club exceeds its expenditures. Unlike the fraternity in the East, the canoeists here are not going into winter quarters. The season here is not over, but just goes right on. In fact, from now until spring, barring occasional rain, will be our prettiest weather for canoeing. If some of the enterprising ones in the East would pack their boats on the overland route and take a trip out to this coast, they would find fine cruising for a few months and a warm welcome from the Oakland canoeists. The latch string hangs out.—*Mystic in Forest and Stream*.

TORONTO.

The last race of the season of the Toronto C. C. was held on Oct. 30. There were six starters for the sailing cup, but the wind was very light and the race was abandoned as they could not finish before the limit. Boreas was leading from the start. Neither of the two challenge cups have been won by any of the members so far, although they were given at the close of the 1884 season. The result to-day was as follows:

SAILING CHALLENGE CUP.				Total wins.
Canoe.	1885.	1886.		
Will G. McKendrick.....Mac.....	0	4	4	4
Hugh Neilson.....Boreas.....	3	0	3	3
Robt. Tyson.....Isabel.....	2	1	3	3
John L. Kerr.....	1	0	1	1

COMBINED PADDLING AND SAILING CUP.				Total wins.
Canoe.	1885.	1886.		
Will G. McKendrick.....Mac.....	0	4	4	4
Hugh Neilson.....Boreas.....	3	0	3	3
Colin Fraser.....Kate.....	1	0	1	1

D. B. Jacques now holds the Mason paddling cup for Class 4, decked canoes, F. M. Johnson the Class 1 paddling cup, and W. Leys the novices' sailing medal. Taking altogether the 1886 season has been the best racing year the club has had, and as it is too cold now to go out without an overcoat, the boys gather around the club stove smoking some open-hearted member's good tobacco, and talk over the prospects for next season, and wonder who will bring the first Pecowic into the club.—*Will G. McKendrick in Forest and Stream*.



EDITOR CANOEIST: Referring to your comments on the offer of hospitality from mine host of Fort Ticonderoga Hotel in your August issue, allow me to differ. As I am a ghost, I can get along without hospitalities; food and lodgings might bore me. Your every man for himself policy is discouraging to our generous countrymen of every grade, from the farmer who is liberal with his eggs and milk to the small boy who will run a mile back into the country to fetch a pail of water. Must the American canoeist in his pride refuse "a loaf of bread, a glass of milk and the frame of a turkey from the hands of the charming Vassar girl who spent Christmas at our house?" (see "Jabberwocks" in August CANOEIST).

The appreciative skipper of canoe *Outing* argues with me that one great charm of canoeing is its possibilities in the way of receiving hospitalities. This is the way he puts it. I quote from "The Next Canoe Meet" in October *Outing*: "The kind lady of the house not only gets' up a sumptuous meal, but declines any payment. She exacts a promise from us, however, that we shall treat others as she treated us, which we intend keeping as well as our kitchen may allow. The treatment of us by this old lady is typical of what gentlemen (and therefore canoeists) may expect in unfrequented parts of the country. I have received proof of this from many of my friends who have knocked about in out of the way places. Those whose experience is otherwise may have had exceptional circumstances to deal with—what is not unlikely—have not behaved in a manner likely to procure for themselves the most favorable welcome.

"After inspecting the good lady's creamery and grounds we paddled down the creek, followed by a smile and God speed from one who thirty minutes ago was unknown to us."

Now, CANOEIST, is not that a delightful picture—does not your heart soften?

For one I wish to encourage landlords to make our voyages happier and easier. The debt is on their side.

The arrival of even the ordinary canoeist at a hotel landing is a source of great

and free diversion to the boarders who pay \$5 per week just because, like you, CANOEIST, they are too proud to accept free hospitality.

One day in June, '84, I had a native of Long Island chase my canoe along the Great South Bay howling like a shipwrecked mariner for me to come ashore and accept the hospitality of Sayville. It is to be regretted that my companion in his Shadow didn't think we had time to stop.

I can't hang out to windward with the endurance that the skipper of *Lassie* displayed last summer when she ran away from the brave *Nautilus*, and I can't endure damp seas as he did, my ghostly drapery forbids, but I can appreciate kindness and hospitality in a superlative degree.

Take back what you said in August, misguided CANOEIST. Write a letter of thanks to Gilligan, of Fort Ti, and send him a copy of CANOEIST for one year, and you will be forgiven. As we are to meet in Lake Champlain this year you may call on him on your way up. GHOST.

[Samuel Bowles has taught the journalist never to take back anything—nor admit that he is wrong. In this case, Ghost, old boy, we are both right. Hospitality is not such a common quality that we can afford to abuse it. A warning against its abuse was what we penned in August—nothing more. The paper has been sent to Gilligan, and we promise to call on him on our way to the meet next August.—ED.]

UTILITY OF THE CANOE.

At Crown Point on Lake Champlain, one breezy morning last August, I put a quart of creamy milk in a glass fruit jar, sealed tight, and we set sail.

The stormy wind did blow,
And the ocean waves they rolled
And churned and churned and churned
For twenty miles.

At our next camp the "Deacon" fished out a delicious roll of butter from the depths of the bottle.

One day last September, in a gale of wind and heavy sea, my Shadow (10 years old) took me from Jamestown, on the Narragansett Bay, to Bristol, R. I., in two hours and ten minutes.

The fishermen say that the route we took will measure sixteen good miles. We carried all sail.

I still maintain that for an all-rounder
you can't beat the GHOST.

GARDEN CITY, L. I.

[The Shadow canoe was first launched in the spring of 1878. Alden's canoe was the first Shadow, and it was not launched till late in the season. The Bubble took water first, has taken many cruises on the water and on paper, and is still to the best of our knowledge the property of her original owner. The third Shadow canoe was Dot, still in good health on Lake Weir, Florida. Your canoe, Ghost, is less than nine years old, therefore. Farnham used a Shadow on his Labrador trip, returned home and built a better boat. It is an old rule that the canoe a man happens to own is the best; therefore it is according to Hoyle for you to claim in all-round work the Ghost "can't be beat."—ED.]

* * * As to the general result of my experience, and on a fair comparison between my wide canoe and a hundred or so narrow ones, I have come to the conclusion that a preference for any sailing canoe of less beam than 36 in. to 40 in. is the extreme of inexperience, or else of a foolish desire to follow the fashion as set by a baker's dozen of smart racing gentlemen, who smile as they realize that they will continue to capture all the regatta honors just as long as the sailing canoe's beam is kept within its present dangerous and uncomfortable limits. No one can honestly deny that the American sailing canoe of to-day has, as a racer, degenerated into a far more questionable machine than either the extremely narrow cutter or the sand bag skimming dish. * * * *Thomas Clapham in Forest and Stream.*

[Clapham is as slippery as an eel in argument. His conclusions need not worry any one greatly. His letters from time to time running down the cutter model have shown him to be an artful dodger. He generally writes down those who differ from him in opinion as fools—as in the above case. Perhaps it would surprise him to learn—which is a fact—that there are not more than half a dozen *sailing canoes* in America. The canoe is not a sailing craft pure and simple—and therein lies his error. Not a canoeist who ever sailed a race but can "honestly deny" his last statement. At the last meet but one canoe at any time was called a racing machine—Pecowsic. It would be very easy to show this same Pecowsic was a much abler cruiser than many a canoe at the meet that never entered a race. Clapham is a boat builder—not a canoe builder—and therefore, *of course*, cannot possibly have a prejudice one way or the other.—ED.]

? I WANT TO KNOW. ?

Only questions of general interest sent in are answered in this column. All questions concisely stated and that can be answered briefly will receive consideration, and be answered by letter *if the sender encloses stamp for reply*, and not otherwise.

Can you tell me of the Ideal Cruising Association—what it is, whether it has a boat house or not, and if it has a boat house, where it is? If the association does not own a house now, is it likely to? Perhaps the membership is made up of men from different clubs. Is it so?—O. F. C. [This is one of several letters CANOEIST has received asking about the I. C. A. The CANOEIST is not the official organ of that association, and therefore had to ask an answer to the above questions of one of the I. C. A. members. From a prominent officer of the I. C. A. we learn the following facts: The Ideal Cruising Association is a very select association devoted to the pleasures of canoeing, but abhorring its drudgery. It opposes racing in all its phases, holding that racing is not canoeing. The association's great feature is its cruises. When it cruises the canoeist is accompanied by a valet and a cook in a rowboat. In the rowboat all the heavy stuff is carried, the canoe traveling light. The rowboat keeps at a respectful distance in the rear, and comes rapidly forward when the association makes a landing. And all the work of arranging camp, cooking, etc., are, of course, performed by the valet and the cook, the time of the association being spent in the pleasant occupation of lying on its back in some shady place, provided the neighborhood is known to be free from snakes. The association never cruises in districts where snakes are to be found. You ask how many members there are in the association. You had better ask, how many are seeking to become members? It is very difficult to gain admission to the I. C. A. The rules of its committee on admission are very strict. Many A. C. A. men have applied for admission only to be black-balled. The last application is that of the Magnificent Commodore of the A. C. A. At the last meeting of the I. C. A., the committee on admission reported, concerning that application, that they found the subject so large they had been compelled to appoint sub-committees so as to examine it in sections. We are awaiting the result with great interest. The Ideal boat house surpasses anything of the kind in the country. It is situated on the

river bank where the shores alternate between the picturesque and the beautiful. The club house proper is on a wooded point, with a great rock for its base, and on its water front has a wide piazza about ten feet above and running out over the water. The club house is divided into three parts, the center forming the rooms of the janitor and his family, and assistants, and the club dining rooms. The north wing contains the lockers, dressing rooms, lounging rooms and bath rooms of the male members. The south wing is similarly fitted up for the lady members. To the right of the club house is the boat house, which is built on a float in front for landing, the whole protected by two piers extending into the river, and manned by four assistant janitors in uniform. Saturday afternoon is the great day at the club house of the I. C. A. It is known as "ladies' day." The men have a uniform, but the ladies, the lovely ladies, they exercise their sweet will in the subject of dress, and in consequence the scene on the piazza, when the ladies are rigged for a cruise, is indeed a picture. Then down the shaded path to the boat house, then into the canoes and off for an afternoon cruise. On the front of the center house, over the piazza, is a balcony fitted up with a comfortable chair, etc. There the Ideal chaperone sits with her telescope, slowly sweeping the horizon, and looking around the bends in the river, and the points that jut out here and there from its shores. Up to the present time this august personage, who is the wife of a distinguished artist member of the A. C. A., has not had occasion to give any girl a black mark. It is this Saturday cruise that makes the applications for membership from A. C. A. men so numerous, and our committee so strict. The cruising fleet sails in pairs of course. They first draw out in front of the club house until madam gets a focus on them with her telescope, and then, rig a gig gig and away we go.—ED.]

I want to know if mainsail and dandy (racing suit) should be reefed at the same time in order to keep the proper balance. Do two 20ft. reefs in a mainsail of 75ft., and one 10ft. reef in a dandy keep the balance near enough to make no great difference?—M. C. A. [No two boats or rigs are just alike as to their workings. How the balance is to be kept is only learned by trying the various spreads and noting results. Mainsails are usually rigged with two reefs, mizzens with one. Vesper sailed

a good part of a race last summer with reefed mainsail and full dandy. A reef in dandy with full mainsail is a common way of taking in a small quantity of sail. On the wind a reefed dandy will usually work well with full main, single reef main or two reef main. Off the wind the mizzen can be dropped entirely to good advantage very often, especially if jibing in a strong breeze is necessary.—ED.]

EDITOR CANOEIST: I would like to ask some of the many readers of CANOEIST for information in regard to the practicability for canoeing purposes of the Great Miami River in Ohio, and the Greenbrier, New and Kanawha rivers in West Virginia, the amount of water at low water, rapids, falls, dams, etc. As seen from the railroad the Greenbrier looks canoeable, the New River looks hazardous, while the Kanawha as far as Charleston looks "slow" on account of dams and slackwater navigation. I will willingly exchange points on Middle, North and Senandoah rivers in Virginia and upper Wabash River in Indiana, if desired.—F. R. WEBB (Staunton, Va.).

On November 18, Mr. Geo. E. Andrews and Dr. Neidé left New York by steamer for Savannah, taking with them two boats. Mr. Andrews's was built under his direction in Philadelphia, and is 16ft. x 55in., 15in. deep at gunwale. She is cat-rigged, with a jib if desired, and carries a 56lbs. galvanized iron board. Her name is Mayblossom. Dr. Neidé's boat, Betsy Bobbett, is 18ft. x 45 in., yawl rigged, with a Rushton Bucktail as tender. They will leave Savannah and cruise to Jacksonville, inside, then outside 32 miles to St. Augustine, then down 15 miles inside to Matanzas Inlet, then by Hillsboro River and Mosquito Lagoon to India River, following it down to India River Inlet, then outside to Fort Worth. After spending some time around the lake they will continue outside to Biscayne Bay, where Mr. and Mrs. Munroe will spend the winter. After cruising among the little known keys along the south and southwest coasts they will go on to Cape Romano and Charlotte Harbor, finishing somewhere in this locality, returning by rail. Mr. Cloudman, who is just starting to sail around the world alone in his boat, as a correspondent of the *Outing* magazine, will accompany them part way.

R. W. Gibson arrived from England on the Republic Sunday morning, November 14th, in New York, the day after the Executive Committee meeting. He therefore missed the dinner, and the Committee missed him and his valuable aid in their discussions. His trip abroad he reports to have been very enjoyable, and some of his experiences with the English canoeists may be reported later, and cannot but be interesting to all our readers.

At a meeting of the Quaker City C. C., held at the residence of the commodore, two new members were elected. Two club cruises were taken during the season, also a number of short ones by individual members. No racing was done during the past summer. Vixen would not launch his canoe, fearing that he would be unable to hold up his 9 ft. balance lugs. Scamp would turn up now and then with his 75 ft. Mohicans double reefed, being afraid he would win the races he declined to race. Cupid with her 85 ft. Mohican, and Rambler with 55 ft. balance lugs, were the only ones that had the racing fever, and did not race on account of the difference in sail area, therefore there were no races. Rambler and Dart have exchanged canoes, the former is now known as Caprice. The first camp-fire will be held some time in December and a club dinner will follow.

STILETTO.

DIRECTIONS FOR BINDING.

The subscribers who have got the full set of CANOEIST, Vol. V., and want them bound up, should note the following points and give the necessary directions to their binders to have these suggestions observed. The January and February numbers were sent out to subscribers trimmed, all the other numbers were mailed uncut. This was done so the bound volumes would have large margins, avoiding trimming twice. Therefore direct the binder to so place the numbers that the first two will not be trimmed a second time. The covers are to come off in every case. In August number pages 139 and 140 are to be left out. These are advertising pages and had to be numbered to go through the mail. The same numbers are repeated in September issue, so the folios will run correctly when this leaf is omitted. For a like reason pages 157 and 158 in the September number are to be left out. Loose supplements should be tipped in. If these directions are followed the volume will be improved in appearance and be consistent throughout.



PERSONAL, IMPERSONAL AND MATERIAL.

The London *Field* has lately been publishing accounts of canoe cruises in England and Scotland; also several articles on the '86 international canoe races. American and English methods of sailing are treated of and illustrated by cuts. Pecowsic appears also, and is admitted to have excelled in speed any canoe yet built, but is severely criticised as to model, rig and cruising capabilities. Four models are compared and their midship sections laid over each other to clearly show their difference. Vesper, Pecowsic, Nautilus and Lassie are thoroughly discussed.

Those who read Frank R. Stockton's story about the good ship Thomas Hyke will be pleased to know that another ship story of his has been begun in December *St. Nicholas*. The interest will not abate any either when they are informed that Jub Jub (W. A.) Rogers, that good Jabberwock and clever artist, is illustrating "A Fortunate Opening."

A sketch of character with a background is "The King of Folly Island," by Miss S. O. Jewett in December *Harpers*. The scene is laid off the coast of Maine, and there are boats, islands, fishermen and the sea in it. The author calls it a story. Should not a story be a complete picture?

Mrs. F. H. Burnett was discovered in Washington a few years ago by the *Century Magazine*, and a grateful public have appreciated the find. "Miss Defarge," in the December *Lippincott*, a short novel, complete, is by her, and is the second in the series, John Habberton's story—noticed last month—being the first. The process of training animals, children, or mature human beings, is always interesting to follow. The successful teacher is a useful character to meet and know. The story is vigorous and the reader cannot fail to learn something from it, though he may not be conscious of being taught. Each character introduced is an *individual*, a somebody. Nobodies have no place in Mrs. Burnett's stories.

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CANOE CLUBS.

The following list has*been compiled with great care, yet it is far from complete. Believing that a complete list of canoe clubs, with their secretaries' names and addresses, will be of use to canoeists in general in many ways, we have decided to keep it permanently standing in CANOEIST, and would ask all our readers to look it over and from time correct it, and send to us such errors or omissions as they may find, clearly written out. We would specially urge this upon club officers, feeling it to be to their interest to do so. Club secretaries entitled to a free copy of the paper every month.

- Amsterdam, N. Y.—Chas. H. Warring.
 Alleghany, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Arlington, N. J.—S. Rogers, Sec. 1886.
 Battle Creek, Mich.—C. Houghtaling Sec., 182 W. Main st. 1886.
 Bayonne, N. J.—R. Vervien Vienot, Sec.-Treas. 1882.
 Bay City, Mich.—C. J. Bousfield. 1886.
 Berkeley, Middletown, Conn.—W. H. Larome.
 Bobcaygeon, Ontario, Canada.—F. Minns, Sec. 1886.
 Brantford, Ont. Can.
 Brockville, Ontario, Canada. J. H. Bagg, Sec.
 Brooklyn, N. Y.—M. V. Brokaw, Sec.-Treas., 92 William st. 1885.
 Buffalo, N. Y.—Henry L. Campbell, Purser.
 Cambridge, Mass.—Rupert M. Gay, Sec. 1885
 Chelsea (Boat and Yacht), Chelsea, Mass.—J. J. Cadigan.
 Circleville, Ohio. 1886
 Chicago, Ill.—J. H. Ware, Sec.-Treas.
 Cincinnati, O.—Geo. B. Ellard.
 Cleveland, O.—G. W. Gardner.
 Connecticut, Hartford, Conn.
 Crescent, Trenton, N. J.—Frank W. Sigler, Purser.
 Crescent, Maunch Chunk, Pa.—A. H. Luckenbach.
 Cygnet, Manchester, N. Y.
 Dayton, O.—Frank Fox, Purser.
 Deseronto, Ont.—E. Clement French, Purser.
 Essex, Newark, N. J.—Geo. O. Totten, Jr.
 Evanston, Illinois.
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The Secretary of the American Canoe Association requests persons sending money to him to do so either by registered letter or Post Office Money Order on *Schuylerville, N. Y.*

If canoeists will send application to the Secretary of the A. C. A., accompanied by the recommendation of an active member of the A. C. A. and inclosing \$3 for initiation fee and dues for the first year, their names will be presented for membership.

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CHALLENGE CUPS

Royal Canoe Club (London, England) Sailing Challenge Cup, value 50 guineas, open to gentlemen amateurs. Race for it takes place each year at Hendon about the first of May; winner holds the cup for one year. A presentation prize (the gift of Mr. J. W. Clayton) goes to the first Colonial or Foreign canoeist winning the cup. W. Baden-Powell now holds the cup

New York Canoe Club International Challenge Cup (offered October 28, 1885).

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE RACES.

1. The canoes competing must come within the limits defined by the N. Y. C. C. rules.
2. The cup is to be held as a perpetual challenge trophy.
3. The competition is open to not more than three authorized representatives of any canoe club sailing under foreign colors, as many canoes representing the club holding the cup as the challenging club.
4. Two victories to be necessary to either win or hold the cup, the same canoes competing in each.
5. The races to be sailed on the waters of the club holding the cup.
6. Races sailed in the United States to be contested on waters in the vicinity of New York city under the auspices of the N. Y. C. C.
7. The distance sailed over in each race must not be less than eight nor more than ten miles, and within a time limit of three hours. The course to be mutually agreed upon.
8. The races must be sailed at a time mutually agreeable to the challengers and the holders of the cup; but one series of races to be sailed in any one year.
9. The N. Y. C. C. rules to govern the races.
10. The club holding the cup to be responsible to the N. Y. C. C. for its safe keeping. Should it dissolve its organization, the cup will then revert to the N. Y. C. C.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING AMERICAN CONTESTANTS.

11. The representatives of the holders of the cup must be selected after a series of trial races open to all members of canoe clubs in the United States. The regatta committee of the club holding the cup shall have the right to select the competitors for the international races irrespective of the result of the trial races.
 12. Should the cup be won by the American contestants in the international race: First, an active member of the club holding the cup must score one victory to entitle that club to retain it. Second, if a member (or members) of any other club wins two races, his club will hold the cup. Third, should the two races be won by members of two clubs, neither being the holder of the cup, the tie will be sailed off subsequently to determine which club shall take the cup.
- C. J. STEVENS, Sec. N. Y. C. C.
- C. B. Vaux now holds the cup.

American Canoe Association Sailing Trophy, Classes A and B, no limit to rig or ballast, time limit 3 hours, distance $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The race is sailed each year after the regular races at the annual meet, usually held in August. The prize will be held by the winner for one year, and then must be returned to the regatta committee for competition at the annual meet of the Association. Accredited representatives of foreign clubs not exceeding five in number shall be eligible. In case of more than five foreign entries, the first five received shall be eligible to start. The total number of starters shall not exceed fifteen, and the ten or more vacancies (after deducting the foreign entries) shall be filled from those entering, by a special "record" prepared from the result of the A and B races at the meet, in case the entries exceed the vacancies.

The above are all the races for perpetual challenge prizes thus far announced. But one race (or series of races) occurs in a year. The A. C. A. trophy must be raced for at the meet. The Royal C. C. cup must be sailed for at Hendon. The New York C. C. cup is sailed for over the course of the club whose member holds the cup.

AMERICAN

CANOE · ASSOCIATION

SECOND ISSUE

BOOK

1883

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ASSOCIATION

THE AMERICAN CANOEIST

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Messrs. MUNROE, WHITLOCK, and VAUX, Editors

EDITORS' OFFICE, 27 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION BOOK

· No II ·

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In the summer of 1880 the following call was issued by leading American canoeists :

THE CANOE CONGRESS

A general convention of canoeists will be held at Caldwell, Warren County, N. Y.—head of Lake George—August 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th, 1880, at which it is proposed to perfect the organization of the American Canoe Association, of which local clubs now existing will be branches, and to take such further action in the interests of the pastime as may be deemed expedient.

Sailing and paddling races will be arranged for each day, the conditions of which will be duly announced.

All canoeists are invited to attend, and as a preliminary measure are requested—whether owning canoes or not—to send their names to N. H. Bishop, Esq., Lake George, Warren County, N. Y., indicating their willingness to join the Association ; annual dues to be nominal.

Membership will carry with it the right to fly the club signals, will secure the temporary use of boat-houses belonging to enrolled clubs, and will entitle the member to one copy of the club publications.

There are several excellent hotels at Caldwell, and camping places will be secured for all who desire them.

Your active co-operation is earnestly desired. You are particularly requested to send the address of all canoeists in your vicinity to Mr. Bishop, and to invite their co-operation.

Your suggestions as to the course to be pursued will be of service.

In response to this invitation, the following named gentlemen met at Crosbyside Park, Lake George, August 3, 1880, and organized the American Canoe Association :

W. L. Alden,	F. S. Hubbard,	H. H. Palmer,
N. H. Bishop,	L. E. James,	J. H. Rushton,
Arthur Brentano,	N. Longworth,	F. Read,
Rev. C. A. Cressy,	A. Lowenthal,	E. Swain,
W. W. Cooke, Jr.,	J. M. Meredith,	W. P. Stephens,
W. D. Frothingham,	G. N. Messiter,	C. A. Temple,
C. F. Gardiner,	Dr. C. A. Neide,	L. Wulsin.
E. A. Greenough,	G. L. Neide, Jr.,	

The officers elected were :

Commodore, William L. Alden, of the New York Canoe Club.

Vice-Commodore, Nicholas Longworth, of the Cincinnati Canoe Club.

Rear-Commodore, Robert D. Wynkoop, of the Jersey City Canoe Club.

Secretary, Nathaniel H. Bishop, of the Lake George Canoe Club.

Treasurer, J. Morris Meredith, Boston, Mass.

In the summer of 1881, the Association met for the first time at the Canoe Islands, five miles north of Caldwell, on Lake George. These are for the present the headquarters of the American Canoe Association. They are owned by Messrs. Longworth, Wulsin, and Bishop, members of the A. C. A. The proprietors have set aside Lorna Island (under certain sanitary restrictions) for a free camping-ground for the members of the Association, and have erected a log cabin for their council chamber.

The meeting of the Association at Lake George, last summer, was remarkable for the number and enthusiasm of the canoeists present. A tall flag-staff, lashed by Dr. Heighway to the highest pine tree on the island, bore a pair of beautiful flags, the gift of Mr. H. T. Keyser, of New York.

The session was opened at the door of the "Council Chamber" by Commodore N. H. Longworth on Tuesday, August 8th. The only business at the time, however, was the report of the Regatta Committee, by Captain Lucien Wulsin, and the appointment of a committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year. The regular annual meeting of the Association was held on Friday the 11th, on the green, at Crosbyside.

At this session the Constitution of the A. C. A., which had been prepared by a committee, specially appointed for that purpose, and which had been largely approved by votes of the members, obtained through correspondence, was finally and fully adopted. An invitation to hold the next meeting at Clayton, N. Y., was received and referred to the Executive Committee.

Vice-Commodore Edwards presented a very cordial invitation from the club, of which he is a member, to the Association to meet at Stony Lake, Canada. Although no final action was had on this invitation, the general sentiment was that the next meeting should be in Canada. A paper, addressed to Commodore Edwards, was subsequently prepared by Mr. N. H. Bishop, and signed by nearly all the members present, expressing their sense of the courtesy of their Canadian brethren. At this meeting it was resolved that the *American Canoeist* be recognized as the official organ of the Association. On nomination of General Oliver, Miss Mary Wiltzie Fuller, of Troy, N. Y., by unanimous vote of the Association, was made an honorary lady member.

The Secretary reported the present number of members as 224, of whom 72 had been enrolled since the meeting of 1881. As Treasurer, he reported that he had received for initiation fees, first annual dues, and dues of old members \$230, and from N. H. Bishop, late Secretary, \$230.71—total, 460.71—and that he had paid out \$100.53, leaving a balance of \$360.18 in his hands.

At the annual election for officers, the following named gentlemen were chosen: Commodore, E. B. Edwards, of Peterboro, Canada; Vice-Commodore, George B. Ellard, of Cincinnati, O.; Rear-Commodore, C. B. Vaux, of New York; Secretary and Treasurer, Dr. C. A. Neide, of Schuylerville, N. Y.

With the consent of the Association, the Secretary appointed the Rev. Geo. L. Neide, Assistant Secretary and Treasurer. The business session being completed, the Association adjourned *sine die*.

REGATTA OF 1882

First race—1 mile paddling for junior class 2—nine entries—won by J. T. Emerson, Peterboro C. C.; time, 11 minutes, 31 seconds. Second race—1½ mile paddling, senior class 1—as there was but one entry a special race was called, viz.: 1 mile paddling for canvas canoes, all classes—5 entries—won by W. H. Faulkner, Philadelphia C. C.; time, 11 minutes, 49 seconds. Third race—1½ mile sailing, junior class 2—thirteen entries—won by H. B. Weller, Peterboro C. C.; time, 37 minutes, 12 seconds. Fourth race—paddle, ½ mile, capsize, re-enter canoe, and paddle home—six starters—won by C. B. Vaux, N. Y. C. C. Fifth race—1 mile paddle, classes 3 and 4—five starters—won by Dr. A. E. Heighway, Cincinnati C. C.; time, 10 minutes, 55 seconds. Sixth race—1½ mile sailing, class 2—seven starters—won by E. B. Edwards; time, 27 minutes. Seventh race—1½ mile sailing, junior class 3—six starters—won by Dr. A. E. Heighway, Cincinnati C. C.; time, 29 minutes, 40 seconds. Eighth race—capsize under sail, paddle ¼ mile, turn stake boat, make sail, capsize at signal, right canoe, and come in with all gear standing—three entries—won by Dr. A. E. Heighway, Cincinnati C. C. Ninth race—1½ mile paddling for regular class 2—seven starters—won by C. B. Vaux, N. Y. C. C.; time, 16 minutes, 6 seconds. Tenth race—3 mile sailing, class 3—nine entries—won by William Whitlock, N. Y. C. C.; time, 1 hour, 27 minutes, 40 seconds. Eleventh race—3 miles sailing, class 4—five entries—won by C. B. Vaux, N. Y. C. C.

As it was thought advisable to discourage racing for costly prizes, the Executive Committee procured simple and inexpensive flags, which, together with some small gifts from other parties, were the regatta prizes of 1882.

MEETING, 1883.—The camp of the A. C. A. for 1883 will be held at Stony Lake, in the County of Peterboro, Province of Ontario, Canada. It will be continued two weeks, from the 10th to the 24th of August, the regatta taking place on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of the second week. There is railway communication (Midland Railway) to Lakefield via Peterboro from Port Hope or Belleville, which points may be reached from East or West by Grand Trunk Railway. Port Hope may also be reached by steamer "Norseman" from Rochester, or by Richelieu Navigation Company's steamers (Royal Mail Line) from Canadian ports, East or West. From Lakefield paddle twelve miles through Katchewanooka and Clear Lakes to camp at Stony Lake. A small steamer, "The Fairy," plies on this route. From Lindsay (also on Midland Railway) the canoeist may cruise to Stony Lake. Leaving the lake he may cruise down the Otonabee River, Rice Lake, and the Trent River to the Bay of Quinté, and thence to the Thousand Islands. Provisions may be obtained at Peterboro or Lakefield. Arrangements will be made to have all supplies required forwarded to the camp. Milk, butter, potatoes, eggs, etc., may be obtained from settlers in the vicinity. Fish are abundant in the lake. Maskinonge are caught by trolling. Spoon and other trolling baits of all kinds are used. Black bass may be caught by trolling or still fishing; in the latter case frogs, crawfish, grasshoppers, or fat pork being used, and occasionally artificial flies.

PROGRAMME

CAMP—10th to 24th of August, 1883.

Monday, August 20th, preliminary meeting of the Association. Gala day.

Tuesday 21st—Class 2, paddling, open canoes, single paddles, 1 mile, 9.30 a. m.

2. Sailing, A and B, for members who have never sailed a canoe before this year, 10.00 a. m.
3. Paddling—junior, class 3, 11.00 a. m.
4. Review of whole fleet in divisions, 1 p. m.
5. Sailing, A and B, juniors—limited weight, 1.30 p. m.
6. Sailing, A and B, senior—limited weight, 2.15 p. m.
7. Combined paddling and sailing race for all classes of canoes, one mile under paddle and one mile under sail—juniors, 3 p. m.
8. Upset race, one-half mile under sail, upset at signal, and sail in with all gear, 3.45 p. m.

Wednesday, 22d—1 double canoe race (2 men), class 4, single paddles, 9.30 a. m.

2. Sailing, classes A and B, without ballast, 10.00 a. m.
3. Paddling, juniors, class 2, 10.45 a. m.
4. Sailing, A and B, junior—full ballast, 1.30 p. m.
5. Combined sailing and paddling race—seniors, 2.30 p. m.
6. Sailing, A and B—full ballast, 3.00 p. m.
7. Upset race—junior—paddling, 3.45 p. m.

Thursday, 23d—1. Paddling, class 4—seniors, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, 9.00 a. m.

2. Portage race— $\frac{1}{4}$ mile under paddle, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile under sail, portage $\frac{1}{8}$ mile, paddle $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, 9.30 a. m.
3. Double paddling race (2 men), all classes of canoes not over 16 feet long, 10.30 a. m.
4. Class 3—paddling—seniors, 11.00 a. m.
5. Class 1—paddling—seniors, 11.30 a. m.
6. Class 2—paddling—seniors, 12 m.
7. Upset race—paddling—seniors, 4 p. m.

Election of officers at 4 p. m.

The term "juniors" is used to indicate those members who have never won an Association prize in sailing or paddling, as the case may be.

"Seniors" to include all who choose to enter.

In "limited-weight" races the canoes and ballast must not exceed in weight in class A, 120 pounds, and in class B, 150 pounds.

If there should be no wind on Tuesday or Wednesday, the paddling races of Thursday will be substituted.

The 1883 Regatta Committee of the A. C. A., have prepared their recommendations in regard to the sailing regulations of the Association, and the programme for the Stony Lake meeting. These recommendations are to be submitted to the Executive Committee, and, if approved by the latter, they will become A. C. A. law. The following are the recommendations as to classification of canoes for regatta purposes.

Rule I of the sailing regulations to be amended so as to read thus :

A canoe to compete in any race of the A. C. A., must be sharp at both ends, with no counter, stern, or transom, and must be capable of being efficiently paddled by one man. To compete in A. C. A. paddling races, it must come within the limits of one of the numbered classes, 1, 2, 3, or 4; and to compete in sailing races, it must come within the limits of either class A or B.

Class 1—paddling. Length not over 18 feet, beam not under 24 inches. Depth inside, from gunwale to garboard-streak, and at any part of the canoe, not less than $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Class 2—paddling. Length not over 15 feet, beam not under 26 inches. Depth (as above) not under eight inches.

Class 3—paddling. Length not over 17 feet, beam not under 28 inches. Depth (as above) not under nine inches.

Class 4—paddling. Length not over 15 feet, beam not under 30 inches. Depth as in Class 3.

Class A—sailing. Length not over 15 feet, beam not over 28 inches.

Class B—sailing. Length not over 17 feet, with a limit of $28\frac{1}{2}$ inches beam for that length. The beam may be increased $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch for each full six inches of length decreased.

The greatest depth of canoe in classes A and B, at fore end of well, from under side of deck, amidships to inner side of garboard, next the keel, shall not exceed 16 inches.

Open Canoes, without rudders, are allowed one foot extra in length. In centre-board canoes, the keel, outside of garboard shall not exceed one inch and a quarter in depth, including a metal keel-band of not over one quarter of an inch deep. The total weight of all centreboards shall not exceed sixty pounds; when hauled up they must not project below the keel, and they must not drop more than eighteen inches below the garboard, nor, if over one-third of the canoe's length, more than six inches below garboard. Canoes without centreboards may carry keels not over three inches deep from garboards, and not weighing more than thirty-five pounds. Lee-boards may be carried by canoes not having centre-boards.

Measurements.—The length shall be taken between perpendiculars at the fore side of stem, and the aft side of stern; the beam at the widest part, not including beading. The word "beam" shall mean the breadth formed by the fair lines of the boat, and the beam at and near the water line in the paddling classes shall bear a reasonable proportion to the beam at the gunwale. The Regatta Committee shall have power to disqualify and canoe which, in their opinion, is built with an evident intention to evade the above rules.

The "crew" of each canoe shall consist of one man only, unless the programme of the regatta states the contrary.

Members must paddle or sail their own canoes, and must not exchange canoes for racing purposes. A canoe which is not owned, or used for racing, by any other member present, shall be deemed to be the canoe of the member bringing it to the camp. In double canoe races the owner may associate any other member with himself.

The following named gentlemen are applicants for membership in the A. C. A. :

Max L. Van Kappelow,	Lake Geneva, Orange Co., Florida.	
Will A. Sussmilch,	Dixon, Ill.	
Edward A. Bradford,	Times Office, New York,	The Daisy.
R. K. Wing,	Hamilton, N. Y.,	Sea Gull.
T. H. Gary,	Oshkosh, Wis.,	Genevieve.
G. E. Dutton,	Boston, Mass.,	Waif.
S. M. Bowles, Jr.,	Springfield, Mass.,	Aeolus.
N. D. Foot,	Springfield, Mass.	
W. L. Green,	New York,	Nettie.
Eugene D. Egbert,	Norristown, Pa.	
Reade W. Bailey,	Pittsburgh, Pa.	
M. O. Warner,	Fort Madison, Iowa.	
Chas. H. Peters.	Fort Madison, Iowa.	
F. S. Rathbun,	Deseronta, Canada,	Star.
Jas. L. Greenleaf,	New York,	Coquago.
Henry O. Bailey.	New York,	Surge.
Frank S. Waters,	183 Warren Ave., Chicago.	Jennie Trent.
Dr. C. Mellis Douglass,	Toronto, Canada,	Passenger Bird.
J. C. Harrison,	Philadelphia,	Midge.
Jas. R. Bakewell,	Pittsburgh, Pa.,	Electa.
Dr. Geo. L. Parnell,	17 Haynes St., Hartford, Conn.,	Oahu.
W. B. Graves,	East Orange, N. J.	
G. Harton Singer,	Pittsburgh, Pa.,	Marguerite.
W. H. Rea,	Pittsburgh, Pa.,	Mary C.
H. R. Rea,	Pittsburgh, Pa.,	Idler.
W. H. Nimick,	Pittsburgh, Pa.,	Solitude.
Geo. A. Howe,	Pittsburgh, Pa.,	Reba.

As the Secretary is frequently consulted in reference to the names of canoes on the list of the Association, by gentlemen who do not wish to take a name already adopted, the following list of names enrolled is given for convenience of reference :

Aeolus	Dabchick	Gaviota	Janet
Albani	Daisy	Genevieve	Jo Polis
Alice	Daphne	Girofla	
Allegro	Dawn	Giroffe	Keego
Argo	Day-dream	Grace	Kelpie
Ariadne	Diana	Gracie	Kinneho
Aurora	Dolphin	Grebe	Kittie B.
Avis	Don John	Guess	Kittiwake
	Dot		Kleine Fritz
Betsy D.	Dream	Halcyon	
Birdie Kane		Hawkeye	Labelle
Boreas	Edith Adele	Helen	Lark
	Edna	Helena	Lassie
Camarada	Ego	Henrietta	Le Renard
Cheboygan	Electa	Herald	Lidie
Cheemaun	Ella	Hope	Lillie
Chip	Eo	Horicon	Lily
City of Cleveland	Esmeralda	Idler	Lincoln
Clytie	Ethel	Inez	Little Joe
Columbia		Insie	Little Sunshine
Coquette	Falcon	Iolanthe	Little Upstart
Creusa	Fanny	Iris	Lorine
Cross-patch	Flash	Iroquois	Lotos
Crusoe	Folly	Isabel	Louise
Cuyahoga		Isadora	

Mamie	Ottawa	Rosalind	Tramp
Maria Theresa	Owl	Rover	Trottie
Marguerite		Royal Middy	Twilight
Marion	Palisade		Tyro
Mary Ann Brady	Pappoose	Sadie N.	
Mary C.	Passenger Bird	Saskatchewan	Uncas
Mascot	Peerless	Sea-Gull	
Midge	Pet	Severn	Verena
Mina	Peterboro	Shadow	Vivace
Minnehaha	Petosky	Shatamuck	Vixen
Minnie	Pollywog	Siren	
Monhagen	Princess	Skipjack	Waif
Muriel	Psyche	Solid Comfort	Walrus
Mystery		Solitude	Wanderer
	Queen Mab	Souvenir	Waratah
Nahma		Star	Water Witch
Naiad Queen	Racine	St. Paul	Whitecap
Natalie	Raven	Stormy Petrel	Whim
Nepenthe	Reba	Strathroy	Windflower
Nettie	Red Rover	Sunbeam	Windward
Nina	Reverie	Surge	Wink
Nixie	Ripple	Susie	Wisconsin
Nonpareil	Rob Roy	Tamenund	Wraith
	Rockaway	The Daisy	
Onondaga	Rocket	Thetis	Ysabel C.
Osceola	Rolf	Theresa	Zephyr

Messrs. Frank H. Pullen, Lowell, Mass.; A. S. Flint, Washington, D. C.; J. M. Geldert, Halifax, N. S.; and W. M. Carter, of Trenton, N. J., have reported cruises. Mr. Carter's report was accompanied by a map of the country traversed; with the course of the cruise and camping grounds distinctly indicated. His report is here presented, simply as an unique model:

CRUISE OF THE "VIVACE," W. M. CARTER, A. C. A. CAPTAIN; AND "LENORE,"
R. G. LUCAS, CAPTAIN. JULY 21ST TO AUGUST 3D, 1882.

ROUTE: Trenton to New Brunswick, Delaware and Raritan Canal; New Brunswick to Perth Amboy, Raritan River; Perth Amboy to Elizabethport, Staten Island Sound; Elizabethport to Newark, Newark Bay; Newark to Easton, Pa., Morris Canal; Easton to Trenton, Delaware River.

No portage on this route. Permit on M. Canal carries you through locks and over incline planes.

CAMPING PLACES:—1st night, Rocky Hill.

2d and 3d nights, Tottenville, Staten Island.

4th night, Bloomfield.

5th night, Brewerton Bend.

6th night, Sunnyside.

7th night, McCainsville.

8th, 9th, 10th, 11th nights, River Styx, Lake Hopatcong.

12th night, Port Colden.

13th night, opposite Reigelsville, Pa.

REMARKS: Toll on Delaware River Canal, Trenton to New Brunswick...\$1 80

Toll on Morris Canal..... 1 80

For permit to pass through Morris Canal, write to "Superintendent Morris Canal, Phillipsburg, N. J." No permit required on Delaware River Canal. Pay at entrance locks, either Bordentown or New Brunswick, N. J.

CONSTITUTION

ARTICLE I.

This Association shall be called the AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

ARTICLE II.

Its object shall be to unite all amateur canoeists for purposes of pleasure, health, or exploration : by means of meetings for business, camping, paddling, sailing and racing : and by keeping logs of voyages, records of waterways, and routes, details, drawings, and dimensions of boats, and collections of maps, charts and books.

ARTICLE III.

Any person may become a member of this Association who has been elected by a majority vote of the Executive Committee ; but canoe owners only are active members, and are entitled to vote at the meetings of the Association.

ARTICLE IV.

Honorary members may be elected by a unanimous vote of the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE V.

The officers of this Association shall be a Commodore, Vice-Commodore, Rear-Commodore, with a Secretary and Treasurer. They shall be elected by ballot at the Annual Congress, and shall hold office until the adjournment of the Congress at which their successors are elected.

ARTICLE VI.

The officers of this Association, and three active members elected at large, shall constitute the Executive Committee of the Association. They shall have the general government of the Association, and the power to elect members, and to fill vacancies until the next Annual Association Meeting.

ARTICLE VII.

It shall be the duty of the Commodore to take command of the squadron and camp, to preside at the meetings, and to enforce all laws and regulations. Within thirty days of his election he shall appoint a Regatta Committee of three.

ARTICLE VIII.

The Vice and Rear Commodore shall assist the Commodore in the discharge of his duties. In his absence the Vice-Commodore, or the Rear-Commodore, shall officiate in his stead, in the order of rank.

ARTICLE IX.

It shall be the duty of the Secretary and Treasurer to keep a record of the proceedings, and all meetings of this Association : to keep a correct roll of all members : to notify each member of his election, and to forward to him two copies of blanks for reporting canoes, and, on return of same, to file them : to print each year the Association Book, and forward one copy to each member : and to receive all moneys due the Association : to pay all bills passed by the Executive Committee, and to make a report of the finances at the Annual Congress.

ARTICLE X.

This Constitution may be amended at any meeting during the Annual Congress, provided the amendment be recommended by a majority of the Executive Committee, and also receive an affirmative vote of thirty members present at the meeting. A quorum for the transaction of business shall consist of twenty members.

BY-LAWS

ARTICLE I.

Each application for membership shall be accompanied with the sum of two dollars—one dollar as entrance fee, and one dollar as dues for the ensuing year, to be refunded in case of the non-election of the applicant. Each subsequent annual payment shall be one dollar, and shall be payable at the Annual Congress. If not paid within two months thereafter, the Secretary shall notify the members in arrears; and if at the end of one month more the dues are still unpaid, the membership shall be forfeited and the member's name stricken from the roll, except in the case of absence from the country, or other sufficient reason.

ARTICLE II.

No assessment shall be levied for any purpose whatever.

ARTICLE III.

A meeting for business, camping, and racing shall be held in August of each year, the date and place to be fixed by the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE IV.

The Association signal shall be a pointed burgee, the breadth being two-thirds the length—the size for canoes being 10 x 15 inches—the field red with a longitudinal white stripe one-fifth the width, bearing the letters A. C. A. in red.

ARTICLE V.

The Commodore shall carry a swallow-tailed pennant, 10 x 15 inches, blue field with white square of two inches on each side, in the upper corner. The Vice-Commodore shall carry a similar pennant with a red field; Rear-Commodore the same, with a red square on a white field.

ARTICLE VI.

Each canoe shall carry a distinguishing signal, rectangular in shape, 10 x 15 inches, a drawing of which must be filed with the Secretary. The Association signal shall be carried at the peak of the mainsail, the officers' or private signal immediately below it; national and club signals at discretion. (See Note.)

ARTICLE VII.

The Secretary shall publish, after the Annual Congress in each year, "The Association Book," containing the Constitution, By-Laws, and Sailing Regulations, lists of officers and members, and all canoes belonging to the Association, and shall send a copy to each member, the remainder to be sold for the benefit of the Association.

ARTICLE VIII.

When the same name has been given to two or more canoes, the one first entered on the list of the Association shall be regarded as the *original owner*. The others shall be designated by bracketed numbers ("1"), ("2"), etc., in the order of entry. Cases of doubt as to priority of entry shall be decided by lot.

ARTICLE IX.

It shall be the duty of the Regatta Committee to prepare and publish, not later than June 1st, an order of races for the Annual Regatta; to superintend the laying

out and buoying of courses ; to provide the prizes ; to appoint judges, starters, and time-keepers ; to apportion time allowances ; *and to decide all protests*. They shall post the course and conditions of each race in some prominent place, at least one hour before the race is called ; shall furnish to the Secretary a record of the same, and shall have entire control of the races of this Association.

ARTICLE X.

The uniform of this Association shall consist of a blue shirt and trousers and straw hat. The Commodore shall wear three rows of gold lace on each sleeve, the Vice-Commodore two, and the Rear-Commodore one. (See Note.)

ARTICLE XI.

Each member shall send into the Secretary, by October 15th of each year, a log of such cruises as he may have made ; noting especially the condition of such water as he may have cruised on, rapids, dams, shoals, good and bad camp-grounds and all items of value to other canoeists.

ARTICLE XII.

These By-Laws may be amended by the vote of a majority of the Executive Committee, excepting Article II., which can be altered only by a unanimous vote of the Association.

SAILING REGULATIONS

RULE I.

Canoes to compete in the races of this Association must come within the limits of one of the following classes, and must be *sharp* at both ends, with no *counter*, *stern*, or *transom*, and must be capable of being efficiently paddled by one man.

Class 1.—Paddling canoes :

Single. { *A.* Decked canoes. Length not *over* 18 feet, beam not *under* 24 inches.
 { *B.* Birch bark and similar canoes, no limit.

Double Birch bark and similar canoes, no limit.

Class 2.—Sailable—Paddling canoes :

{ *A.* Decked canoes. Length not *over* 15 feet, beam not *over* 28 inches, keel
 as in Class 3.
 { *B.* "Peterboro" canoes (Note 2). Length not over 16 feet, beam not less than
 27 inches.

Double Peterboro, not over 16 feet by 30 inches.

Class 3.—Sailing and paddling canoes :

Canoes in this class shall not exceed 18 feet in length, with a limit of beam for that length of 27 inches, which beam may be increased in the proportion of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches to every foot of length decreased. The greatest depth at fore end of well, from under side of deck amidships to inner side of garboard next the keel shall not exceed 16 inches.

The keel outside of garboard shall not exceed 2 inches in depth, including a metal band of not over $\frac{1}{2}$ inch depth. The total weight of all centre-boards shall not exceed 60 lbs.; when hauled up they must not project below the keelband, and they must not drop more than 18 inches below keelband, or, if over one-half the length of the canoe, more than 6 inches. Weight of canoe in racing trim, not over 150 lbs., including ballast.

Class 4.—Paddleable sailing canoes :

Limits of size, centreboards, etc., as in Class 3, but no limit of weight.

NOTE.—*Measurements.* The length shall be taken between perpendiculars at fore side of stem and after side of sternpost at deck, the beam at the widest part not including beading.

NOTE 2.—"Peterboro" canoes. This title includes the Canadian canoes built in the vicinity of Peterboro—Rice Lake, Herald, English, Stephenson, etc.

NOTE 3.—No limit has been fixed for double canoes in Classes 3 and 4; but they, as well as larger canoes, will be classed as soon as they are present in sufficient numbers to make additional races.

NOTE 4.—Canoes not conforming exactly to these limits may be admitted to a class on a time allowance to be fixed by the Regatta Committee; or, if sufficient of one kind are present, extra races may be added. (This rule is intended to give the Regatta Committee discretion in regard to boats not conforming exactly to the rules.)

RULE II.

None but members of the American Canoe Association shall be permitted to enter its races; and no canoe shall enter that is not enrolled on the Secretary's books,

with its dimensions, etc.; and no member who is in arrears to the Association shall compete in any race or claim any prize while such arrears remain unpaid.

RULE III.

All entries must be in writing on the blanks provided, and must be handed in to the Regatta Committee within such time as they may direct.

RULE IV.

Every canoe entering, except for an upset race, shall carry a private signal, 10 x 15 inches, on a staff forward when paddling and at the peak of the mainsail when sailing; and no other flag shall be carried during a race.

RULE V.

Flags of three patterns shall be given for first, second, and third prizes in these races, and no other prizes shall be given; but prizes donated for *special* races or competitions may be accepted, at the discretion of the Regatta Committee. No prize of money shall be raced for.

RULE VI.

The mode of turning stake-boats, and all directions for each race, shall be posted by the Regatta Committee on a bulletin board one hour before the race is called; and any competitor not knowing the course, or mistaking it, or not following these Rules, does so at his own risk. Stake-boats and buoys will be left on the port hand, when not stated distinctly to the contrary.

RULE VII.

No pilotage or direction from any boat or from the shore shall be allowed, and any one accepting such assistance may be *disqualified*. (See Note.)

RULE VIII.

Any canoe fouling another shall be *ruled out*. It shall be considered a foul if, after the race has commenced, any competitor by his canoe, paddle, or person shall come in contact with the canoe, paddle, or person of any other competitor, unless in the opinion of the judge such contact is so slight as not to influence the race. In case of a foul, the non-fouling canoe must go over the course in order to claim the race. Every canoe must stand by its own accidents.

RULE IX.

Should the owner of any canoe duly entered for a race consider that he has fair ground of complaint against another canoe, he must give notice of same before leaving his boat on the finish of the race to the judge, and must present the same in writing to the Regatta Committee within one hour of his arrival at the finish, if appealed from the decision of the judge.

The sum of one dollar shall be deposited with each protest, to be forfeited to the Association should the protest not be sustained. The Regatta Committee shall, after hearing such evidence as they may deem necessary, decide the protest, and the decision, if unanimous, shall be final; but if not unanimous, an appeal may be made to the Executive Committee, whose decision shall be final. No member of either Committee shall take part in the decision of any question in which he is interested. In all cases where a protest is lodged on grounds of foul sailing or paddling, evidences of actual contact shall be necessary to substantiate the protest. The Regatta Committee shall, without protest, disqualify any canoe which, to their knowledge, has committed a breach of the Rules.

PADDLING RACES

RULE X.

Paddling races shall be started by the starter asking "Are you ready?" On receiving no answer, he shall say, "Go." If he considers the start unfair, he may recall the boats, and any canoe refusing to start again shall be distanced.

RULE XI.

A canoe's own water is the straight course from the station assigned it at starting. Any canoe leaving its own water shall do so at its peril; but if the stern of one canoe is clearly ahead of the bow of another, the former may take the water of the latter, which then becomes its own water, and it shall only leave it at its peril.

SAILING RACES

RULE XII.

The paddle shall not be used in sailing races, except for steering when no rudder is used, or when the rudder is disabled, for back strokes to leeward in tacking, or for shoving off when aground, afoul of anything, or in extreme danger, as from a passing steamer, or from a squall.

RULE XIII.

Five minutes before the start a signal shall be given, and exactly five minutes later a second signal shall be given to start. Any canoe, which crosses to the course side of the starting line prior to the second signal, must return above the line and recross it, keeping out of the way of all competing canoes, using the paddle if necessary; but after the second signal the start shall be considered as made, and all canoes on either side of the line shall be amenable to the Sailing Rules.

Canoes may take any position for starting, and prior to the second signal may be sailed and worked in any manner (outside aid not allowed). Should circumstances require it, the Regatta Committee may vary the manner of starting,

RULE XIV.

All shiftable ballast except centreboards, shall be carried within the canoe, and no fixed ballast shall be carried below the keel band. Ballast may be shifted, but no ballast shall be taken in or thrown out during a race.

RULE XV.

A canoe overtaking another shall keep out of the way of the latter; but when rounding any buoy or vessel used to mark out the course, if two canoes are not clear of each other when the leading canoe is close to, and actually rounding the mark, the outside canoe must give the other room to pass clear of it, whether it be the lee or weather canoe which is in danger of fouling the mark.

No canoe shall be considered clear of another, unless so much ahead as to give free choice to the other on which side she will pass. An overtaking canoe shall not, however, be justified in attempting to establish an overlap, and thus force a passage between the leading canoe and the mark after the latter has altered her helm for rounding.

RULE XVI.

Canoes closehauled on the port tack shall give way to those on the starboard tack. In the event of a collision being imminent, owing to the canoe on the port tack not giving way, the canoe on the starboard tack shall luff or go about, but shall never bear away. A canoe on the port tack compelling a canoe on the starboard tack thus to give way, forfeits all claim to the prize.

RULE XVII.

Canoes going free shall always give way to those closehauled on either tack.

RULE XIII.

When canoes closehauled are approaching a shore, buoy, or other obstruction, and are so close that the leewardmost cannot tack clear of the canoe to the windward of her, and by standing on would be in danger of fouling the obstruction, the canoe to windward shall, on being requested, go about, and the canoe requesting her to do so shall also tack at once.

RULE XIX.

Should two or more canoes be approaching a weather shore or any obstruction with the wind free, and be so close to each other that the weathermost one cannot bear away clear of the one to the leeward of her, and by standing on would be in danger of running aground, or of fouling the obstruction, then the canoe that is to leeward shall, on being requested, at once bear away until sufficient room is allowed for the weathermost canoe to clear the obstruction.

RULE XX.

A canoe may luff as she pleases to prevent another canoe passing to windward, but must never bear away out of her course to prevent the other passing to leeward; the leeside to be considered that on which the leading canoe of the two carries her main boom. The overtaking canoe, if to leeward, must not luff until she has drawn clear ahead of the canoe she has overtaken.

RULE XXI.

A canoe may anchor during a race, provided the anchor is attached to or weighed on board the canoe during the remainder of the race.

RULE XXII.

These Rules may be amended by the Executive Committee, on recommendation of the Regatta Committee.

RULE XXIII.

In case of temporary vacancies in the Regatta Committee, the senior officer present shall appoint substitutes.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

NOTE TO ART. 6.—This arrangement is adopted to secure uniformity, at least in regard to Association Signal. Lugs and gaff rigged sails are the only ones which have an available masthead, but every rig has a peak to the mainsail and this was selected as the most conspicuous practicable point.

NOTE TO ART. 10.—It is deemed well to have a nominal uniform, to which members may conform if they wish to do so. It cannot, in the nature of things, be made compulsory for all to wear it. The officers should, however, wear their distinguishing badges.

NOTE TO RULE 7.—This is intended to prevent abuses which might arise from organized coaching and the like. It will not interfere with the inalienable right of encouraging one's friends.

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